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AMONG THE ROSES.

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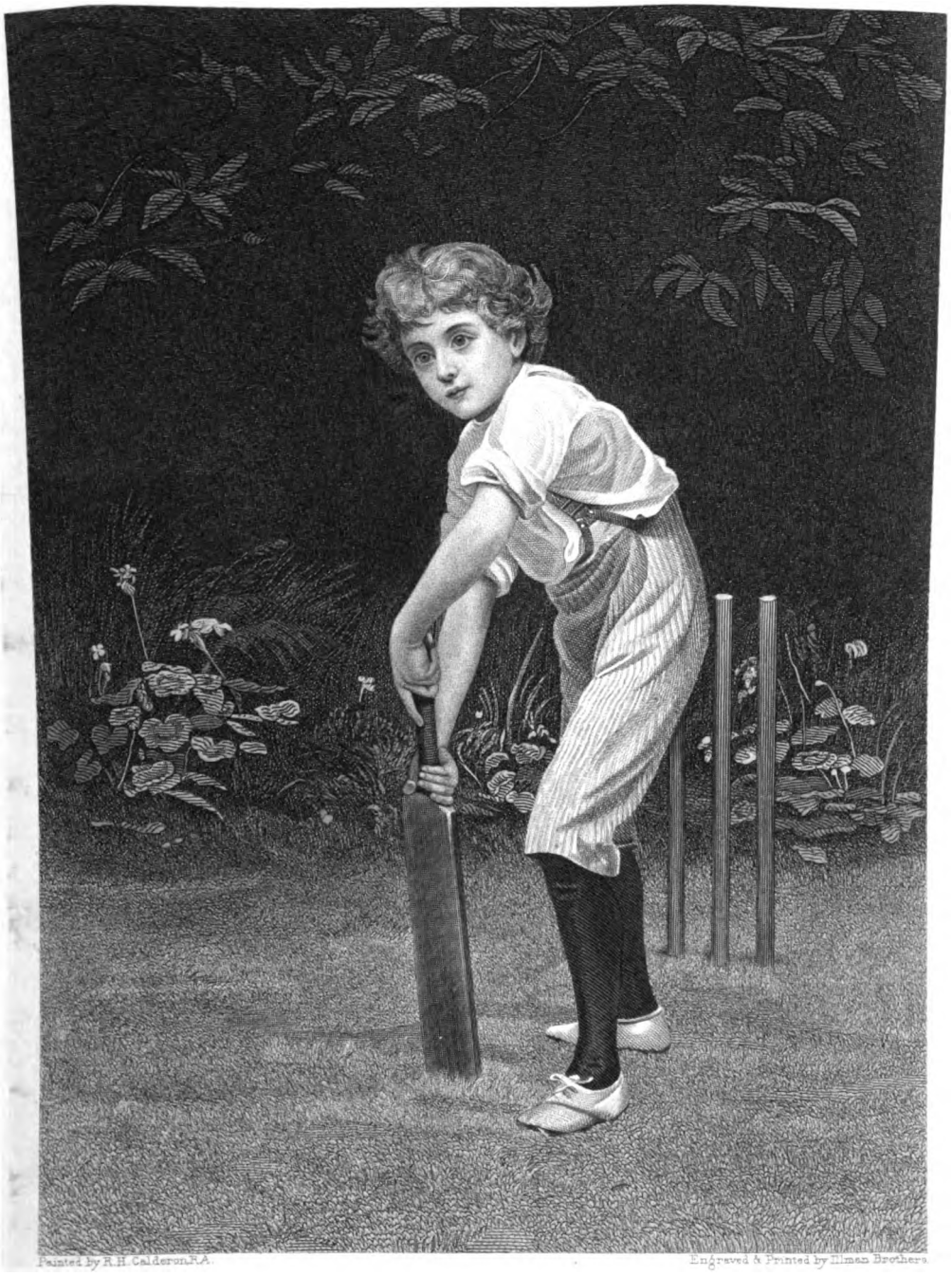

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THE YOUNG CRICKETER.

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No Admittance.
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Making Rain.
Across My Path.
An Important Purchase.
Over the Garden-Wall.
Good Luck.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Stripe, in Berlin Wool.
Portfolio-Cover, in Embroidery.
Tidy, in Crochet or on Java Canvas.
Design in Outline, for a Sofa-Pillow or Portfolio.
Violet Sachet.
Tidy, in Crochet or on Java Canvas.

STEEL-ENGRAVINGS.

Among the Roses.
Fashions for January, colored.
The Young Cricketer.
The Winter Belle.
Fashions for February, colored.
A Naughty Brother.
Fashions for March, colored.
A Rainy Sabbath.
Fashions for April, colored.
Perfect Bliss.
Fashions for May, colored.
An Unwilling Patient.
Fashions for June, colored.

WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Fortyeight Engravings.
February number, Fortysix Engravings.
March number, Fortyfive Engravings.
April number, Fortythree Engravings.
May number, Fortythree Engravings.
June number, Fifty Engravings.

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On the Ice.
The Stray Dove.
Good-Bye, Dear Mother.
Le Bal Valse.

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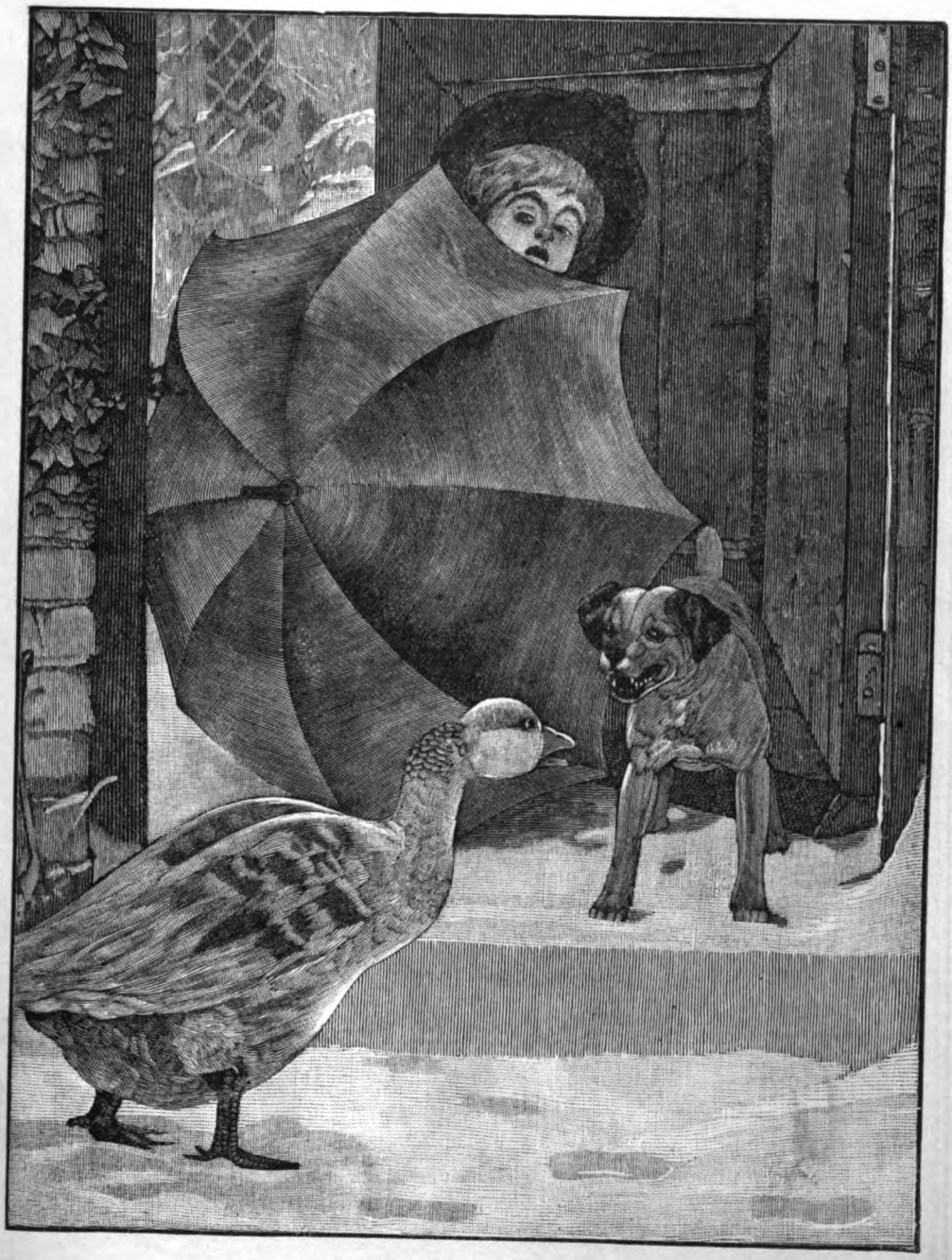

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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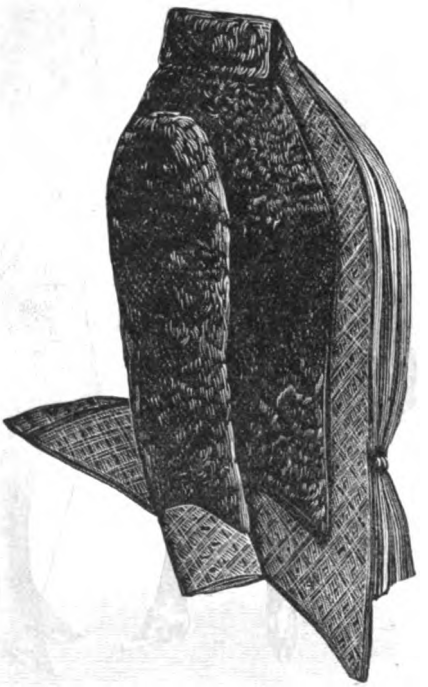

WALKING-DRESS. SPANISH JACKET. FUR WRAP.

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WALKING-DRESS. CLOTH BODICE. MUFF.

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VISITE. GLOVE. BONNET. BODICE.

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HAT. BONNET. MUFF. FUR CAPE.

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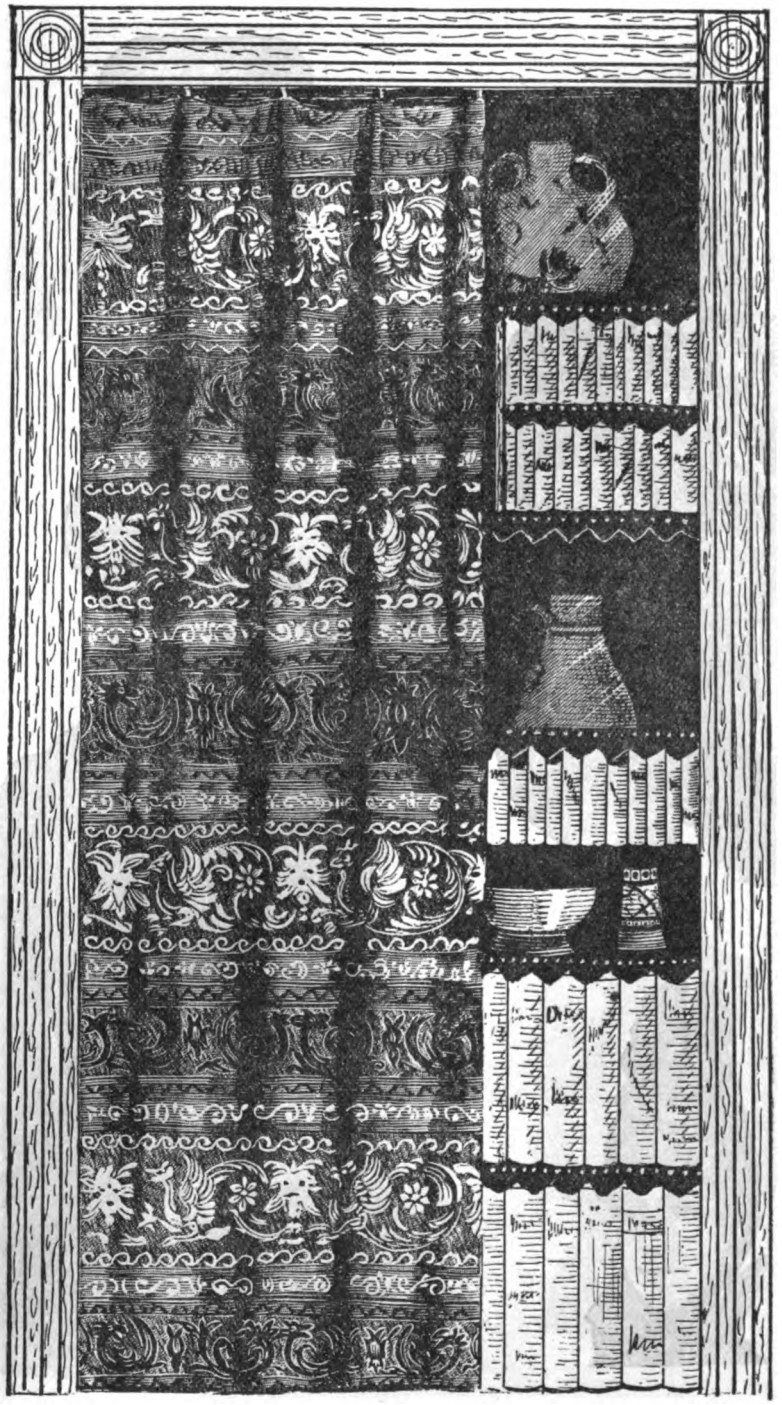

CLOSET CONVERTED INTO A BOOKCASE.

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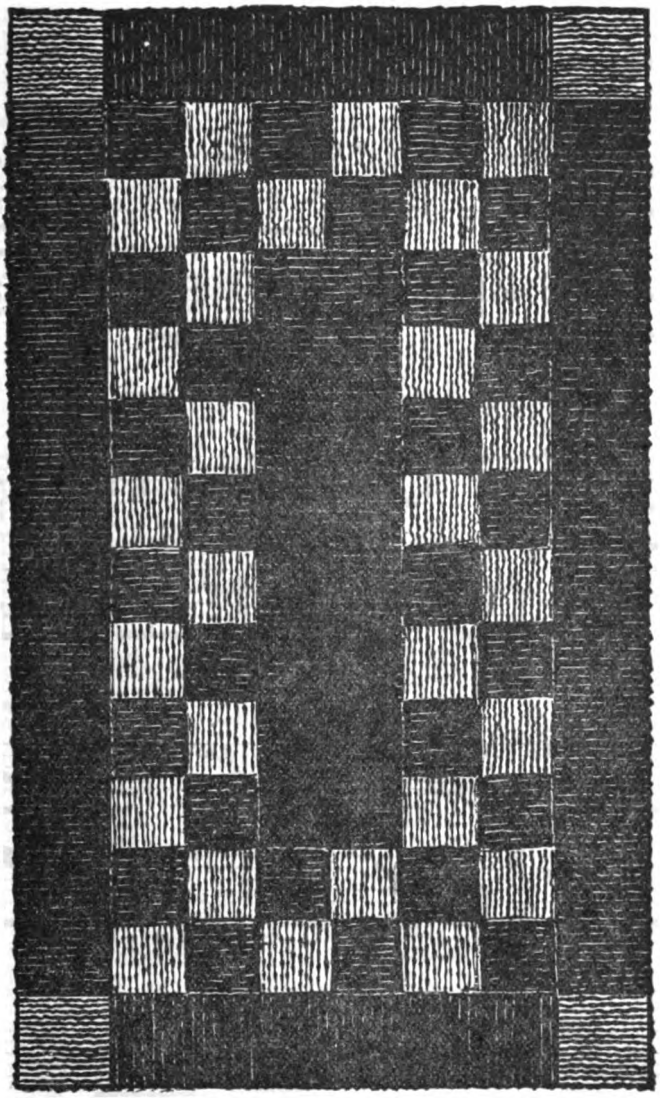

HOME-MADE RUG. MUSIC-CASE.

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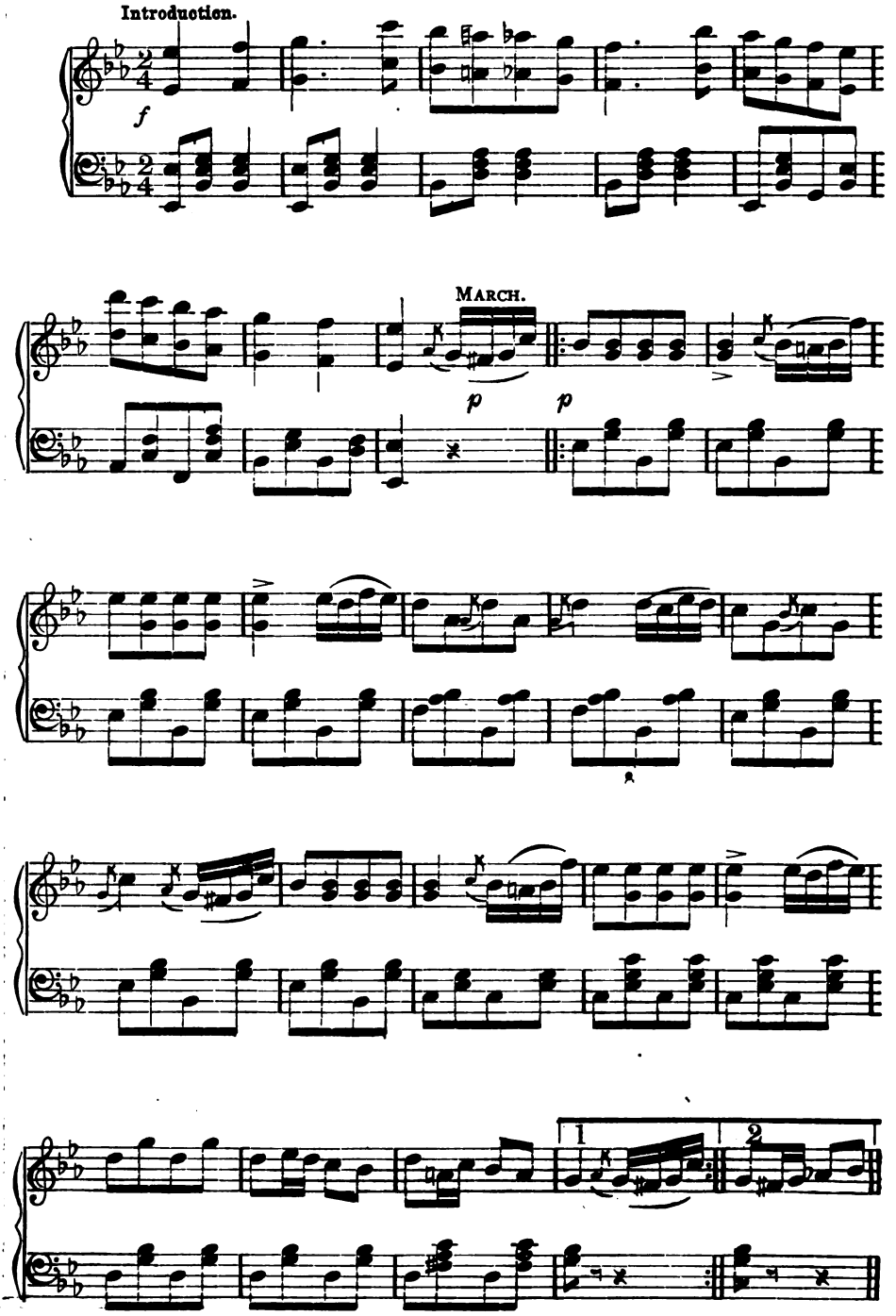

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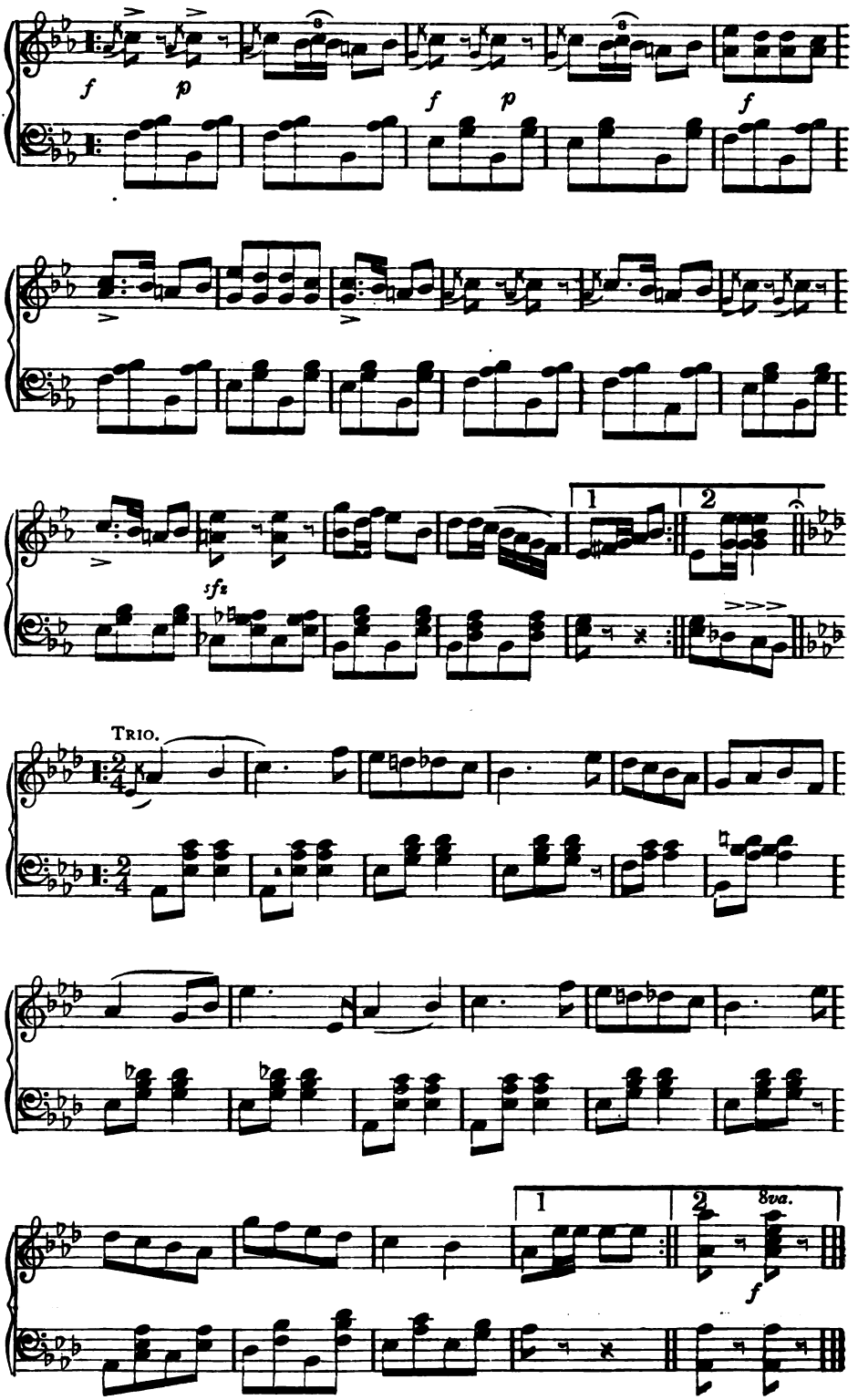

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SKATING-COSTUMES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1888. No. 1.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

WE had been dining with a well-known publisher, and, when we adjourned to the drawing-room, I took up a book of photographs, and began to turn over the pages.

"Ah," said a celebrated critic who stood by me, "that, if I do not mistake, is a photograph of Charles Kingsley. It is very like. I remember meeting him, at this very house, the year before he died. A wonderful man. His 'Three Fishermen,' his 'Water Babies,' and his 'Alton Locke,' each, in a different way, the best of its kind. That one and the same man should have written all is amazing. And yet," hesitating, "so far as 'Alton Locke,' the most famous of his works, is concerned, I am not sure I could read it through now."

"I am quite sure," said our host, coming up at this moment, "that you could not. You have grown too cynical, old fellow."

"Well, yes, perhaps," replied the critic, not at all offended, for he and our host were old friends. "But I began life, as you know, with high hopes of the human race. I thought so much could be done to redeem it," looking benevolently around as he spoke, "and, young fool that I was, I fancied I could help in the work. But I have encountered so much selfishness, knavery, hypocrisy, ingratitude, even treachery—and among people calling themselves my friends—that I have given up all rose-water views of my fellowbeings. I look on mankind, now, as Carlyle looked on Englishmen—'so many millions, mostly fools, if not worse.' That is why I can't read 'Alton Locke' in my old age."

"And I," said our host, "began life with the same lofty ideas of my race, but I have not abandoned them. I still believe in the substantial goodness of human nature, and in a divine order of the universe over all. Aye, more than that," observing the critic to shrug his shoulders, "and in the ultimate triumph of right, and the regeneration of the race. That is why I can still read 'Alton Locke,' and read it with enthusiasm, even in my old age."

"Happy man," said the critic; "what a blessing it is to have faith, or," with another shrug of the shoulders, "imagination."

"But what was the special thing in the novel," I said, "that made it so popular? I had not been born, when it came out; and somehow, though always intending to, I have never read it."

"I think the problem may easily be solved," replied our host. "There is an old saying about the hour and the man. Well, it was the hour and the book, in this case."

"How so?"

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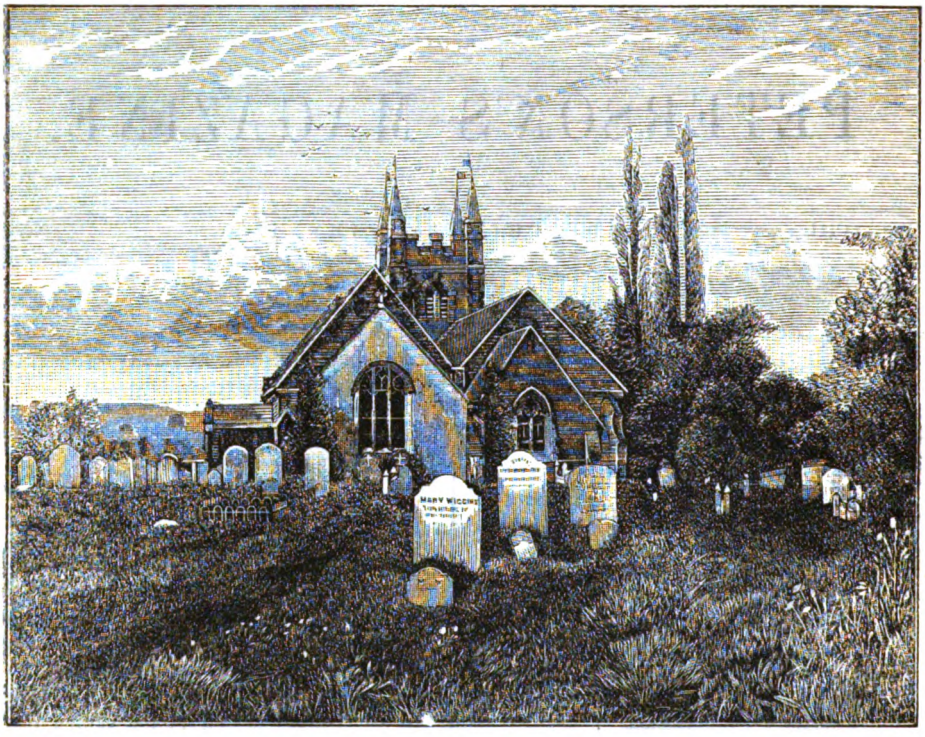

"The French Revolution of 1848 had just occurred: and that uprising, as I interpret it, was not local, but cosmopolitan, in its origin. It broke out in Paris, but it pervaded all Europe. Everywhere the cry of the suffering poor, the protest of centuries of injustice, was to be heard. Schemes for relief, principally by the reconstruction of society, were urged on all sides. Socialism had broken loose in Paris, threatening alike property, order, and life, and had only been put down after a frightful struggle, in which the streets literally ran with blood. The agitation extended even to conservative England. The whole civilized world, indeed, felt the groundswell of the great tempest."

"And 'Alton Locke' was an answer to this cry of the oppressed?"

"Just so. In the emergency, Kingsley, Maurice, and a few other noble souls, flung themselves into the breach. They thought they understood the problem, and they called on all good men and true, and especially Christian men, to follow their leadership. Their remedy was simple. They have been called 'Christian Socialists.' But they were not Socialists at all, in the true sense of that word. For the essence of Socialism is that the State must reconstruct society, while Kingsley and his school held that men must first be reformed, before society can be regenerated. 'Do unto others as you would be done unto' was their creed. 'Let each individual strive for this,' they said; 'and when all, or even a majority, come to do it, society will right itself.' Out of this feeling came 'Alton Locke.' It concentrated into a focus, as it were, the need and the remedy. It was a passionate cry from the heart of suffering humanity."

"But impracticable, impracticable," broke in the critic.

"It was stigmatized as such then, it is stigmatized as such now. We all know that you pessimists maintain that the case is hopeless; that the masses will always be poor; that right will be forever on the scaffold, and wrong forever on the throne, as Lowell writes; but then, as Lowell triumphantly adds, God is behind the curtain—you can hear His advancing tread, and He will make all things right in His own good time."

"You are enthusiastic," dryly commented the critic.

"No, I speak only the truth. The case of the poor is not hopeless. Christianity, properly interpreted, tells us it is not. And, whatever triumphs Christianity has won for civilization—and it has won many, notwithstanding the

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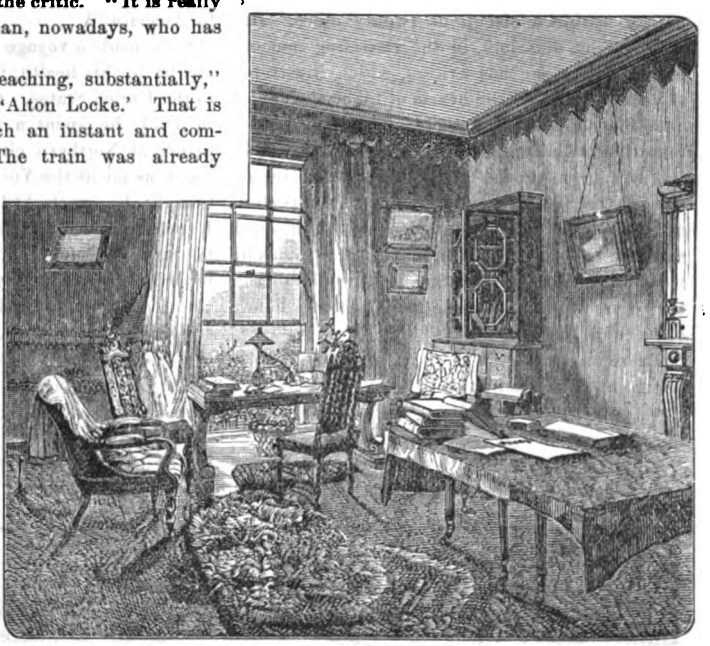
sneers of agnosticism—those triumphs, one and all, have been won in this way. The precepts of Him who 'went about doing good' are the precepts that, if practiced, will yet work out the regeneration of mankind. Reduce the Sermon on the Mount to action, and all will go well. It, and it alone, can bring on the world's millennium, if that millennium is ever to be brought on at all. Nothing else will do it. It is the solvent that will disintegrate ignorance and selfishness, and their offspring, vice and crime. It is the vital force that will call out of chaos and create anew the 'world lying in darkness.' But I did not intend," he said, stopping suddenly, "to sermonize. Excuse me."

"Go on," we all said.

"Yes, go on," added the critic. "It is really refreshing to hear a man, nowadays, who has belief."

"Well, that is the teaching, substantially," resumed our host, "of 'Alton Locke.' That is why the book had such an instant and commanding influence. The train was already laid: Kingsley only fired it."



"That is all true," said the critic, reflectively, stroking his chin. "Yes, Kingsley's book, for the time at least, was a great political factor. But it was not without merit as a story. Carlyle, who rarely praised anything, said of Sandy Mackaye, the famous Scotchman in it, whose motto was 'The deil's nae deed yet, my lad,' that his dialect could not have been more correct if 'a native had done it.' I still remember how it fired my blood, when I first read it, hardly more than a boy. What a thing it is to be young!" he concluded, sighing.

"I doubt if Kingsley," said our host, "could have written at all, unless with the feeling that he was serving some moral purpose. He was a teacher, first of all: not a mere literary artist. When he saw a wrong, he gave himself no rest until he had done his best to remove it."

"Doesn't this lead up to another fact," said the critic, "which is, that Kingsley, at heart, was a soldier? The fighting element was in his blood."

"Yes," said our host. "He told me himself that he counted as his ancestors, far back in history, those bold Norsemen, like the 'Hereward' of one of his novels, who never feared foe, living or dead. In every generation, for hundreds of years, the Kingsleys had sent cadets to the wars. A progenitor, in the seventeenth century, had held a commission under Cromwell. Kingsley, with such fire in his veins, was born, as it were, for combat."

"This comes out," said the critic, "in his 'Westward Ho,' especially. Hence, I prefer that novel to any of his others. It glows all over with the martial spirit of Queen Elizabeth's time. After reading it, one understands, as one never understood before, what it was that sent Drake and Raleigh to the Spanish Main, and led them to fight the Spaniards: not as men fight now, but as if they were fighting devils incarnate."

"But tell us something of Kingsley himself," said one of the ladies, addressing our host. "You knew him?"

"Yes, I have sat by the hour in his cozy study, listening with delight to his varied talk. His career, except as an author and a clergyman, was uneventful. He was born in 1819, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England; went to the university, like all young Englishmen of his rank in life; and, subsequently, adopting the profession of his father,

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was made curate of Eversley. This was in 1842."

"But where is Eversley?"

"In Hampshire, in the heart of a quiet rural population. Eversley was so Old-World—if I may use that expression—when he first went there, that few of the farm-laborers could read. The parish had been greatly neglected; the services were thinly attended; the church-building itself was out of repair. Kingsley set himself at once to reform all this, his personal popularity assisting him greatly; for he not only had a singular charm of manner, but he was an expert in all manly sports—a sure recommendation to the English rustic. He could fling a flail, cut a swath, or pitch hay with the best; and he knew every haunt of a fox, simply from his love of nature, within a circuit of twenty miles. His wife tells an anecdote, in the charming memoir of him which she has written, which illustrates at once his hold on the hearts of his parishioners and the simplicity of their manners. A confirmation was approaching, and Kingsley was anxious to have the rite administered in all cases where it had been neglected. In this state of affairs, the chief huntsman sent him word that 'he believed all his men, as well as himself, had been confirmed, but that, if it would please the parson, they were quite ready to be on hand, to be confirmed again.'"

There was a ripple of quiet laughter at this, when one of the ladies said:

"You speak of his wife. When did he marry her?"

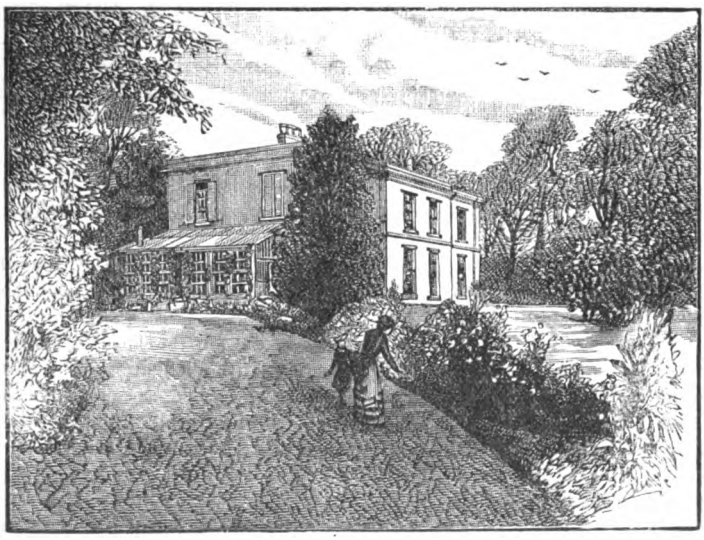
"Quite early in life. The union, too, was one of those, so rare, in which a perfect sympathy existed from the first, and always continued to exist. His wife was a Miss Grenfell, one of three sisters, all of whom married men of genius, one being Kingsley, another Max Muller, and the third James Anthony Froude."

"Did the Kingsleys always live at Eversley?"

"Yes; for, soon after Kingsley's marriage, the rector died, and the patron, at the earnest solicitation of the parishioners, presented the young curate to the living. In time, other preferment fell to Kingsley. In 1871, he was made a canon of Chester Cathedral, and in 1873 was transferred to Westminster; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have been advanced to even higher rank."

"I heard him lecture when he was in Philadelphia," I said. "But was that his first visit to America?"

"He made a voyage to the West Indies, principally for his health, in 1865, but did not come to the United States. On the visit you speak of, in 1874, he spent a few days in each of our principal Northern cities, and went west, afterward, as far as the Yosemite. I have sometimes thought he overtasked his strength while here. I ventured once to hint as much to him, when he was my guest, and dissuaded him from preaching, one Sunday, because I told him he was too fatigued. I do not think he was constitutionally strong, or, if he had been so originally, his fervid character had burned up his vitality. On his return to England, he caught cold, while preaching in Westminster Abbey, and, in that condition, returned to Eversley. The winter of 1875 was very damp, and also severe, in England, and Eversley was no place for a delicate person, at such a time. In fact, the rectory had never been healthy: the house stands in a low meadow, and, when Kingsley first moved there, the ground-floor, in wet seasons, was partially under water. He laid drains and filled up a neighboring pond, so that the dwelling was made a good deal dryer; but it was never a fit place for anyone with a weak throat or lungs. Naturally, his cold got worse. After a



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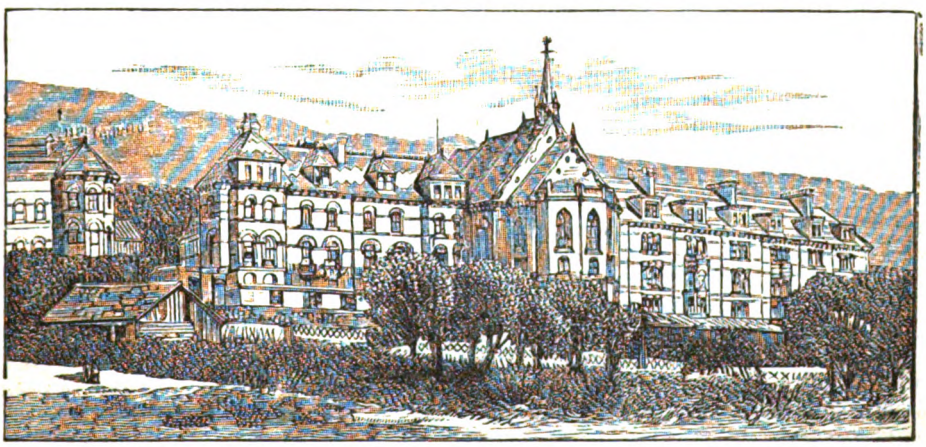
few days, it changed to bronchitis, and finally ended in pneumonia. He sank rapidly, dying on the 25th of January, 1875, at the comparatively early age of fiftyfive."

"It is as an author, rather than as a clergyman," said the critic, after a pause, "that he will be remembered, however; though, as a clergyman," reflectively, "he was one of the best: sincere, zealous, enthusiastic even. I have read some of his sermons. They are direct to the point, full of fervent zeal."

"Here is a volume of them," remarked our host, taking up a book from a side table, "with his autograph inscription; he gave it to me the evening before he left me, and I never saw him again." He sighed as he spoke.

"His fame as a poet will rest principally on his ballads," said the critic. "His 'Three Fishermen' and 'The Sands o' Dee' will live forever. But his more ambitious efforts in verse, like the 'Saint's Tragedy'—a drama founded on the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary—were comparative failures. His children's-books were charming, however. His 'Water Babies' will delight the little ones long after I, and all other splenetic fellows of my profession, shall have been forgotten. Some people like his 'Hypatia' better than any of his novels. I do not. I quite admit that 'Alton Locke' produced the greatest sensation; but, for my part, as I have already said, I prefer 'Westward Ho.' It stirs one's blood, 'like the blast of a trumpet,' as Sir Philip Sidney said of 'Chevy Chase.' It is a grand book."

"Kingsley told me, by the by," said our host, "that the happiest year of his life was that in which he wrote 'Westward Ho.' He had taken a house near Biddeford, in Devonshire, that



summer, for the sake of his wife's health; and the opening and closing chapters of the story, as you all may recollect, were located in that vicinity. His residence there bore other fruit than the novel. A college was founded, after his death, in commemoration of the visit, called 'Kingsley's College'; and a popular watering-place has grown up in the vicinity, to which has been given the name of 'Westward Ho.' His name, in this way, will forever remain associated with his beloved Devonshire."

"You have told us," I ventured to say, "what were his distinguishing qualities as clergyman and author. Now, what were they as a man?"

"Manliness, nobility of soul, above all things else. His scorn of meanness, cowardice, dishonor, everything base, was almost terrible to see. Sometimes, when it found vent in words, it gave the sternest expression to a face that otherwise was full of tenderness and sympathy. For, with all this indignation at wickedness, with all this martial fire in his soul, Kingsley, on one side of his character, was as feminine as a woman. There was, at times, a gentleness in his tone that his friends will never forget. His feeling of our common humanity was so strong, his sympathy so wide, that it put him, for the time, as it were, in the condition of everyone he met. In a letter to his wife, when she was absent from Eversley, he writes, if I remember—stay, I have the book somewhere here," taking up a volume from a table, his memoir by his wife, "yes, here is the very letter—'There have just been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music,' he adds, with a touch of unconscious pathos, 'is so inexpressibly mournful.' Yet this susceptibility was never allowed to interfere with what he thought duty. To all sorts of wrong, to shams especially—

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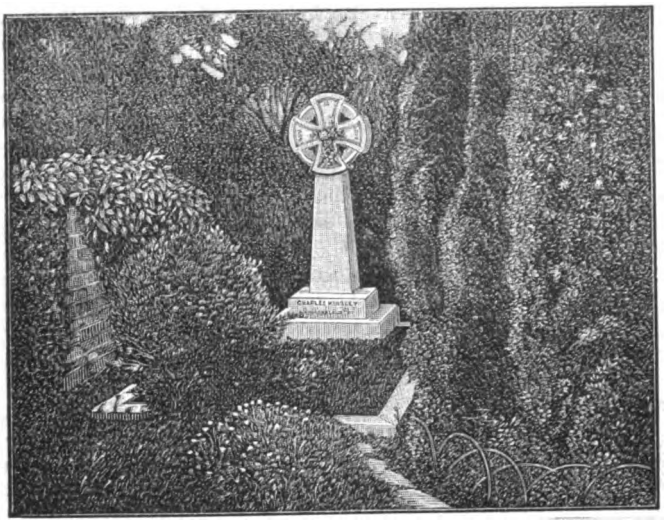

"The church and rectory, since his death," continued our host, "have become a shrine, as it were, to which hundreds of his admirers, from the New World as well as from the Old, annually resort."

"Yes, he was a man," added the critic, "as a recent writer has said, 'whose life, as most of his works, has sensibly broadened and humanized the Christian life of England.'"

"And may it not be added," said our host, looking around on us all, "the Christian life of America also?"

political, social, religious—he gave no quarter. And this, though few men had so much of that Christian charity which 'hopeth all things, endureth all things, trusteth all things, forgiveth all things.' To the sin itself he was inexorable: for the sinner he had infinite pity."

"It was those broad sympathies," said the critic, "which gave him such influence as a writer. He touched the heart of old and young alike, of rich and poor, of believers and even unbelievers. Justice has hardly yet been done to the wide range of his intellect. The man who could write 'Alton Locke,' 'Hypatia,' and 'Westward Ho,' all so different, all appealing to different orders of mind, was a man among ten thousand."

"Was he buried," inquired a lady, "in Westminster Abbey?"

"No. A grave was offered there, but he had, characteristically for him, particularly requested to be 'laid among his own people' at Eversley, and there accordingly he was buried. The concourse at the funeral was immense. The roads to the churchyard were blocked with carriages, horsemen, and people on foot. Members of every religious denomination took part in this demonstration: Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters. Dean Stanley, his lifelong friend, read the opening service, and the Bishop of Winchester followed."

"Has a monument ever been erected to him?"

"A simple cross only, which stands at the head of his grave. It was his wish that there should be nothing more. But a bust of him has been placed in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S LAST POEM.

(From the Newest Edition of His Works.)

"Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee.
You're booked to ride Vindictive for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the race for me."

She clasped her newborn baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree.
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel I have known for seasons three;
But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight, and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree.
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree.

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FOUR GRAY WALLS.

BY AGNES JAMES.

JULIET LEIGH's old schoolmistress, who secured for her the position she occupies—that of companion to the wealthy Lady Weir—thought the "dear child" extremely fortunate to obtain it. The salary is liberal, and Juliet, the orphan daughter of a poor clergyman, without either relative or friend to give her a home. It was November when Miss Leigh came to "Moor House"; in April, she is still alive and in her right senses. The house itself, an ugly stone building, with firs and pine-trees crowding about it, a high wall enclosing the grounds, and a wide desolate moor stretching away from it on every side, is depressing enough, at the first view, to frighten people. Inside, it is gloomier still, with faded hangings, grim portraits, and cumbrous furniture black from age. Juliet's room, opening out of Lady Weir's, has always been the "companion's" chamber, and there is a rumor that one unhappy woman had tried to hang herself there. Lady Weir is a terrible old woman. Although nearly bedridden for the last four years, she still keeps her household under an iron rule, and her servants tremble before her. She pays them well, but no one stays long at Moor House—no one save Simpkins, her own maid, who has borne the thraldom during forty years. Simpkins is a mild little body, with pale-blue eyes that seem starting out of her head. She is very deaf, but always knows what her tyrannical mistress says, from the motion of her lips, and bears the most violent reproach as meekly as if she deserved it.

Lady Weir lies all day on a couch, dressed in a white cashmere—shroud, Juliet declares it to be. She is ghastly as the dead. There is nothing but parchment-colored skin stretched tightly over the bones of her face, her lips are drawn back a little, showing long yellow teeth, her hair and eyebrows are white as snow, and her eyes deep-sunken, black.

It is Juliet's duty to entertain her: to read, talk, sing, and play for her—and to keep her temper, under all the stinging words with which it may chance to be Lady Weir's whim to lash her. There is a piano in Juliet's room, placed just inside the door, so that Lady Weir can see her as she sits playing there. It may be that the grim old woman even finds some pleasure in looking at her young companion, as one would at a lovely picture. Certain it is that she very seldom lets the girl leave her, and that the dreadful attacks of nervous restlessness from which she suffers are often quieted by Juliet's music.

It is a dreamy unnatural life that Juliet leads in that dismal prison-house. There are no visitors, except the mild old rector who comes occasionally, and is mortally afraid of Lady Weir, and the dull pompous little doctor. Juliet's walks, when she is allowed to go out, are limited to the grounds: Lady Weir forbidding her to pass the gates. Occasionally, she is sent to the parish-church in Maxwell village, going solemnly in the lumbering old coach, with Simpkins as duenna, and sitting in gloomy state in Lady Weir's curtained pew. It is something to have even this breath of outer air—the drive over the breezy moor, the sight of the rustic congregation, to hear the rector's kindly voice preaching love and faith and hope.

And, one Sunday in this April month, as they drive over the moor, Simpkins grows mildly excited because there is a flag fluttering from the highest pinnacle of "Maxwell Towers," a fine old place crowning a wooded hill three miles from Moor House.

"Sir Allan has come home!" Simpkins cries, delightedly. "My lady will be so pleased."

She has long ago told Juliet that the owner of Maxwell Towers is the nephew of my lady's late husband, and my lady's "great favorite."

It is only the next afternoon, as Juliet sits reading to Lady Weir, that Simpkins comes in with joy in her countenance and says:

"Sir Allan is here, my lady. Shall he come up?"

A dull gleam of pleasure actually shows in Lady Weir's eyes as she nods assent. Then she turns to Juliet, who has risen, and says with cool insolence:

"Go to your room, if you please, Miss Leigh—and may I ask that you will shut the door? I do not care to have my conversation with visitors overheard by inferiors."

Juliet closes the door, and, sinking down in a low chair by the hearth, covers her eyes with her hand. "Poor old soul; she is half mad, I am sure. I hope I may always be patient with her," she murmurs.

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She hears a man's step on the oaken stairs, along the corridor, then a voice talking cheerfully in Lady Weir's room; and presently a youthful laugh, overflowing with joyousness, reaches her ears and makes her smile.

It is more than an hour before Sir Allan comes out, and again passes down the echoing corridor. Then comes the tramp of a horse's feet on the gravel under Juliet's window. She is only a girl, and Moor House "a place where nothing happens." Let it be forgiven her that she steals forward, and, concealed by the heavy curtains, looks down at Sir Allan Maxwell.

She sees a tall handsome young man, with dark eyes and a heavy brown mustache. He has the air of a soldier. There is no superfluous flesh about him, and his face is bronzed.

He stops to chat pleasantly with James, the gardener, who is holding his horse, gives him something that brightens the dull old face wonderfully, then mounts and rides away. The black steed is fiery and restive, but Sir Allan is evidently a skilled horseman.

Juliet watches him gallop across the moor, and smiles a little to herself.

"I am like the Lady of Shalott," she thinks. "I have 'left my web and left my loom,' to gaze at Sir Launcelot."

The sharp exasperating jingle of a bell in Lady Weir's room makes her start suddenly.

"'The curse has come upon me,'" she says, with a dreary laugh, as she obeys the summons. And indeed something has happened, it is very evident, to make Lady Weir's eyes more vindictive, her tongue more merciless, than usual, and Juliet is selected as the special victim. It is a dreadful evening, and Juliet is heartily glad when bedtime comes, when the slow and awful process of undressing Lady Weir and depositing her in her great bed is over, and she sits down at the piano to sing her to sleep. Simpkins has hidden herself to weep out her heart, the housemaid has gone downstairs, flushed and trembling from my lady's withering sarcasm, and Juliet's cheeks are hot, too, and her heart heavy as lead. But she sings—oh, how beautifully! Her voice, which is low and unsteady at first, gathers strength, and soars clear and high through the great gloomy rooms—then sinks into a lullaby, soft as the ripple of summer waves—grows softer, softer—dies away into silence. And my lady is asleep.

It is a warm spring evening: the windows are open, and Juliet, in the silence, suddenly fancies she hears a step on the gravel. She goes to the window and looks out. It is so dark, she can see nothing—and the sound does not come again. So she draws down her blind and seeks her hard-earned rest.

Sir Allan's visits to his invalid aunt are very frequent as the warm spring-days go on.

"I am so, so glad he comes," Simpkins confides to Juliet. "It pleases my lady; and, if she isn't pleased with him, she will leave all her money—and you don't know, miss, how much she has—to her own cousin. To be sure, she hates the man, and he is already worth millions, and Sir Allan's father left the estate a little in debt, and Sir Allan is trying to set it all to rights. But that would never make him pay court to my lady. He is very kind-hearted, and is sorry for her. He's a good laddie, Miss Juliet, and I've loved him since ever he was a baby."

"I have no doubt he is a good laddie," Juliet's laughing lips motion back to Simpkins; but she does not feel obliged to tell Simpkins all she knows about Sir Allan's coming to Moor House, nor of a circumstance that happened on his third visit: Entering the drawing-room, he finds Juliet there, hunting for a certain song amongst some old music, and does not consider it necessary to back out with awkward apology, but walks straight toward her, with a look of decided pleasure on his face.

"Miss Leigh, I am sure," he says, courteously, even a little eagerly. "I am very glad to meet you at last."

And Juliet bows calmly, and regards him quietly out of a pair of lovely Spanish-looking eyes—eyes of "black velvet and fire." This "inferior" of Lady Weir's is very pretty: fair, with a sweet grave young face, dark hair arranged in wavy masses high on her head, brows dusky and distinct, and black lashes shadowing those wonderful eyes.

The light from an open window falls full upon her. He can see the blue veins in her temples, the soft rose-tint deepening slightly in her cheeks. She looks at him calmly, waiting for something. Call his name? Let him know she has ever seen him before? Certainly not.

"I am Allan Maxwell," he goes on. "Perhaps you may have heard my aunt speak of me?"

Then Juliet smiles, and a charming little dimple shows in her chin.

"I have," she says; "but Simpkins has been my chief informant with regard to you."

Sir Allan laughs. "Then I know you have heard only good of me. I hope I shall be able to 'live up' to Simpkins's ideal sketch."

"You will find that very hard to do," she answers, with laughing eyes. Then she turns

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to leave the room, adding: "I will let Lady Weir know you have come."

But Sir Allan hurriedly protests. "No, do not—yet. I am sure she is not ready to see me. I have come rather earlier than usual, and I would not like to disturb her. She must be taking her afternoon nap."

Juliet shakes her head. "No, she is not. She is very wide-awake, and she sent me here to look for 'Allan Percy,' which she declares is worth all the modern songs 'twice over.'"

"It is very sweet. My sister Addie used to sing it. Won't you try it on this piano?" asks Sir Allan.

"This piano?" laughs Juliet. "Why, it has not been tuned for twentyfive years. Do you know, the servants lately have been saying that a ghost comes and plays on it in the dead of night."

"This is rather an 'eerie' old room, isn't it?" and he glances at the faded magnificence of the furniture, the grim portraits on the wall, the old mirrors in their tarnished frames. "A very likely place for ghosts. I hope you never see them, Miss Leigh. May I help you look for 'Allan Percy'?"

The song is found—only too quickly, Sir Allan thinks. He holds the music in his hand to make her stay a little longer.

"I wish you could sing for me. I should so like to hear you again."

Juliet looks a little surprised.

"Oh, I have heard you sing—at church," he continues, with an amused expression in his eyes. "Why do you not come again and sing for us?"

"One does not usually sing in church 'to be heard of men,'" Juliet answers, demurely.

"No, but—you cannot help a man's listening. By the way, I made a brave effort to cajole Lady Weir into introducing me to you, the first time I called after that Sunday; but she was inexorable."

"Oh, that was the reason she was so—" Juliet begins, and then stops abruptly, with a swift rush of color to her cheeks.

"So what?" and Sir Allan looks at her intently.

"Well—she is trying, sometimes, you know. She was, that evening."

Juliet laughs, but the laugh is half a sigh. Sir Allan still looks at her, and pulls his mustache thoughtfully.

"I hope she is kind to you, Miss Leigh," he says, abruptly.

The color deepens in Juliet's cheeks. She meets his eyes, that are so searching, yet so gentle and pitying and true. Her own eyes suddenly fill with tears, and she turns away to hide them.

"She is not kind," Sir Allan goes on, with suppressed vehemence. "I need not have hoped it. She was never kind to anyone, in all her hard heartless life. Yet, when I heard you sing in church that Sunday, and then saw you—oh, I know you will think it impertinent, but I wanted to see the face that belonged to that voice, and I knew Simpkins would hurry you out of the side-door near your pew, so I left church early, and watched for you there. No, you didn't see me. I confess I stood in the 'lee' of Farmer Dawes's big monument. And I thought that even Lady Weir might be touched by your young face and the sadness in your eyes and your lovely voice. But I was in error. She cannot be pitiful, even to a lonely child like you. Look here, Miss Leigh! Perhaps you may not care for it, but I want you to know that you have one friend who would be glad to serve you. If you will only let me, I will do anything for you."

Juliet smiles at him through her tears. She is deeply touched and grateful, and it is not possible to doubt the sincerity of this handsome young "knight-errant"; but what can he do for her? When Lady Weir is "scalping" and torturing her up in that chamber of horrors, how can Sir Allan help her? So Juliet can only shake her head and say gratefully:

"You are very kind, and I do care that you should be my friend. But—no one can do anything."

"Can I not ask Lady Weir—"

"Oh, don't ask her anything—don't mention my name to her!" implores Juliet. "She would be very angry if she knew that you had talked to me."

"Oh, then she shall not know it. I will see you without her consent. I met you to-day by a lucky accident."

"An accident that must not happen again."

Sir Allan laughs. "We will see. I shall come very often. Unless Lady Weir lock you up somewhere, which she cannot very well do—"

The violent tinkle of an angry little bell sounds faintly in the distance, and Juliet starts, saying breathlessly:

"Oh, I must go!"

"Not until you have shaken hands on our friendship," and, just for one second, his hand, firm and strong, closes tightly over hers. Then she is gone like a frightened bird.

It is not till half an hour afterward that Lady

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Weir hears of his arrival. He spends that interval in pacing up and down the old drawing-room, realizing that he has fallen deeply and passionately in love with this little girl with the Spanish eyes and pure fair face.

"Here, by God's grace, is the one mate for me!" he says, with all the fervor of his brave tender heart. "Not see her again? The innocent child! Does she think a man's love is that sort of thing? But then she doesn't know that I love her. She shall know, though, and I will take her away from that old dragon of an aunt of mine as soon as she will let me."

Of course they meet again, soon and often. Sometimes it is but for a moment, in the hall or on the staircase; sometimes there are swift half-hours in the dingy drawing-room. And, one day, when Juliet is taking the daily walk in the neglected grounds, which Lady Weir grudgingly permits her, a strange and delightful thing happens. She is in the farthest corner of the garden. There is a little door in the high stone wall here, barred like a prison-door and always locked. Dark pines and yew-trees grow thickly here, and the place is very gloomy. But it is a place to come and muse in; and Juliet sits on an old stone bench, with soft warm May wind sighing through the trees, and the sweet resinous odor of the firs about her, and is thinking, when the little door suddenly opens, and there, in a flood of sunshine, stands Sir Allan. He comes toward her, laughing and looking audaciously happy and handsome. But Juliet starts up, almost terrified.

"Oh, what are you doing here?" she cries. "You must not stay. Old James will be here soon, and—"

"No, he will not," Sir Allan answers, with gay confidence. "Old James will carefully avoid this particular spot. I have been some time persuading him to trust me with this"—holding up a key—"and I feel sure that he isn't coming here—just now. So do sit down and let us be at peace."

Then he throws himself on the grass at Juliet's feet, and looks up at her, still laughing. "You must sing to me now—at last," he says. "Sing that dear little serenade in the minor key you sang last night the very last thing."

"How do you know what I sang last night?" Juliet inquires, opening her great eyes in astonishment.

Sir Allan laughs.

"Haven't you found out yet that I come nearly every night and listen under your window, when you sing Lady Weir to sleep?" he asks.

"I did not think you could be so absurd. I wonder you don't catch your death of cold," Juliet replies, with great severity; but she colors prettily, and her glance sinks beneath the steady fire of his gaze.

"I do love to be just a little impertinent to you," he says, with a mischievous laugh. "You 'retire behind your eyelashes,' as someone says, so beautifully."

"I shall retire behind the walls of Lady Weir's room, Sir Allan, if you be guilty of any more impertinence." And she rises with great dignity.

"No, no!" springing to his feet and detaining her. "Sing to me first. You must not go."

So she sits down on the stone seat beside him, and sings the serenade, with its plaintive minor air and its foolish loving words—sings it so softly and exquisitely that the tears come into Sir Allan's eyes. When she has finished, he sits silent for a moment, and in that moment Juliet softly rises and darts laughing away.

There are many meetings like this before Lady Weir finds it out. There is not a servant in her service who would inform upon them, for they hate her and fairly adore Sir Allan and gentle pretty Juliet.

It is poor Simpkins at last—their warmest friend—who betrays them. One day, Juliet is out a little longer than usual, and Lady Weir complains to Simpkins, questions her, suspects something from her confused answers, and at last wrings from the terrified soul the admission that Sir Allan "sometimes" walks with Miss Leigh in the grounds.

Lady Weir seizes Simpkins's hands in a grasp of steel. Could anyone believe those skeleton-hands were so strong?

"Sometimes? Often! Every day! She is setting a trap for him, and you knew it. You traitor—you vile plotter! Send her here. No—come back. She would only lie to me. I will find out for myself—I will watch. You shall not tell her that I know—do you hear? I will kill you if you tell her!"

The sunken eyes glare at her horribly, and Simpkins, held by those icy fingers, can only promise, with a gasp of terror, to obey.

So Juliet comes in from her walk with a lovely color in her cheeks, and not a suspicion that she has been betrayed. She finds Simpkins weeping bitterly, and Lady Weir in one of her worst attacks of nervous suffering; but it has taken a strange form. She moves her head restlessly, moans without ceasing, but rarely speaks. It is with great difficulty that she is composed to sleep; and, the next day, the strange affection

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returns. She will scarcely allow Juliet to leave her, and, as evening approaches, clutches her hand and keeps her by her bedside for hours.

Jane, the housemaid, deposits on her dressing-table, where she finds it when she is retiring, a little note:

"You are so tired, to-night, that I can't ask you to come down; but, if my aunt be not well enough for you to leave her to-morrow, will you not contrive to see me a little while in the evening, after she is asleep? I shall wait in the drawing-room till I know you are not coming."

Juliet reads with a smile and flush, and hides the paper in her desk. It is not the first note from him she has hidden away there.

Then she goes to bed, and sleeps heavily after the fatiguing day. Once in the night she starts suddenly awake, thinking she has heard a movement in the room. It must have been a dream, for she does not hear it again.

The next day is no easier. Lady Weir still lies silent, keeping Simpkins and Juliet prisoners at her side, and staring at them with her gloomy eyes.

However, as night draws on, she seems less restless. She sends Simpkins earlier than usual to her bed, in the little dressing-room where she sleeps. Juliet still keeps her seat. She asks if she shall sing. "No, stay here," is the answer, and the terrible eyes fix themselves on her face, and the cold hand clutches hers more tightly. The hours wear on slowly.

There is no sound in the room or the house but the striking of the clock on the mantel. Ten o'clock, half-past—eleven, it chimes; then Lady Weir's awful eyes close, and her clutch of Juliet's hand relaxes. A few more minutes, and Juliet steals softly away from the bed, lowers the night-lamp, goes into her own room, and cautiously closes the door. She waits yet a little while, fearing that Lady Weir may wake, but at last she ventures to escape.

The lights in the corridor are out, and, with a beating heart, she glides along in the darkness, and feels her way to the staircase. A faint gleam shines out from the drawing-room, and, as she reaches the door, Sir Allan is there waiting for her.

"I thought you would never come," he whispers.

"I can only stay a moment now," Juliet answers, nervously. "Lady Weir may wake."

He is holding her hand, and he leads her across the room and into the light of the candles burning on each side of the mirror over the mantel.

"I want to look at you," he says. "You are pale and tired, poor little girl. This life will kill you. Now tell me what you have been doing, these weary days."

She gives their record, trying to speak lightly, but he sees she is very tired.

"Juliet," he says, suddenly, holding her hands tight in his, "I want to end all this. I love you, dear! Will you be my wife, and let me take you away from this horrible life that is killing you?"

She does not answer, but her fingers quiver in his.

"You know that I love you, don't you, Juliet?" he continues, gravely.

"Yes," she whispers.

"And you love me, my little darling, do you not?"

There is no answer in words; but Sir Allan lifts her quivering hands and kisses first one and then the other.

"And you will be my wife, Juliet? Tell me, dear?"

Then she turns restlessly and sighs.

"Oh, it would be so bad for you," she murmurs. "Lady Weir—all your friends would be so angry. To marry a poor girl—your aunt's 'companion.' You must not do it."

Sir Allan raises his head proudly.

"There is no one who has any right to say a word against it. I am my own master, and you—you are fit to be a queen. Answer me now, dear. Say 'yes,' quickly."

She does not say anything, but she raises her eyes, and Sir Allan smiles and draws her to him. For one swift instant, his lips touch hers; then, with a stifled scream, she starts violently, clinging to him, but staring in the old mirror, and then turning to glance fearfully into the dark hall.

"Juliet! Love, what is it?" he cries, holding the little trembling form close in his arms.

"Oh!" she pants, "I saw someone in the mirror. A figure in white—it passed the door—I saw it plainly. The face—oh, it was horrible!"

"Dear child, it was only one of the servants. Thomas is waiting to lock the door after me."

But, though he jests, he is seriously anxious lest fatigue and excitement have overstrained her nerves, and he soon goes away, first rousing Thomas, who is found sleeping tranquilly in the library, and ordering him to escort Miss Leigh upstairs with a candle.

"I shall be at the little gate to-morrow afternoon—come, if you can. I shall speak to Lady Weir at once—to-morrow, if she be at all better—and tell her she is to lose you," he says at parting.

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"No, no—not yet. Wait a little," she pleads.

Juliet is not mercenary. She would marry her lover if he were a poor man working for his daily bread, but she thinks of Simpkins's fear—that "if Sir Allan displease my lady, she will alter her will, and leave her money away from him"—and she dreads the effect of the announcement that he means to marry her; she cannot bear the thought of injuring him.

Sir Allan stands in the great hall, and watches her ascend the stairs—Thomas stalking solemnly before, bearing a tall candle—and he is glad that she can look back and smile at him.

But she is very pale and troubled, next day, when she steals out for a few minutes' talk with him under the old yew-trees.

"There was someone in the house last night," she declares. "It has frightened and puzzled us all. This morning, they found the great mirror in the drawing-room, that we were standing before, broken to pieces, evidently by a blow given intentionally. The drawing-room window was wide open, and—oh, Allan, it is dreadful!—dear old Dash, the pretty affectionate colly that you gave Lady Weir, was lying on the portico, dead—strangled by some brutal person. There were the marks of the cruel fingers on his throat."

Sir Allan looks grave and stern as he listens.

"Was there nothing gone? No robbery? Nothing else touched?" he asks.

"Yes—I did not mean to tell you, but I must."

"Surely not in your room?" he exclaims, his arm tightening round her.

"Yes. It seems impossible that anyone could have been there, and yet my desk was opened, and your notes, Allan—nothing else—torn in pieces and scattered on the floor. It frightened and puzzled me so. It was not done when I went upstairs last night, for"—and the color comes sweetly into her pale cheeks—"I looked at them. But, this morning, there lay the pieces on the floor. And no one can get into my chamber, for the door is locked."

"Both doors?" Sir Allan asks.

"No. Of course the one opening into Lady Weir's room is left unfastened. But her door leading into the corridor, and the outer door of the dressing-room, where Simpkins sleeps, are always securely bolted. Simpkins sees to it carefully, for she has a dread of burglars."

"Well, it is plain she must have neglected it last night," Sir Allan says, thoughtfully stroking his mustache. "But I cannot have you frightened in this way. The police must look into this. I cannot get them here from Somerton to-night, but early to-morrow I will. I must go to the station, ten miles away, to meet my sister. To-morrow, Addie will be over to see you. But, Juliet, you must promise me to make Jane sleep in your room, and I will tell Thomas and Robert to arm themselves and watch about the house and grounds all night. If Addie's train be on time, I will come over myself at the 'witching hour' of two o'clock in the morning, to see that everything is right. Poor old Dash! I am sorry for his death. But don't be afraid, dear, for burglars never come two nights in succession."

"But why could burglars want to tear up your notes?" Juliet wonders.

"I am inclined to think they were looking for 'notes' of a more valuable description, in the safe corner of your desk where you were so sweet as to keep them, and tearing them up was an ebullition of wrathful disappointment."

On the whole, Juliet's spirits are much improved by Sir Allan's encouraging words. But he feels far more anxiety than he allows her to see. To think that someone—something—an unknown horror—has been in her very room, while she lay in her innocent helpless sleep, makes him shudder.

"I will take her away, to-morrow," he vows. "With Addie to help me plead, she will yield."

So night comes again. The doctor pays his visit and goes away. Thomas and Robert arm themselves, as Sir Allan ordered, and prowl about the house and grounds for several hours after dark; but, when they have taken one another for burglars a dozen times, and each has narrowly escaped committing murder, they agree that a pint of ale will be a pleasant variety, and, retiring to the servants'-hall, speedily fall asleep there on benches and chairs.

As for Jane, when bedtime comes, she is suffering with a headache, and Juliet cannot bear to ask her to leave her comfortable bed and sleep on a pallet. So Jane is dismissed, and Juliet sees for herself that the three doors leading into the corridor are safely locked and bolted.

Lady Weir is quiet to-night, and it is not very late when Juliet goes to her own room. As she closes the door, she has an impulse to lock it, too, but says to herself: "It is nonsense. I am perfectly safe here; and, if Simpkins wished to speak to me, she would wake Lady Weir by knocking."

So she leaves the door unfastened. But there is a sort of horror about the stillness and loneliness of her chamber. She cannot make up her mind to go to sleep or to remain in the dark. So

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she puts on a wrapper and lies down, leaving a lamp lighted, and expecting a wakeful night. But youth and health and much fatigue triumph over nervous terror, and, in five minutes, Juliet sleeps profoundly—sleeps on and on, deep into the night.

"Juliet Leigh! Juliet Leigh!" In her dreams she hears someone calling her The voice is awful in its harsh monotone, and at last rouses her. She opens her eyes with a start. What thing is this by her bedside—this tall creature with the ghastly face and streaming white hair? She utters a wild shriek, for the thing looks at her with the sunken terrible eyes of Lady Weir. She springs from the bed, but, before she can move a step or cry out again, she is grasped by a hand, cold and strong as steel, and forced backward into a chair.

A fearful laugh rings through the room, and Juliet looks into the glaring eyes that are so close to hers, and turns sick and faint with horror. It is Lady Weir, and she is a maniac, endowed with the awful strength given by insanity.

"Fool!" says the harsh grating voice. "Do you think you can escape me? I might have strangled you as you lay there. I was tempted to—you wicked treacherous thief! Yes, thief! You plotted to steal my boy from me, the only creature on earth I love. You shall not do it. I am going to kill you, Juliet Leigh, but not quickly. You shall suffer and beg for mercy—and I will not let you go. And the flames shall torture your fair body, and blacken your beautiful face. You shall burn to ashes—I have taken care of that. There is fire, fire everywhere, below-stairs. It will be slow coming here, because I want you to wait and long for death. Do you hear me, you white-faced fiend?"

Juliet has fought down the agony of terror that had seized her. Desperation gives her calmness.

"Yes, I hear you," she says, looking up and meeting Lady Weir's eyes unshrinkingly.

The cold hand tightens its clutch.

"And you are not frightened?" hisses Lady Weir.

"I can die but once."

"You shall die a thousand deaths in anticipation. The fire is coming—slowly, slowly. There is no escape. I have locked the doors, and the keys are here."

She shows them, and looks into Juliet's pallid face, with a malicious laugh.

"And, if you try to touch them, I will strangle you, as I did the dog that loved you, too."

Juliet does not speak, but she keeps her eyes firmly fixed on the speaker.

"And I have something else to show you, my pretty madam who wants to be rich and fine. This is what you have done for your lover."

She holds up and shakes fiercely a yellow folded parchment as she speaks.

"This is my will, leaving everything I possess to Allan Maxwell; but now the will shall burn with the artful creature who dared to raise her eyes to him—to Maxwell, of Maxwell Towers. I saw him kiss you. I struck the very place in the mirror where your face was reflected. Oh, why did he ever see your white baby face? But he will forget you soon. Allan! Allan! I could curse you for your folly!"

She flings her arms wildly about, and begins to walk up and down the room, muttering and laughing alternately.

And Juliet sits there, thinking, seeking to contrive some way of escape. There is no help. Simpkins cannot hear, even if she screamed her life out, and there is no one else near. And now, stealing in under her door, comes a faint odor of smoke. It is true, then. The house is burning. Juliet's heart goes up in a piteous prayer to God for help, and then a thought comes to her like an inspiration. She rises quietly and moves to the piano.

"Where are you going?" Lady Weir calls, pausing a moment to look at her.

Juliet does not answer; she sits down, touches the keys softly, and begins to sing the first thing she can think of. It happens to be "Allan Percy." Lady Weir tosses her arms and laughs.

"Singing her death-song," she mutters, and again paces up and down the floor. The music goes on without ceasing—old ballads and tender love-songs, and at last the hymns that she sings on Sunday evening. Lady Weir walks more slowly, pauses, and at last seats herself in a chair by the piano and fixes her burning eyes on Juliet's face. Her hands fall in her lap, with the keys and the yellow parchment clutched tightly in them. She listens, listens, and the music goes on, growing softer and sweeter. Yet now Juliet sees a dull glow creeping through the closed blinds, and the room is full of smoke. She still sings steadily. From her heart, come the words of her favorite hymn:

"God shall charge his angel legions."

How soft and clear her voice is! Lady Weir's glowing eyes grow a little dull, her head droops, and her muttering ceases. Juliet is singing the last verse of the hymn now.

"Thou shalt call on Him in trouble;
He will hearken, He will save,"

sings the soft young voice—

"Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave."

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The last words are breathed out gently and die away into silence.

Lady Weir is asleep, and the keys have slipped from her fingers. Still playing soft chords with her right hand, Juliet leans over, lifts the key she wants with a touch like down, slips it noiselessly into the keyhole, and in another second she is free. She flies across Lady Weir's room into Simpkins's, and shrieks "Fire! fire!" into the dull ears. She makes her hear. And Simpkins starts up, crying:

"Oh, my poor mistress! Help me save her!"

Juliet is thinking of the servants sleeping in the attic, and she flies out into the corridor. It is full of smoke, which almost suffocates her; but she runs along it, calling "Fire! Fire!" at the top of her clear, trained voice.

Then a shriek from Simpkins brings her back to Lady Weir's room. She has found her mistress's bed empty, and stands helpless and bewildered.

There is help approaching. Juliet has violently rung every bell she passed, and the men come rushing up from the servants'-hall. But poor faithful Simpkins, when she can understand that her lady is mad and has left her bed and gone into Miss Leigh's room, does not wait for aid: she runs in and finds Lady Weir roused by the clamor, staring about with dull glazed eyes.

"Oh, my lady—come! come! The house is on fire!" Simpkins shrieks.

Lady Weir's eyes brighten a little; she puts out her hand and mutters: "My good Simpkins!" Simpkins bursts into tears and covers the yellow skeleton-fingers with kisses. But it is the last glimmer of reason, almost the one solitary kindly impulse of her life.

The next instant, she is furious again, and shrieks and struggles as the men hurry her through the thick smoke and stifling heat and get her safely out of the burning house.

When Juliet is half-way down the stairs, she remembers Lady Weir's will. It is not clutched in the poor mad hands now, and Juliet rushes bravely back to find it—back through the suffocating smoke into her own chamber. Fresh air from an open window revives her, and she stoops, searches for the yellow roll, and perceives it lying on the carpet.

Back again, through the heat and smoke and roar of fire, she flies. Flames are bursting into the hall from every room below. She can scarcely find the staircase through the dense clouds. The steps are hot beneath her feet; but she staggers down them, holding her breath, drags herself through the hall, with the fire leaping at her very garments, feels the blessed rush of fresh air from the open doors, and knows no more for many hours.

When she opens her eyes, they rest on her lover's face. It is morning; she is in a strange room, a shaded yet cheerful apartment. She feels Allan's kiss on her lips, and then another face comes before her; a lady with bright dark eyes smiles down on her and says softly: "I am Allan's sister Addie. You are at Maxwell Towers. You must be quiet, dear; don't try even to talk yet."

Lady Weir lives but a few days after that dreadful night. Simpkins weeps for her bitterly, but she is in Lady Maxwell's service now, and a happier old woman does not exist.

When Lady Maxwell rides across the moor with her husband, she sees all that is left of her prison-house—four gray walls, half fallen and crumbling away, and becoming already, under the kindly draping of ivy and creeper, a lovely and picturesque ruin.

IN HOPE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Life is not all a golden way,
  Set round with blooming flowers,
And what we long for may not fill
  With sweet delight the hours—
Clouds will o'ercast the skies of all
  And hide away the blue;
But, if we wait in patient hope,
  The sunshine will break through.

Life is too short to grieve and fret,
  Too short to spend in fears,
And there's too much of needful toil
  To give much time for tears.

And, when our hands and hearts are full
  Of what we find to do,
Our hours of loneliness will be
  But very, very few.

Work is a blessing God ordained,
  To do it with our might
While yet the day of life is here,
  Before the fall of night
Behooves us all; and, when we go,
  All silent, one by one,
Happy we'll be to know we'll hear
  The welcome sound: "Well done."

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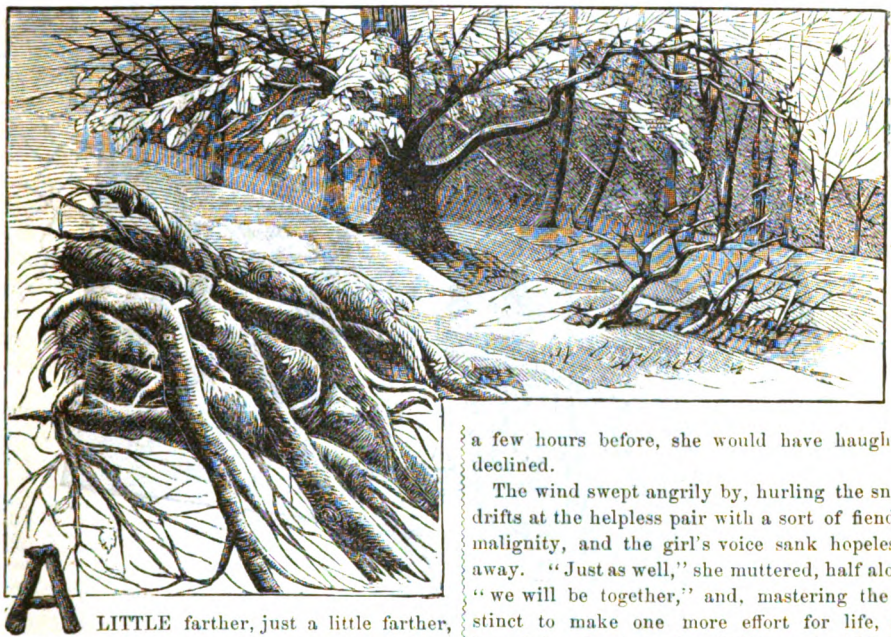
TWO WINTER NIGHTS.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.



A LITTLE farther, just a little farther, darling! Sister's pet will be brave, and keep up just a little longer."

"I can't, Marion, it's so cold and I'm so tired —take me home."

"Nora, dear, see the pretty snowflakes! Don't lean back so—sister can't walk. No, you mustn't sit down, Nora. Heavens! is she falling asleep?"

Marion King threw back the heavy cloak, and looked at the little face it protected. It was perfectly calm and quiet, all fretfulness gone.

"Good God!" the girl cried, passionately. "Have I killed her? My lamb, my baby—and I cannot turn back!"

Tossing aside the umbrella, with which she had been trying in vain to shield the little one and herself from the winter storm, Marion sat down in the snow, and, drawing the child to her breast, strove, by tender word and caress, to arouse her from the torpor into which she was fast sinking. Moments that seemed hours passed by. Nora, no longer heeding her sister's frantic efforts, slept peacefully in her arms, and Marion, holding her close and rallying all her force, cried aloud for the human help that, a few hours before, she would have haughtily declined.

The wind swept angrily by, hurling the snow-drifts at the helpless pair with a sort of fiendish malignity, and the girl's voice sank hopelessly away. "Just as well," she muttered, half aloud, "we will be together," and, mastering the instinct to make one more effort for life, she leaned her head on the child's, and yielded to the exhaustion against which she had been fighting so bravely.

"Why, Rover, what ails thee to-night, leading me off after such a fashion? Come back to thy sheep, lad—hear them bleating for us?" Gilbert Foscom, swinging his lantern, would have retraced his steps, half vexed at his dog's persistence, had not his eyes fallen on a dark heap, already whitening beneath the falling snow. Stooping hastily, he uttered an exclamation of dismay:

"A woman! Then I did hear cries a little while ago—and a child! Rover, take the lantern and light us home; I shall have all I can do here. The sheep may take themselves to the fold."

As he spoke, he seized Marion and dragged her up. Still clasping the child, she staggered to her feet, looking about wildly.

Gilbert wasted no words or time. "Follow," he said, loosening the stiffened arms and taking the little form to his own breast. The wind had lessened somewhat, and a few stars twinkled brightly through the bitter air, as they moved

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slowly and painfully across the heavy drifts, the dog leading and Marion stumbling blindly behind, and sometimes steadying herself by a clutch at her guide.

At last, welcome lights shone out of the darkness. Gilbert rested the child on his knee, while he opened a gate which moved unwillingly through the heaped-up snow, and, in a few more seconds, Marion found herself in the midst of light and heat, though quite unheeded, as two women in the Friends' garb bent over Nora with pity and surprise. It was not until the little one had been carefully undressed, placed in a warm bed, and roused sufficiently to swallow some hot milk, that Marion met a pair of blue eyes, keen though mild, and heard the abrupt question: "Why did thee take the child into such danger?"

"I never thought to hurt her; I only wanted to get away—to lose myself—and I brought her because she was all I had in the world."

"So thy husband is dead?"

The girl grew white and then scarlet up to the roots of her golden hair.

"I have no husband! Oh, madam, don't turn away: I'm not what you think. I supposed I was a happy wife, and I found I never had been—then I came away. We left the cars in the wood, when they stopped to repair the engine, and wandered through the storm and darkness. At last, Nora fell asleep, and, when I could not wake her, I lost all hope. If it were not for her—my little sister—I could wish your son had never found us."

"Thee must not say such wild and wicked words," the old lady said, the sweet venerable face softening. "Poor child, thee is ill, very ill. No one has ever been turned away from my husband's door or my son's; rest now, and to-morrow I will hear thy whole story."

With tender care, she soothed the exhausted girl, while, far away, at that very moment,

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Douglas King, white-faced and wild-eyed, stood alone in his desolate home, reading again and again the brief letter, telling him that Marion "knew all," and had left him forever; and, as he read, bewilderment slowly gave way to stern indignation and resentment.

II.

THE famous winter storm of 187— was a local tradition several years old, when a handsome man, walking from one Pennsylvania town to another, with the firm light step of a trained pedestrian, stopped suddenly to look admiringly about him. Crisp snow sparkled in every direction, a golden light filled the air, and the dark trees, over whose tops a flock of birds slowly circled, stood out against the clear winter sky.

"Cheek by jowl with great cities and as lifeless as a desert island," the traveler commented, half aloud; but, while he spoke, his assertion was disproved by the appearance of a little figure in the road before him.

It was that of a girl of sixteen or thereabouts, dancing toward him as lightly as a thistledown, in spite of a long close coat, a pair of skates, and a small dog just emerging from puppyhood, who was making laudable efforts to throw her down.

Her movements, unconsciously graceful as a kitten's, were interrupted by the discovery of the gravely amused gaze fixed upon her. Instantly she subsided into a demure and discreet maiden, walking past him with her eyes before her, her hands in her muff, and her four-footed friend following as fast as his short legs would permit.

The tall man strode on, smiling at the thought of the innocent childlike face; but gradually the habitual expression of sadness stole once more over his own countenance, as the light began to fade out of the winter sky and the air to grow yet more chill.

Putting his hand into his coat, he suddenly stopped, searched his pockets, and then, with an exclamation of annoyance, began to retrace his steps, looking from side to side of the road as he walked.

He had gone some distance, when his search was rewarded by the sight of a small bright object lying where he had passed, a little time before; and, securing it, he was hurrying back with quickened step, when on the still air came the cry of a shrill young voice for help.

Guided by it, he ran rapidly, and in an instant saw the slim figure of the little skater, just visible on a rise of ground.

"Hurry, hurry," she panted; "oh, do come quick! Faithful would chase some paper over the thin ice, and he broke through. Come quick, or he'll be drowned and frozen too! There, you can see his head bobbing up. Yes, my little dog, we're coming; do hurry, please, sir!"

The task so lightly set was hardly an easy one. Quite far out in a frozen lake, whitened by the moon that was now visible, was a large broken spot, around which the unhappy

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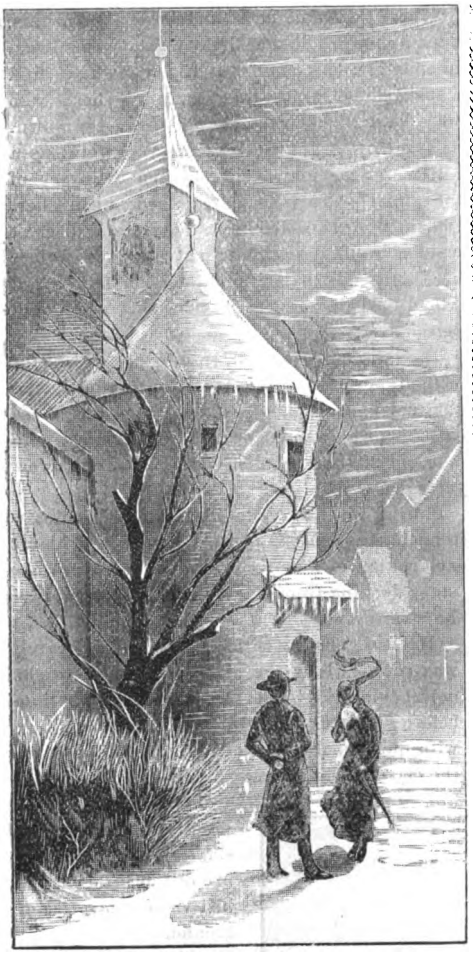

puppy was miserably swimming, yelping each time that he failed in his frantic efforts to cling to the broken edges of ice. However, with the aid of a long stick and much encouragement from his little mistress, the dripping creature was at last landed and carefully searched for possible injury.

"I'm so thankful you came," the girl said, with a child's straightforwardness; "it was getting so dark, and I could never have got the poor fellow out alone."

"May I carry him for you? He would ruin your coat, and mine is water and weather proof."

"Thank you very much, if you will be so kind; you can hold him up better than I. I'll walk close by and comfort him." And a small hand stole up to caress the dog's black nose.

"You are very fond of him?"

"Indeed I am, and all the rest too—sister and Gilbert and aunty; they won't be able to thank you enough. I couldn't have borne to go back and tell them that I'd let Faithful drown before my very eyes."

"He's a good breed of dog."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Why, his grandfather saved my life and Marion's, once. There never were such dogs in the world."

"Saved your life?"

"Yes. I was quite a little girl; Marion took me out walking, and a terrible snowstorm came on. We lost our way, and we would have died if Rover hadn't scented us out and made Gilbert find us. They had gone out to fold the sheep—we lived on a farm then, about twenty miles from here. I was so awfully ill, after it, that I forgot my own name."

"Which is?"

"'Honor Smollett.' Martha—she's aunty's old nurse that took care of me, for Marion was ill at the same time, and aunty couldn't leave her for a minute—says that I kept saying I was 'Nora,' not 'Honor.' I've always thought it would suit me a great deal better."

"Nora—Nora Machree," her listener murmured, half to himself.

"How funny! You know, I never asked once for Marion, when I was out of my head—I called all the time for Douglas to come and sing me 'Nora Machree.'"

"'Marion'? 'Douglas'? Child! in heaven's name, who are you? Are you Nora Desmond?"

Startled and astonished at the wild passion in his tone, the girl raised her frank brown eyes to his face.

"Nora Desmond?" she repeated, slowly. "I—I don't know. The name seems familiar. Was it mine? And you—you are—"

"Nora, little sister, don't you know? Have you quite forgotten me—my 'Nora Machree'?"

A sudden light crossed the fair young face.

"Then I was not 'fever-crazy.' My name was 'Nora,' and you are—my brother, Douglas King."

"Yes, Marion's husband. Where is my wife?"

He had taken the hands so eagerly extended and drawn her to him with brotherly tenderness; but his voice sounded stern and hard.

"Marion married—Marion?" the girl repeated, wonderingly. "Yet I seem to remember it all now. Didn't we live with you in a lovely house, with lots of books and an upright piano? Why did they tell me I dreamed it all?"

"Where is Marion?"

"At home—at aunty's; she's never any place else. What was the matter, Douglas? Oh, how it all comes back to me! How could I fancy you weren't real? Why did we leave you?"

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"Why?" His voice vibrated with passion. "Ask her—my wife. I left her with fondest lover's kiss—my bride of scarce a year; left my happy home—you, the child I loved as if you had been indeed my sister; and, in two days, I came back to find bewildered servants, a deserted hearthstone. There was a note for me, saying that Marion knew all and had left me forever. Nora, do you know nothing of this?"

Nora shook her little dark head very decidedly.

"I knew nothing. I never heard Marion speak your name; but I have seen always that she wasn't happy, spite of aunty's love for her and Gilbert's goodness."

"Who is Gilbert?"

"Aunty's son—don't you know? Isn't she aunty? Oh, Douglas, isn't Gilbert my cousin? Isn't he anything to me? It seems as if I couldn't give up Gilbert, even for you."

A rarely-sweet smile changed the whole character of Douglas's face.

"Even for me," he repeated; "then you accept me, do you, little sister, without a question? God bless you for it! But where is Marion now? I must see her."

"You will, in two minutes," was the unexpected answer. "If I'm the least little bit late, she always meets me by the convent-school. I'm dreadfully late to-night, and I'm afraid they'll be frightened. But what will you say to her, Douglas? Do you care for her still?"

"Say to her? What can I say? What have I done, all these years—a heartsick desolate man? Care for her? There was a time when I loved the ground she walked on, the air she breathed. I thought I had lived it down; but, as I recognize the baby-look in your features—as I recall the old days—I'm a fool again."

The girl was silent, clasping her hands about his arm and glancing now and again, with troubled eyes, into his colorless face.

"Douglas," she said, softly, after a few moments' silence, "you are sure you didn't do anything wrong? Oh, there is Marion—I will stay here while you go to her."

The wistful eyes, the loving tones, robbed the words of any sting, and, with a tender clasp of the hand he took from his arm, he went forward alone. The whole place was flooded with moonlight; the grim old convent, in its winter dress of purest snow and fringing icicles, sparkled like a fairy palace. Before Douglas, stood the woman who had marred his life. The years of pain had lined his brow and tinged his hair with gray, but she was lovelier than ever.

"Marion," he said, sternly Was it a voice from the dead—or only from the dead past? She clasped her hands in sudden terror—it was not a dream—he stood before her, no pleader for pardon, but a stern uncompromising judge. "What can you say? Why did you leave me?"

"Because, Douglas—your conscience must tell you—I was not your wife."

"Your authority for that statement?"

"A woman came," she faltered, courage failing before the coldness of his tones; "she told me her story. I was almost wild. She showed me the certificate, the marriage-notice in the paper, the marriage of—"

"Douglas King and Mary Harvey," he added. "You examined it? You looked at the date?"

"No, I—"

"Accepted, without a doubt, the belief that your husband was a scoundrel."

"Was it true?"

"True that my uncle, Douglas King, married an adventuress, who broke his heart; and, turning to me for comfort in his last hours, left me his heir. She vowed vengeance then, and last year she boasted to me how well she had succeeded. I'd have sworn, though, that you would have believed in me, had the angels of God vowed me false. I have all the papers in the case, which your friends may examine"

The unhappy woman bowed her face in her hands and sobbed brokenheartedly.

"There is one thing I would say to you before we part again: I have larger faith than you; I believe my honor has been safe in your hands; I ask only one thing—my child."

"It never lived, Douglas; my heartbreak and that dreadful night—I tried to be glad when they told me it never breathed—but—I wanted it so—and—you! You can never forgive me, Douglas. How could you? But, before you go, for the sake of that bond, say one kind word to me—won't you just say 'good-bye,' Douglas?"

Her small clasped hands were held out with a well-remembered pleading gesture. He bowed his head. He had suffered most cruelly, but had her life been a happy one? An orphan girl, foolish and weak, a lonely woman, her own victim—so much the harder to bear. Was he, who had sworn to love and guard her, to be her judge?

"My wife," he said, very gently, "let the past be past. We will not say 'good-bye.' We will take up our life again, and live it together to the end."

As she rested once more on his heart, the bell in the old tower rang out a musical chime that sounded in their ears like a promise of hope and happiness for the future.

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MABYN GREYFORD.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC., ETC.

I.

FIRST, by way of introduction, I, Jock Hazledeen—born Hazledeen, baptized Jock, through parental appreciation of the fitness of things—make my bow to the public in the character of a Texas ranchman, well on toward life's middle milestone, but none the worse for it, as sound in wind and limb as a two-year-old thoroughbred, and as free as a Mexican greaser from all tendency to brain-fog, morbidity, membranous irritation, or undue bent toward psychical investigation.

Not a likely subject for hallucination? Well, judging superficially, perhaps not; but let no man count himself above or beyond what our Scotch cousins call "unco' happenings" until the grave has closed over him—and then less than ever. For myself, being a plain man, unused to the elaboration of theories, I can only say that life has taught me this lesson, if no other: never to pretend to understand that which is beyond my comprehension, nor to attempt explanation of things of whose nature and properties I—in common with my fellows—am densely ignorant and likely to remain so.

Whether I have been a subject for the tricks of imagination, or the recipient of supernatural revelation, is an open question; the fact remains that I, Jock Hazledeen—sober, sane, and sensible—did abandon my ranche to hirelings, set aside both profit and pleasure, and, for the space of nine calendar months, devote body and brain to the furtherance of the behest of an intangible something which might pass for the latest evolution of the genus ghost. And that, in this something's behalf—for the repose of its soul, or perhaps of my own—I traveled over leagues of country, thrust myself into the affairs of strangers, took trouble, spent money, and earned the deathless animosity of three Christian women.

And so to my tale:

One morning, about daybreak, I was aroused by the report that one of my best imported bulls and a good mob of heifers were missing. The ranche was well away toward the frontier, and, although the half-breeds and greasers were no longer so troublesome as in former years, it still behooved a man to look sharply after his movable possessions.

The last round-up of the season had taken place about three weeks before, and every man's herds were supposed to be on his own range, safe under the care of his own stockmen. The cowboy who brought in the news of the runaways had been in charge of a good bunch of cattle down toward Mezquille Creek, where pasturage was good and water plenty. We were short-handed at the time, so the fellow had a bit more stock in hand than he could manage, and one mob had strayed. He did the only sensible thing he could, under the circumstances: hired a chum on his own responsibility to look after the remainder of the cattle, and came up to the ranche himself to report the loss. Being, as I have already stated, short-handed, I took a cowboy named Roberts and started on the trail myself. The weather was fine—cool and clear, with the wind from the southwest, and the blue of the sky intensified by a light dappling of white clouds. The prairie was as level and green as a billiard-table, except where a lump of darker green marked the presence of a vagrant tumble-weed—formerly the pest of the prairie, now fast disappearing before the advance of civilization. There is not much to distract the ordinary mind from the business in hand, in a ride across the prairie, where there is nothing to look at save a sweep of tableland, with the sky fitting down on it like an inverted bowl, and the only sign of activity an occasional dog-village or a settlement of "agricultural ants," set each in its plantation of ant-rice; so we pushed along at a rattling pace, keeping the horses to their work and a sharp lookout for signs of the cattle. We headed for the Canadian River country; for most of the heifers had been raised thereaway, and we thought it probable they might make for their old feeding-ground. When night overtook us, we were within a mile or two of the Canadian River, and, as well as we could judge, would strike it somewhere about the place Mezquille Creek empties into it. The country roughens up and gets better wooded as you near the river, and I like always to get among trees if possible; so we camped in a little clump of cottonwoods that stood on a rise, with the prairie sloping away on either hand and the dark line of trees that fringed the river-gorge away to the south.

There had been plenty of rain, and the grass

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was good, so we picketed the beasts close by and left them to their supper, while we started a fire of sticks and dried mesquite to boil the coffee. There was plenty of beef and bread in the wallets, and a can or two of peaches besides: so we made a hearty meal, and then filled up the pipes and fell to singing and yarning, as men will when care sits light and rides with an easy hand on the snaffle. My companion was a curly-headed young fellow, green in the twenties yet, and as full of fun and merriment as a girl in her first season. He had not been on the frontier above three years, and was from my own State at home; so our talk drifted to the East before very long, and somehow or other I got telling about the war and old campaigning-days back in Virginia, and of people and events that had filled the eye of the world in the days when my listener had been in his mother's arms. After awhile, the talk languished, and Roberts, who was as tuneful as a mocking-bird, leaned back on his elbow and just let the music that was in his soul bubble over his lips in trills and warbling that were enough to set a man thinking of the days when youth and hope and aspiration had him by the hand, and life seemed a wonderful quest, and the world a place in which to grandly do and dare and conquer.

I lay and listened to him, with my head on my arms, until my pipe went out, and the fire died down, and memory got me into the traces and drove me back into the past. The music sounded in my ears long after the minstrel had rolled himself in his blanket and surrendered to Morpheus, and its cadence, sometimes stirring, sometimes tender, followed me into dreamland—when, at last, I too drew the covering over my head and pillowed it on a saddle.

How long I slept, I don't know—possibly an hour or so; for, when I woke again, the moon had set and the night was as dark as a pocket. I rustled round and lighted my pipe and mended up the fire. The wind was just stirring, not enough to shake the branches overhead, hardly enough to cause the leaves to tremble. The horses had ceased grazing, and had lain down; every now and then, one would give out his breath in a long-drawn sigh. My companion slept peacefully, his breathing so soft that it hardly made an eddy in the silence. The stars looked pale and immeasurably distant—the isolation of night and nature held me with its weird magnetism.

Then a strange thing happened: the curtain of the night appeared to lift, to part, as though held back by invisible hands, and the space in front of me became suffused with soft pale light, as of the rising moon, while on either hand the darkness gathered close and seemed a tangible substance. At first, the illuminated space showed nothing save the quivering of the light-waves, ærially tremulous. I waited. Shadows appeared, faint and intangible, trembled, vanished, reappeared. The light grew clearer, more intense, and, as a picture framed in the blackness of the night, this scene presented itself:

A battle-field, after the conflict. To the left, on an eminence, a Federal battery, silent now, and deserted, save by the sentries; to the right, hills and a river; in front, the open plain, strewed thick with the débris of battle: men and horses, lying singly or in heaps, wounded, dying, dead; dismantled guns, where a battery had been silenced; small-arms—muskets, sabres, pistols—fallen from hands stiffened in death; the very earth rent and furrowed by shot and shell, stained and sodden with blood. Squads of men moved slowly here and there, some trusting to the light of the pale moon, some aided by that of lanterns. The fight was over, and the "detail" about their work among the wounded and the dead. They had improvised rough stretchers from fence-rails and the boughs torn from trees, and, near at hand, the ambulances waited. With the group in the foreground was a tall young fellow, with a couple of stars on his collar. He seemed rather a spectator than actively engaged in rendering assistance, and his face was shadowed to the beard by the slouch-hat pulled low on his brow.

A negro approached the group—bareheaded, his clothing torn, his face and hands begrimed with sweat and powder; there were tears in his eyes, and his frame jerked and quivered, as though shaken by sobs. He spoke to the young officer, who seemed to listen with attention, and detached himself from the squad and followed the negro's lead. They crossed the field away to the right, and neared the bank of the river. There were trees here, but they stood apart, and their trunks had been almost cut to pieces by bullets. Under one of them, half raised against a saddle, lay a man—a soldier in gray uniform. His face was ghastly, his brow clammy with the death-sweat, his breast hardly stirred with the faint breathing; there was blood on the ground—a pool of it—and life ebbed fast. The negro knelt, and poured water in his hand from a canteen filled at the river, and bathed the white face; the officer knelt opposite and forced brandy between the lips from his own flask. The dying man unclosed his eyes, obscured by the death-film; a smile passed over his face; he spoke, slowly and painfully, and moved his hand as

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though seeking the clasp of another hand; a promise seemed to be demanded and given, followed by an expression of peace. The soldier took the hand of his dying comrade in his, and waited for the end.

The scene shifted a little. It was morning, the light cold and gray. Under the trees was a new-made grave, and beside it lay the form of a man wrapped in a coarse gray blanket. The two men—the negro quiet now, his grief worn out—lifted the body and laid it gently in the place prepared for it, and shoveled in the earth—dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Then the soldier knelt with uncovered head, and said a short prayer.

Then the picture faded, and the curtain of the night rolled together.

Not once during the whole time did I lose the sense of my identity or of my surroundings. One of the horses had risen and shaken himself and begun to graze. I heard his every movement, and was acutely conscious of the breaking of the grass as he cropped it. A shadow had flitted along the edge of the circle made by the firelight, and I knew that a "loover"—a cross between a cayote and a wolf—was skulking near camp. The impulse to reach over to the holster for a pistol and let drive at him was as distinct as anything had ever been in my life.

I sat very still, memory working backward along lines unused for years and blocked by changes and the accumulation of events. Roberts turned, raised his head, stared at me sleepily, and lay down again. One of the horses whinnied, and, as though the sound had been a challenge, from out of the darkness came, in answer, the long-drawn howl of a cayote, which was taken up and repeated with mournful iteration by others of the pack, until, for the space of several moments, the belt of the horizon seemed filled with the eerie wailing, which rose and fell in doleful cadence, and suggested the wails of the damned when "the pains of hell compass them around." Then, as suddenly as it had commenced, the weird concert ceased, and again there was silence.

II.

By daybreak we were in the saddle again, and, before the sun was an hour high, had struck the trail of the cattle. They had got themselves corraled in a bend of the river, and we had little difficulty in turning them and starting on the home-drive.

With cattle ahead, the necessity for keeping eye and hand alert puts a stopper on the flow of soul; and, as the hours wore on, Roberts and I settled to our business and had mighty little to say to one another. My mind, moreover, had clinched on to a tangle, and was working, beak and claw, to straighten it out. The vision of the night before, for I can call it no less, had been like the sounding of a reveille to the old days, and they mustered strong and swept aside the intervening years and occupied every inch of available ground in the domain of thought. As though it had been yesterday, a certain night during the campaign in the Valley of Virginia came back to me. I knew again the weariness of uncertainty, the restlessness of expectation. For days we had been marched and countermarched, and sent now to the right, now to the left, with no more exciting work than skirmishing, and the troops were growing restive. At last the order came to occupy a certain position, regarded by old Stonewall as the key to the valley, and toward which he had been inching for a week or so. We formed line of battle, and, within six hours after gaining the position, were engaged with the enemy. As usual, they outnumbered us, six to four; but we held on like bulldogs, and the sun set and rose and set again on a scene of blood and carnage fearful enough to make the souls of men sicken, even in retrospect, with the pity and the futility of it.

The position was still ours when the night of the second day of battle closed in; but we had held it at heavy loss, and every heart was oppressed with foreboding for the morrow. The white flags were out, and details from both sides were at work on the field. I had been to headquarters to report the condition of my regiment, and was returning across the field to where my men were posted. The sword of death had been fleshed with a vengeance, and dead men and horses lay about in heaps. I paused near a squad of men under the command of a surgeon, to see if I could render any assistance. As I stood watching them lift an officer on to a rough stretcher, I felt a touch on my arm, and, turning, saw a negro standing close beside me. He was in a pitiable condition from grief and terror, and, in the uncertain light, he evidently had mistaken me for someone that he knew.

"Fur Cawd's sake, mars'r, come on," he panted. "T'aint no time ter loss. I run every step de way, an' I leed-er-mo' passed yer in de dark. He bin hurt—hurt bad—I'se 'feard he's dyin'! I tried ter stop de blood, but I couldn't, den he tried, but t'want no use, an', when he see'd dat, he sont me arter you. He know'd you see'd him fall, an' he 'lowed you'd hunt fur him. He say I was ter fetch you anyhow, an', ef he war daid, you'd know what to do. Say, I

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mus' tell you, come an' git de papers, fur de Lawd's sake—say, he kyarnt 'gree ter die t'well he git shet o' 'em."

I tried to stop the torrent of words, and make the man understand that he was talking to a stranger; but it was no use. His distress and excitement were so intense that they obscured his perception; evidently, there was on him a weight of responsibility which filled him with dread, and his whole desire was to transfer it to other shoulders. His hand quivered and shook and fairly clung to my arm; and, as he talked, he tried to draw me with him. The urgency of the negro's manner compelled me, and the matter—whatever it might be—assumed individual importance, even amid the press of general calamity. The mention of papers, too, influenced me—they might be dispatches of importance. I turned and accompanied the man without a word.

What followed, the vision has already showed. Under the trees near the river-bank, I found a dying man. He wore an officer's uniform, and his head rested on his saddle; near by, lay the body of a horse which, I suppose, had been shot under him. Death was so near that he failed to recognize that the man who knelt beside him and took his hand was not the friend he had summoned. His eyes half opened, then closed, and he smiled; his lips moved—I bent my head; the words were faint, but I caught them: "Hugh—old fellow—lift me—I'm glad"—then the voice died away.

I slipped my arm under him and lifted him, so that he rested against my breast. The negro bathed his face with water which he brought from the river, and I poured brandy between the white lips. My face was hidden, and, in times like these, the brotherhood of men is a fact, not expressed in words only, but felt in hearts.

"Hugh"—the voice was stronger.

I pressed his hand. Why trouble the passing spirit with consciousness of a mistake? Fate had decreed that I should be another man's proxy, and, for the few moments necessary, I would play the part.

"Yes," I said, gently, and listened.

My voice did not dispel his illusion, and the cold hand feebly returned my pressure.

"Remember—your—promise. The papers—my watch—take them to her. My will—all right—Stephen knows. Tell her I loved—took care—" The words fell disjointedly; the voice died away.

Suddenly he rallied; his eyes unclosed; the mind struggled with the darkness fast closing over it; the heart panted for strength, for power to secure some good still for love's sake.

"Swear to be faithful, old friend—swear, by God's love, to be true!" he gasped.

He literally held death at bay for my promise. His breath fluttered, and his hand, in mine, grew icy and rigid.

And I—still as another man's proxy—compelled by his insistence, anxious to soothe the passing of a dying comrade, swore by Almighty God to be faithful to an unknown promise, made under unknown conditions, and which had reference to people and things also unknown.

It was a strange thing to do; but, in those times, strange happenings were so much the rule that they were taken without question or comment. Amid the general upheaval and crowding of events, an incident, more or less, made little impression—which must stand my excuse for much that followed.

When death had done his work, we made a grave as well as we could, under the battered trees, and laid the poor young fellow in it, wrapped in his blanket, with his saddle for a pillow and his sword beside him. It was a rude burial, but better than was the portion of many a man that day.

There was no way in which I could mark the spot, so that it might be identified by the young soldier's friends, so I took my pencil and jotted a sort of memoranda of the place on the outside of the bundle of papers I had taken from the breast-pocket of the poor fellow's coat. I had his watch, too, and a plain gold ring, which looked to be a wedding-ring, for it had initials in it, and a date. I wrapped the things in my handkerchief, and put them in my pocket, determined to hunt up the missing friend and surrender my trust as speedily as possible.

Then I made my way back to my own regiment, taking the negro boy with me. He was a brown-skinned fellow and fairly intelligent, about five-and-twenty, and apparently much attached to his master, whose playmate and foster-brother he had been.

"Ole mis'—she took 'n die when Mars Dred war born," he explained. "An' my mammy raised him—him an' me was babies together. We been together all de time, t'well—" His eyes filled and his breast heaved convulsively.

"What was your master's name," I questioned, "and where did he come from?"

"Souf Car'liny, sar—dat's whar we war born an' raised. His name war 'Power'—'Cap'n Power,' sence he j'ined de war. His t'other name war 'Eldred'; but didn't nobody call him nothin' 'cept 'Dred.'"

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"Who'd you take me for, last night, Stephen? I think your name is 'Stephen,' isn't it?"

"Yes, sar—'Steve Power,' sar. Las' night, I war flustered, an' de light was jubious, an' I took you fur my young mars'r's kunnel—Kunnel Hugh Mayo. Dey was pow'ful thick, an' was at college togedder. You an' him favor right smart—'special in de dark." He fingered his hat apologetically.

An orderly came with dispatches, and I was obliged to break off my examination. Scribbling a note hastily, I gave it to Steve, with orders to find this Colonel Mayo or any other of his master's intimates, and request him or them to appoint some place of meeting, as I wished to hand over the effects of their dead comrade. Then I dispatched Steve on his quest, giving him minute directions where to find me in case the regiment should be ordered into action before his return. The little package—containing, I supposed, the dead man's will—the watch, and ring I sealed up and deposited in a small valise which was looked after by my own servant.

I had hardly completed my arrangements, when order came to fall into line, and the fighting recommenced. It continued for many hours, and then we were forced to yield our position and fall back. What became of Steve, I never knew until years afterward. He never came back to me, nor sent any word of any sort, nor did Colonel Mayo or any other friend of the dead soldier appear. I made inquiry whenever I got a chance, but could hear nothing of him or them, and, not unnaturally, concluded that Steve had either been killed or had failed in his search, grown terrified, and cut the whole concern and made his way to a place where powder and ball were not the playthings of the hour.

Soon after, I was wounded and sent home on sick-leave. I took the package with me, and locked it securely in the old secretary in my mother's library, where it lay undisturbed through the hurrying events of the last years of the war, and forgotten by all, perhaps—and certainly by me.

After the close of the war, came the long wearing struggle for existence, the grinding prostration incident to a change of condition under unfavorable auspices. During the first year, I made many efforts to rid myself of my trust—wrote letters, advertised in Southern newspapers, and made such inquiry as my restricted means and still more restricted data would allow. Beyond the name—Eldred Power—and the fact that the man had been a captain in the Confederate service and hailed from South Carolina, I had absolutely nothing to go on. The package contained nothing except letters in a woman's hand, signed with a pet diminutive, "Mab," and dated from a place called "Witch-Hazel." This, I finally concluded, must be the name of some plantation at which the writer—Power's wife, sister, or sweetheart—lived or was staying. I consulted the map of South Carolina, procured a list of local post-offices, and tried every known means to discover the whereabouts of "Witch-Hazel" and the identity of "Mab," but with dismal lack of success. There was no postmark even, for the envelopes had been removed—in some soldier's-stress for paper, perhaps—and the letters folded together and secured in a leather note-book, in one pocket of which was a tress of hair. There was no will among the papers, no document of any sort, only the letters. I was surprised at first, remembering that a will had been mentioned; then it came back to me that I was not the man to whom these things should have been entrusted—the friend familiar with antecedent circumstances. That which was mystery to me would have been as plain as day to him.

After awhile, I had become discouraged, and the exigencies of my own life had absorbed my attention. Then had come the breaking-up of my home and my move out to the frontier, many ups-and-downs and vicissitudes of one sort and another, and finally prosperity.

Reviewing it all as I jogged along, keeping an eye to the cattle in spite of my preoccupation, it seemed to me that I had not, perhaps, done the square thing by that dead soldier. What more I could have done did not suggest itself; but my drowsy old conscience woke up from its eleven years' nap and began to buck a little. It seemed to me that I might have spread out more in my efforts to find the fellow's family and friends. The thought of that girl—for the letters had been from a girl, possibly his sweetheart—going through the years without even the poor comfort of knowing that the man she loved had received decent burial galled me. It's a hard thing on a woman, to have all knowledge of the fate of a loved one wrapped up in that one word "missing."

I had the package by me still; it had been sent out, with a lot of other things, from my old home, soon after I settled on the ranche, but until now I had never given it a thought. It lay in a corner of my desk, just as I had sealed it up after my ineffectual search, eleven years before. When I got back to the ranche, I would overhaul those letters again, and see if perhaps I had not missed some clue.

I had reached this point in my rumination

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when Roberts sung out to me to mend the pace, or night would overtake us before we should reach good camping-ground; and, for the next hour or two, my thoughts were occupied with the business in hand.

III.

When we reached home, I found that the weekly mail had arrived, and, among the budget of letters, was one which necessitated my immediate presence in New York. I had a pretty good manager in Roberts, young as he was, and did not propose to be away over a couple of months, so I set about preparation for departure at once. A ranchman usually travels light-weighted, so a very short time sufficed to get me into marching-order. By the time the team could be hitched up and Roberts and I had had a bath and a square meal, I was ready for the start for Fort Worth. Business would be discussed as we drove along.

Just before starting, I remembered some papers which might possibly be of use to me during my absence, and, going to my desk to look for them, my hand chanced on that package of Dred Power's, and some impulse made me gather it up with the rest and throw it into my valise.

In New York, my business detained me a couple of weeks, during which time I amused myself pretty well with the unfamiliar ways and sights of a big city. I have always had a taste for pictures, and, whenever I get to a place where they may be seen, rarely fail to utilize the opportunity.

One morning, I stepped into the gallery on Twentythird Street, to look around a bit. Nothing took my fancy specially at first, for I am neither critic nor connoisseur, loving pictures in rather a savage sort of way, knowing simply that which pleases me, and the reasons for my pleasure, but as innocent of all technical knowledge as of technical terminology.

I stood a long time before the picture of a woman seated on a turned-up hamper, on a scrap of seashore, with the incoming tide almost touching her feet. The pose pleased me, and the far-away look of the face, with the eyes, wistful and earnest, gazing into the distance of water and horizon, made plain the weary waiting till the sea should give up its dead. Oppressed at last by the insistent sadness of the woman's face, I wandered on, and, after a little, came on another picture that, to me, was still more mournful in its suggestion.

Everyone has seen it: A bit of hill, rough with broomedge and scrub, a fragment of a Confederate regiment, cut all to pieces—ragged, wounded, dying, desperate—holding with their last breath, as it were, the position against the charge of a well-horsed, well-fed, well-caparisoned troop. No need, for a man who had been through it all, to look for a name for the thing—"with fate against them" was painted all over it.

With quickened memory, I dropped into a seat close by, and lived over some of the old days, until the picture grew blurred and indistinct by reason of a mist that seemed to float between me and it. When the mist cleared a little, it seemed to me that the picture had changed—had broadened, that hills piled up, and a plain opened with a river flowing through it, and batteries on the heights—that the light grew soft and dusk as a moonless night, and that the death and burial of Dred Power usurped the place of the fighting men in the frame.

I passed my hand across my eyes and advanced to the picture. It was as I had first seen it, and I smiled at the tricks my imagination had taken to playing me of late. Association of ideas can do a good deal in the way of legerdemain under favorable circumstances.

When I got back to the hotel, I found a note from my brother awaiting me. He lived in Virginia still, at the old home, from which his note was dated. I give it entire:

"Dear Old Jock:

Your letter, announcing arrival in the East, to hand this moment. Glory hallelujah! Need I say that my heart is full of welcome, and my hand aching for a grip of yours? When I read the good news, I raised such a racket that the baby woke with a howl, the wife was terrified out of her wits, and every hound on the place turned in and barked for dear life. Katie is as delighted—if possible—as I am, and we both say hurry up the business and come home as quick as you can, and let us have a hug at you. You don't know my wife yet, but that makes no difference; she's as much your sister in heart as though you'd known and loved her as long as I have.

By-the-way! Katie reminds me to say that we go up to the Bridge to-morrow, for a couple of weeks, on account of the kids, who are looking weedy. Join us there, and we'll tramp about a bit and go over old times together, and then come home to the old place. You'll find it altered, I'm afraid: but, under every and all changes, still home, old fellow. Katie sends best love. Your brother,

Sam Hazledeen."

Below, in a delicate feminine hand, was added:

"I'm so glad you're coming.

Sister Katie."

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This brother, my junior by a few years, had remained in Virginia, while I sought my fortune in the Southwest. When the home had been broken up, Sam went to live with an uncle in Richmond, and got some sort of business-training, and did pretty well. But his heart was set on the old place, and all his taste was for a country-life; so, in four or five years, he wrote me that he saw a chance of getting back the farm, if I would stand by him. There were only the two of us, and the thought of the land that had been ours for generations remaining in the possession of strangers galled me, so I got together what money I could and let him have it, and fortune favored us, and we worked hard, and gradually the thing straightened out satisfactorily all around.

Sam had married a Richmond girl. I had never seen her; but, if her face were as bonny as her picture led me to suppose, and her disposition as sweet as the letters she sometimes wrote me, I felt sure we should get on famously. They had three children—two girls and a boy, called 'Jock'—all small, the youngest quite an infant.

Sam's letter made me homesick. It's not a disease I am subject to; but I got it pretty bad before Sam's joyful greeting and Katie's little message had been in my pocket half an hour. A man who has lived the lonesome sort of life I had for eleven years gets a mighty keen longing for kindred and people of his own, and ties of blood seem close and precious to him. So the feeling that Sam's hand was outstretched and Katie's pretty lips smiling a welcome curled around my heart like a lariat and drew me to Virginia.

I hurried through the rest of my business, and, with a heart as light as a boy's, turned my face homeward. On my way to the boat, I paused a moment on a corner, to let a lot of drays pass. There was a letter-box near me, and I noticed a lady, with her hands full of bundles, trying to get a letter through the slit. She could not manage it, encumbered as she was, and the letter slipped and fell on the pavement. I picked it up and posted it for her, raising my hat in acknowledgment of her bow of thanks. The letter had fallen with the address up, and the writing was as plain as print. Without intention on my part, the address transferred itself to my brain. It ran thus: "Miss Malvyn Greyford, Natural Bridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIDE, SI SAPIS.

BY THOMAS H. MUZZEY.

Why this willow-wearing,
Though you plucked the thorn and not the rose?
Kiss the wound—it shows your pluck and daring
Better than the fairest flow'r that grows.

Why this look despairing?
There is good in every wind that blows;
E'en the blast that gave your folly airing
Haply may disperse it, friend—who knows?

Why this sad wayfaring,
Dolorous with the echo of your woes?
Smile, and help your fellows' burden-bearing—
Cheer the pilgrims' road with glad "Hallooes!"

Laugh! all gloom forswearing—
Joy for us perennially flows.
Pleasure may be multiplied by sharing
Love, and love's delight will follow close.

No more willow-wearing;
Other springs will come, if this one goes.
Cast your seed with happy faith, uncaring
Though another reap. He wins who sows!

THE NEW YEAR.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Only a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind, that grieves
Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen; our hearts are full,
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendor as daylight dies,
So the glow of the holy-tide
Touches with lingering tender grace
The fading smile on the old year's face—
The face it has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
Is sleeping spring's fairy-train;
And gayly its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the new year's chimes,
Bringing hope to our hearts again.

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A PIECE OF CHARLES-THE-TENTH PINK.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

"Isn't it sweet?" exclaimed Bessie Eckel to her sister, as the clerk unrolled a few yards of the dainty ribbon, with its silken sheen and fashionable picot edge, and threw it dextrously over his arm. It was such a lovely color, as it caught the light, Bessie could not resist it. "Five yards, please." And the ribbon was cut off and carried triumphantly to her sister's home in Brooklyn.

Bessie locked her trunk hastily, after tossing in the roll, the last thing before retiring. She was to take the next day's boat up the Hudson, and must get an early start to reach New York in time. But everything went wrong in the morning; for Bessie overslept herself, and was hurried with her toilette. The expressman called for her luggage, and, as his wagon rattled off, Mrs. Rogers, looking after it, said:

"What is that bit of color on your trunk?"

Bessie gazed out of the window and cried in dismay:

"Goodness, Lena, it is Charles-the-Tenth pink! It must be my ribbon. Can I have left an end out?"

"You surely have," replied Mrs. Rogers. "Say 'good-bye' to your treasure, Bess—you never will see it again."

"You don't think anyone would be mean enough to take it?" exclaimed Bessie, anxiously. "Such a lovely color, too!"

"I should expect to have it taken, if I had been careless enough to leave anything so pretty hanging from my trunk," replied her sister, severely.

"Never mind; I can open the trunk on the boat, and tuck the ribbon in," said Bessie.

"If the expressman doesn't pull it out first," suggested Mrs. Rogers, consolingly.

The coupé they had ordered did not come until late, and then the man drove so slowly that Mrs. Rogers lost all patience. After several ineffectual suggestions that he should make his horse move faster, she put her head out of the window and scolded him vigorously. It was none too soon: for, by putting his steed into a mild trot, they reached the wharf just as the boat swung off. The plank was again lowered, and, with a hasty farewell to Mrs. Rogers, Bessie Eckel stepped on board.

Forgetting the trunk with its scrap of Charles-the-Tenth pink, she ascended to the deck. Finding the armchairs occupied, Bessie advanced to a pile of camp-stools, and attempted to put one in order. Was that wretched thing bewitched? Bessie struggled with it in vain: the back refused to be straightened, the legs rose in the air, the seat persisted in turning wrong-side-out. She was about to throw it down and take another, when a quiet "Allow me" sounded in her ear, and a strong hand took the chair, straightened it out with a certain mysterious twist, and placed it for the young lady in a shaded spot.

Fred Emory had seen Bessie Eckel as she came on board, had noticed the sweet backward glance thrown at Mrs. Rogers, the graceful swiftness of her step as she sprang across the plank. Nor was the pretty demureness of her present "Thank you" lost upon him.

"A very pretty girl," he said to himself, as he furtively watched. "I wish I knew her How a chat would enliven this trip!"

But Bessie was engrossed with a book, from which she now and then lifted her dark-blue eyes to drink in the beauty of the sparkling river, the peaceful villages, and the towering Palisades, very lovely in their fresh June garments, and Fred Emory could contrive no excuse for addressing her.

He rose and strolled downstairs. Miss Eckel's trunk still stood where it had been hurriedly pushed. Fred Emory stopped in his walk.

"That is her trunk," he thought. "I noticed the white canvas covering when it was brought on board. And there is her name on it, to be sure: 'Miss Eckel, Carville, New York.'"

With a feeling of being better acquainted already, the young man sat down on the trunk and watched the grand panorama of the Hudson, as each moment some new picture was framed in the battered old doorway. He forgot all about Bessie Eckel and her blue eyes; but he thought, in a half-earnest and half-dreamy fashion, of the future—of his part in the world's work, of the wrongs he should right and the good causes uphold. For had he not just graduated from Columbia College, and become a part of the great legal-power of the land? Unconsciously, he was fingering over and over a scrap of ribbon that protruded from the trunk. Gradually, he pulled it out further and further,

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wrapping yard after yard over his strong fingers, till, with a start of dismay, he realized that he held in his hand a roll of ribbon drawn from Bessie Eckel's box. He glanced hastily about, to see if anyone had witnessed the act and would be ready to proclaim him a thief. But no one had noticed the young man idly swinging his heels against the canvas-covered trunk. He looked again at the dainty ribbon.

"Must just suit her!" Fred Emory thought. But what was he to do? How he wished the ribbon safely back in its rightful place. But how to get it there? Just then, a bright thought came to him: he would mail it to her when he reached Albany. So he placed the package carefully in his pocket-book, and, copying the young lady's address, went up to the deck again.

Bessie Eckel had become so interested in her book that she had been heedless of the lapse of time. Glancing now at her watch, she found to her annoyance that it had stopped—she had forgotten to wind it. Because she had no means of learning, it seemed important, nay, imperative, that she should know the hour. Every moment, the desire grew on her; she looked hesitatingly around, and at the instant a man at her left took out a heavy gold watch, glanced at the face, and closed the case with a snap. The young lady's quick eyes took in his appearance, and mentally checked the items: "Respectable-looking, well dressed, and at least fortyfive." So she leaned slightly forward and said softly: "I beg your pardon, but will you give me the time? My watch has stopped."

Now what had gone wrong that day, with the person, Bessie Eckel never knew. Perhaps neuralgia was sending little telegraphic messages of distress down those vibrating wires, the nerves; perhaps some sudden fluctuation in stocks had brought him face-to-face with the spectre, ruin; or it might be that his daughter had eloped with the coachman, that morning, and left his horses and household desolate; or his wife had discovered a letter from some old sweetheart, and made unpleasant remarks. Bessie often made like charitable conjectures. He could not be a brute at heart, but certain it is that he put his watch back in his pocket, replying rudely to the modest request: "If you wish to know the time, you'd better go to the office. Do you take me for a porter?"

The amazed scorn which shot from Bessie Eckel's eyes fairly shamed the man, and the indignant ring in her voice completed his discomfiture as she answered clearly: "No! I beg your pardon—I mistook you for a gentleman."

The rude speech and the young lady's stinging answer were heard by twenty people near. Half a dozen watches flashed from as many pockets, but Fred Emory was first to hold out his and name the hour. Bessie thanked him quietly and set her own little timepiece. But the young man noticed the proud lips tremble and knew the girl's spirit was smarting under the insult, the first she had ever received.

"Never mind, Miss Eckel," he said, bending over her; "he is a brute, but you gave him just the rebuke he deserved. And see: he is ashamed enough to take himself off."

And so it was; for, finding the open indignation of his fellow-passengers too much for him, he had sought refuge below.

Bessie Eckel gave Fred Emory a startled glance. How came he to know her name? But she could not puzzle over it long, for here was Newburgh, and she had promised that charming Mrs. Andrew, whom she had met in Brooklyn that winter, a flying visit on her way home. Fred watched Bessie gather up her wraps and books, preparatory to landing.

"Ah! Miss Eckel is going to stop at Newburgh," he said, sotto voce. "I don't think there is anything to prevent my stopping, too. I know Aunt Mattie must be pining for me."

So it happened that, when Fred Emory followed Bessie Eckel from the boat, he found himself confronted by his aunt's coachman, who was inquiring for Miss Eckel.

"How are you, Philip?" he cried, jubilantly.

"Ah, Master Fred, you've took us by surprise, sir; but Mrs. Andrew will be tickled enough. She sent the carriage for the young lady."

"Here's luck!" thought Fred, and aloud, raising his hat: "Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Eckel: Fred Emory, Mrs. Andrew's nephew."

"Was there ever anything so fortunate?" said Mrs. Andrew to her husband, that night. "The first time I saw Bessie Eckel, I said: 'That's the girl for Fred.' And now to see fate bring them together so soon, and watch them falling straight in love with each other. I declare, it seems a special Providence!"

Mrs. Andrew assisted fate, that summer, and gave the young people unlimited opportunity of being together. The few days of Bessie's visit lengthened into weeks, and still Mrs. Andrew insisted that they could not spare her "just yet."

"That is a wonderfully pretty gown you are wearing," said Fred to the visitor, one evening, as the two lingered in the garden.

"I had an odd experience with this," she answered, smoothing the dainty bows which adorned her. "I purchased the loveliest ribbon

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for it when I was in New York—Charles-the-Tenth pink—such a lovely shade. But, when I came away, I carelessly left an end hanging from my trunk, and some wretch drew it out; for, when I reached Newburgh, it was gone. I was so provoked—it was such a contemptible thing to do, and I had set my heart on having just that shade of ribbon for my dress. I tried to match it in Newburgh, but they had sold the last that very morning—to a young man, the girl said. What could a man want with Charles-the-Tenth pink ribbon?"

"But what is this color?" asked Fred, drawing nearer and fingering the ribbon that fluttered down the fleecy skirt. "This is Charles-the-Tenth pink—isn't it? Or is it James-the-First or Henry-the-Eighth?"

"This is Charles-the-Tenth," Bessie replied. "But now comes the strangest part of the story: When Mrs. Andrew and I came home, that afternoon, the servant said a little boy had left a package for me. I couldn't learn who sent him or anything about it; but the package contained this ribbon, the exact shade of that which was stolen, but a heavier and richer one than mine. I don't like to wear this—for I hate mystery—and I have never forgiven the person who pulled the other piece from my trunk."

"Not even though he replaced it?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"No, indeed!" returned Bessie, energetically. "What business has any man with my ribbon, I'd like to know?"

Fred Emory had listened to the narrative in half-ashamed and half-amused fashion. But now he felt wholly guilty.

"Miss Bessie," he said, "I owe you an explanation and an apology. I am the 'wretch' who took your ribbon."

"You?" exclaimed Bessie, shrinking away from him in startled wonder.

"Please don't condemn me until you know the circumstances." And Fred explained how he had drawn out the ribbon half unconsciously.

"You were not to blame for that, of course," replied the young lady. "But why have you not returned it to me, all these weeks?"

"I didn't like to give it up," Fred answered, drawing nearer, "because it was yours, Bessie," letting his voice linger caressingly over the name; "and so I sent you the other."

"But now I'll take mine, if you please," said Bessie, laughing, "and return yours."

Fred took from his pocket the ribbon, carefully folded in tissue-paper.

"It's all here," he said, teasingly, unrolling it in the moonlight. "Must I give it back, dear?" he asked, looking fondly at the pretty face, which quick blushes were tinting with rose. "Then give me yourself, sweetheart." And Fred threw the shining ribbon around Bessie and drew her nearer. Tenderly he took her in his arms, and, as he wound the silken folds of ribbon about them both, he whispered: "You may have your Charles-the-Tenth, but you must take Frederick-the-First with it."

MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Soft and white, the fleecy covering
  Wraps the earth, all bare and brown,
While the moon, from azure heaven,
  Calmly sends her radiance down.
Sleighbells jingle in the keen air,
  Wild and free the cold winds blow,
While I watch the gay throng passing
  And the moonlight on the snow.

Pure and white, the snow lies drifted
  O'er a path where, long ago,
I have watched for one who wandered
  Through the moonlight on the snow.
Now no footstep mars the carpet
  Laid upon the barren ground,
While the pale and ghastly moonlight
  Casts weird shadows all around.

In a lonely quiet churchyard,
  Wrapt in slumber deep, profound,
Lies a loved one, calmly sleeping
  Underneath the snow-clad ground;
And, from azure sky up yonder,
  On the grave that lies below,
On the dear one, calmly sleeping,
  Falls the moonlight on the snow.

Through the jingle of the sleighbells,
  Through the winter winds that blow,
Comes the thought of days departed;
  And the moonlight on the snow
Calls back days all bright with pleasure,
  Memory of the beauteous past,
Of the days now fled forever—
  Days too bright, alas! to last.

Softly fall the sombre shadows
  O'er the snow-bound earth, to-night;
Softly, too, come precious memories,
  Some with shadow, some with light;
Peace her quiet wing is spreading
  Over all the earth below,
While I sit and watch the shadows
  Cast by moonlight on the snow.

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WHEN SUMMER CAME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JEAN DORMER was spending the autumn up in the Catskill region, with her friend Mrs. Mayland.

The long rambles and rides with her congenial hostess, the paucity of troublesome visitors, and the sense of rest after the rush of a Newport season were pleasant to the soul of Jean Dormer, who cherished vague dreams and aspirations which her social success as a beauty and heiress failed altogether to satisfy.

She had been out for a long gallop, this bright morning, and, much as she enjoyed Rose's society, was in a mood when she did not regret that her friend had been detained at home by a pile of tiresome business-letters.

On the way back, Jean selected a road that was somewhat unfamiliar to her—which, of course, added to its attractiveness. At the foot of the last steep hill, the groom's horse cast a shoe, and the man was obliged to stop in a blacksmith's shop, near by, to have it replaced.

Miss Dormer was much too good a horsewoman to have any fear about riding alone. She pushed forward, so occupied, between her thoughts and her admiration of the landscape, that she paid less attention to Dancer than prudence demanded; for, though as goodhearted a creature as ever lived, Dancer was nearly as nervous as a fine lady, and had a trick of taking fright as easily; and, when frightened, he was apt to behave almost as foolishly as if he had been a human being.

They were passing a long sweep of low brick wall surmounted by an iron fence, which enclosed the ground of Edgewood, one of the finest places in the vicinity. Jean cast longing glances at the glimpse of lovely dells and green lawns visible through the great trees, and at length the old mansion, with its twisted chimneys and broad terrace, came in view. She was thinking what a pity it seemed that such a residence should have remained so long shut up, of no benefit or use: for Jean had utilitarian theories among numerous others, and was haunted by occasional doubts as to whether anybody had a right to be very rich. Then she thought of the melancholy story of the owner of Edgewood, and pitied him out of her womanly kindness for being a wanderer on the face of the earth, with the shadow of a cruel suspicion hanging over his path, beneath the gloom of which he must walk to the end of his days.

She was brought suddenly down from her reverie by a sudden mad plunge on the part of Dancer which would have unseated an ordinary rider. In a flash, the horse had the bit between his teeth and was tearing along at a terrific pace, driven frantic by the sight of a creaking wagon with a white curtain fluttering in the breeze like a sail, which had unexpectedly emerged from a narrow crossroad directly in his face. Dancer's speed increased each instant. Jean did not lose her presence-of-mind, but she had lost all control over the terrified animal, and she realized that some dreadful injury, or death, was imminent.

On the horse tore, walls and trees seeming to join in the frantic race. Jean felt herself grow dizzy and sick; she clutched blindly at the pommel; then she heard a loud shout from a man's voice, perceived that she was close to a pair of open gates, could dimly see a gentleman in the road frantically waving his hat.

Startled from his course, Dancer swerved and plunged up the avenue. Repairs had been going on in the carriageway, and checked his pace a little. Further on, were heaped piles of gravel, which proved such a hindrance that the gentleman was enabled to overtake him and seize the bridle.

Dancer recovered his senses as suddenly as he had yielded to his spasm of alarm, and stood quiet and repentant while the gentleman helped Miss Dormer out of the saddle and assisted her to a garden-seat close at hand.

By the time he had fastened Dancer to a tree, Jean's vertigo had passed; she was able to look about, speak collectedly, and try to thank her preserver. He was an entire stranger to her—a tall elegant-looking man of perhaps five-and-thirty, with the saddest face she had ever seen, and great sombre eyes that made her feel as if she saw a soul watching its own misery—a misery which had lasted so long that it was as familiar as life itself.

He answered her thanks by a grave bow, then said:

"You will be more comfortable on the terrace; it is only a very short walk."

He offered his arm with an air of such quiet authority that Jean accepted it in passive obedience, and presently found herself established

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in a comfortable easychair on the broad stone flags. The gentleman disappeared indoors for a moment, and came back with a glass of water. She drank eagerly, and felt quite restored.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, with a faint smile.

"There is no need—and you are better?" he responded.

"Quite well again. I—I think it was not fright—"

"I am very sure it was not," he rejoined, as she hesitated.

He said nothing more. An odd sensation of shyness crept over Jean, and, just to break the silence, she said:

"I thought this place was shut up—I am sure I was told so when I first came into the neighborhood."

"It has been, for a long while," was the answer; "but I surprised my old servants, last night, by coming home unexpectedly. I am Carroll Thayne."

He looked full in her face while speaking; there was an expression in his eyes as if he almost expected to see her shrink at the name. Oddly enough, the possibility of his being Mr. Thayne had not occurred to her; but she caught that look, and, with feminine quickness, was able to repress even a glance of surprise.

"Then I am among the first to welcome you back," she said, in the frank genial way which was one of her great charms—possessing at once a simplicity that was almost childlike and a womanly dignity few could equal. "You know my friend Mrs. Mayland? I am visiting her—my name is Jean Dormer—I think at least I ought to introduce myself, after this unceremonious and involuntary intrusion."

She laughed, and Jean's laugh was like a little peal of silver bells. Mr. Thayne only smiled as he answered:

"I am very glad the gates happened to be open to receive you."

"I daren't think what would have happened if they hadn't been and you standing there," she began, but broke off with a shiver.

"Don't think about it—when anything painful can be forgotten, it is wise to forget," he said, quickly, then added: "Your horse looks as quiet as a lamb, after his insane behavior—he looks ashamed of himself, too, which speaks well for his disposition."

"Oh, he is the kindest creature imaginable, only he takes fright so easily," Jean replied, and explained how the accident occurred. Then she remembered that she ought to take her departure, and said: "Dancer and I must go home, or Mrs. Mayland will think we are lost."

"But you will hardly like to ride alone—"

"Oh, thanks, it is perfectly safe," Jean interrupted, rising.

"I—I only meant to propose sending a groom to follow you," Mr. Thayne rejoined, and she comprehended that he thought she had been afraid he meant to offer his society and that she shrank from accepting it.

"Dancer will behave with the wisdom of Solomon," she said, looking straight at him with her beautiful clear eyes full of cordiality and gratitude. "You must not think me ungrateful because I can't thank you—when you come to see Mrs. Mayland, she will do it better. You will have two welcomes—one for yourself, the other on my account."

Her three-and-twenty years and her being so accustomed to be treated as a power in the social world enabled her to say this with graceful ease, but again she only received a bow.

"I will bring your horse," Mr. Thayne said, and very soon Jean was in the saddle.

He walked by her side down the avenue, and, as they reached the gates, Miss Dormer saw her groom turning a corner of the road, and waited for him to come up.

"I hope you will come soon and let Mrs. Mayland thank you," were her last words, and she frankly extended her hand as she spoke.

"You are very kind," he said, just touching the tips of the dainty gloved fingers with his; "very kind."

Jean rode on, thinking:

"It was only decent to show plainly what I felt; it might have looked forward, to another man—but he understood. Perhaps he was not obliged to me, though—he looks as if he were too proud even to accept sympathy. How he has suffered!"

Between fright at Jean's accident, wonder at the odd chance which made Carroll Thayne her preserver, and delight at hearing of his return, little Mrs. Mayland was in a great state of excitement all the evening.

"Poor, poor fellow!" she kept repeating. "I have never seen him since it all happened, five—yes, fully five—years ago. He never came back here; several people wrote to him. We who knew him never believed the awful story. But he had suffered so terribly—people behaved so like brutes; and the papers—oh, those dreadful papers!"

"I cannot understand how a man, such as you have described him to me, could have got mixed up with such people," Jean said, slowly.

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"Oh, my dear—men!" cried Mrs. Mayland, with a ring of scornful pity in her voice. "He went out to California, in search of a distant relative—Horace Warrington—who had been brought up like one of the family. Well, this Horace went to the bad; it was wonderful how patient Carroll used to be with the worthless fellow."

"I never heard of him. Where is he?"

"Oh, dead; killed somewhere in Australia, in a drunken brawl, a year or so ago. If Carroll had only stopped at home, instead of rushing off to San Francisco to try and help the man, when he knew it was useless, he would have been spared all this trouble."

"But—but it was about some woman—his wife—"

"Yes, I suppose she was," Mrs. Mayland admitted, hesitatingly. "It was said Carroll denied it; then a certificate was found. Oh, that was what made it look blackest against him. But he never killed her—never."

"Of course not," Jean assented, with a shudder. She could not recall the expression in Carroll Thayne's eyes and fail to believe in his innocence.

"And the creature was wicked—bad—that was proved," Mrs. Mayland went on; "very beautiful, though. Perhaps that—" She broke off abruptly. "I never told you the whole story—I can't now. But this is what happened: That Amy Dorrance left San Francisco with Carroll, for Sacramento, I believe: but never reached there. She disappeared while stopping in some little village. Carroll had been seen with her there, two days before. Well, somebody found her hat among the bushes near the river. There was talk, but nothing happened till weeks after: then a body was found, miles off, down the stream. It had got water-logged—was in a dreadful state; but it was recognized as hers."

"Oh!" groaned Jean.

"Carroll was arrested. He succeeded in proving an alibi for the two days; but the papers said the jury had been packed and the judge bought—such an excitement all over the country! Oh, there was talk of lynching him! Of course, there was not evidence even to send him to prison, but most people believed him guilty. Many do still—not I, never for a minute; nobody could, who really knew him. Such a future as he might have had—rich, clever—and it was all ruined!"

"He went away at once?"

"Yes; sailed for China; journeyed round the world; has been wandering, all these years. Poor Carroll! to think of his coming back and being alone in that great house, which used to be so gay when his mother was alive. I can't talk about it," cried Mrs. Wayland, wiping away her tears. "I shall write to him before I sleep."

She kept her word, and sent one of her most charming letters, eloquent with thanks for the service he had rendered her friend, expressing the satisfaction she felt at his return, and winding up with an entreaty that his first visit should be to her, and a prettily-imperious command to have it speedily paid.

She received a courteous note in reply, explaining that he considered the thanks due from him for her kindness; but Jean noticed that he did not say a word in regard to the invitation to come to the house.

Days passed, but he did not appear; and, though several of his old friends called on him, the two ladies learned that Mr. Thayne had not crossed the threshold of any neighbor's dwelling since his arrival home, which had been so unexpected as to make the old servants at first inclined to believe him his own ghost.

One lovely sunset, when Mrs. Mayland and Jean were returning from a long walk among the hills, they came face-to-face with Carroll Thayne at the edge of the wood.

Jean perceived him first. She was sure that he saw them and made a movement to turn the other way; but Mrs. Mayland caught sight of him, and rushed eagerly forward, seized his two hands, and poured out such a flood of welcome and thanks that the most moody misanthrope in the world could not have resisted her sweet friendliness.

"There!" she said, at length, "I have talked myself out of breath, so Miss Dormer can have a chance to speak."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Thayne," said Jean, holding out her hand. She uttered no expression of gratitude; she comprehended that he wanted to hear none; but the light in her beautiful eyes sank like a benison into the outcast's tired soul.

"You must see us safe to the road," said Mrs. Mayland. "It will soon be dusk, and my prophetic spirit is troubled with visions of tramps and all sorts of horrors."

The three walked on together, conversing easily. Mrs. Mayland wisely refrained from asking why he had not called: they spoke of the scenery, of foreign lands, and Jean, who had never been in Greece, began asking questions which drew him out; and he talked as she had never heard any man do—simply, naturally, without the slightest attempt at effect, yet show-

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ing that he had not only a thoroughly-cultivated mind, but was both poet and artist into the bargain.

When they reached Briar Cottage, it was impossible to resist Mrs. Mayland's determination to make him go indoors, and, once there, he had to stay.

"You can do without dinner for a change," Rose said; "Jean and I dine early, now that we are alone, but you shall have a high tea which will make up for the lack."

Mr. Thayne spent the evening; Jean sang, in that marvelous contralto voice of hers, and Mr. Thayne played her accompaniments; then he let his fingers wander off into exquisite melodies of Schubert and Chopin, and, between the music and animated conversation, the hours passed quickly.

But Jean observed that Mr. Thayne made no promise to come again. Again days elapsed; each morning Rose was sure he would appear, each night she went to bed disappointed. Then they met him twice; once he went home with them; the morning after, they learned that he had departed as abruptly as he had come.

But, before the week was over, Jean met him, one evening, when she was out on horseback.

"I am glad to see you back," she said; "we heard that you had gone—you did not even bid us good-bye."

"Yes, I am back."

He said this and paused, with a long breath that was almost a sigh.

"I hope you mean to stay," she rejoined; "your place is so lovely—and all your old friends will be so glad."

"Then I have friends?" he exclaimed, as if thinking aloud, but added immediately: "I have grown used to solitude—you know, habit is everything."

"And bad habits should be cured," said Jean, forced to speak by an impulse she could not control, though, a moment before, she would not have believed that she should venture to lecture Mr. Thayne. "You have sincere friends here, and they want to see you—nor is it right to lead so solitary a life. Make a beginning; come and see us to-morrow—return the visits you have received—"

She stopped in dismay at herself, but he said gratefully:

"I thank you, Miss Dormer. I don't know if it is wise, but I will follow your counsel."

He rode home with her; the next evening, he called; and, before long, a daily visit became so much a matter of habit that neither he nor the ladies could consider it any but the most natural thing in the world. Carroll Thayne resolutely shut his eyes, refused to reflect, and the golden days drifted on.

It had been the middle of September when Jean Dormer first met Mr. Thayne; the time went on till the second week of November was at hand; nearly two months had passed, and Jean's sojourn was drawing to an end.

It seemed to her that she had learned to know this new acquaintance better than she did the friends of years—an angel from heaven could not have induced her to doubt his loyalty and honor. His talents and nobility of soul made her respect him as she had never respected any man save her father, while his terrible suffering drew her whole soul toward him in a fullness of sympathy that blinded her to any secret and deeper feeling which might be lurking below.

Of himself, Carroll Thayne seldom talked—of his calamity, never; but it was plain that the blight on his life had, in a measure, crushed his energy, and that aid Jean's influence helped to rouse. He had taken up his brush again, was doing earnest work, and Mrs. Mayland and Jean, when they saw the unfinished picture, were full of enthusiasm.

Rose Mayland had floated along, as blind as even very acute people often are to what is happening before their eyes; but, at length, she began to grow uneasy. Once she commenced to watch Thayne, she found ample proof that her fear was correct—poor Carroll had fallen in love with Jean.

It never occurred to her that Jean could entertain any sentiment for him beyond sympathy and friendship. She pitied the man intensely, and felt that a word of warning ought to be spoken to Miss Dormer.

The two were sitting out in the garden, that evening; the full moon had risen, and was flooding every object with its supernal light. Both ladies had been silent, for awhile. Rose said abruptly:

"I suppose Mr. Thayne was detained at Newburgh, or we should have seen him before now."

"It is still early," Jean answered, quietly.

"I wonder where he will go, this winter! Back to Europe, I suppose," continued Rose. "Poor fellow, he will be more lonely than ever, after these weeks. Sometimes I am almost sorry that he came here."

"You should not be, if the stay has been pleasant to him," said Jean.

"Ah, my dear, I am afraid it has proved only too pleasant," sighed Rose. "I blame myself now—I ought to have cautioned you, Jean. You never will understand how fascinating you

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are; even the troop of admirers you have had don't seem to have convinced you."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Jean interrupted, rather sharply.

"I'm afraid it is sad earnest, this time," Rose answered.

A feeling that seemed like terror or remorse seized Jean; under it, a strange breathless sensation as if some new idea had been presented which her mind shrank from contemplating.

"Rose, what do you mean?" she asked, after a brief pause.

"Well, I think I ought to tell you—though it is rather late," Rose said, hesitatingly. "I'm afraid the man loves you—I am sure he does."

"Rose!"

"Don't be vexed—I am not blaming you; I am very, very sorry for him, though."

She was interrupted by the approach of a servant; her farmer had called, on a matter of business. Jean sat motionless, after her friend's departure; her heart beat to suffocation; her head swam under the might of this new revelation which Rose had flung so unexpectedly upon her.

There was a step among the shrubbery; she turned her head, half rose, then sank back in her chair: Carroll Thayne was standing before her in the moonlight, with a face white and rigid as that of a dead man—only the great dark eyes seemed alive, in their passion and anguish.

"I heard," he said, in a voice so quiet and restrained that it sounded fairly hard and stony. "I heard. I did not mean to listen. Well, it is true; I have known it for a long while. I needn't lie—I've known it since the first day we met. I tried to go away; I had to come back—the necessity was stronger than my will. Forgive me!"

"Hush!" she whispered, pressing her hand to her bosom.

"Yes, I know," he went on, in the same monotonous tone; "I ought not to have told you. Don't be angry—I shall never distress you again: I will go away to-morrow. Only just this: let me thank you for the good you have done me. I shall not fall back into the old dreary waste of time—I will work. My poor ruined life shall not be an utter wreck—I shall owe that to you. I— God bless you!"

"Oh, stop, stop!" she moaned; for every word cut like a knife across her heart.

"You don't mind my saying this," he pleaded. "I shall never trouble you—never intrude on you; I will not say a word that could pain you. Of course, I know how mad I have been—what an insult my love must appear; but let me think of you as a man in purgatory might if an angel had visited him."

"Stop, stop!" she tried to say; but her voice died in a gasp.

He went on quickly:

"You are a grand, grand woman! Having known you will give me new strength. My pain is nothing—I am used to that. Oh, I mustn't say any more! This is 'good-bye' forever: I shall never see your face again."

He turned—he was going; she stretched out her hands, calling:

"Carroll! Carroll! wait—don't go! If—if I cared—"

He gave one long deep breath like a groan, stood for an instant motionless as a figure of stone, then he sank on his knees at her feet, bowed his head, and reverently kissed the hem of her dress. Before she could speak, he was gone.

Soon after Jean rose, the next morning, a servant brought a letter to her room. She had never seen the handwriting, but she knew from whence it came. It was a brief epistle, yet a volume could not have expressed more: By the time this reached her, he should be on his journey. He comprehended that her great sympathy and her womanly tenderness had, for an instant, conspired to delude her into the belief that she might give him some place in her life. But it could not be: he should prove himself the basest of human beings, were he to accept such a sacrifice on her part. Ere now, reflection must have forced her to realize this; her clear judgment would have shown her, too, that what she felt for the outcast were pity and kindness. Let her remember that the certainty of her compassion would leave an unfading ray of sunshine in the night of his existence; let her always recollect that she had proved a blessing to a solitary soul: and so he said farewell.

That winter saw Jean back in New York, doing the honors of her widowed father's house with her usual queenly grace.

People said that she was more beautiful than ever: that her loveliness had gained a higher type: that all her old faults, her impetuousness, hasty temper, even a certain intolerance of weakness and folly, had entirely disappeared. But no man among the troop which flocked about her could flatter himself that in word or smile was the least hope offered, and Rose Mayland once told her laughingly that a disappointed suitor had christened her "the ice-queen," and that she was generally called so now.

"I hope she will never melt," said Judge

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Dormer, who overheard. "I know it is dreadfully selfish on my part, but I don't want prince or president carrying off my treasure."

"Your treasure is quite safe, papa," rejoined Jean, laughing. "She will soon be a very rusty one; but you mustn't complain."

"Untarnished always—unspotted from the world," the old judge said, softly, laying his hand on her head.

Jean went to the piano and sang—she must find some outlet for her soul just then. After she had poured that tide of secret emotion into the passion of her Italian melodies, she came down to a more realistic plane—as was wise to do—regaling her father with his favorite Jacobite songs and other old Scotch airs which carried him back to his childish days and the blue-eyed mother who had made them so happy.

Toward spring, business called Judge Dormer South, and Jean accompanied him, glad of the change—though, in any case, she would have gone.

A very pleasant trip it proved. Jean enjoyed it thoroughly; for, though she knew that during the dreamy weeks of the past autumn she had been granted a brief glimpse of a future which under other circumstances might have rounded life into the fullness of perfection, she was not an unhappy woman. No other love could ever find a place in her heart; but she filled existence with duties, and reaped the reward which every person healthy in soul and body must gain from the patient fulfillment thereof.

The inevitable is a cruel tyrant, at first; duty seems a very Moloch to acknowledge as master; but, rightly employed, the soul grows rapidly under that stern discipline, and the flowers of happiness which any human being scatters about the pathway of others will fling a fragrance over his own desolate road and return a balm to his wounded heart.

Just before they were ready to leave New Orleans, Jean went, one morning, with an old friend of her father's—a physician, noted for his successful treatment of insanity—to inspect a private asylum in which the doctor was interested. Funds were needed for an addition to the buildings, and Jean's ample fortune, independent of her father's wealth, enabled her always to give freely, though her work was so quietly done that she escaped obtaining that most odious sort of popularity expressed under the head of "modern philanthropy."

Before their visit ended, Jean told the doctor that she had decided to assist in the proposed improvements, and the sum she named was so considerable that he wanted to give the directors the satisfaction of hearing it at once; so he asked her to wait for a little in the visitors'-parlor.

As they entered, a lady was seated at the far end of the spacious apartment, and, after glancing toward her, the doctor said in a low voice:

"Do you remember my telling you of a woman I found in the insane-asylum in Havana, and had transferred here because I was sure that, under proper treatment, she might be cured?"

"Yes—perfectly," Jean answered.

"Well, that is she," the doctor explained. "She has been here for two years, and has entirely recovered her reason; as I told you, it was a disease of the nerves, rather than downright madness. She is to leave, to-day. She is very reticent; she only insists that, when first shut up, she was not insane."

"Poor soul! Has she any friends? Where is she going?" Jean asked. "Does she need assistance?"

"She mentioned no friends," the doctor replied; "but she means to go North—says she has some money there belonging to her; she would only accept sufficient aid from me to pay for her journey."

As they neared the window, the doctor spoke to the lady; she turned, and Jean saw a face which was still youthful and handsome, though wasted, and bearing the trace either of great suffering or a very reckless life.

The physician introduced her as "Mrs. Raynor," and left the pair together. Jean drew her into conversation, and the two talked for some time, the late patient showing that she was in full possession of her reason, and, though not an educated person, evidently bright and clever.

As Jean was rising, her watch, insecurely fastened, dropped from her belt. Mrs. Raynor picked it up; her eye was caught by a charm attached to the chain—an onyx head of a sphinx with jeweled eyes, an ornament which had been Carroll Thayne's. Jean had found it in the garden, after Thayne left her, on the night of their last meeting, and had worn it ever since.

The woman stared at the head, held it close, moved it further away, then looked toward Miss Dormer, and asked in a strange breathless tone:

"Where did you get it? My God! where?"

Her composure had quickly given place to a terrible excitement: her eyes blazed, she shook from head to foot.

Jean's first thought was that the doctor had been deceived—the poor creature was insane still—and said quietly:

"It is an odd little ornament—is it not?"

"I asked you where you got it!" the woman persisted. "Did Carroll Thayne give it to you?"

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"It once belonged to him."

"I knew it!" the other exclaimed.

A sudden light flashed on Jean; she understood now why that face had seemed familiar. She had not been able to rest till she hunted up the file of papers which contained Thayne's trial—it was this woman's portrait she had seen. "You are Amy Landon!" she cried.

"Yes, I am," rejoined the other. "I'm not afraid of Carroll now. I did it all for Horace. What do you think my reward was? We went to Cuba; he got tired of me. I was terribly jealous, and tormented him. He shut me up; I was not mad then, but I went mad."

"Oh, heaven!" Jean groaned.

"After he stopped paying for my keep, I was dreadfully treated. Doctor Thorne found me there, and brought me away. My reason has come back, but I shan't live long—I have heart-disease." She spoke rapidly, but in a repressed monotonous voice; paused an instant while Jean stood speechless, then added: "Horace is dead. I read about it in some old newspapers. Dead! I'm not afraid of Carroll."

"Oh, do you know what happened to him?"

"No," she replied, indifferently. "I suppose people thought I had drowned myself—I threw my hat down by the river. I got off, that night, and joined Horace. You see, Carroll would have had us arrested for the forgery—he had found it all out! But I mustn't talk about those things—it makes my head whirl!"

"Don't you know that your—" Jean paused; she could not bring herself to utter the word husband. "Don't you know that Mr. Thayne was accused of having murdered you?"

"No, no—I never knew that! Oh, bad as I was, I couldn't have let that happen—not even for Horace! But he's safe—safe?"

"Yes; that is, he was not convicted. He has borne the suspicion ever since—it has blighted his life!" cried Jean. "Oh, you must speak now and right him—you shall!"

"I'm ready to—call the doctor—I'll tell the whole story," she answered. "Horace is dead—I don't care for myself!"

The story was told—written out—legally attested—Amy Landon identified—no possible doubt remaining. The girl had been married to Horace, he employing Thayne's name in order that Amy might lay a claim for divorce and alimony. She saw Carroll in San Francisco and persuaded him to go with her to that mountain village, pretending that he would find Horace there—in reality, to furnish corroborative proof of the marriage. But Carroll discovered the whole scheme through one of Horace's associates who had a grudge against the pair, and then Thayne's patience gave way. He threatened at once to follow Horace, and to have him imprisoned. Amy fled, that night, and joined her husband; since the design had failed, there was nothing left them but flight; her pretense of suicide had been a plan on her part to keep Carroll from tracing Horace by following her.

Before Jean left New Orleans, Amy Landon was dead from a sudden attack of her malady.

When June was drawing to an end, Jean Dormer and her father were established at their country-seat among the Berkshire Hills.

It was at the end of a beautiful day—guests were expected to dinner. Jean had dressed early and gone downstairs, looking more queen-like than ever in her white drapery, at once so simple and so elegant.

She went into a boudoir off the drawing-room and out into the balcony to gather some more roses—her cherished running vines grew there and were her favorite decoration.

As she stood plucking the fragrant blossoms, she heard a step inside, and called:

"I hear you, papa. I am coming."

She stepped back into the boudoir—a mist swam before her eyes—the roses dropped unheeded on the carpet. She heard her name uttered in a voice of such thanksgiving as might burst from the lips of a freed spirit entering the glory of paradise: "Jean! Jean!"

And Carroll Thayne's arms were holding her fast, and their two hearts throbbed close in that first embrace, which was the prelude to the happiness and the oneness of all their future life.

THOSE CLEAR BLUE EYES.

BY KATE AULD.

Two azure orbs of beauty untold,
Dearer to me than are gems and gold;
  Blue as the heaven so clear and bright,
  In their depth there blazes a world of light;
One single glance from that depth I prize,
For they tell me they love me, those clear blue eyes.

Life with its sorrow may burden my soul,
Rough stormy billows may over it roll—
  A glance from thy beautiful eyes so bright
  Changes the darkness of midnight to light.
Oh, what a marvelous magic there lies
In the fathomless depth of those clear blue eyes!

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OUR MUTUAL ENEMY.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

Two men sat on the trunk of a fallen tree at the edge of a clearing, in silence. The spot, the men, and the silence, all were peculiar although not abnormal, since not only history, but situations, temperaments, and crises are forever repeating themselves: not precisely, to be sure; but as notes, for instance, repeat themselves, with a difference.

The spot was the half-relapsed clearing, in the heart of a great wood, where a certain Jabez Blackmann had built a shanty, cultivated a small area of reclaimed forest-land, had burned charcoal, and finally enacted a gloomy tragedy, resulting in the murder of his wife, whose charred bones were found in the coal-kiln, and in his own suicide by hanging. A hunter, passing through the clearing after nightfall, discovered the body swinging in the open doorway, a ghastly mockery of a host's eager welcome to his guest, and, cutting it down, laid it upon the bed within, and went for help. Before he returned, the shanty had taken fire and burned to the ground, consuming the body of the suicide—for which, indeed, nobody cared to search very deeply.

How the fire originated was never determined; possibly, some sparks lingering in the ashes of the desecrated hearth may have been blown out upon the floor by the heavy gust of a coming thunderstorm; possibly, the hunter, fortifying himself with a pipe before performing his grewsome work of charity, had thrown a match upon combustible substances; possibly, also, the popular explanation—that the foul fiend, in coming to fetch his own, had ignited the place with his breath—deserved consideration; but, however it came to be, the fact certainly was that the shanty and the body of the suicide were burned; also that bones, pronounced to be those of a woman, were found in the smoldering coal-pit and were buried at the spot, and that, nobody caring to rebuild the cabin or to claim the arable land, nature had put forth a quiet grasp and seized again what had been wrested from her.

The blackened timbers of the house, fallen into and across the cellar-hole, were almost buried beneath blackberry-vines loaded now with fruit, some red like drops of fresh blood, some of reddish-black like blood long shed. In autumn, the leaves would take up and repeat the story in great red splashes clinging to the fallen roof-tree or flying wildly upon the wintry wind across the clearing to the cavernous coal-pit; but that time had not come yet: it was summer.

So much for the scene. The men also were peculiar. One, middle-aged, with a cold and concentrated look in his gray eyes, and a mouth sad, if it had not been so cynical—a mouth whose smile, just now, seemed mocking at himself, at his companion, at everything—and yet a face capable of intense sweetness, the sweetness only born of strength, only nurtured by reserve: the face of a man capable of the antique friendship, but weary of searching for a friend.

The other, a young fellow, handsome as Antinous, graceful as Mercury, fiery as Phaeton, but looking, just now, half ashamed of himself, half defiant, wholly uncomfortable. One end of his mustache was between his teeth, and was evidently receiving heavy and unmerited punishment, while the walking-stick in the owner's hand prodded the fat forest-mold at his feet as if it had been the heart of an enemy. A scowl drew the straight and fine brows together, and the eyes were gloomily fixed upon the devastation of the cane. Conscious of the steady gaze of the elder man, he leaned a little forward to avoid it, and, in the motion, dropped a letter from his pocket. It fell lightly upon the tufted grass at the feet of his companion, whose cold and cynical eyes lightened at sight of it with a gleam of that savagery dormant in the heart of every man. His right hand moved slightly toward it, then clenched itself convulsively and waited, while the eyes examined minutely every detail of the prey he coveted—just a little careless note without an envelope, written in a woman's hand, and beginning: "You wretched bad boy."

Nothing much in those words, of course, especially as Basil Davenport, sitting there, was cousin to Ellinor Davenport Birkendale, in whose hand that letter was written. But, when Ellinor—beautiful, charming, impulsive, and not yet five-and-twenty—was wife to Thomas Birkendale, just past fifty, and skeptical of almost everything except the fallibility of human nature, could it be expected that Thomas could read just so much and no more of that letter and remain content?

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Davenport, unconscious of his loss, prodded the unctuous soil and gnawed his mustache.

Birkendale, moving slightly, set his foot upon the note, felt as if it stung him, and, raising his head, looked around him in unconscious defiance. A little icy wind blew out of the wood and went shuddering through the clearing, stirring the grass as it went—that long, languid, sparse grass that grows under forest-shade, loaded with dew like tears even at noonday, and drooping over the earth as if it longed to creep back into its bosom.

Birkendale watched the passage of the wind, thought how like a woman's hair the grass looked, and then, all at once, noticed that a man had come out of the wood at the further side of the clearing and was looking intently at him.

A man like other men, one would say: tall, powerful, dark, neither old nor young, with strangely luminous eyes and very white teeth, oddly shown in a smile that did not extend beyond them; for the prevalent expression of the face was one of intense gloom. Taking in all this in one comprehensive look, Birkendale felt a cold terror seize his heart; that face, all unlike his in feature and coloring, might easily become his face. That mocking smile—was not it his very smile, five minutes ago? That terrible gloom, those weary piercing eyes, that cynical expectance of evil under every guise—were they not all his very own? And might they not be read already, perhaps, upon his face? And who was this man? Whence came he? Was it the same face he had seen once before? What did he mean by that steadfast compelling stare, that significant smile? Why did the letter beneath his foot seem a living thing, swelling and writhing as if demanding, enforcing, his attention?

A cold sweat broke out upon the man's face, and, with a sudden wrench, as if escaping from a tremendous physical force, he turned, and, grasping his companion's arm, demanded hoarsely:

"Who is that? Look across the clearing."

Even as he spoke, the stranger glided across the end of the glade, moving with an indescribably stealthy and rapid step, never turning his face away, never removing his piercing eyes from those of Birkendale, but changing the smile of suggestion and persuasion into a bitter sneer of contempt and mockery. A moment, and he was gone.

"That man? Yes, I have seen him. Where did he come from? I will follow. I want to ask him—I do not understand—"

But as Davenport, in strange confusion, would have risen to his feet, the other laid a hand upon his arm, and said emphatically:

"No, you shan't follow him. Stay where you are, and tell me where you saw him before. I have especial interest in knowing, and you owe me some consideration."

"I?" exclaimed the young man, glancing furtively at the other's face, but obeying the detaining grasp and sinking back to his former position.

"Yes, you," replied Birkendale, quietly, as he pressed his foot more firmly upon the paper. "But I will explain that later. Just now, I want to know where you met that man, for I also have seen him before."

"Well, it's a sort of thing one cannot just convey to another person's mind," replied Davenport, resuming his prodding of the earth and frowning contemplatively.

"It sounds like fancy, or—almost as if a fellow weren't quite himself, you know, or—"

"Never mind all that," interposed Birkendale, impatiently. "I have experience of my own to guide my judgment. Just relate the facts, and I will furnish the comprehension."

"It was something more than a year ago," began the younger man, abruptly. "And I had been at a wedding, and felt awfully blue—"

"Twentyseventh of June," interpolated Birkendale, grinding the paper under his foot.

"Yes, it was your wedding," replied the other, sullenly; "and it was just in seeing her married that I knew what Ellinor was to me, and how much she might have been. I am not ashamed to say it."

He raised his head and stared defiantly into the elder's face.

The latter nodded calmly and said:

And then?"

"There he is again," shouted Davenport, pointing to the farther side of the glade and springing to his feet. But again the elder restrained him, saying icily and without turning his eyes as the other pointed:

"I insist upon your sitting still and telling me what you have to tell. Afterward, I have something to say to you. You will do well to comply."

Davenport threw off his hat and wiped his brow with a desperate and yet bewildered air.

"I don't know what you're driving at, and I don't like to see that fellow shadowing us; but all I have to tell is just this: I left my uncle's house about midnight, on the night of Ellinor's marriage, and I felt as if I'd like to make an end of the whole thing—"

"You being 'the whole thing,' I suppose."

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"Yes, if you like; and I think you may spare your infernal sneers till I've done my story, at least. After that—"

"Go on, if you please, with the 27th of June."

"Well, I walked for miles—where, I don't know, but until I felt tired in body as well as mind—and, when a horse-car came jingling along through the darkness, I jumped on, without stopping it or caring where it went. It was empty—I swear it was empty—for I felt glad to still be alone, and I went to the very end and sat down in the corner. I'm not bound to tell you what thoughts came into my head, what wild plans and desires. What a man has only thought, and never spoken, is his own. But, among the rest, I was trying to think how I could get a large sum of money all at once; and, of a sudden, somebody seemed to whisper in my ear the address of a certain house, of which I had vaguely heard before as a private gambling-hell. At the same time, I remembered certain gold-checks belonging to the firm, at that moment in my possession.

"Now, the first extraordinary thing in the business was, that the address and the memory of the checks came to me from without, and were not formed in my own mind. It was precisely as if somebody had spoken, and I started and looked up, for I had been stirring a bit of straw or something, with my stick, just as I am doing now. I looked up, and there, in the opposite corner of the car, sat that man who has just disappeared behind the charcoal-kiln."

He paused, as if for contradiction; but Birkendale simply nodded, and he went on.

"Yes, there he sat, a tall gaunt figure, with a slouched hat coming down to those gimlet-eyes of his, and they fixed upon mine as if they were reading my brain. The same ugly smile we just saw was on his face, or rather on his lips, for the face never smiles; but the teeth showed like those of a wild beast, and the mustache seemed to writhe, as if with the lifting and curling of the upper lip. A more hateful, a more repulsive, a more terrible face, it is not in the power of my mind to imagine."

"No, I suppose not," said Birkendale, meditatively. "Well?"

"He was wrapped in a great cloak—although the night was one of those black sultry ones, when the very air seems dead—and out of it came a long white hand, that, as I watched it, seemed to quiver, again like the wild beast just ready to spring and seize its prey. His attitude, too, was a peculiar one: crouching and eager, leaning forward, the face thrust out, the feet drawn in. Upon my word, I expected, in another moment, to feel that hand on my throat, and, though it never occurred to me before to feel as if I couldn't take care of myself in any emergency, I don't mind owning that I was horribly afraid. Yes, horribly afraid is the right phrase, for it was just horror, and not fright, that came over me, and turned me perfectly sick with cowardice. I felt my scalp stir with that nervous feeling that makes the hair seem to rise, and the sweat started like drops of icewater. But, gathering myself together, I started up, and, reaching the other end of the car, sat down by the door and looked out to see where we were. It was so dark that I saw nothing, not even the conductor. I turned my head back, and, upon my word, sir, there he sat directly opposite, in the same attitude, with the same detestable smile, the same piercing look in the eyes, the same long white quivering hand thrust out of the black cloak. I leaned back and stared; and through my head, as if it had been thrust in, went the address of that house, the thought of the gold-checks, and a black swarm of other thoughts and fancies which I won't mention.

"'I'll do it,' said I, aloud. And the man nodded slowly and edged a little forward upon the seat.

"At that moment, somebody sprang upon the platform and stood in the doorway. It was Ned Boothby, my college-chum and the best friend I have in the world, besides being a first-rate young doctor.

"'Hullo, Davenport—I'm in luck,' said he, sitting down beside me. 'I've a poor fellow in the crisis of typhoid, and mad as a hatter. His people got scared, and sent up for me just now; and I shall send the poor things to bed and stay with him for the rest of the night. I may want help, and am sure to want company. Come along and do a good turn.'

"As he spoke and grasped my hand, I felt as if a nightmare had passed away—the very air grew lighter and more vital. I fetched a breath from my very boots, and looked across the car. The seat was empty, the car was empty—Boothby and I were alone.

"'Ned,' said I, 'was anybody but me in this car when you got in?'

"'Upon my word, I didn't notice,' said he, carelessly. 'You'll come, won't you?'

"'Yes, I'll come—and glad of the chance,' said I."

"And that's all?" asked Birkendale, as the other remained silent.

"Yes, that's all. I told you it was no story."

"Well, now I'll tell you my story, and, afterward, we'll discuss our own affairs:

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"I said I also had met this person before. It was fifteen years ago, in the heart of Georgia, when I was traversing that pleasant State in company with General Sherman. It was at the close of a hard day's march, and both men and officers were thoroughly done up and very savage—as hungry, thirsty, and footsore men are apt to be. The commissariat-train did not reach us at the point expected, and we were on short rations, and the country was so poor that neither fear, love, nor money could obtain any fresh provision worth mentioning. Altogether, it was a pretty rough time, and no glory in it; and about the only luxury we could manage was grumbling, and of this commodity there was no stint.

"For quarters, some of us had taken possession of an old church, standing all alone in the middle of a graveyard, with a cypress-swamp backing it up, and a white sandy road in front, running off into the 'piney-woods' at either hand. A dismal spot—as I noticed, next morning, while they were digging one more grave in the old burying-ground. The place seemed miles from any house, and was altogether as dismal and lonely a spot as I remember, even in that dismal and lonely country. Such as it was, however, we utilized it without delay as a bivouac, not to mention pressing a few benches or so into service as fuel, but, on the whole, treating the house with that traditional respect one pays to churches. Some of the pews were left untouched, and one of these, about in the middle of the church, I selected as my own quarters, inviting a young fellow, whom I will call 'Lisle,' to chum with me—his full name and rank in the service are not important, nor is his history, which he had confided to me bit by bit in the course of a good many long days' marches or sleepless bivouacs. He was very wretched—and had cause to be, no doubt, especially as his misfortune was his own fault, and he had wrecked another life along with his own. I remember that he occasionally mentioned this as the least endurable part of his burden; and, I dare say, to a man capable of self-respect, the consciousness of having betrayed and ruined so helpless a creature as a woman who loved him must be very depressing. Judas has rather cast a stigma on betraying with a kiss."

The narrator paused for a moment; but no sound broke the silence except the cawing of the crows, as they lazily winged their way to the depth of the wood, and the shiver of the night-wind stirring the tops of the trees over their heads. Birkendale continued, in a voice a little less hard and cynical than heretofore:

"Yes, he suffered, that poor fellow did, and I was sorry for him—more sorry than for most things that have come my way since I can remember. He used to try to get in the way of the bullets, in action; and, if a forlorn hope or a reconnoitering-party or any service of danger called for volunteers, there was Lisle in the front of it. Many a foolhardy thing, splendidly foolhardy, recklessly daring, have I seen him rush into, with a backward glance of good-bye to me, whom he never meant to see again; and back he would come, presently, with two or three of his command—alive, and on his face such a look of sullen gloom and black despair that any fool could see he had gone to throw his life away, and had found it flung back in his face as not worth the taking. Poor fellow! poor old fellow! I could well have spared a better man—and all his own fault too, his own mad folly and sin.

"Well, I offered to share my quarters with him, and he accepted. It was one of those old-fashioned square pews, with a bench running round three sides, and a fence about four feet high closing it in, with a door in front, which I shut and bolted by way of keeping out intruders. Lisle took one of the benches, but I preferred the floor, and we turned in, he with his head just above mine, unfortunately. I was dead tired, and only wanting to get to sleep; but he, poor fellow, was more than usually down on his luck, and began telling me some incident of that dismal story, which haunted him so. I listened for a little, and then dropped asleep. Poor Lisle, poor boy! I hope it wasn't the last straw, but I couldn't have kept awake to hear my own story told.

"When I woke, it was with a start and with the double sense of a terrible sound and a terrible stillness, both close to me. It sounds paradoxical, but it was just that: a sound that chilled my blood, and a stillness like nothing but itself. I lay flat on my back, staring stupidly around, and at that moment the moon, wading through rain-clouds, shone out full and bright, the light slanting in through the chancel-window. By that light, I saw a figure leaning over the door of the pew and staring fixedly at Lisle. I needn't tell you what that face and figure looked like, for you have just told me, and, what is more, we have both seen them within the hour. The thin dark face, the piercing eyes, the writhing mustache, the sneering smile showing the teeth but not reaching the rest of the face, and, above all, the awful gloom and weariness of the whole. If I had been an artist, I could have drawn every line of that face from memory,

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although it was only for a moment that I saw it; for, in the next, the moon had dived into another cloud, and all was black darkness. I started to my feet and tried to open the door of the pew, with the double impulse to pursue and kill the owner of that face or to fly from him as fast and far as possible; and I really don't know which I most wanted to do. But the fastening of the door eluded me, and, while I fumbled for it, the moon gave another watery gleam, and showed me the figure moving swiftly up the aisle, regardless of the men who lay sleeping there, and who never stirred as he passed over their bodies, straight on and up to the chancel and through it, until for an instant the figure stood black and sharply outlined against the chancel-window—yes, standing upon the very altar itself, with that infernal smile turned back upon me, and the gleam of those eyes piercing the distance and reaching mine like a sword. The next instant, he was gone: how or where, I cannot tell you. But I staggered backward, tripped over something, and fell upon the cushions where I had been lying; I threw out my hand to save myself, and it fell into a pool of something warm, sticky, horrible, still dripping from the bench above.

"A moment more, and I had a light and was bending over what had been my friend. His own knife was in his hand: he had done it himself, and I wish I could forget the awful horror of those eyes, turned toward the spot where I had seen the face.

"We buried him in that desolate graveyard, and I don't think I have ever been quite the same man since."

There was a long silence, and then Davenport asked in a hoarse voice:

"Do you know what became of her?"

"She was already dead—of what people call a broken heart. In her case, it meant shame and remorse."

Another silence, and Davenport, bending more than ever toward the earth, ceased to dig, and seemed trying to determine something in his own mind. At last, with a deep-drawn breath, almost a groan, he sat upright and faced his companion. He—who, since he ceased to speak, had never removed his eyes from the younger man, and who, with the sad perspicacity of half a century, had read the conflict of thought and emotion in the other's breast, and now understood its conclusion—raised his hand with a gesture of silence and said:

"You needn't speak—Lisle's enemy is yours and mine, and we won't let him go quite so far with us as he did with that poor fellow. Here's a letter of yours under my foot. Tear it up, and give me your word of honor that it is the last on either side."

He moved his foot, and Davenport, with a half-uttered exclamation, picked up the paper and unfolded it.

"You may read it; there's no real harm in it. What fault there is, is altogether mine. Read it, if you like. Yes, it shall be the end."

He held out the letter, and the older man took it. After all, he had a right to know, and he would not be Quixotic. This thought went through his mind, as he held the paper up to the fading light; and then he laughed aloud, half ashamed and half relieved, and, giving it back, said:

"See: it is washed away in tears of penitence. It is better so."

And, in fact, the tears, clinging to the long drooping grass, so like a woman's hair, had, in that hour of pressure, soaked through and through the paper, leaving only such a blur as you and I may have seen when the page had to be thrown aside and another written, on which we took care that the tears should not fall so fast.

Davenport stared at it for a moment, then tore it in bits, scattering it among the weeping grass.

"Thank God I came here to-day, with you, Birkendale!" said he, with white lips. And, as they left the glade, he turned back, and, shaking his fist toward the darkening woods about the charcoal-kiln, he muttered, but not to Birkendale:

"We've beat you this time, and, God helping me, you shan't get another innings."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY KATHARINE VOORHEES.

One year more is quickly numbered
With the ages of the past,
And we scarcely heed the moments
As they pass us by so fast.

'Eightyseven, so old but honored,
Shares his predecessor's fate:
Yields his throne to youth and beauty.
Welcome to thee, 'Eightyeight!

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THE KENNAIRDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

"COME in, Allan, come in; I want your advice, my son. Sit down. You are not in a hurry?" as the younger man paused at the door, casting anxious glances across the lawn. "I can wait, my dear, until you have time—"

"Of course not, father. Here is your chair, cluttered with papers, as usual," tumbling them on the floor and pressing the old man affectionately into his seat.

"Thank you, Allan. I don't know how my papers always get into such a mess. What I wished to consult you about was this affair of Robert—my brother—your uncle, in fact."

"Yes, sir, I know," said the young man, dryly. "No tidings from Mr. Kennaird?"

"Your 'Uncle Robert,' my dear. 'Mr. Kennaird' sounds strangely from you: a little—wanting in affection, shall we say? And I would not have you wanting in affection for your uncle. The more because he—he has been unfortunate."

"I'll call him anything you like, father," said Allan, laughing. "My affection for you is enough to drip over on to anybody you care for, even my Uncle Bob," he added, under his breath.

"Yes, yes. Well, there is no news. I have done all I could, privately. Crabbe was up in Holton for two weeks, searching, but to no purpose. The police have been employed. Their theory is that he has been murdered. But poor Robert had no enemies."

"Nor any money, after he had been in town for a day," muttered Allan.

"Then they suggested suicide. But that is impossible. I think your dear uncle was contented in his life with us?" The old clergyman looked up, his chin quivering, and his eyes pleading and gentle as a child's, under their beetling white brows, into his son's face.

"Yes, I think he was contented. Nothing to do, a luxurious home, living on the fat of the land, even my mother afraid to contradict him. He should have been a happy man, sir."

"I tried to make him so, Allan. But Robert was always peculiar. Sensitive—sensitive to a fault! Outwardly calm, while his heart was bleeding over some—perhaps fancied—slight."

"Those fellows, the detectives," said Allan, changing the subject, "have to be tipped handsomely before they will do any work."

"I believe Crabbe paid them a bonus. I gave him 'carte blanche.' I don't understand these matters. But I have determined now to bring the thing before the public. I shall advertise."

"Before the public?" Allan rose hastily and then sat down again. "I hope not, father," he said, earnestly, after a moment's silence. "I must remind you that my uncle's actions are not always such as would bear examination. I am sorry to allude to this. But there is danger that his absence may be explained in a way not creditable to the family or to you. It may injure your position in the community and in Christ's church."

"I have thought of all that, my son. I am ashamed that I did think of it. What is worldly honor or disgrace, compared to the care I should have of your uncle? Both body and soul, God has put him in my keeping!" He rose as he spoke, his small frame dilating with excitement, his eyes kindling. "I cannot lose my hold on him."

"Oh, if you take it that way, sir," said Allan, trying to speak carelessly and to conceal how much he was moved. "Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I thought of advertising. That is the point on which I wished your advice. Now, I wrote out a paragraph—I have it here somewhere," tossing over the disorderly papers on the table. "Oh, here it is! Now listen, Allan: 'A middle-aged gentleman'—I think we could call your uncle middle-aged? He was sixty, though he looked much younger."

"Yes, I think we can venture on that. Gray old reprobate!" he added, mentally.

"I somehow always think of Robert as a lad. Bob was a bright boy," pausing with an affectionate thoughtful smile; "the cleverest of us all."

"But the advertisement?"

"Oh, yes, yes. 'A middle-aged gentleman disappeared on the 17th inst., about 3 P. M. Was last seen on the main street in Holton.' I thought of mentioning that a lady—I would not name Margaret—"

"No, I certainly would not mention my sister in connection with the matter," hastily interjected Allan.

"That 'a lady who was walking with him

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stopped in front of Frazier's bank, attracted by some occurrence in the street, and, when she turned, he had disappeared, and never has been seen since.' What do you think of that, Allan?"

"I do not think I would enter into details, father. A description of his appearance—"

"Yes, I thought of that. Listen. 'The missing man was tall and exceedingly spare; commanding features; nose, Roman—' "

"Rather Jewish; hooked."

"It never impressed me in that way. 'Nose, Roman; a benignant and frequent smile; eyes gray and keen. A man of distinguished and noticeable presence. He wore, when last seen, clothes of gray cheviot, with an intaglio pin in a brown necktie; carried a gold watch, with long heavy chain, and a gold-headed cane.' "

"Both yours, by the way, sir. It is a very good advertisement, father. You are developing quite a business-faculty. But, if you will trust it to me, I will alter a word or two, and attend to sending it to the newspapers."

"I wish you would, my son," said the clergyman, with a long breath of relief. "I wish you would. If you would take the matter wholly in hand, Allan, you would be more successful than I. I really have less business-talent than you suppose."

"Very well; I will relieve you of it. Now sit down there," drawing his easychair up to the window, through which the chilled sunlight of September stole pleasantly. Beyond, a wide sweep of lawn, dotted here and there by beds of crimson coleus, sloped down on one side to a pretty little lake, and on the other to a thick belt of woodland. "Here is your pipe, father. Now think out your next sermon in peace. My Uncle Robert will turn up again; he always does."

"That is true, my son. I will not deny that Robert has given me many anxious hours—he is of an erratic disposition. But his affection always brings him back to us. At my age, one can forgive many faults for affection."

Allan lighted his father's pipe and lingered, talking of the shadows of the elms on the water and the color of the sumac-bushes reddening the woods. It was the habit of the Kennaird family to notice such things and to take pleasure in them. Then, finding that his father's face had fallen into its usual placid thoughtful quiet, he thrust the advertisement into his pocket and left the library.

CHAPTER II.

THE grounds surrounding the house of Bishop Kennaird—for that was now our good clergyman's rank in the church—were so extensive as to give it almost an air of stateliness.

"And why should we not, Margaret, live in a dignified style?" Mrs. Kennaird was wont to say to her daughter, in their secret council. "Why not? In England, your papa's house would be called a palace—though, very likely, it would not be half so fine as this. And he would be 'my lord,' and wear an apron, and have a seat in the Upper House—though his salary would not, perhaps, be as large as his income is now. And the church is the same exactly, except that we don't pray for the queen. And I know," her blue eyes sparkling, "there's not a lord-bishop in England, were he of Canterbury itself, that deserves more honor than your papa."

"Of course not, mamma," Margaret would answer, dutifully. "And you are quite right to try to have everything nice and in keeping with papa's rank, especially as it is his own private income we spend; and everybody knows that he gives all his salary in charity. The Kennairds always were well-to-do people, I've heard Uncle Robert say, and used to live in splendor."

"Oh, your Uncle Robert!"

On which Mrs. Kennaird, with a shrug, would shut her mouth closely and hurry away, lest she might be—what she never yet had been—indiscreet.

Oddly enough, when Allan left his father and passed through the lofty hall, into which opened a suite of pleasant drawing-rooms, a breakfast-parlor, and little cozeries, spread with rich rugs and hung with softly-tinted curtains to suit Mrs. Kennaird's luxurious taste, it was not with the mysterious disappearance of his uncle, the black sheep of the family, that his mind was occupied, but with this very question of the family-income, which seemed, to his sister, so large.

A trifling matter had brought it before him: before one of the side-doors, there stood a tiny basket-wagon drawn by two diminuture black ponies. The whole affair was simple in construction and as costly as money could buy. The harness was knobbed with gold; a delicate whip, the handle set with jewels, lay on the seat. A little "tiger" in green-and-silver stood by the head of the ponies, while a gigantic groom in the same dazzling livery, on a black horse, waited behind.

"Money! money! It is disgusting to see it thrust upon one in that vulgar way," grumbled Allan to himself. "We Kennairds have enough to satisfy all necessary wants. But we are paupers beside the girl who owns that costly toy. She knows it. Her father knows it. He

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despises us as such. He sends out that silly child, wearing the livery of his money as much as his servants. Why should she not drive into the country, to see her old friends, like any other modest maidenly girl? Gold-mounted harness! As if to say to every gaping village-loafer: 'This is the gold that was dug out of Red-Gulch Mine. This is the daughter of the bonanza-king.'"

Such was the upper current of Mr. Allan Kennaird's thought, as he looked out of the window at the unfortunate ponies and lackeys. Whether in his deeper consciousness, there was not a mad wish to cover dollar for dollar with the owner of Red-Gulch Mine, whether the bonanza-king's daughter was only a "silly child" to him in his innermost heart, even he himself then scarcely knew. He turned impatiently and entered his mother's room, the pretty little apartment where she sat in the morning, and where the whole family, from the bishop to Zack the errand-boy, came to consult her. Nobody ever suspected Mrs. Kennaird of managing her household. "It is a republic of which I am not even president," she was wont to say.

"Poor little unpractical me!" she had called herself when she was a girl; and her family, now that she was a matron with a line of gray in her soft brown hair, still chose to consider her as a delicate bit of porcelain, to be cherished as ornamental, but of no available use whatever. Yet the bishop daily came to her, with accounts of his dealing with the younger clergy; Allan had always poured out all his college-scrapes into her ear; housekeeper, cook, coachman, each absolute in his or her own domain, paid her the compliment of a daily consultation. Never did household move in such absolute harmony or order as this republic. There was, too, oddly enough, in every part of it, the mark of a single firm dominant will.

Mrs. Kennaird was a plump partridge-like little woman, with gentle dark-blue eyes and a peculiar habit of listening to every remark with earnest attention and pausing a moment before she replied. Her auditor was inevitably pleased, he knew not why, and suddenly felt that himself and his words were of more importance than he had ever before believed. She was fond, too, of wearing soft glossless silk gowns, and of half hiding her pretty throat in clinging lace and India muslin, rather than stiff collars.

"You are the very ideal of a mother," said Allan, as he threw himself down beside the low chair where she sat by the window. He was never tired of admiring her. Her surrounding was always dainty and picturesque; the window-ledge beside her was filled with mignonette; the account-book in her hand was in an ivory case. Yet not a penny had been spent by any member of the household, that year, which was not entered in the neat firm lines of figures in this book; the very mignonette had its price and was set down.

She pushed the book into its case.

"Why, Allan, what are you doing here?" she said, taking up some white netting. "Margaret was looking for you, just now. Betty is with her."

"Miss Boughton does not need me to amuse her," said Allan, with boyish stiffness. "She—or, rather, the Red-Gulch Mine—has plenty of admirers."

His mother laughed. "I think you are unfair, Allan. Betty surely has charm enough to attract lovers beside her father's millions—yourself, for instance. You were her sworn slave when you were fifteen, when John Boughton was a penniless lawyer."

"Oh, then—" Allan stopped, with a sudden choking in his throat, and turned his head away.

"My son!" Mrs. Kennaird laid her hand on his shoulder, and, when he did not turn, put both arms about his neck and placed her soft cheek to his. "I suspect," she whispered, "you are the same now as then, Allan, in your feeling for Betty. And in what is she different? She is much more worthy of love as a woman than she was as a child."

"It is no longer a question between Betty and me, mother," he said, rising and standing before her, flushed with excitement. "In old times, when we were together, it seemed to me as if we were alone in the world—just the one man and the one woman. I never told her in bare words that I loved her or wished to marry her. But she knew it! She knew that, in this life, we were alone together forever. But now—"

"Well? 'Now,' Allan?" said his mother, gently.

"Now this detestable money comes between us. When I look at her, it is not Betty that I see, but the heiress of John Boughton's millions."

"But when she looks at you?" said Mrs. Kennaird, with an arch smile.

"She sees a poor young farmer, whose whole income would not pay the taxes on the house she lives in. Oh, she has learned that way of counting! No, mother—I have put Betty out of my heart. She is nothing to me now—nothing."

"Has she put you out of hers?" his mother asked, with the same tender quizzical smile.

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Allan grew pale; his eyes flashed.

"It does not matter," he said, resolutely. "If she even cared for me, as you hint, old John Boughton would never give her to a pauper. And I would never marry a woman whose millions would support me—I have not yet sunk so low."

"No doubt you are right, Allan," said Mrs. Kennaird, after her usual thoughtful pause; "no doubt you are right."

Allan stared at her for a moment, with a look of astonished disappointment. He had hoped for some other reply. Why had he talked to his mother but to be argued out of his belief?

"There she comes," he said, with fresh heat. "Do you remember how she used to come running through the woods, when she had ridden out on the street-car to spend the day with Margery—a slim little thing, in her cheap white gown and straw hat? Look at her now."

Margaret was crossing the lawn, coming toward the house. Beside her, walked Miss Boughton, in a carriage-dress of old-gold brocade, a hat with stiff plumes set on her head.

"She even chooses the color of gold for her dress, to flaunt it in the eyes of the passers-by," he ejaculated, angrily. "She and her father are both demented with their sudden fortune. I'll have none of them."

"No doubt you are right," repeated his mother, quietly, once more, as the girls entered the hall. "Ah, Betty, my dear—going? Can you not stay and take luncheon with us? Allan, I wish to see you again, before you go to Holton," as Allan, after a stiff bow to Miss Boughton, turned to leave the room.

Betty looked after him, quite forgetting to answer his mother. She had startled fawn-like eyes, and they were as grieved now as those of a hurt baby.

"Mr. Kennaird is hardly civil," she said, turning them appealingly to his mother. "He used to be very kind to me. Now everybody is kinder than he. No, I won't stay to luncheon, thank you, Margery. You needn't take my hat; I think Colonel Godfrey will probably be waiting, at home, to play tennis with me—or Mr. Schober, or Monsieur Vidal. There are so many men whom papa likes who come to play tennis with me, that I almost forget their names." She paused, glancing sideway at her auditors to see the effect of her deep diplomacy. "Now, your brother Allan never comes. He has not been in our house for months. We used to be very good friends. But nobody can expect to keep friends, if he treats them uncivilly and runs away from them in his own house, especially when other people are forever at their feet. Now, can he, Mrs. Kennaird?"

"I am sure Allan did not intend to be uncivil, my dear child," said Mrs. Kennaird, smiling and patting her hand as if she were a kitten. "But he has a great deal of important business to look after, and can give very little time to his sister's visitors."

"But I don't think I should be classed as just one of 'his sister's visitors'!" passionately exclaimed the young lady. "I am— Well, indeed, Mrs. Kennaird," she said, interrupting herself and blushing, her good-sense coming to her rescue, "I am used to receive now a good deal of attention just because I am papa's daughter, and papa is an important man; and I don't understand neglect, especially from old friends—and Allan was a friend of mine once," her weak little mouth quivering again.

"He is so still, my dear. Allan is always faithful to all of his friends," said his mother, graciously. "So sorry you will not stay! We were so disappointed, too, that your papa could not come to dinner the other evening. The bishop had a few friends—eminent scientific men, scholars—and I thought Mr. Boughton might like to see and hear them informally. But business! business! Don't let it engross him too much, my dear. Good-morning."

Margaret watched her friend drive off, and then turned into her mother's room.

"Betty has grown more weak and silly than ever, with this idea of her wealth. Don't you think so, mamma? I think it would be very unfortunate for Allan to marry her."

"Betty always had an empty little head, but her heart is all right," said Mrs. Kennaird. She did not answer the last of the remark.

Meanwhile poor Betty crept into her triumphal chariot, feeling suddenly snubbed and small. In old times, the Boughtons had looked up to the Kennairds as immeasurably their superiors in social rank. During the last year, however, they had been elevated on a golden pillar far above the heads of all other people. Betty now felt herself sinking fast to her old level. She was, after all, only the daughter of a man who had gathered together many millions by a lucky chance. He understood nothing but business. The Kennairds lived in an atmosphere of lofty refinement. Scholars and scientific men were their companions; and Allan, "engrossed in important business," looked down on her as one of the flock of his sister's many visitors. "You can take the reins," she said, snappishly, to the page; "I don't want to drive. I never want to drive again!"

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CHAPTER III.

ALLAN waited impatiently for his mother's parting words. He was angry and disappointed at her readiness to give up little Betty. The women of the family, he remembered, never had appreciated Betty as he and his father had. Women never did admire a beautiful girl. His mother thought he "would be quite right to give her up"! Why should he give her up? He was the equal of John Boughton in every point but his wealth. And were a few paltry dollars to come between him and his happiness for life? Could he not win a fortune, too? Or could he not take the girl without a penny and set her father at defiance? His mother little knew him when she advised him to give her up. So he fumed and raved to himself, growing more fixed and clear in his purpose, and quite forgetting that he had himself proposed to give up all hope. It did not occur to him that perhaps his mother had reckoned on just such a reaction, just such a course of argument and obstinacy. Who knows?

At all events, he was now resolved to take his own way in future; to ask no advice; to give no more confidence. His mother, doubtless, would wish to continue the subject. Women never knew when a question was closed. He turned to go into her room, with a scowl of angry suspicion on his usually good-humored face. Love and despair only could have made Allan so unjust to his mother. Unpractical she might be, as her family thought, and totally lacking in all worldly wisdom. But she was never garrulous, never spoke the word too much.

When Allan again entered her morning-room, she was looking out of the window with a face so grave that he felt that weightier matters than poor little Betty occupied her mind.

"Your father, Allan, has consulted you about your Uncle Robert," she began, as soon as he had closed the door. "What does he propose to do?"

"Advertise for him. I do it most unwillingly. For my part, I should be thankful never to hear from him again." His recent irritation made him, perhaps, more vengeful just now than he would otherwise have been, against the family scapegrace.

Mrs. Kennaird looked at him steadily, with a trace of speculation in her gentle eyes. "You must obey your father, Allan. If, indeed, he had left the whole business of inquiry to your own discretion? Your dear father is not a business-man. He does not look at the matter as you would."

"I look at it as disgrace to us, however it may turn out. What has the man ever been but a dead-weight and a shame to all of his name?"

"I would not say that," said Mrs. Kennaird, mildly. "That is going too far. Under the family influence, he conducts himself decently; but, away from it—"

"I don't know who in the family can influence him," said Allan. "He rules my father as an unselfish sensitive man can always be ruled by a coarse and selfish one. Margery and I have been trained to pay him absolute respect, and—Why, upon my word, mother, it must be you that he is afraid of!" with a laugh and a caressing touch on her arm.

She shook her head and laughed. But the tears rose suddenly to her eyes. She loosened the lace about her throat.

"It has been a heavy burden to carry!" she said, hastily. "For your father, I mean, of course, my dear."

"When did he first come to you?" Allan said, with a startled look of surprise and sympathy. It was the first time in his life that he had ever known his mother to complain, and there was something—a passing momentary look—in her smiling face that told of trouble endured and concealed until it was more than she had strength to hide any longer. But, before the question was formed, she was the same gentle placid little woman as before.

"Transparent as a baby!" thought Allan. "The idea of mother concealing anything! When did he come to you, dear?" he said again.

"The year after we were married. Your father had only his salary then, eight hundred a year; but we lived very comfortably, he and baby and I, till Robert came to us for the visit of a week. He staid twentyfour years. He drank heavily at first. It was eight or ten years before your father cured him of that weakness. He would not send him to an asylum, even in his worst attacks of delirium. He shared his income with him, half and half; even after your grandfather made your father his heir, Robert has had half. During the later years of his life, he has given up liquor altogether; but twice he has forged your father's name, and oftener than that—oh, do not ask me, Allan!" she cried, rising, her old face suffused with blushes like a girl's. "Robert Kennaird has disgraced his name in every foul and vulgar way in which he could be tempted, and yet his brother believes in him. It is true, he does not know the half of his misdoings; I have hid them from him. He was the happier for believing in him. Why should he not be happy?" with a shrug and smile.

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"Why did you keep him here, mother?"

"I told you just now. As long as he was under the family influence, he was measurably controlled. At least, we were not openly disgraced."

"I see." Allan looked at his mother thoughtfully. Was there more than he had yet supposed? Was it really she who had shouldered this mass of selfishness, lust, and crime, and carried it bravely all these years to keep the family in peace and their name from dishonor?

"Have you any idea what mischief he is at now?" he asked, suddenly. "For, as for murder or suicide, that is all nonsense."

Mrs. Kennaird did not answer directly. She sat, silently looking out of the window, so long that, thinking she had not heard him, he repeated the question. Even then she answered slowly and reluctantly, not looking at him.

"He has often declared his intention of going to South America and living there, unwatched by gospelmongers, as he called your father."

"You've hit it, mother! That is exactly what he has done! The life there would just suit him. Plenty of rum, dare-devils, and as little law and order as he chose. May he find the land pleasant! I hope I may never see his face again."

Allan turned to go out. Mrs. Kennaird stopped him. "What will you do about the advertisement, my son?"

"Oh, I had forgotten that. If I put it in, my father may trace him and induce him to return." He hesitated. "I'll not do it, mother. The matter has been put in my hands; I'll stop all search here."

"As you think best, my son." She sank down in her chair and took up her work with a long-drawn breath, as if a heavy weight had been lifted from her. "For a little while, then, we are safe," she said.

Allan, when he left her, wondered vaguely why his mother, so late, had broken her long silence and told him of his uncle's actual crime. Could there be any especial risk in dragging him to light just now? But no! the innocent little mother was not capable of any scheming. At all events, the advertisement should not appear.

Five minutes later, the bishop hurried into the room. He was a nervous little man, and managed to upset his wife's sewing-basket as he came.

"My dear, Allan tells me that he has a conviction that poor Robert has gone away, quite out of the country."

"To Australia?"

"Not at all. To South America. What on earth put Australia in your head?"

"I don't know. It was South America, I remember." Mrs. Kennaird stooped to pick up the scattered spools.

"God forbid he should go to Australia. There would be no chance of reaching him there. From Brazil, now, he could return—poor prodigal."

"Oh, yes, he could return," said his wife, quietly.

"Bob had plenty of money?"

"He had just drawn his allowance, the day before he went to Holton."

"Certainly, I remember. Well, he will be comfortable, then—for a time, at least, poor fellow."

The door opened, and a laughing face was thrust in. "May I come?" cried a shrill voice, and, at the bishop's prompt "Certainly, you are always welcome, my dear," a diminutive young lady skipped in, her arms full of flowers. The first impression she produced was of a mist of flowing sunbright hair and a perpetual radiant smile. Very few people looked any further.

"Give me down those vases, please, bishop," she chirped, and, kneeling, strewed the floor about her with fragrant blossoms. The bishop, whose temperament made him find keen enjoyment in beauty and youth, watched her with a pleased smile on his withered face.

Mrs. Kennaird, glancing at her, said dryly: "I wish, Anna, you would allow me to fill the vases in this room and on the bishop's table. It has been my duty for many years."

"Dear me!" Anna cried. "I did not mean to intrude. I'm always making mistakes! I thought it seemed a fitting work for the youngest member of the family. I did not know you had any sentiment in the matter, Mrs. Kennaird; it is such a trifle."

"Tut! tut! Of course it's a trifle! Don't cry, Anna," interposed the bishop. "Why don't you speak to the child, Letty?"

Mrs. Kennaird's color rose, but she stitched away without raising her eyes.

"Finish arranging the flowers to-day, Anna," she said; "then you will find your own work waiting for you."

Anna rose. "Have you heard from dear Mr. Robert yet?" she asked, fixing her eyes on Mrs. Kennaird. They were very large and very piercing light eyes, which always seemed to find their focus in the innermost mind of the person to whom she spoke.

It was the bishop who answered: "We believe that he has gone to South America.

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You will miss him, my dear. He is very fond of you, Anna."

"He is the best friend I have on earth," she cried, clasping her hands. "It was owing to him that I have my home here. 'My roof shall be yours, you poor little orphan,' he said to me. 'You shall sit at my table, and my people shall be your people.'"

"Just like Robert, the most generous fellow!" said the bishop, enthusiastically.

But Anna's eyes were still fixed on Mrs. Kennaird's immovable face. "Do you know that he has gone to South America, madam?" she said.

"The bishop and my son are of that opinion," Mrs. Kennaird replied, threading her needle. "You had better go to your copying now. You have neglected it for several days."

The bishop scarcely waited for the door to close behind her.

"Why are you so sharp with the poor little thing, Letty?" he exclaimed. "It really does not matter when that copying is done."

"Why, you yourself, Joseph," replied his wife, gently, "preached to us, yesterday, that 'each of us should have an appointed place and work, and do our duty in it.' Now, I only wish to know what are Miss Frazier's place and work, here or anywhere. When Robert, as he said, discovered her, starving and friendless, he asked that I should employ her as a seamstress; then he found she could write a fair hand, and made her your copyist. Now she assumes the place of a daughter of the house. She called herself, just now, 'the youngest member of the family.' She is at least two years older than Margery: she's twentytwo, if she is a day."

"Nonsense! she's a mere child," said the bishop, sharply. "Well, settle your woman's-squabbles as you please—do not disturb me with them. The girl is an embodied pleasure in the house—always cheerful and laughing. I do like to see a bright gay face about."

And, with a rebuking glance into his wife's anxious countenance, he marched off victoriously.

The tears rushed to her eyes. "He forgets! She is young, and I have carried his burden for thirty years."

She refreshed herself by a fit of angry crying, and then looked up—alert, a new startling thought in her face.

"This creature knows that Robert did not leave the country; and she knows that I know it."

She paused—baffled, confounded—a moment. Then she took up the vases, threw the flowers out of the window, and went out to cut others. The terrible problem before her could wait to be solved in time, but Anna's roses should not stay in the room a moment longer.

CHAPTER IV.

When George Kennaird, the father of the bishop and Robert, died, a few years before our story begins, he left, as our readers will already have gathered, the whole of his fortune to his son Joseph, cutting off the scapegrace with a shilling. "Robert," he expressly stated in his will, "has already squandered more than twice his portion. I can do nothing more for him." The bishop—not then a bishop, but a poor clergyman—immediately divided the income accruing from his new estate, as he had divided his salary, with his brother. That he did not give him the principal at once was only owing to the fact which even his simple-minded credulity perceived: that, with such a sum in hand, Robert would go to perdition straightway.

At the same time, he bought a farm near the city in which he lived, and placed his son Allan on it. "The lad has no head for books, for the law, or the ministry; but he has a natural aptitude for farming," he told his wife, quite unconscious that she had been instilling these facts into his own brain for months.

Allan's land lay along a rich valley and wooded hills which bordered the Ohio River. On a high plateau overlooking the water, was the house—a comfortable old mansion of brick, with many porches and gables, set in the midst of orchards and gardens. There was a room which the foolish fellow had actually fitted up, a year ago, as a lady's-boudoir, even to the dainty writing-desk with its paper and pens and seal engraved with "Betty."

He had been so sure!

Then came the sudden success of the Red-Gulch Mine, in which Boughton was chief owner; his gain was counted by millions; and Betty receded, like a mounting star, up out of Allan's reach or even hope. The little room was locked up now, and even the windows barred—given up to dust and darkness.

One morning, a week later than her last visit to Margaret, Miss Boughton, with her father, drove along the river-road which bordered Allan's land. Monsieur Vidal sat with Betty, while Colonel Godfrey and her father occupied the driver's-seat. Godfrey was an old friend of Mr. Boughton's, who had gained his title fighting on the Southern side during the war. He was now a large wheat-grower in Minnesota.

"Very pretty land," he said, nodding toward Allan Kennaird's meadows; "and an unusually well-kept farm. Whose is it?"

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"Young man named 'Kennaird,'" replied Mr. Boughton. "Son of a clergyman who was made bishop about a year ago. Very clever lad. He had some hope once in this quarter," jerking his head back toward Betty, his back being turned toward her. "I should not have objected then—I rather liked the lad; but now— Well, you know how it is, Godfrey: Betty is my only child, and I think she is entitled to look high when she settles in life."

"Undoubtedly." The two men had lowered their voices, which instantly attracted Miss Betty's attention. She turned one little pink ear toward them, and, in spite of the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the gay gossip which she kept up with M. Vidal, managed to hear every word.

"You will have trouble, Boughton," the colonel said. "You will be beset by adventurers and men of fashion, who count on marrying money as their first stroke of business in life. You must be on your guard."

Boughton nodded. "You need not be uneasy. I know that sort of fellow."

"Yet you ought to do the best you can for her. Take her to Europe. See how many American girls are countesses, duchesses, even higher, if they are satisfied with Continental titles."

"I don't intend to sell my daughter to some miserable titled fortune-hunter!" replied Boughton, irritably. "She is all I have, Godfrey."

"There is no selling; neither are they miserable adventurers, but men of rank and worth, heartily in love, no doubt, with the bright American girls—whom they would not marry, however, if they had not money enough to cover their want of rank."

"I don't like the idea," said Boughton, gruffly.

"Consider it, at any rate. A woman's life, as the wife of a British peer or Italian prince, is lifted out of much of the care and vulgarity which every American woman, as mother and housekeeper, encounters. Why should not our Betty be lifted up to it?"

Mr. Boughton whipped up his grays viciously and made no reply. That night, however, he asked Betty suddenly how she would like to spend the winter in Paris, adding immediately that he had no intention whatever of taking her there. "I'm not going to hawk my wares about Europe," he grumbled, lighting his cigar.

"'Wares,' papa? What kind of a merchant are you?" said Betty, laughing. "You put me in mind of the 'Arabian Nights': 'Sinbad packed his jewels on a camel and set forth to far countries to gain treasure.' And so on; but I don't want to go to Paris!" clasping her hands over her head, with a pretty yawn. The face so framed in the tapering dimpled arms was the fairest in the world, her father thought, looking at the shell-tints of the delicate cheeks, the ripe red mouth, the dark gleaming innocent eyes.

"Princess! Why not? But no. Those Italian fellows are Roman Catholics!" Mr. Boughton thought, firm in his loyalty to his little meeting-house. "Some of those manly young Englishmen, now? A coronet would not misbecome that pretty little head with its mass of curls. And a man might be manly and honest and kind, after all, even if he were an Englishman and bore a title."

Mr. Boughton sat long, smoking his pipe, that night; but Betty, too, watched the night out, tossing on her hot pillow.

"'Duchess,' 'Countess,'" she whispered to herself, burying her burning face in her hands and laughing. "What an absurd creature I am! But why not? Every bonanza-king's daughter marries abroad, no matter how hideous she is, and I am not a scarecrow! And, if your friends at home snub you and turn their backs on you—" She raised herself on her elbow and beat the pillow fiercely. "If Allan had a title now, papa would be satisfied. But he hasn't. Oh, what a muddle of a world it is!" She laughed to herself again with a sob, and lay down, still smiling. But Russian princes and English dukes quite filled the poor little head and drove Allan into the dark outside.

Colonel Godfrey had planted his seed in fruitful soil. Two weeks later, he, being then in Chicago, picked up a Western newspaper, and found that "Mr. John Boughton, owner of the Red-Gulch Mine in Nevada, was called by important business-interests to London, and would sail next month, in the 'Scythia.'"

"Poor little Betty! I hope he takes her with him, and gives her a chance for promotion," thought the colonel, not suspecting how powerful his own hints had been.

Miss Betty, as soon as the final decision was made, called to take Margery out driving with her. It was "as well that people who snubbed her" should know the brilliant career before her, and that at once.

"Going to London? In the 'Scythia'?" repeated sedate Margaret, astonished. "It is very sudden, Elizabeth."

"Oh, papa is always sudden, you know. He carries on the affairs of the family as he carries on his business: with a series of kangaroo-leaps. Poor little 'me' has to hop alongside. 'Pack

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your kit, Betty,' he said, 'and prepare for marching-orders. Buy no new frocks or folderols. Worth can fit you out in Paris.' That's his way."

"It's not a bad way, altogether," said Margaret, with a half-sigh Worth-ward filling her staid bosom. "But you will be very lonely there, child, in that great England, ruled off into so many castes and sets, and you, a poor little American, knowing nobody. Papa has some friends and correspondents. He might give your father letters. But they are scientific men or clergymen, and I do not know that Mr. Boughton—"

"It would not suit at all," said Betty, decidedly. "Besides, it really will not be necessary," her dimpled chin giving a toss. "My father's comings and goings are matters of public moment. My only fear is that we shall be run down with society. I hear that, when one of the American bonanza-kings goes to Europe, he is beset as if he were a foreign potentate."

Margaret, who was a large fair tranquil woman, looked down on the fluttering little creature with an amused smile, but said nothing.

Betty began to grow angry, like a bee that has buzzed in vain against an impenetrable bright pane of glass.

"Some of my father's friends," she said, her voice high and rapid, "men who, I suppose, know all about European courts, are so foolish as to say that I will be made very welcome there. They do not value me as you, Margaret, and—and some of your family—seem to. They prophesy that—"

"Well? 'That—'"

"That I will stay there."

"Oh, I understand." Margery's heart gave an indignant throb for Allan's sake, but she turned the same calm smiling gaze on Betty. "You will probably marry—or, I should say, perhaps, form an alliance—there, and become, yourself, 'a foreign potentate'?"

Betty's eyes blazed angrily. "And, if they did think it probable, it is only because they rate me higher than you rate me, Margery—or those who have professed to be my friends so long."

"Don't lose your temper, dear Elizabeth," said Margaret, gently.

Betty made no reply for a few moments. She was an affectionate little woman at heart, and had no intention of quarreling with her friend; but Colonel Godfrey's plan for her certainly took now suddenly a reality and force in her mind which it never had before. Why should the Kennairds not only neglect her, but laugh at her?

"I assuredly do intend to go to Europe," she said, presently, not without some quiet dignity. "And, if papa's business-connections or his money shall bring us among nice people, I shall try to make new friends for myself who will not ridicule me."

"Nonsense, Elizabeth. Who ridicules you?" was Margaret's calm reply.

The drive ended in discomfort and strained politeness. Miss Kennaird was no better assistant to her brother, in his suit, than sisters are wont to be.

Betty drove home, eager and impatient to start on her journey. She had delicacy enough to shrink from crossing the Atlantic, to exhibit herself in the matrimonial market, if she had looked at the matter in that light. But she was going to marry a prince or nobleman, in order to make Allan Kennaird wretched for life—which was quite another thing—and a purpose that thrilled her, just now, with delight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONARCHY.

BY PEARL EYTINGE.

Wee he is, and willful too,
  With a bonny bright-blue eye,
And a crown of golden curls
  E'en the sunbeams cannot vie;
And, with royal mandate, he
  Rules his house, and all his court
Humbly bow to his decree,
  Heart and hand and word and thought.

Does he deign to lift his voice?
  Silence reigns, that all may hear—
Pearls and rubies from his lips
  Would not count as half so dear.

Will he have the crimson rose,
  Bathed in beauty's purest blushes?
To the tree whereon it grows,
  Straight each willing vassal rushes.

All the robins sing their best,
  Should he chance to pass their way,
Smooth their plumage, raise their heads,
  Trill a merry roundelay.
And, at night, the angel Sleep
  Comes, with Dreamland in her train,
While the stars a vigil keep
  Till the morning breaks again.

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FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"I THINK you are the worst ingrate I ever knew, Vandergrift," was the parting observation of a gentleman who was leaving his friend at the street-corner, one soft May morning.

"I don't know how you make that out," Vandergrift responded, throwing away a half-smoked cigar.

Horace Vandergrift tired of everything before it was half done.

"Well," said his friend, briskly, "you have the world at your feet, and now you want the moon. For heaven's sake, find something to do. If you only had an object in life, you would not always be so bored—something or somebody to spend your money on. Why the deuce don't you get married?"

"Ah," said Vandergrift, with a disdainful shrug. "now that you have reached that subject, I may as well be going."

With a nonchalant air, he nodded to his friend and walked away, saying to himself: "They all want to slip that noose about my neck. I wonder why they can't let a fellow alone?"

He was a handsome man—tall, shapely, and possessing that air of elegance which is a rarer and even more enviable gift than mere physical beauty.

"Fortune, signore?" said a sweet voice at his elbow. "Only five cents!"

Vandergrift turned, and saw a little girl of twelve, budding into the early womanhood of southern countries. Her large eyes were raised with a soft pleading expression, and the glossy braids of dark hair wound about her small head gave her the look of a child-Madonna.

"You tell fortunes, then?" said Vandergrift, his hand stealing mechanically into his pocket.

"I? No," she replied, with a smile which showed a row of beautiful white teeth. "It is the birds, signore."

Then Vandergrift perceived, just outside the curbstone, a churlish-looking man, with a bit of twisted rattan in one hand, standing beside a little canvas table that supported a birdcage. On the top of this cage was arranged a long perch, on which were crowded a number of chubby paroquets, pluming their feathers in the bright sunshine. Below, was a long box or tray, filled with differently-colored slips of paper folded to a small size, and a little ladder reached from the perch down to the tray.

"Five cents," signore," the girl continued, urgently, "and the birds will tell your fortune."

Vandergrift paid the money. The sullen Italian with the rattan gave a peculiar cluck, and one of the paroquets hopped off the perch on to the stick. He lifted it down, and the little creature walked demurely along the tray and pulled out a slip of green paper with its bill.

"That is it," said the girl, nodding pleasantly, while the man let the paroquet climb up the ladder to its perch again. "Please read, signore."

Vandergrift opened the paper, and, to his astonishment, read:

"PLANET OF THE FORTUNE OF A DISCONTENTED BACHELOR:

"Be not impatient or dissatisfied because your lot is not what you would have it: your joys all lie in the future. Be contented, and you will find more pleasure in life than you hope for. But you must marry. Your happiness depends upon it, though you need not concern yourself as to how that is to come about, for it was all arranged for you before you were born. Your star is a lucky one; riches and honor will follow you to the grave. But you have a bad temper, and ought to control it. If sickness overtake you, fear not: you will live till you are eighty-two years of age."

"I hope it is pleasant, signore," the girl said, softly, in his ear.

"Very!" replied Vandergrift, laconically. "I—I believed— But pshaw! Who trained those birds—your father?"

He nodded toward the sulky old man, as he spoke, and the girl's face suddenly assumed a look of disdain.

"He is not my father," she said, quickly, with a fine scorn which did not escape Vandergrift's ears. "It was he who trained them, though."

"They are very amusing," he said, watching the paroquets, that screamed frantically if he attempted to touch them. "How much they know! Could you show them to a little friend of mine? He lives up—well, never mind where he lives. Could you come to my house, to-morrow, and bring the birds? My little friend will be there."

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The girl turned in an uncertain way to speak to the bird-trainer, who answered her curtly in Italian.

"He says it will be a dollar, signore," she said, doubtfully

"Very well," Vandergrift replied. "You may come. There is my address," he continued, handing her a card. "Don't disappoint me."

He lingered a moment to watch the birds, then nodded to the little girl, and was gone. Marietta looked after him wistfully till a sharp rap on her shoulder made her start back.

"You are losing customers," the bird-trainer growled. "Attend to your business."

It was dreary work for her, standing there all day long, uttering her monotonous appeal. She was tired, and she hated it. Pietro was not kind to her, and she was very lonely.

"Ah!" she sighed, in her inmost heart, "I am glad Beppo was never found! I felt very wretched when I lost him that day in the street, and thought I should never see him again; but perhaps some kind lady took him in, or the dear God Himself! Pietro would have beaten him—it is better so."

They went home early, for it proved a dull day, and the bird-trainer was not pleased with the result. He was cross, and Marietta trembled when he spoke.

"Where did you put that gentleman's address?" he asked, suddenly, his rough voice making even the soft Italian syllables sound harsh. Marietta felt in the bosom of her dress—the card was gone!

"I have lost it!" she exclaimed, in abject terror. "Oh, Pietro, I did not mean to. Pietro, oh, dear Pietro, please don't beat me!"

He answered her with an oath, and, seizing her rudely by the arm, put his rattan to the basest use he could upon her frail body, growling out curses on the child who wished to rob him of the chance to obtain a dollar without working.

Poor Marietta! She slunk away to her wretched pallet, that night, sore and tearful. Pietro drank himself into insensibility, and, when morning dawned, it was a comfort to find him snoring stupidly. She stole away without her breakfast, to search for the card, as he had bidden her, on the pain of another beating.

There could hardly have been a more fruitless quest than hunting for a gentleman's visiting-card in the streets of a great city. Marietta could not find it, yet she dared not go home. She lingered about the spot where she had met Vandergrift on the previous morning till the day wore on and night approached. She had not had a mouthful to eat, and had begun to cry softly to herself, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might earn a few pennies to buy bread and a night's lodging. She could sing.

Presently, a sweet tremulous voice drifted faintly over the bustle and noise of the street, as Marietta tried the effect of a little Italian song. It was a lullaby she used to sing to Beppo when he was a baby, long before their dear parents died of cholera and left them alone in Milan. Pietro had brought them over to America, promising to care for them like his own children—and to think how he had treated them!

Marietta sang on, with one slender hand extended. No pennies had been dropped in it yet; but suddenly there was a parting in the crowd, and a gentleman, with a handsome boy of six or seven, dressed in black velvet, paused near her.

"There!" cried the boy, excitedly. "Uncle Horace, there!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Vandergrift, looking at Marietta in surprise. "Aren't you the little girl who was here yesterday with the birds? Why didn't you come this morning? Raffaello was very much disappointed."

"Oh, sir!" cried Marietta, eagerly, "I lost your card and—and we couldn't. Pietro was so angry—he beat me, and—and—"

She paused suddenly, her eyes fixed upon the child whom Mr. Vandergrift held by the hand.

"Beppo!" she cried, throwing her arms about the boy. "Beppo, don't you know your Marietta?"

"Yes, yes!" the little fellow answered. "I knew you when you sang 'Dorme pure'! Uncle Horace, it is my sister!"

"Oh, Beppo!" she continued, hugging him ecstatically. "I hunted for you everywhere! Why did you run away from me, that day of the parade?"

Vandergrift stood by, amazed. What would his sister say? She had adopted the little Italian vagrant he had found crying in the streets, a year ago. What would she say to a sister of the foundling? He did not know; but he questioned the children, and made up his mind that Marietta should spend that night at least beneath Mrs. Alexander's roof.

Vandergrift's sister was a childless widow of middle age, yet tender and maternal by real instinct. She took Marietta in without demur.

"It would be a shame to separate them, Horace," she said, some time afterward, when Pietro had been hunted up, and so terrified by the threatened consequence of his ill-treatment of the children that he had run away, no one knew where.

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"I thought that would be the end," said Vandergrift, with an amused smile: "you want to keep them both, Martha. Well, I am willing. I am off for China, this summer, you know; and I shall, very probably, be gone four or five years. You can open an orphan-asylum, if you like."

So Marietta found a home with her brother—a happy luxurious home, where the name of Horace Vandergrift was often spoken: but the years slipped away one by one, and he was still a wanderer in foreign lands.

Perhaps he might have ended his days in the Far East, if a sad calamity had not turned his face homeward: a cable-telegram reached him at Cabul, and he learned that his sister—Mrs. Alexander—was very ill.

He hurried home; but she had been buried already two weeks, and he met only a tall beautiful girl, who greeted him half doubtfully as "Uncle Horace," and a fine strikingly handsome boy, whom everybody knew as "Raffaello Alexander."

It was natural that Vandergrift should at once domesticate himself in his sister's house. After all, it was pleasant to have a home—especially one like this, where everything moved so easily. Vandergrift often wondered how it was that matters were so well managed.

Six months slipped by unheeded—when, one day, Marietta came to him, and, after a little hesitation, said:

"I—I don't think I ought to stay here any longer, Uncle Horace."

"Not stay here, child?"

"Everybody says it isn't proper. You know, I am not your own niece, and—I can't explain—you must understand—"

She paused. Horace Vandergrift was silent; but he took her slim little hand and marked how it trembled.

"Marietta," he said, half dreamily, "if you were only in love with me now, we could end our little story like a romance."

He looked up, and saw a sudden flush of color in her face.

"Do you think, dear," he added, softly, "that, if you tried to love me, you could ever be happy as my wife?"

She moved quickly toward him, with her hands extended.

"I could be happy now," she answered, very softly. "I have always loved you, from that day when you had your fortune told by ugly old Pietro's trained birds. I prayed then that your life and mine might never be separated."

Vandergrift took her in his arms and kissed her.

"And you," he said, "I love you with my whole soul. From this moment, I am more than ever a discontented bachelor. I shall never be satisfied until you are my wife."

But that came soon afterward, and Horace Vandergrift gratefully acknowledges her love and companionship as the chief of all FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON

I COULD not tell how long I'd slept;
I well remembered those who wept,
As they their last watch o'er me kept.

And how I longed one face to see,
Or know if he would weep for me—
Yet well I knew this might not be.

And I recalled death's cruel pain,
And how life strove, but strove in vain,
And then sweet rest and peace again.

It might have been one year or ten,
As time is told by living men,
Since I had lain as I was then:

I had not dreamed in that straight bed,
I'd only lain there still and dead—
The world moved on above my head.

When instinct live within me woke,
And all the pent-up silence spoke,
And sudden light about me broke,

And people passed me to and fro,
Some stopped, whom I knew long ago.
"Whose grave is this?" "I do not know."
And one of those who stopped cried: "See:
What strangest flower can this be?"
And then I knew the flow'r was me.

The night grew dark as was the grave,
Without one ray of brightness, save
What light the brooding dark clouds gave.

I knew him as I had not slept—
Knew why I from my grave had crept:
To kiss my love, who knelt and wept,

And clasped my grave, and kissed the sod,
And moaned: "Oh, sweet, I would to God
I lay there too, a senseless clod!"

I laid my face against his cheek,
And strove and strove, but could not speak.
Must I, in life, as death be weak?

"O Love! O Love!" I strove to cry.
"See: now I kiss you—this is I."
He heard: for on his breast I lie.

Content—we never more need part;
Dying, this time, upon his heart,
And, dying thus, feel not death's smart.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady. The gown is of lady's-cloth in any self-color. The underskirt is kilted in wide plaits all

No. 1.

around, and mounted on to a yoke; the kilts are taped underneath, to keep them in place. If preferred, the kilting may be mounted upon a foundation-skirt of silk or alpaca; but this makes a heavier skirt. The over-drapery forms a long apron-front, laid in plaits across the front at the waist, draped high at the sides, the back forming a short puffed drapery. For the corsage either a round waist or a short basque, with tight coat-sleeves and high standing collar; the collar and cuffs of velvet to match. The jacket for outdoor-wear is of Astrakhan-cloth either to match the gown or of seal-brown, which goes with everything. The jacket is demi-fitting, and fastens in front with an under-flap. High collar of the same fur. Toque and muff to match. Eight yards of cloth for the gown. The quantity of Astrakhan-cloth will be determined by the width of the goods. Of fiftytwo-inch

No. 2.

cloth, one and three-quarters to two yards ought to be enough.

No. 2—Is a pelisse for the street, made of myrtle-green velveteen, trimmed with beaver-fur, grebe or gray-fox fur. The pelisse is made

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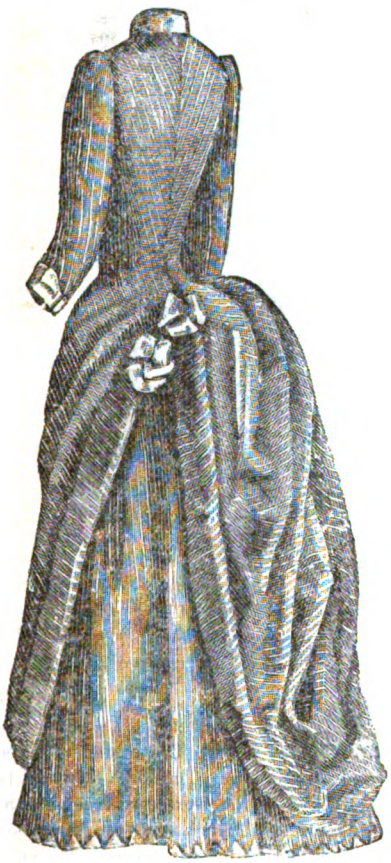
the length of the skirt. The fronts are plain, the right side cut to fasten over on the left, lapping diagonally. The fur trimming forms the collar, and is continued across the breast and down the edge of the pelisse. The sleeves are fulled on



No. 3.

top of the arm and wide at the hand, trimmed with the fur. Muff to match. Hat of felt, faced with velvet to match, trimmed with plush and wings. Twelve yards of velveteen, four and a half yards of fur trimming. The pelisse should be made with a quilted silk lining, or else interlined with flannel.

No. 3—Is a costume of pin-striped woolen, made with a polonaise. The underskirt is plain, with the edge cut in small points and bound with braid; these points fall over the under-hem or facing of the goods. The polonaise has a French back—one seam down the middle. The stripes are arranged to form a point, as may be seen in the illustration. The fullness of the skirt of the polonaise is allowed between the seams forming the bodice. It forms a long pointed apron-front, looped high on one side, where it is ornamented by two rosettes of velvet or satin ribbon. The opposite side is not draped as high. The front crosses diagonally from right to left, the revers, collar, and cuffs trimmed with velvet or satin. Tight coat-sleeves, slightly fulled at the shoulders. Eight to ten yards of double-fold material, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, the rosettes or long loops with ends, of ribbon, from three to four yards, will be required.

No. 4—Is a house-dress, of dotted or small-figured delaine, flannel, or mohair. The chemisette and front of the skirt are of surah to

No. 4.

match the prevailing color of the material. Collar, cuffs, and half-vest are of velvet matching the surah. The back drapery falls in straight kilt-plaits, sewed into the pointed basque-back. Eight to ten yards of single-width material,

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No. 5.

two yards of surah, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, will be required.

No. 5—Is a simple and stylish street-costume,

No. 6.

for a girl of eight years. The coat is of brown cloth and Astrakhan. The full skirt at the back is attached to the basque with a fur band. The fronts are double-breasted, the upper one being turned back with a fur revers. The collar and cuffs are fur to match. The coat can also be made in bouclé-cloth, with Astrakhan-cloth of the same color. Astrakhan-cloth comes in such good imitation of the seal-fur, which is very expensive, that it is almost universally used. We give the front and back view of the coat.

No. 6—Is an outdoor-coat, of plush and fur, for a girl of six years or a boy of four years. The full plastron, of the plush, is framed in fur, the cuffs and collar matching. The ribbon is satin-faced velvet to match. Brown, navy-blue, and myrtle-green are the most fashionable colors, this season.

No. 7—Is a plaited blouse, of Scotch plaid woolen, for a little boy. The back and front of the elongated waist are laid in box-plaits into a yoke. The blouse fastens at the back, under the middle plait. The skirt is in double box-

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No. 7.

plaits. Full sleeves, into wide cuffs; standing collar. A leather belt-and-buckle covers the waist-seam.

No. 8—Is a blouse house-costume, for a little boy or girl of two to four years. It is made of a black-and-white or blue-and-white checked woolen. The back of the blouse is box-plaited, the front gathered from shoulders and neck, and long enough to fall over the waistband. The skirt is in deep box-plaits. A ribbon sash ties in front with loops-and-ends. The same under the deep collar, also trims the cuffs. An underskirt an inch and a half longer may be

No. 8.

added, or not, at pleasure. This underskirt is to be plain, and the same shade of the ribbon.

CLOSET CONVERTED INTO A BOOKCASE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

A closet treated as seen in the illustration in the front of the number makes as nice a bookcase as one could desire, and with very little expense. Any style portière can be used; the Turkoman makes about as pretty as any, and can be purchased so reasonable now. Double-fold heavy flannel, with bands of a contrasting shade, put on with fancy stitches done in crewel, is very pretty. The shelves should be covered with felt, allowing it to fall over the edge in points. A row of brass-headed tacks along the edge of the shelf is used to keep it in place.

CARNATION STRIPE, IN BERLIN-WOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The beautiful stripe of embroidery which we give, in the front of the number, can be used for many purposes. The original was intended for the back of a chair, to be inserted between two bands of satin, velvet, or plush; but it will also answer as a border for a piano-cover, the finishing of curtains, etc., etc. It can also be used for the stripe of an Afghan. The flowers can be done in any of the many colors of carnations, now so often seen.

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DEMI-SAISON JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This Jacket is close-fitting at the back and fastens slantwise in front. The pattern consists of:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Half of Side-Back.
4. Upper and Under Parts of Sleeve.

The darts are marked by the dotted lines. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The Jacket may be made in either plain or checked cloth, or of the same material as the costume. It is trimmed with flat braid on the edges, and with shaped plaques of braid on the chest, cuffs, and points of the high standing collar, all of which can be purchased ready-formed at any trimming-store.

HOME-MADE RUG.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a home-made rug. A rug made after the following directions will be found much prettier than can be represented in an engraving: It is made of woolen rags, which should be cut into strips three-quarters of an inch wide—on the bias, when possible. These are sewed together like carpet-rags, only joining all the light and dark separately. They are then knit in section, plain garter-stitch on coarse needles, and afterward overhanded together on the under side. The centre is knit of the dark rags, and should be a quarter of a yard wide and one yard long. Then twentyeight of each, the light and dark blocks, measuring an eighth of a yard square, are joined on the centre. The border is six inches wide. It is knit of the dark with light corners. Line the centre only with bed-ticking. Of course, the design may be varied, according as the taste suggests.

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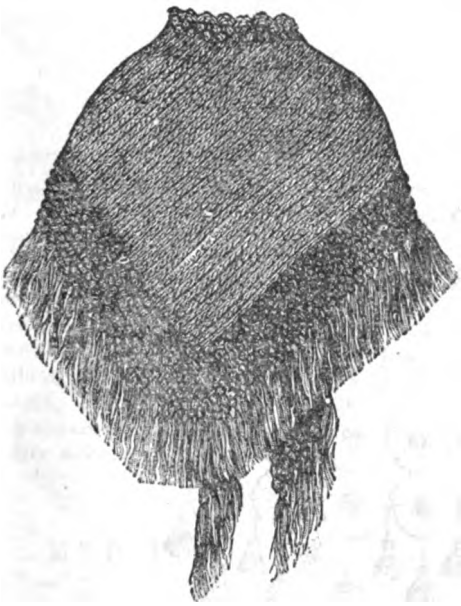
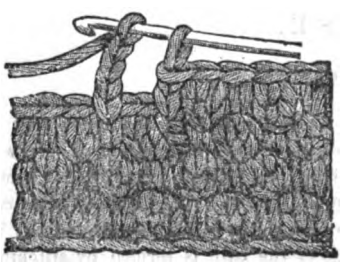
HALF-SHAWL, IN TRICOTÉ AND CROCHET.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



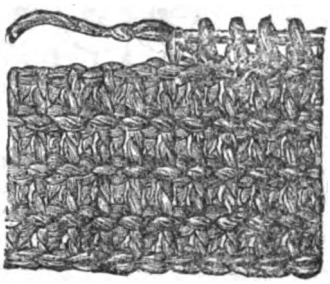
No. 1.

This is a three-cornered shawl, done in tricoté. Illustration No. 2 shows how tricoté is done. It is like plain crochet, except that all the stitches are left upon the needle until the end of the row is done: then the wool is pulled through, each stitch being dropped as the wool is pulled through. The shawl is very pretty in two soft colors, such as pink and white or gray



No. 2.

and white, and can be made any size. To follow the illustration, we should take Berlin-wool and make a chain of one hundred and eighty stitches, then proceed exactly as in ordinary tricoté, till we have had the stitches once on the needle and once off again. Then, instead of taking up the front of the stitch on our needle, we take up the back of it. As we begin at one of the straight sides, we must not forget to decrease one in each row, either at the beginning or what is called the right-hand of the work, or at the end of the row, or left-hand. It must not be at both, or we could not get an exact half-square. To decrease at the beginning or right side of the work, we take up two loops and work them into one, or we miss a loop. Decrease one stitch in every row, except in every fifth row, when we decrease two. Going on in this way, we naturally come to one stitch only, when this part of the shawl is finished. For the border: First



No. 3.

stitch, single-crochet. Keep this on the needle, while we go to the next and make four chains, which we work into our first stitch; third, single-stitch: fourth, the four chain again; and so on till we get to the end of the two sides. Then we begin again, only reversing the stitches, and so continue until we have done sixteen rows. The effect is very pretty: it seems to make a series of little knots, which you may see in illustration No. 1. At the edge of this, we knot-in a fringe of the two colors of the wool. For the cross-side, we make the same border, only working three rows, and finish by crocheting first a single-stitch, then a chain of five, and working it into the third stitch, and so on to the end. At the end of each row of the border, we break off and begin again.

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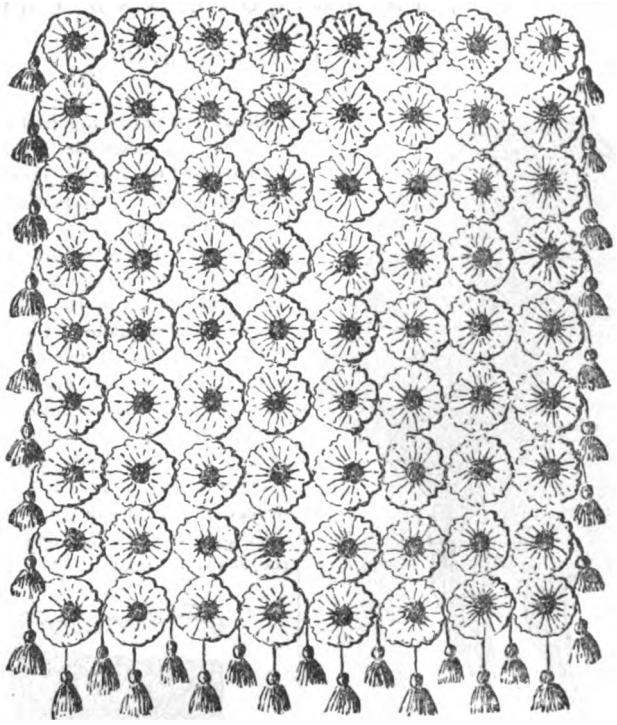
MARGUERITE TIDY.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



One of the prettiest and most inexpensive of tidies for ordinary use is the "Marguerite" tidy. To make one, take pieces of white muslin —remnants may be used in this way—and, with a tumbler for a guide, mark the circles on them. Cut them out, turn the edges and gather them around, draw them up quite closely, and fasten the thread—a little circle will be left in the middle. Fill this space with stitches of yellow worsted, cutting it after each stitch, so that, when finished and trimmed, it will resemble the golden centre of a field-daisy. Make seventytwo of these, and join them together, as seen here. The little tassels are made of the yellow worsted. The same idea can be carried out in light-blue silesia, or Turkey-red.

MUSIC-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This elegant music-case is made of cardboard, olive-colored plush, and olive-colored satin, and a great thing in its favor is that it is quite easy to make. The cardboard should be fifteen inches long and fifteen and a half inches deep. Both plush and satin should be cut a little larger, to permit of stitching together before the cardboard is passed in, the side left open under the front-fold being sewed neatly on the outside. Before stitching the materials together, the portion of plush which is to form the outer fold should have a sprig or branch embroidered on it with red and olive-colored silk and gold thread, something like the illustration. The two ends of the case are made of plush, lined with satin, and put in full. The top of the case is formed by stitching-in a steel rod or a very thick knitting-needle. The handle is made of cord covered with plush, and made fast to the bag by bronze pins or clasps; the lock should also be of bronze, to match the pins.

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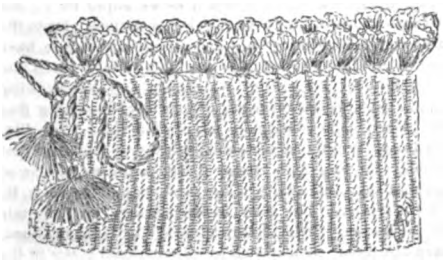
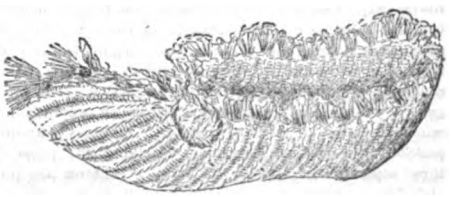
SLUMBER-SLIPPERS.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.





These are so easily made and so very comfortable for those suffering with cold feet, that one would never wish to be without a pair, after having used them. They can be made of any color; these are a rose-pink, and are made of "Midnight yarn," which comes at eighteen cents a skein; one is more than enough for a pair. They are crocheted the rib-stitch. Make a chain of fifty stitches. Second row, single-crochet in the back of the loop or chain. Make one stitch and turn the work. Single-crochet in back part of the stitch, so on until you have fifty rib rows, join it, and crochet a row of openwork around the top, to run the cord through, and a row of shells above this. Make the cord and tassels of the same. You'll see by Fig. 2 the foot shapes the slipper. These slippers are great comforts to old people.

END FOR BUREAU-SCARF, IN OUTLINE.

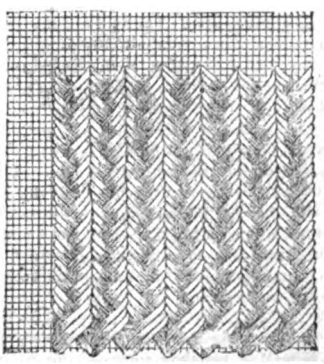
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, one of the prettiest designs of the season. It is of wild-roses, for the end of a bureau-scarf, or may be used for various ornamental purposes. The whole can be done in one color, in wash-silk or cotton, or it may be done in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves, and the circles can be worked in gold thread.

POINT DE TRESSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give here a new stitch for working on canvas, with either silks or wool. Pass four threads on the bias, making three points, as seen in the illustration. The threads lap under and over each other, producing a plaited effect. This embroidery is very serviceable. It is admirable for a chair-bolster, footstool, etc.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE OPENING YEAR.—Never, in its long prosperous course, has "Peterson" commenced a new year with more brilliant auguries and solid reasons for success. The new prospectus points out the numerous fresh features of interest in store, and it is certain that no other magazine can approach them in variety and attraction. The press generally is constantly repeating a fact which cannot be too much dwelt on: it is that "Peterson" occupies a unique position in periodical literature, supplying the place of three separate magazines. Its literary contents are furnished by writers whose celebrity equals that of any purely literary magazine of the first class. Its steel and wood engravings cannot be surpassed by the best art-journals; and, where fashion-plates, dress-patterns, designs for every species of needlework, and hints and recipes necessary to the household are concerned, it stands unrivaled. The best newspapers in the country admit that our premiums, this year, to persons getting up clubs, have never been equaled, and the proof that this statement has been widely read and accepted is the way in which fresh subscriptions have been pouring in since the issue of the new prospectus. That the household which contains "Peterson" possesses in reality three first-class magazines is a fact to be remembered at this season. We give no show-numbers at the end and beginning of the year. During the entire twelvemonth, there will be found no flagging, no falling-off, in any particular. Much admired as the steel and wood engravings in the last two numbers have been, many of those already selected for the present year will be found superior to them. The stories in these numbers, which have gained such praise, deserve no higher encomiums than those which are to come; and, in the fashion and family departments, our new arrangements will enable us to be, both in the excellence of the illustrations and the fullness and novelty of designs and descriptions, a more efficient guide to ladies than ever before, invaluable as our assistance has always been.

UNNECESSARY IRRITATION.—This should be most carefully guarded against, with children. These little creatures are tender and delicate and fragile; they are deeply sensitive to a thousand and one matters of which a grown-up person would take no notice. Their comprehension is so limited, that we forget that things which are so plain to us are great problems to them, and, in our impatience, we frequently show the greatest injustice. This injustice the child keenly feels, yet cannot reason about—it only knows, in a dumb kind of way, that it is not so wrong as it is said to be, and a sullenness and obstinacy of disposition are frequently produced or fostered in this way.

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who wish to get up small clubs, and say they prefer an extra copy to any other premium. Such a premium certainly has this advantage: it keeps coming every month in the year.

WE WILL SEND the magazine for 1888 and either our "Choice Gems" or premium engraving for $2.50.

OUR DECEMBER NUMBER, much as we hoped for it, has met with a success even beyond our expectations. From the press and from hosts of new and old subscribers, we have received the most satisfactory assurance in regard to it and the proof of "Peterson's" widespread and ever-growing popularity. We have seldom given a steel-engraving that has gained more unanimous admiration than "The Old, Old Story," and the tale which illustrates it, "At Pentecost Manor," by Miss Alice Maud Ewell, is praised as one of the most charming efforts of her facile pen. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper's story, "The Room at Heronsmere," and the tale for the season, "Two Christmas-Gifts," by Georgia Grant, have also been extensively selected for special notice in the lavish commendation bestowed on the literary portion of the number. Indeed, there has been but one verdict as to all the illustrations and the entire contents. The complete reliance always to be placed in the fashion and household departments of "Peterson" is dwelt on by newspapers and subscribers in a manner which is truly gratifying, as it proves that the unstinted pains and expense bestowed thereon are thoroughly understood and appreciated.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and three cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

WHAT LADIES WILL FIND.—The Hartford (Conn.) Times says: "The ladies will find, in 'Peterson's Magazine,' choice information pertaining to fashion and household-matters; but its main attraction is the literary department. Its stories, etc., etc., are by some of our best-known writers, and are of the most interesting character. The home that does not include 'Peterson' misses a friend that it cannot afford to do without."

"EARLIEST AND BEST."—The Worthington (Ind.) Times says: "'Peterson's Magazine' is the earliest as it is the best of all the lady's-magazines published. A glance at its pages shows that nothing more can be desired, both from an artistic and literary point of view, where fashion and household-need are concerned. No lady who wants to keeps posted on the prevailing fashions can afford to be without 'Peterson.'"

"PETERSON'S" POPULARITY.—The Corsicana (Texas) Observer says of a recent number of "Peterson": "This popular magazine is the first of this line of literature on the editor's table. Its colored-plate engravings are beauties and the illustrations all excellent. Its pages are filled with crisp, sparkling, original thoughts from some of the most brilliant authors of this century."

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1888.—We have never offered a more beautiful gift-book than "Choice Gems." It is a collection of the finest steel-plate engravings of pictures by the most celebrated modern artists. It will be very handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and will prove not only an ornamental volume, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

Another premium will be a large steel-engraving, called "The Wreath of Immortelles," size twentyone by twenty-seven inches; a very lovely thing it is, too, and will make a beautiful ornament for any home. You can get either or both of these handsome premiums by getting up a club for "Peterson," as per terms on second page of cover.

Some persons may prefer an extra copy of the magazine as a premium; but that and one or both of the other premiums can be had by getting up one of the larger clubs.

The premiums for the coming year are finer and richer than ever, and the magazine will possess new attractions to make it more than ever a necessity to every lady and the delight of every household.

Begin now to get up a club for next year; by so doing, you will be able to secure a larger one.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Having many applications for books to be sent in place of our regular premiums, we have made arrangements with the publishers by which we are enabled to offer bound volumes of the works of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, one of the most popular female writers of America. In place of our premium-book "Choice Gems," we will send any one of the following books by Mrs. Burnett: Kathleen, Theo, Pretty Polly Pemberton, Miss Crespigny, Lindsay's Luck, A Quiet Life, Jarl's Daughter, price $1.00 each, handsomely bound in cloth, or any one of the following useful and interesting books, bound in cloth, price $1.00 each: Cyclopedia of Natural History, comprising descriptions of animal-life—mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc.—with five hundred illustrations. What Everyone Should Know: a cyclopedia of practical information—a very useful book for reference. The National Standard Dictionary: a book of over six hundred pages, containing about forty thousand words correctly spelled, properly pronounced, and exactly defined. Boys' Useful Pastimes: a book for boys, describing pleasant and profitable amusement for spare hours. Burt's Selected Gems of Song: a choice collection of favorite songs, with accompaniment for piano or organ. Or we will send any one of our former premiums—Golden Gift, Pearl of Price, Forget-Me-Not, or Book of Beauty, instead of "Choice Gems."

For a club of eight, with $12.00, or for a club of fifteen, with $21.00, we will send as premiums an extra copy of the magazine, and, instead of "Choice Gems" and engraving, any one of the following books by Mrs. Southworth, the retail price of which is $1.50 each: Ishmael, Self-Raised, The Phantom Wedding, The Missing Bride, How He Won Her, A Beautiful Fiend, The Family Doom, The Maiden Widow, The Changed Brides, The Mother-in-Law, The Discarded Daughter, The Haunted Homestead, Lost Heir of Linlithgow, A Noble Lord, The Bridal Eve, The Gipsy's Prophecy, The Widow's Son, The Bride of Llewellyn, The Prince of Darkness, The Mystery of Dark Hollow, The Deserted Wife, The Curse of Clifton, Love's Labor Won, The Lost Heiress, The Artist's Love, The Christmas Guest, Retribution, The Wife's Victory.

These books are not cheap editions, gotten up merely for premiums, but are the publishers' regular editions.

We have never before made such a liberal offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it by getting up a club.

THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS of tracing our patterns. The quickest way is to use a tracing-wheel. We will send such a tracing-wheel by mail, when requested, for fifteen cents. This offer is confined to subscribers, however, as it is for their convenience we make it, and for theirs only.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Jean Menteith. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Miss McClelland's first novel, "Oblivion," was a book of such uncommon power and interest as to gain at once for its author a firm standing-place in the field of literary fiction; and her second work, "The Princess," if it did not add to her position, at least did not detract therefrom. But this new story, "Jean Menteith," will strengthen her standing and place her still further in advance. Out of simple materials, she has woven a plot interesting in itself, and worked out with true artistic skill. The scene is laid among the Cumberland Mountains of Northern Alabama. The characteristics of the region and its inhabitants are described with rare fidelity. The different personages stand forth clear and individual, and from first to last the interest felt in them is earnest and absorbing. The heroine, Jean Menteith, is a beautiful creation, and the hero—what is so seldom the case in recent novels—worthy her admiration and love. To give any description of the plot of a tale is always an injustice to its writer. It is enough here to say that Miss McClelland has produced a book which will not only charm story-readers who merely read for the sake of the story, but prove highly attractive to the large class of thinking people who nowadays seek in fiction psychological studies of character and life.

A Bunch of Violets. By Miss Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This volume is the fit successor in the series of beautiful art-books issued by this house during the past few years. Charming as all Miss Jerome's former productions have been, she has never shown greater prodigality of fancy, rarer delicacy of touch, and poetry of sentiment than in this exquisite work. The book is a royal quarto, bound in English cloth and enriched with emblematic designs in black and gold, from the pen of Ipsen, whose fame as a cover-designer is unrivaled. The publishers have issued, in the same elegant style, new editions of Miss Jerome's previous art-volumes, "One Year's Sketch-Book," "The Message of the Bluebird," and "Nature's Hallelujah," each a marvel in its way, and forming, with this new production, a quartette of holiday publications matchless in interest and beauty.

Theo. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—"Theo" belongs to the list of novelets which helped to establish Mrs. Burnett's literary reputation, and is one of the most delightful stories she has ever written. The same house has published, in uniform edition, "Kathleen," "Jarl's Daughter," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "Lindsay's Luck," and "A Quiet Life." Each of these tales is so complete and perfect in its way, that to select any one for notice above the others would not be easy to do. A set of more charming love-stories is not to be found in recent fiction.

Life of Longfellow. By George Lowell Austin. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A new edition of the most complete and reliable life of the poet which has ever appeared. The volume contains many illustrations that give a clear idea of Longfellow's surroundings from the place of his birth to that of his death. There are numerous interesting facts and details which have never before been given to the public, and one gains glimpses of the circumstances or suggestions which called forth many of his finest poems. The work is an absolute necessity to the countless admirers of Longfellow.

Self-Raised; or, From the Depths. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. $1.50. "Self-Raised" is a sequel to "Ishmael; or, In the Depths," the most popular novel among this famous author's voluminous works. As a rule, any attempt at a sequel to an interesting story proves a lamentable failure. Not so in this case. This continuation was indeed necessary to the full development of the plot and characters, and has been worked out with consummate skill and dramatic force.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY.—Every week brings us scores of the most gratifying letters from old and new subscribers, full of praise and appreciation. Where all are so commendatory, it is really difficult to make a selection; but we choose a few at random from the pile which has accumulated during the last fortnight: A lady, who has sent us clubs, every year, for thirtyone years, writes: "I was perfectly delighted with the beautiful book and engraving, premiums for 1888. Truly, you do keep right up to the mark as regards the premiums and magazine." A lady from Indiana, in sending her club for 1888, says: "One of the club did without 'Peterson,' last year, but declares she can do so no more—that 'our styles are superior to all other magazines.' Three of the others are old friends, who dropped out of its ranks for awhile, but are glad to get back." A newly-married lady writes to us: "This is my first year of housekeeping, but I do not mean to do without 'Peterson.' It was one of my wedding-presents, and is now one of the necessities." "A friend sent 'Peterson' to me, as a Christmas present: and I must say, of all presents I have ever received, I value it the most." A Philadelphia lady writes: "You are the only magazine that can lay claim to first-class excellence in the three departments of literature, fashion, and art. All three are combined, in 'Peterson,' in a superior degree."

HOME SANITATION.—The welfare of our nation is made or marred by the health of its children. Sanitary education and reform must begin in the household, and in the hands of housekeepers lies the perfection of a nation's populace. Each town or city should have officers, selected from competent physicians or chemists, who would be privileged to inspect the products of the market and condemn as poisonous to human diet all adulterated articles. It is a question whether many diseases of the kidneys, which, of late, have become so prevalent, and many forms of paralysis, have not been the outcome of misguided use, as an article of daily food, of some of the gross adulterations imposed upon the public. Until some system can be adopted by the Government to protect public health, housekeepers and heads of families must acknowledge their indebtedness to the Price Baking-Powder Co., for placing within reach of all an article of diet, pure, wholesome, and strong. It has stood the test of time and analysis, and, when endorsed and advocated by chemists and food-analysts of world-wide reputation, headed by Professor Doremus, of New York, the public must feel assured that Dr. Price's Cream Baking-Powder is the strongest, purest, and healthiest, free from ammonia, lime, or alum, and most highly recommended for family use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

FISH.

Croquettes of Fish.—Take cold cooked fish; mince it very fine; remove the bones. Mix one-half breadcrumb; season with pepper and salt; mix it stiff with a little cream, and form into small balls or cakes; roll them in yolk of egg and in cracker-dust, and fry them in boiling lard. They can either be served dry or with sauce. Garnish the dish with parsley.

To Scallop Oysters.—Take the oysters out of their liquor, let them be free of grit or shell. Put in a baking-dish a layer of oysters and one of breadcrumb seasoned with pepper, salt, and butter, then a layer of oysters, and so on until the dish is filled, covering the top with breadcrumb. Bake in the oven for three-quarters of an hour.

MEATS.

Minced Veal.—Remove all outside pieces, gristle, and fat from any cold veal, roast or boiled. Mince it finely either with a knife or mincing-machine; season with pepper and salt, chopped lemon-peel, and a blade of mace. Put it in a stewpan with sufficient white stock to moisten it well, and let it simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling. Remove the mace, add sufficient cream to make it quite white, stir it over the fire, and serve in a dish with a border of mashed haricot-beans, potatoes, or spinach. Poached eggs may be served on the top, or tiny rolls of bacon may be arranged symmetrically, either with or without the eggs.

Fried Salt Pork.—Cut fat salt pork in thin slices; pour hot water over them; drain, and fry in a pan until crisp; or roll in egg and crumb, and fry in deep hot fat. Serve with salt fish or fried mush or baked potatoes.

VEGETABLES.

Hominy.—Hominy requires no soaking. Measure it, say a breakfastcupful; wash it in warm water twice, then in cold, and drain it. Put into a clean saucepan five times the measure—not weight—of water, and half a teaspoonful of salt; when the water boils, throw in the hominy, and boil it half an hour. Strain the water (if any) from it, pour it evenly on to a flat dish, let it get cold, then cut it in narrow oblong pieces. Break an egg, and beat it well with a tablespoonful of milk; dip each piece of hominy in this, and fry it in plenty of fat, boiling when the hominy is put in; turn each when it will lie firmly across the back of a knife. Let it be of a golden-brown color. This may be eaten with any roast meat. If wanted for a sweet, omit the salt; and, when the hominy is strained, add two ounces of butter, and, when cold, cut it into small pieces and fry it. This, when served, may be covered with jam or marmalade, or a spoonful of cream on each. It is delicate, nourishing, and has not the constipating effect of rice.

DESSERTS.

A Simple and Excellent Pudding.—Cut thin slices of bread and butter; butter a pint basin, put in the bottom a tablespoonful of raspberry jam, then alternately bread and butter and jam, till the basin is nearly full; beat up an egg with half a pint of milk, two ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, and a little nutmeg; strain it over the bread and jam, and in twenty minutes tie it down with a pudding-cloth; put it into fast-boiling water up to the rim of the basin, and, after the water again boils, cook slowly for twenty minutes. Serve with a thin sauce, made of corn-flour and water, a little sugar, and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, or six drops of essence of vanilla.

Prunes.—A dainty dish, to serve with cake as the last course at dinner, is made by stewing prunes of the best quality until they are tender and the pits will slip out easily; stew them in as little water as possible. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add almost as much sugar as if you were making frosting; drain the water from the prunes, mix them with the eggs and sugar, and set in the oven to harden. Serve cold.

Ambrosia is only a fancy term for "corn-flour pudding" that requires no boiling. One ounce of corn-flour to each pint of milk, one ounce of butter, and two ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg. Mix the flour with a little cold milk; boil the butter, milk, sugar, and flavoring together, when it boils nearly to the top of the saucepan, pour it on the corn-flour, and stir it well till somewhat cold, then serve it.

CAKES.

Rich Pound-Cake.—One pound of sultana raisins, one pound of flour, one-quarter pound of flour of rice, three-quarters of a pound of butter, nine eggs, one pound of sifted white sugar, some almonds and pieces of lemon-peel. Melt the butter to a cream, but do not let it oil; add the sugar, leaving some to add to the eggs. Whisk the whites and yolks of the eggs separately—the whites should be beaten for at least twenty minutes; then gradually pour the eggs on to the

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butter, and keep whipping all the time, adding the other ingredients by degrees. Bake in a slow oven.

Flat Sandwich-Cake.—The weight of five eggs in flour, sugar, and butter; this, with the eggs, makes a light batter. Place it in equal quantities in two shallow round tins, well buttered. When baked, split the cake with a knife, place raspberry jam on the inside of one half, press the other down, and cut into triangular pieces across and across the centre. One large tin would do equally well, but the pieces, when cut, would be of an awkward shape.

Inexpensive Plum-Cake.—One-half pound of butter beaten to a cream, then mix one-half pound of moist sugar, one pound of currants, one-quarter pound of mixed peel—or less to taste—cut very small, one-half pound of flour, and four eggs well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The cake should not be eaten new, and is better kept some days.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

So long as fashion decrees that women shall wear corsets, it is wise to select such a make of corset as will conduce most to health, comfort, and appearance. Such a corset, combining all the requisites of ease, health, and beauty, is now to be found in our markets. It is called the "Duplex," readily adjustable to any form, adding grace and a youthful litheness to stiff and ungraceful figures. Its price is very low—$1.00—considering the workmanship and materials, and the manufacturers justly claim it to be the standard corset. The "Duplex" received first award at the Adelaide Exposition of 1857 in Australia.

Opium and Morphine Habits Cured.—Honest investigators, anxious to be cured at home, without pain, nervousness, loss of sleep, or interference with business, should write at once to Dr. H. W. Comstock, President of the H. R. Co., Lafayette, Ind., for full information. Correspondence strictly private. All mail-matter securely sealed. Terms low. Treatment sent on trial, and no pay asked until benefited.

Catarrh Cured.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"Improves With Age."—The Philadelphia Item says: "'Peterson's Magazine,' like wine, improves with age. It is fully up to the times in every particular. Numerous and beautiful are the fashion-plates, accompanied with full and clear descriptions. The literary department is enriched with prose and poetry from the pens of prominent writers."

Additions May be Made to a Club, at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, to entitle the sender to another premium, we will send it. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. They are always welcome.

We will send "The Wreath of Immortelles," or any of our former premium engravings, to any subscriber, for fifty cents, and the book of "Choice Gems," or any of our premium books, for seventyfive cents.

Silk-warp corduroy is a favorite dress-material; but the new Velutina, with velvet pile, leads the line of various velvety textiles in the market.

COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

Too little attention is paid to the food prepared for children; the care and arrangement are left to servants, who are either incompetent themselves, or care so little about the matter as to cook it in the manner they find the easiest to themselves. It is of great consequence to fix the times of taking food, as well as to regulate the quantity given to a child. The mother should, unless she has servants who can be thoroughly trusted, personally attend to these arrangements; it is her province. There is great danger that an infant, under three years of age, will be overfed, if it be left to the discretion of the nurse. These persons, generally, to stop the screaming of a child, whether it proceed from pain, or crossness, or repletion—as it often does—give it something to eat, often that which is very injurious, to tempt the appetite; if it will only eat and stop crying, they do not care for the future inconvenience which this habit of indulgence may bring on the child and its mother. Arrange as early as possible the regular times of giving food to children, according to their age and constitution. Young infants require food every two hours when awake; after three months old, they may go three hours, then cautiously lengthen the time, as the child can bear it. But remember that all temperaments are not alike. Some of the same age may require more food than others. One rule, however, will apply to all—never give food to amuse a child, or to keep it quiet when it is not hungry, or to reward it for being good. You may as rationally expect to extinguish a fire by pouring on oil, as to cure a peevish temper, or curb a violent one, by pampering the appetite for luxuries in diet; and all the traits of goodness you thus seek to foster will, in the end, prove as deceptive as the mirage of green fields and cool lakes to the traveler in the hot sands of the desert. We lately heard a lady remark that her children were so subject to fevers, a slight cold or fall always producing them, and her doubts as how to account for it. The result was just what might have been anticipated: the family indulged in the richest kind of food, the children being always allowed to eat whatever they fancied; naturally, they did not care for bread and milk and plain wholesome food when they could have an unlimited supply of dainties, and this mother seemed to consider that cramming her children with good things until their blood was almost in a state of inflammation was a high credit to her good housekeeping. But do not err on the other hand, and, for fear your child should be overfed, allow it insufficient nourishment. There is not, in our country, much reason to fear that such will be the case; the danger is generally on the side of excess. Still, we must not forget that the effects from a system of slow starvation are, if not so suddenly fatal as that of repletion, more terrible, because it reduces the intellectual as well as the physical nature of man till he is hardly equal to the brutes. The rational course seems to be to feed infants till about three years old chiefly with milk and mild farinaceous vegetable preparations; a large portion of good bread, light, well baked, and cold, should be given them; after that period, to proportion their solid food to the amount of exercise they are able to take. Children who play abroad in the open air will require more hearty nourishment, more meat, than those who are kept confined in the house or school-room. From the age of ten or twelve to sixteen or eighteen, when the growth is most rapid, and the exercises—of boys especially—most violent, a sufficiency of plain nourishing food should be given; there is little danger of their taking too much, if it is of the right kind and properly cooked. But do not allow them to eat hot bread, rich pastry, and an unlimited supply of sweets; nor drink strong coffee, or use any kind of stimulating drinks. Fruits are naturally healthy in their season, if rightly taken; no one, however, should eat fruit unless it is thoroughly ripe. Fruits that have seeds are much healthier than the stone fruits, except peaches. But all fruits are better, for very young children, if baked or cooked in some manner and eaten with bread. Apples and winter pears are very excellent food for children—

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indeed, for almost any person in health; but best when eaten at breakfast or dinner. If taken late in the evening, fruit often proves injurious. Both apples and pears are often good and nutritious when baked or stewed for those delicate constitutions that cannot bear raw fruit. Much of the fruit gathered when unripe might be rendered fit for food by preserving in a moderate quantity of sugar.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN FABRIC-PAINTING.

NUMBER ONE.

So various and beautiful are the designs in stamping-patterns, adapted as they are to every variety of fabric-decoration, that the amateur artist finds few, if any, obstacles in the way of creating articles of value and beauty.

HOW TO DO STAMPING.

Arrange the pattern on the goods, rough side of the perforations up. Place a weight on the upper left-hand corner of the pattern, to hold it in place. Take up some powder on the pouncet, and rub over the perforations, taking up more powder as occasion requires. The pattern may be carefully lifted on the right-hand side, to see if impression is fully taken. If not, rub on more powder.

TO SET STAMPING.

If the goods is muslin, cloth, silk, satin, or felt, lay clean newspaper over the stamping, and press with a moderately hot iron. Muslin will bear more heat than the other fabrics. If the goods is plush or velvet, hold the wrong side of the goods over top of cooking-stove from three to five minutes, or until the impression will not rub. Use white powder for dark goods and blue for light goods.

CUSHION-TOP.

Black satin makes a handsome and durable cushion. A suitable decoration would be a spray of the golden-yellow field-daisies, with rich reddish-brown centres; a few fern-sprays in design would add greatly to the effect. Select a stamping-pattern of daisies and fern, about six by eleven inches in size. Use white powder to do the stamping. Sable-brushes are best for painting on satin. This design will require Nos. 2, 4, and 6, also a small bottle of pale drying-oil, to use in mixing and blending the paint. A pane of glass will do for a palette on which to take out your colors. Each separate shade should have two or three drops of oil well mixed through it, before applying to design. In painting on satin, oil must be used sparingly, or the goods will be soiled. It is a good plan to lay a piece of old muslin on the painting-board, and over this a thin layer of corn-starch. Thumb-tacks are useful for holding fabrics in place while they are being painted. Winson & Newton tube oil-paint in the following colors will be needed for this design: chrome-yellow No. 1, lemon-yellow, bright Zinnober-green, chrome-green No. 1, brown-madder, Kremmitz-white.

Give the entire design first a coat of white; this acts as a body-color. When it is dry, the natural shades are laid on. Mix lemon and chrome yellow for the daisy-petals, making some a deeper yellow than others. When the petals are dry, make the centres of brown-madder, laying the color on heavy.

Paint the leaves and the fern-sprays in the two shades of green. The cushion may have the under-side of rich gold satin, and be finished with chenille balls at the corners.

Our advertising columns tell where the necessary materials for painting can be had.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lovely Girlhood.—As many as there are flowers in the garden, so many sweet and lovely types of girlhood are there to be found in the world. For all the false doctrines and uncomfortable practices afloat, the race of lovely girlhood still flourishes amain, and no pessimism is so disastrous as that which denies this palpable and most comforting truth. Here is a creature, for instance—can you better her? Cheerful but never boisterous, happy but never thoughtless, our bonnie lassie is the peacemaker, the universal helper, the sympathizer, the active worker of her home. Whatever is wanted, she can supply; and she can do all that is needed for the comfort of everyone. She is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, hands to the incapable. If anything is to be done for grandmamma, it is she who does it. When mother is ill, it is she who waits on her, who looks after the little ones and does the housekeeping. Loving, unselfish, energetic, industrious, she has no ambition outside the circle of home and its affection; and she does not pretend to intellectual merit. She adores her mother, and lives in perfect peace with her sisters—which does not prevent her giving her whole heart to her lover, nor make her less than helpful and tender to a comparative stranger. She is of the most perfect type of a womanhood content to live in the shade of home and a strong man's love. Wherever she goes, she will carry peace and create happiness—her influence will be ever essentially pure and gentle. She will know nothing of "burning questions," so she will not be able to discuss them. The deeper riddles of life and morality, of society and humanity, she will not touch, nor will they trouble the serene loveliness of her thoughts. All that she knows or ever will know is: that life is sweet because of her affection and her duty, because her conscience is void of offense before God and man, because she knows neither idleness nor repining, neither the pangs of unsatisfied ambition nor the fiery pain of passion, of jealousy, of envy, or of hate. Love, with her, is sunshine, not flame; and home is her altar, not her dungeon. Such a girlhood as this is, indeed and in truth, choice beyond words: and we reverence it and love it as we would some goddess in her maidenhood, before she had used her power

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—Evening-Dress, of Dark-Red Bengaline. The train is long and plain. The front of the dress has a black lace trimming, studded with hanging jet ornaments, and is finished on either side and around the bottom with a beaded jet trimming. The bodice, which is cut V-shape back and front, is ornamented with the beaded jet; and the sleeves, which reach to the elbow only, are covered with a lace like that on the front of the dress.

Fig. II.—Evening-Dress, of Royal-Purple Velvet. The train is long and plain, comes from the front in panier-fashion. It is drawn far back, and is rather narrow behind. The front of the dress is ornamented with a rich violet-and-lilac brocade. The pointed bodice is trimmed with the brocade, and has a narrow plaiting of plain lilac satin. Puff of lilac feathers in the hair.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress, of Delicate Yellow Tulle, Woven with Pearls. The underskirt is cut in panels, each of which is edged with white satin ribbon. The overskirt is carelessly draped, and fastened by loose rosettes of white satin ribbon. The bodice is round at the waist, and is trimmed with bretelles of satin ribbon. Ribbon bows on the shoulders. White satin waistband and bow in the hair.

Fig. IV.—Evening-Dress, of Black Lace over Pink Silk. The lace is put on full over the plain pink underskirt, and is draped according to fancy. The bodice is slightly pointed, the trimming put on V-shape back and front, but filled in, to form a square, with plaitings of pink tulle. Pink feathers in the hair.

Fig. V.—Evening-Dress, of Blue Silk. The underskirt is trimmed with drooping gilt ornaments. The overdress is of blue satin, lined with light-yellow satin, which shows in the jabot-drapery at the sides, and caught up by a large

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bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. The bodice is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY-STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is laid in full plaits. The tunic is full and looped. The jacket is of black plush, is close-fitting, and has cuffs and collar of otter-fur. The collar is finished with a satin tie, edged with jet. Gray felt hat, trimmed with black plush and a gray feather.

FIG. VII.—SPANISH JACKET, FOR EVENING-WEAR. It is made of broché-silk, edged with beads of the color of the jacket. The chemisette and puffed sleeves are of embroidered net, and the cuffs match the jacket. A lace flounce forms the basque. The satin waistband is of the color of the skirt or of the jacket, as may be preferred.

FIG. VIII.—FUR WRAP, trimmed with a quilted border, and having a full vest of brown surah. This is a good way to enlarge a wrap which is rather small for the wearer.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH. The drapery is simple. The front is of the cloth, and the side-panels are of black velvet. The bodice is close-fitting, and has a velvet collar. The trimming on the front of the dress and bodice is of gray ostrich-feathers. The hat and muff, of black velvet, are trimmed with gray ostrich-feathers.

FIG. X.—BODICE, OF DARK-RED ELASTIC CLOTH, with four folds in front and also at the back. The collar, cuffs, and waistband are of black velvet. Oxydized buckle.

FIG. XI.—MUFF, OF BEAVER-FUR, ornamented with brown plush bows. Brown cord for the neck.

FIG. XII.—VISITE, OF SEAL-FUR, made very full over the tournure, and with rounded sleeves, which are formed with the back. Brown plush bonnet, trimmed with stiff feathers.

FIG. XIII.—GLOVE, FOR EVENING-DRESS, embroidered on the back of the hand.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, with coronet-front, trimmed with jet and pink feathers.

FIG. XV.—BODICE, OF DARK-RED SURAH SILK, with plaited front, and ornamented with red satin ribbon. A line of the ribbon is placed on the outside of the sleeve, and ends in loops at the elbow.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF BROWN BEAVER, trimmed with satin ribbon, and feathers to correspond.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, OF BLACK CRÈPE, FOR MOURNING, trimmed with stiff loops of crèpe, and crèpe bow under the chin.

FIG. XVIII.—FUR CAPE, made of sealskin. The muff is also of seal. The boa is of mink, as well as the trimming on the muff. Hat of fancy velvet.

FIG. XIX.—MUFF, OF BEAVER, trimmed with brown cord.

FIG. XX.—SKATING OR WALKING DRESS, OF GREEN CLOTH, with side-panels of green plush. The sides are trimmed with black Astrakhan. Close-fitting bodice and green felt hat, all trimmed with black Astrakhan.

FIG. XXI.—SKATING OR WALKING DRESS. The skirt is of dark-blue cloth, laid in box-plaits. The bodice is of blue and dark-red striped cloth, with yoke, cuffs, and waistband of dark-blue velveteen. Muff to correspond with the bodice. Large hat, of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. XXII.—SKATING OR WALKING DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH. The plain skirt, of black velveteen, is edged with a broad band of gray Astrakhan-cloth. The tunic is simply draped, and has a narrow trimming of Astrakhan-cloth. The gray cloth jacket, which opens over a black velveteen vest, and the black velveteen muff, are trimmed with gray Astrakhan-cloth. Hat of Astrakhan-cloth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Furs of all kinds and arranged in the most varied forms constitute a great feature in the winter's garments. Long cloaks and short sacques and mantles are all made of them, and most of the outdoor-wraps are trimmed in some sort of way with them. They are arranged in bands, lengthwise or around the garments, and are used for collars and cuffs, if for nothing else, on many jackets. Seal is perhaps the most popular fur; but Hudson-Bay sable, black and blue fox, Astrakhan, skunk, raccoon, mink, beaver, and many others, as well as the Astrakhan-cloth—which is an excellent imitation of the fur—are all extensively used. For young people or for older ones, in the country, fur hats are popular. They look warm, and are unnecessarily so—as, in the present style, they cover only the top of the head, which does not need so much heat, and leave the ears, back of the head, and neck exposed. The old-fashioned boa is also popular, as well as the Victorines of our mothers' days, and those with the collarettes are most useful, as they can be easily loosened in a warm room, and resumed again in going into the open air.

Lower skirts are usually untrimmed at the bottom, except with a band of fur; but the box and side plaits so long popular continue so, and fall much better over the feet than the quite plain untrimmed skirt. Bands of black velvet or wide galloons or braiding are sometimes used.

Draperies are mostly long in front and back, and quite full, frequently arranged to show a panel at the side, or they open over a side-plaiting.

The polonaise is popular for stout persons; but this requires to fit exquisitely, to look well.

Basques are very much worn, and are longer on the hips than they have been. They, like all other bodices, are a good deal trimmed on the front—vests, plastrons, and all kinds of silk and other chemisettes being popular. The modes of trimming them are so varied that it is quite impossible to describe them; but we refer to our many fashion-engravings of the last two or three months for the newest winter styles in these and other parts of the costumes.

Round bodices are most becoming for slender persons, and are much liked as a change from the basque and pointed bodice.

The coat-basque, in the Louis-XIV style, is also popular, but more especially for street-wear. It is long, square, and has large pockets on the sides. For the house, it is somewhat shorter, and is ornamented with lace ruffles on the long coat-sleeves, and has a full jabot of lace down the front of the bodice.

Woolen costumes are almost invariable for street-wear, though velvet and combinations of satin, silk, etc., etc., are worn for more dressy occasions.

Trained dresses are becoming more general for the house, and, for elderly people, are certainly much more elegant.

Black lace is universally used for indoor-gowns, either in the piece-lace or flounces and ruffles, more generally in the former. This gown is most useful, as it is sufficient dress for any occasion, and never looks too elaborate. It is usually made over black silk; but dark-red, cream-color, yellow, or pink looks as well.

Jet trimming is very popular, especially in black.

Braiding is again used on woolen gowns. On those for elaborate toilettes, gold and silver braid are liked.

Lower collars and more lace are beginning to appear on house-dresses; but it will take a long while to entirely dislodge the present high military collar. Perhaps the hot weather of next summer may do so.

Wraps, as we have so often said since the cold weather set in, are equally fashionable quite long or short; the former are the more comfortable, the latter the more elegant and dressy. Coat-sleeves are usually worn on the short jackets, while the short mantles and long wraps have wide pointed sleeves or the old-fashioned pagoda-sleeves.

Hats and bonnets vary but little in style. Some bonnets are worn with wider and flaring brims; but the becoming rather small capote still holds its own. The trimming is usually massed high in front, but is not exaggerated. The hats are somewhat less high, and are of most varied forms.

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For young ladies, the turban is a becoming and popular form. Hats and bonnets are no longer pretty or becoming unless they form an agreeable contrast with the hair. A brown complexion and black hair wants "lighting up," but not with pale-blue or pink: these belong to the possession of fair hair, so also does heliotrope. Red and yellow in combination and gobelin with carnation are tints for black hair.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

As the winter advances, furs become more and more in favor. There has been a decided revival in the vogue of Astrakhan, and a close-fitting double-breasted jacket in this fur, with a toque bordered with a band to match, and the little muff completing the whole, forms a walking-costume at once comfortable and stylish. The skirt may be in dark-green or seal-brown or gray cloth, trimmed with bands of Astrakhan. Capote-bonnets in Astrakhan are also made to wear with an outfit of that nature, and are extremely stylish and becoming. The long slender boa is more than ever popular. It is worn in dark fur, in feather imitation of fur, and even in lace, the first material being the most practicable, and therefore the best liked. This new style of boa is so long and so slender that it can be wrapped twice around the neck when the cold of the weather renders extra covering necessary for the throat. Gray Astrakhan is used mostly for trimming, as its light color renders it an unbecoming and impracticable material for a wrap.

The favorite cloaks of the season are the long pelisses, either in stamped velvet or in plush imitating sealskin. The trimming is in fur, either blue fox or chinchilla, or in bands of feather-trimming imitating fur. The lining is in bright-colored quilted satin, scarlet being the favorite shade. For less dressy usage, the Dogaressa pelisse, with half-wide sleeves, made in soft twilled vigogne and lined throughout with fur, is preferred. The short wraps of the season, in velvet, plush, or silk, are covered with beads or embroideries or fur trimmings. For trimming these small and elegant mantles, the lighter kinds of fur, such as natural beaver, silver fox, or chinchilla, are preferred to the sable or skunk furs. With these short wraps, the wearer can don as handsome a toilette as she desires. To wear with the long pelisses in plush or stamped velvet, a short plain skirt in pekin is prepared, with the front breadth (which alone shows under those long ample vestments) either plaited or prettily and elaborately trimmed with passementerie, or else embroidered. It is not wise to wear a handsome toilette with one of these pelisses, as the weight of the wrap crushes the skirt-trimmings, and, besides, the dress is not seen. However, a rich costume may be worn under the pelisse on visiting-days, as it is then always laid aside before the caller enters the drawing-room. These long cloaks have been found so injurious to light and delicate evening-dresses that a revival of the short mantles for ball and opera wear is now in progress. These new wraps are made of very rich pale-tinted stamped velvet, with trimmings of feathers and linings of short-napped plush, the long ends being in plain velvet, finished with elaborate ornaments in passementerie.

The latest style for making up cloth costumes is to have the underskirt elaborately braided in some contrasting color to that of the stuff, and with some intermixture of gold. The overskirt is caught up in full draperies, and opens at one side, the better to display the braided underskirt. The corsage, which, for very slender wearers, is laid in plaits, has a long narrow braided vest. This make is very stylish in marine-blue cloth, with underskirt and vest in scarlet braided with dark-blue. Still more striking is a carriage-dress recently made for a young American belle, in cloth of the new shade known as bure, which is simply white tinged with the faintest possible flush of pink. The braiding is in dark-green, slightly relieved with gold. Electric-blue cloth is made with underskirt, vest, collar, and cuffs in white cloth braided with gold, but this style is less novel than the one just signalized. The newest device for braiding is called the cashmere pattern, the principal feature of which is the palm that figures so largely in the borders of India shawls. A pretty style for making a cashmere or vigogne costume is to have the underskirt finished with a narrow plaiting, and having a side-panel composed of flat perpendicular plaits of the material. The rest of the underskirt is covered with rows of wide braid matching the stuff. The tunic, made full and pointed, has the point coming just in the centre of the plaited side-panel, and is made in full looped scarf-draperies at the back. The corsage is double-breasted, with a plastron-vest covered with horizontal rows of braid, and is closed with trefoil-shaped frogs. The top of each sleeve is encircled with four rows of braid. The underskirt may be made of heavy silk, but the costume is really more tasteful if entirely composed of woolen material.

A new fashion for overskirts is to have them made with three deep draped points. These points come, one in front, and the other two at the sides. The back of the tunic is full and slightly draped, if the dress is not made with a train. The underskirt, composed of a different material, is made full and plain. A new and very pretty corsage has a handkerchief-shaped fichu, of the same material as the dress, passing over the shoulders and knotted in front. In cashmere or in crape, this fichu is very becoming to the figure.

Low-necked corsages for evening-wear are now cut round over the shoulders, and are not at all low, being even of an ungraceful, if entirely modest, height. The decolletage is bordered with lace put on with very slight fullness. Dinner-dresses are made short, with the tunic and underskirt both in the same material. The latter is so ample and so voluminously draped as to give the effect of a tucked-up train. Moiré antique, striped at long intervals with narrow lines of satin in a contrasting color, is the newest material for full dress. Then there are two new shades of velvet, one a brilliant sky-blue and the other a vivid rose-color, which are employed for very rich evening-dresses. For younger wearers, hand-embroidered tulle is the height of elegance. The dresses come ready prepared, the tunic—or, rather, plain full skirt—and the ruffles for waist-trimming being embroidered to match. Pale-green or pale-yellow tulles are embroidered with massed roses in dull old-tapestry tints in floss-silk, the white tulle dresses being worked with white.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COSTUME. The Hussar-coat is made of dark-green cloth, and ornamented with braid. Astrakhan-fur forms the front-trimming, also for the cuffs, collar, and cap.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH. The coat is double-breasted, and has two bands of plush down the front, ornamented with oxydized buttons. The wide band around the bottom of the coat, the collar and cuffs, as well as the band on the gray felt hat, are all of plush.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS. The underskirt is of dark-blue woolen, striped with dull-red and yellow lines. The overdress is of blue-striped woolen, made with a shawl-shaped drapery in front, and fully looped behind. The mantle is of frisé-cloth, bound with braid, and lined with changeable silk. The hood is of black velvet, and the buttons and clasp are of oxydized silver. Hat of felt, with fancy brim, and trimmed with ribbon to correspond with colors of the skirt.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with a band of gray Astrakhan and a stiff red feather.

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Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

THE WINTER BELLE.

Engraved expressly for Petersons Magazine.

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PORTFOLIO COVER: IN EMBROIDERY

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A WINTER MORNING.

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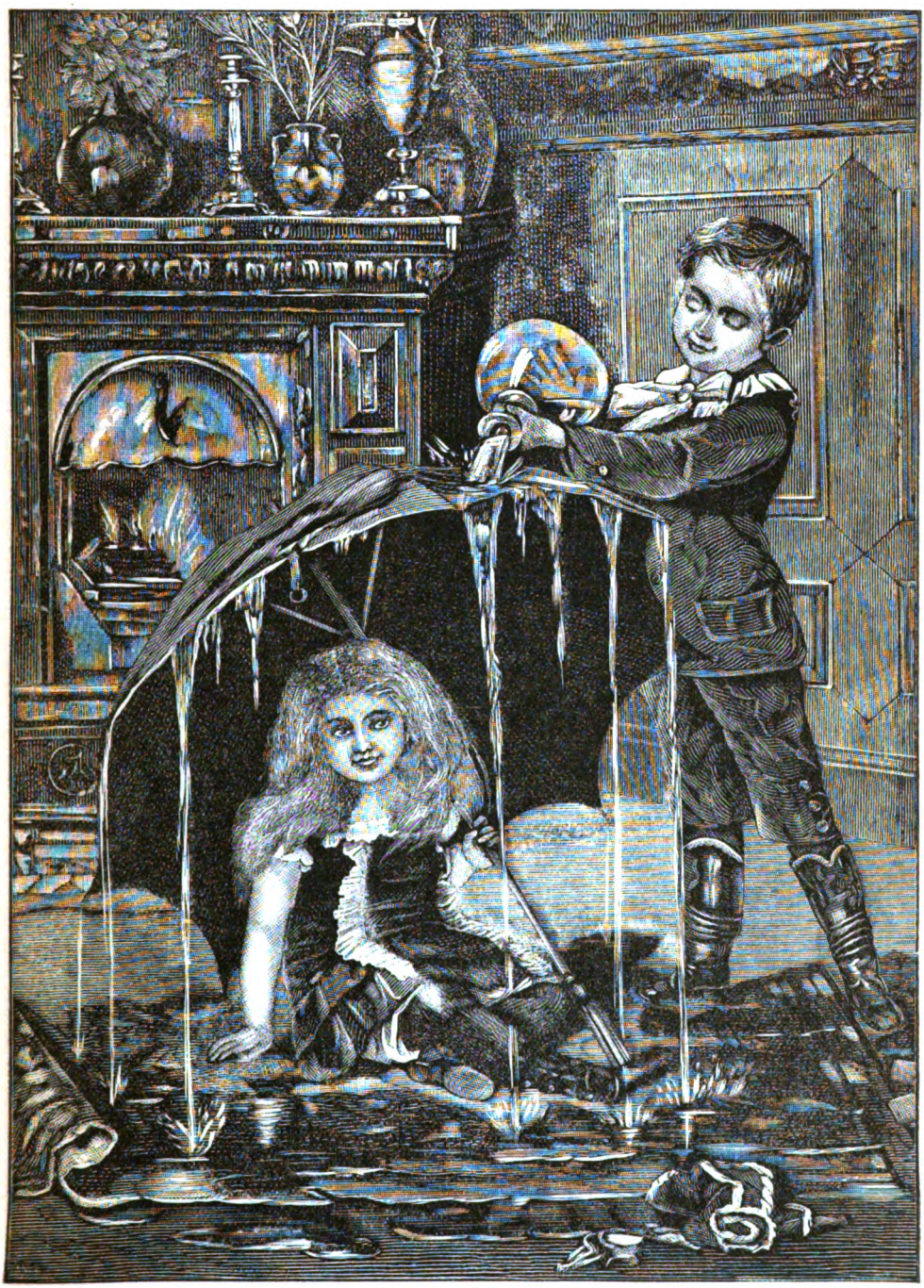

MAKING RAIN. [*See the Poem.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WALKING-DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS. BONNET.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. PLASTRON.

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EVENING-SLEEVE. BODICE. HOUSE-DRESS. MOURNING-JACKET.

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BLOUSE-WAIST. BODICE. TOQUE. UHLAN JACKET.

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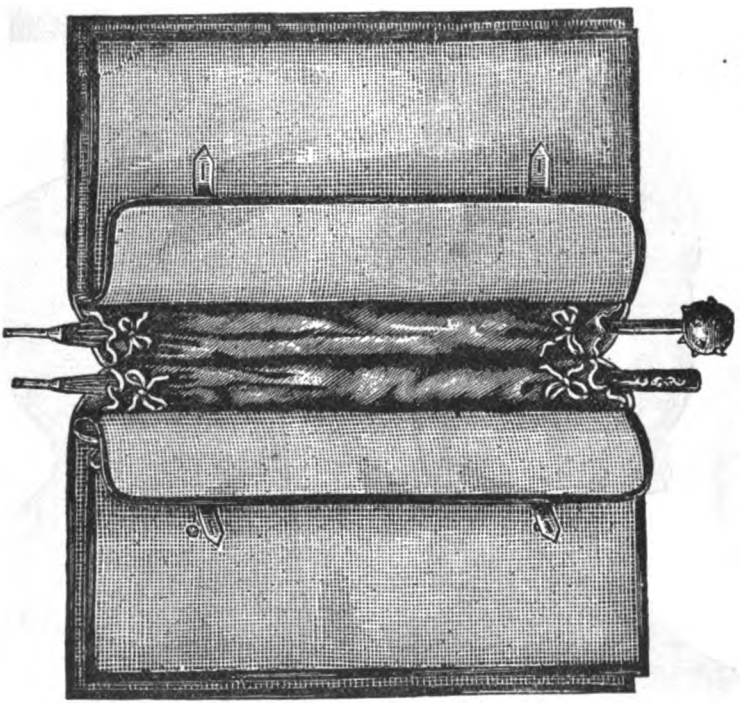

TRAVELING HOLDALL.

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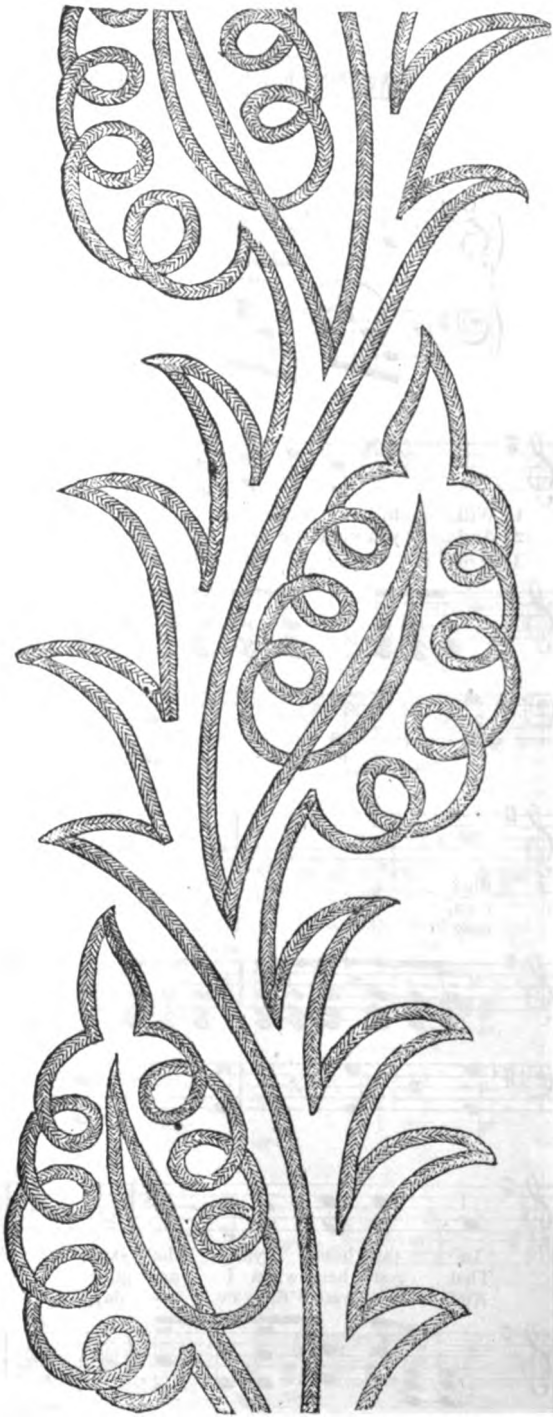

BRAIDING PATTERN. WALL-POCKET. FAN NEEDLECASE.

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WILL THE ROSES BLOOM IN HEAVEN?

As Published by J. GIB. WINNER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Words and Music by FRANK A. CONLY.

Moderato.

1. Will the ro - ses bloom in Heav - en? Will they nev - er pale and
2. And you know the lit - tle gar - den That I al - ways called my
3. When I go to dwell with Je - sus, I will ask Him if I

die? Shall I see them al - ways Ma - - ma?
own, Tell me Ma - ma, tell your dar - - ling
may Have a lit - tle place for flow - - ers

In that home beyond the sky? When I've reach'd my home in
That you'll keep when I am gone. And the lit - tle pinks and
And I'll watch them ev - ery day, Then when you and dar - ling

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Heav - en From this world of care and gloom I
da - - sies That I wa - ter'd ev - ery day,
Pa - - pa Reach that land so bright and fair

know Ma - ma I'll not be hap - py To find no flowers there in bloom.
Will remind you of your loved one When in Heaven I'm far a - way.
You will find me in the gar - den, I'll be sure to meet you there.

Chorus.

Tell me Mama, tell your dar - ling, Will the ro - ses always bloom?.....

In that an - gel land a - bove us, In that bright e - ter - nal home?

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NEW-STYLE HEAD-DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.

MY LOST BRACELET.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

MRS. LANG'S entertainments were always pleasant, but I think I never enjoyed any other of them so much as that memorable ball—memorable, at least, to me.

From the beginning, everything had gone right; my new dress was absolutely a work of art; it fitted me to perfection, and, if I had not previously discovered that it was wonderfully becoming, the expression of Arthur's face when he first caught sight of me would have been a convincing proof.

As I went downstairs, he was standing at the foot, with my cloak on his arm; and not only did he fairly devour me with his eyes while I descended slowly to give him leisure for admiration, but he never said one word about my being a full half-hour behind the time set for starting.

What detained me after I had dressed was a sudden caprice to wear that particular bracelet, and I had to unlock my little fireproof in order to get it out.

It was a very remarkable ornament, set with emeralds and a great glowing ruby in the centre, very valuable from a moneyed point of view, and precious as an heirloom that had descended to me from my great-great-grandmother, a celebrated belle in the times of the Revolution. I had never seen another like it, for the gems were set in a peculiar fashion, and the links of gold grotesquely twisted one around the other.

Of course, it was horribly late when we got home, but I did not feel in the least tired—what woman would, when she had been declared the best-dressed present, and her own husband behaved as if he were a recently-declared lover?

I was in my dressing-room, taking off my wraps, when I perceived my loss—the bracelet was gone!

I rushed through into the chamber where Arthur was, scarcely able to speak—holding out my arm with a gesture of despair, and crying:

"Look—look!"

"Yes, dear, I've often admired it before. It's very white and plump and pretty."

The provoking wretch! So like a man; a woman would have understood at once.

"My bracelet!" I gasped; "it is gone!"

"Oh!" And his feelings found vent in a half-suppressed whistle that set my nerves on edge.

"Sure you wore it?" he resumed, after a pause, during which I had flung myself despairingly into a chair.

Was I sure I had worn it—when I called his special attention to that bracelet on our way to the ball, and bidden him notice how admirably it harmonized with my dress?

Perceiving that I disdained to reply, he continued, a little more sympathetically: "Don't fret, dear; it is certain to be found either in the

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carriage or at Mrs. Lang's. I'll go out and speak to James at once."

The coachman's search proved unsuccessful, but Arthur was so confident that the precious ornament would be found at Mrs. Lang's house that I allowed myself to entertain the idea with sufficient hopefulness to enable me to go to sleep.

As early in the morning as I could venture to disturb our last night's hostess, I sent her a note, but received an answer which was a terrible blow. Nothing had been seen of my precious bracelet, though, before going to bed, Mrs. Lang herself had looked about in the different rooms for any articles that might have been dropped—her invariable habit as soon as the guests left her house after a party.

Before the reply came, Arthur had gone down to his office, as confident as ever that my trouble would be over long before he returned. So I had to bear my misery alone. I knew now that I had unconsciously been almost as hopeful as he, and the reaction rendered my suffering more poignant.

I sat down in the old-fashioned window-seat in the library, laid my arms on the table and buried my face against them, and wept till I was fairly sick and blind. When Arthur came home to luncheon, he found me in a sad state. Still, as I was not an utter simpleton, I tried to act as sensibly as I could, and that dear boy said afterward that he believed not one woman in a hundred would have behaved a quarter so well under similar circumstances.

Weeks passed, and it was still missing.

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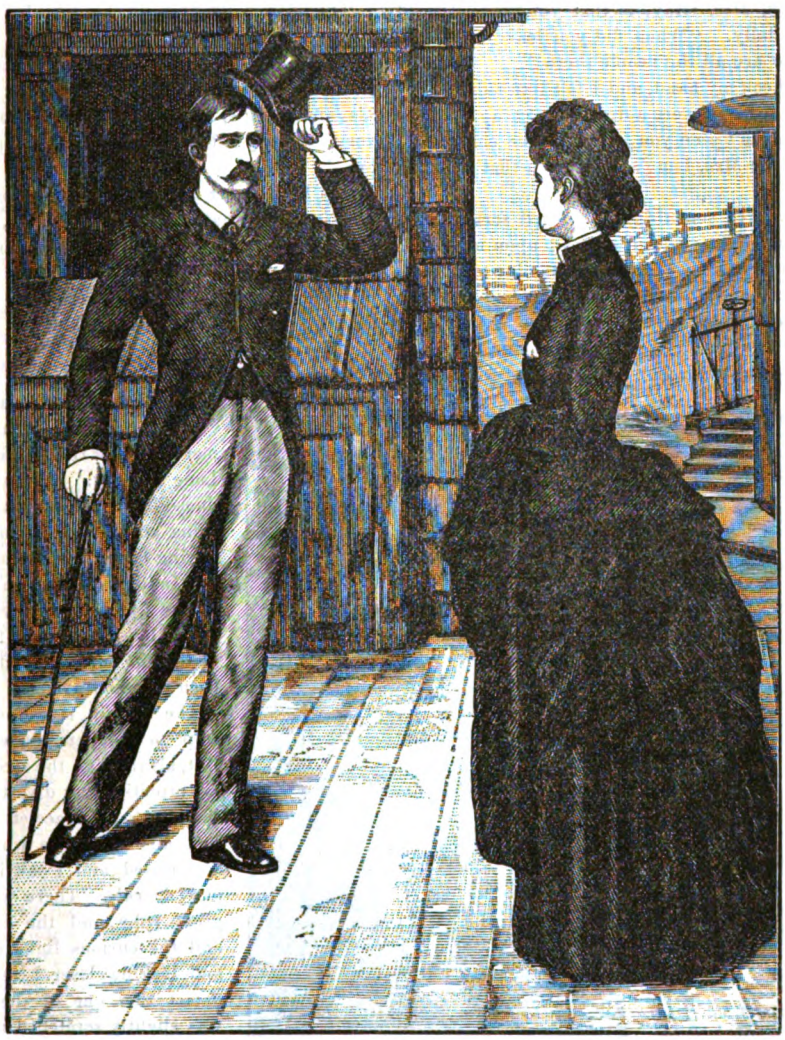
Arthur advertised, but without any success. Its sudden disappearance really seemed mysterious. Our only theory was that someone, whose honesty wasn't proof against temptation, had picked it up. James was perfectly trustworthy, and Mrs. Lang the soul of honor. Who, then, could it have been? That was the question.

We gave up the search finally, no wiser than at first. I had some bitter feelings, though, when I thought of another wearing this legacy of my great-great-grandmother.

A year went by, and I grew reconciled to the loss. Then a circumstance happened that vividly recalled everything connected with it.



I was visiting in a distant city, and had gone to the theatre with a friend. Just in front of us, sat a young girl who attracted my attention.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered my companion. "It's Miss Vane, the banker's daughter. You've heard May speak of her."

At that instant, the lady raised her hand; and there, on the wrist, flashed and scintillated—was it my bracelet, or its fac-simile? For a minute, everything seemed to swim before me; but my agitation passed unnoticed, for just then the curtain rose. Janauschek played "Deborah," that night, and thrilled her audience with the strength and passion she threw into the part; yet neither my interest nor sympathy was more than half enlisted by the persecuted Jewess, and I turned from that grand figure on the stage to watch Miss Vane furtively.

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With the close of the first act, a young man pressed forward to the seat she occupied. I heard the gay greeting that passed between the two, and was struck by something familiar in the sound of his voice. I bent forward a little to see his face more distinctly, and at that moment he turned around.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, is that you?" exclaimed he, cordially. "When did you leave St. Louis, and how are all the people there?"

He shook my hand, and I felt like rubbing my eyes to see if it were a dream or reality.

"I haven't seen you for ages," he continued, "not since Mrs. Lang's party, and that's over a year ago."

I answered something in a dazed sort of way. A sudden light seemed to break upon my mind. I remembered his begging to examine my bracelet there, and the very words he had spoken: "It's a curious pattern, and I've a fancy for odd bizarre jewelry." I had undone the clasp and laid it in his hand. Was it possible that, afterward— I stopped, appalled at my own thought.

When I looked up, he had returned to Miss Vane. My companion smiled and nodded toward them significantly. "So you're acquainted with Guy?" he whispered. "He's well liked here, and is Miss Vane's favored suitor."

"She's a belle and an heiress, isn't she?" I inquired.

"Yes, and her father's opposed to the match. Guy is wealthy, but there isn't much known of his antecedents, and the old gentleman looks very narrowly after everybody who approaches her."

"Is Mr. Somers in business?" questioned I.

"No; and that's another objection, in Mr. Vane's eyes. He's a hard worker himself, and doesn't want an idler for a son-in-law. But the daughter is infatuated, and there's no denying that Guy is handsome and talented."

"Have you known him long?"

"Only since he came here. He's an old resident of St. Louis, isn't he?"

"I think not. I had only met him a few times before Mrs. Lang's party. Arthur introduced him to me, and said something about their acquaintance having begun in Boston."

"Indeed. There isn't a city in the Union that Guy doesn't know by heart, nor, for that matter, in Europe either. He's been a great traveler."

The curtain rose and put a stop to further conversation. But, all through the second act, my attention was diverted from the play to the bracelet. Every now and then, the white arm was raised, and I saw its glow and sparkle. There were the great ruby and the emeralds and the curious links of gold, and, looking closer, I could even detect that one of the stones was slightly scratched as mine had been. Was it possible there could be two so exactly alike? I remembered hearing my grandmother say that the jeweler who designed it never made but one. Where, then, did this other come from, or was it the same?

My thoughts were curiously jumbled together when I left

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the theatre. All the stories I had read, of accomplished thieves introducing themselves into respectable society and carrying on for months a system of plunder, undiscovered, rushed to my recollection; for, somehow, I connected Guy Somers with that bracelet on Miss Vane's arm. If it were his gift, as I suspected, I felt nearly certain he had stolen it from me the night of the party, and was in reality a disguised thief. Arthur might reject the idea, and everyone else, for that matter; but hadn't his career been enveloped in mystery from the first, and wasn't the supposition as likely in his case as in that of the heroes of the tales I had read? I resolved to watch and wait, and, if my suspicions proved correct, not only save Miss Vane from his clutches, but let the law take its course and punish him as he deserved.

"Of course you enjoyed Janauschek," observed my hostess, the next morning. She had been detained at home by a severe cold. "Rob says Laura Vane sat directly in front of you," exclaimed May, her eldest daughter. "She's the dearest friend I have, and I want you to know her."

"I should be delighted," responded I; "there's something about her that interested me deeply. By the way, she wore a bracelet, last night, the counterpart of one I used to own."

"Set with emeralds and a large ruby?"

"Yes."

"It was the gift of her betrothed, Guy Somers. He picked it up somewhere in Europe."

My heart gave a little throb that was more than half exultant. For once, my penetration hadn't been at fault.

I was introduced to Miss Vane that evening. The bracelet glittered on her arm, and my eyes clung to it as if fascinated. Both she and May looked at me curiously. Then the latter said, laughing:

"Your antique's a copy, after all, Laura. Mrs. Gray has one like it, an heirloom that's come down to her through countless generations."

A faint look of annoyance mingled with the surprise on Miss Vane's face. But she answered pleasantly enough:

"Another piece of jewelry fashioned after this pattern, is there? I didn't know its mate existed."

"I thought the same of mine till I saw yours," was my response. "But they are exact counterparts, so far as I can judge. Unfortunately, I haven't mine with me. I lost it at a party, last winter."

"Indeed!" And the soft eyes beamed with sympathy. After a little pause, she added: "Wouldn't you like to examine mine closer?" and, undoing the clasp, laid it in my hand.

Did she divine the wish I had not dared to express? At last I held the coveted bracelet, and, the more I looked, the deeper grew my conviction that it was the one I had lost at Mrs. Lang's party.

Glancing up from a critical survey of its shining coils, I saw Guy Somers standing in the doorway. A sudden pallor had overspread his face, and his eyes fell guiltily before mine. It was but an instant, and then he came forward, calm and self-possessed as usual. I noticed, with a pang, how Miss Vane's cheek flushed at his greeting, and the tender light that came into her eyes. She loved him, there was no doubt of it. "Poor child!" thought I; "what a blow to her will be the knowledge of his villainy."

"Did you fall from the skies, Mr. Somers?" questioned May. "I neither saw nor heard you enter the room."

"Nor I," added Miss Vane.

"But Mrs. Gray did," he said, turning toward me. "She stared at first, though, as if she thought it an apparition."

Was he trying to put me off my guard? I said nothing, but held up the bracelet significantly. Miss Vane took it, and he looked from her to me and then back again, flushed and embarrassed. May, with her quick woman's tact, understood at once that something was wrong, and plunged into a discussion concerning the relative merits of Janauschek and Ristori, and from that the talk wandered off to books and pictures and everything else except jewels.

But I watched Guy Somers narrowly, and observed that he seemed uneasy beneath the scrutiny. Did he suspect my knowledge of his secret? I was puzzled how to proceed. Actual proof of his guilt was needed first of all; without that, I could do nothing. Arthur was to join me in a week, and I resolved to wait for his advice and help.

The next morning but one, I went to pass the day with a friend who lived about half an hour's ride by rail. May had intended going with me, but was prevented at the last moment by one of her wretched sick-heads, though she would not hear of my giving up the expedition and so cheating our old schoolmate of both her visitors.

As I was traversing the railway station, waterproof on arm, whom should I see just turning away from a newspaper-stall but Guy Somers!

As soon as he perceived me, he came forward, lifting his hat and uttering cordial salutations, though he wore an embarrassed air very noticeable.

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After a few commonplace remarks, he said hurriedly, looking everywhere but in my face: "Mrs. Gray, I have a request to make; I shall be greatly obliged if you will grant it."

"I have no doubt that I shall do so with pleasure," I replied, quietly. "Let me hear what it is."

"I saw you looking at Miss Vane's bracelet, the other evening," he went on, with a palpable effort. "Now, I purchased it in Europe. She fancies that there is not another like it in this country. Please don't tell her differently."

She hadn't reported our conversation, then.

"Why should I?" responded I, coolly. "I'm not sure there is, myself." Was it guilt or amazement that I beheld in his face? "I haven't seen mine since the night of Mrs. Lang's party," I added, with a look full of meaning.

"Did you lose it then?" said he. "What a misfortune!" All his self-possession had returned, and he spoke in an easy natural tone of voice. The man was a perfect actor when on his guard. "But I bought this one years ago, so it can't be the same," he continued.

"Oh, certainly not," I replied, so struck by his apparent candor that, for the moment, I believed what he said.

Afterward, though, my distrust of the man returned in full force. I recalled the fact that the accomplished thieves of whom I had read could always lie gracefully, and were particularly noted for the cool audacity with which they baffled suspicion. So I determined not to relax my vigilant watch. The days passed on, but there were no further developments until Arthur came.

We were all in the parlor when he arrived: May and her mother, Guy Somers, Miss Vane, and myself. After the first greetings were over, I drew him away, but not until I had seen his start of surprise at sight of the bracelet on Miss Vane's arm.

As soon as we had got upstairs into my room, I seized his arm, exclaiming: "You saw the bracelet—I noticed you start."

"Miss Vane's?" he asked, with provoking calmness, as he leaned one hand against the back of a chair and regarded my flushed agitated face with a quizzical expression.

"My bracelet, you mean," I cried. "That man stole it, the night of the ball—and he shall be punished—oh, he shall!"

I poured out my story in great excitement, and Arthur listened attentively; but, to my wonder and wrath, I saw him smile several times during my narrative.

"You ought to write a novel, dear," said he, at its conclusion. "Such talent as yours shouldn't rust in obscurity. But I don't know whether Guy will feel flattered at being made the hero of such a romance. I'll ask him, when we go downstairs."

"Arthur!" My cheeks flamed indignantly, and I burst into tears. His raillery seemed cruel, and was more than I could bear.

Arthur drew me to him and kissed me, saying: "Let's go down and compare the two." And he drew from his pocket a bracelet, smiling. Was it the one I had lost, or Miss Vane's? It couldn't be hers, for we had left that in the parlor; it must be mine.

Arthur laughed at my bewilderment, and said: "I had the carriage renovated after you left, and this was found in the cushions. It must have slipped from your arm that night, and worked its way into the lining. There was quite a hole behind the seat, but I never thought of it when we looked for the bracelet."

In silence I took the recovered treasure, but not until I had seen it side by side with Miss Vane's was I thoroughly convinced of Guy Somers's innocence.

"I hadn't seen Mrs. Gray's, Laura," explained he, "when I told you there wasn't another like it in the world. Afterward the belief seemed to give you such pleasure I hated to disturb it."

They're married now, and I've been a little more careful since not to judge people too hastily by circumstances, or let imagination run away with judgment.

A WISH.

BY FRANCES ARTHUR.

Could I but fashion the future for thee,
As the summer in Eden thy pathway should be:
Loved, loving, and honored, thy years should glide by
Like a song o'er the waters while stars gem the sky,
And Fame's richest garland should circle thy head,
Such as rarely is woven except for the dead.

When earth's light is fading and pulses ebb low,
And the angel of death breathes the summons to go,
Thy soul should rejoice to hail the new day,
And visions ecstatic illumine the way
To regions of glory, to fair realms of peace,
Where joy and love welcome the spirit's release.

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JOHN JOYD'S VALENTINE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

When the tide of immigration from the East and from the Old World began to roll in, a living wave of hardy endeavor, upon those fertile prairies of Dakota which lie in the far-famed "Valley of the Jim," John Joyd and Richard Morris were two of the first to come.

They came together from the rocky hills of New England, firm friends since their earliest years—came with a steadfast faith in the future of Dakota and in a future of their own.

It mattered little to them that the sun rose, in the bitter winter mornings, across an almost boundless plain of snow—a plain as level as a floor and unbroken by a tree or shrub, since it set, in the lovely autumn evenings, over a field of wheat as boundless as the winter's stretch of snow had been. Hard work by day, sweet sleep by night, confidence in their future, and success in their present—this was the history of these two lives as the months went swiftly by. These were the sort of men—and these their attributes—who laid the cornerstone of Dakota's future on her treeless and blizzard-swept plains.

John Joyd was as good and earnest a man as ever "held down" a Western claim. Tall, strong, with a rugged vigor in his face that prevented his ever being thought handsome, but which gave to his countenance something better than beauty. Were it not for the fact that he added to his many manly characteristics another—a quality I am not ready to denominate unmanly—his history would have been no more to us than that of any other of Dakota's pioneers, and this story would never have been written. But the fact was—John Joyd was the most bashful man in the whole Territory!

It was well for him, perhaps, that he had been bashful in his boyhood days, for he had nothing but his good habits, his strong frame, his meagre education, and his indomitable will to help him in making his fortune Perhaps, too, it was better for John in view of what the future had in store for him.

John Joyd and Richard Morris had grown up with the idea that their thoughts and purposes were alike. Boyhood turns its face so fully toward the future that it overlooks much of the present. Their plans, no matter how similar, had to be modified by their circumstances and by themselves. And, though the boys might forget how poor John's parents were, and how well-to-do were Richard's, it was necessary that those two facts should later enter into their lives, to affect them largely.

John went to Dakota because the East was crowded, because the ranks of the professions were full and those of the laboring class fuller—went to lay the foundations of what he hoped would one day be a modest competence. But Richard went—not to make money, for he had that—to make more.

The houses of these two friends were just a mile apart. John's was a rude structure, so small that it contained only one room, and that convenient to live in, since he could stand in the centre of it and attend to any of the work which housekeeping made necessary. John's dwelling was, in fact, a typical "claim-shanty." Richard's house was much larger—it had four rooms. There were carpets on some of the floors; curtains at the windows; pretty pictures on the neatly-papered walls; and several shelves full of books. Had Richard been less the man than he was—had he deserved less of the honor and respect of the settlers in the neighborhood—the sneers which fell across the path of this at first so-called "tenderfoot" might have been his share always. I am glad to be able to state that it was otherwise.

There were two reasons for the differences between the houses in which these men dwelt: one, the disparity between their financial conditions; another, connected with the fact that John received a letter regularly once in three months from his mother, while Richard's letters came as often as three times a week—which was often as the mail came—and were from another and a much younger person than his mother.

The inevitable happened at last. Richard went East, one autumn—on business, he said to his neighbors. His friend alone knew why he went. John gave extra care to making his own home comfortable for the winter.

"Richard won't be here," he would say with a sigh, "and of course I can't be at his house much after—after—"

He always stopped there, much as most of us stop when we inadvertently, in speaking of our

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loved ones, almost allow ourselves to speak of death.

But it was not death which was coming between John and Richard: it was marriage. Richard came home just as Dakota's skies were growing dull and her horizons dreary, bringing his bride with him.

Mollie Morris was a bright, cheerful, resolute little woman, and she sought to make her husband's friend hers, and to prove his presence welcome at her fireside. But her efforts availed little. John's visits became fewer and longer apart, and finally nearly ceased. Oceans might almost as well have tossed between the old-time companions, during Richard's first winter of married life, as the mile of desolate wind-swept snow which John let stand as the barrier between their lives. Mrs. Morris's piano and singing, much as John loved music; her husband's books, much as John loved reading; the lady's marvelous culinary skill, much as John—man like—enjoyed good living: Richard himself, much as John loved Richard: all these counted for nothing. Bashful John was ill at ease in the presence of lovely women, so out of it he resolutely staid until Laura Dare came with the flowers in the spring, to spend a month with her old schoolmate, Mollie Morris. She remained a month—two—three—and said nothing of weariness, nothing of return. Don't ask me why. Don't ask me to read for you the riddle of woman's heart, more difficult and dangerous than that of the Sphinx. John Joyd had happened in at Morris's when she had been there a week; he came again, in two days; after that, he found some errand there every day. So don't ask me why Laura Dare—rich, fashionable, beautiful Laura—remained. Don't ask me why she looked at and over and by and through John Joyd, with all the variations of wondrous witchery which ever appertained to the glances from azure eyes. Don't ask me why she would stand in the sunshine—her tangle of bronze-gold hair another sunshine itself—and talk so long and so fascinatingly to this grave shy man. It may have been the instinctive love of power, inherent in woman, which cropped out at an early period in the history of the human race, and enabled the first woman to do the first man an irreparable mischief. It may have been something else, just as love of power may have been the least and last idea in the head of Eve.

Am I to be taken to task for calling my hero bashful, and telling you such a story as this of his actions? How can I explain? If the half of what psychologists believe regarding mind in the lower animals is true, the moth should know better than to play about our candles at night—the burning of his wings must hurt. And yet he comes, and yet he stays, and yet he takes his chances. Don't ask me why. Perhaps it is because he is a moth.

Don't make me explain John Joyd's actions. Laura Dare's family was as old and proud as any in America are allowed to get. She could wear her diamonds at Saratoga or Newport, and not suffer in contrast with any other there. She had no care—or, if she had, her blue eyes never showed it.

But she remained. John Joyd came, and came, and came—

Don't ask me why!

II.

It was October. Miss Dare had arrived in May. She has not gone yet.

John Joyd called, one morning. He had business with a friend forty miles away, and was going on horseback. Would Miss Dare go? She would. Forty miles is nothing, in Dakota.

There was just the faintest shadow of a blush in Miss Dare's cheeks as she left the room to prepare for the ride, and a something in her blue eyes which no man had ever brought into her face before. But John saw neither eye nor cheek. Doubtless he would have failed to read them if he had. But good Mrs. Morris saw both, and she sighed softly. Men—some men—most men—were so stupid! And what could she, alone and unaided, do for her friend, for her two friends?

I think I am safe in saying that the ride was pleasant for both. It is true that John Joyd talked even less than usual, and Miss Dare more; that John was pale, and that Miss Dare's color was deeper than common. John was rude enough to watch his companion's face closely for long periods of time, on which occasions Miss Dare took a deep interest in studying the landscape—a landscape of changeless monotony and dreary far-reaching levelness. But John said to himself that the ride was pleasant, Miss Dare told herself so, and each repeated the same story at the house of the man to which John's business took them.

Do you know what Western hospitality is? If you do, you may be sure that Joyd and Miss Dare had as good a dinner as the house to which their journey led them afforded, and that there were no excuses offered that it was not better.

It was late in the afternoon when they left for home; the sun was nearly down; night was rapidly coming on.

They were both almost wholly silent now, for

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an hour or two. John couldn't talk; Miss Dare, most likely, wouldn't.

Their horses left the miles behind quite rapidly, much more so than had been the case in the morning; but night was actually upon them, the sun gone and the stars coming out through the darkening twilight, before Miss Dare found in her mind a well-grounded suspicion of the man's present purposes, and put it into words.

"I can hardly keep up with you," she said, and she flashed a look of inquiry into his face.

"No? You must try to," he replied, and, if there was anything in his countenance and manner to make her heart beat a little faster, there was more to puzzle and pique her.

On for a mile or two, without a word from either.

"You seem to be in a hurry," she then remarked.

"I am," he said, briefly.

The reply seemed ungallant; it was enough to have made another woman sink into silence again. Perhaps because Laura Dare was unlike most women, possibly for some other reason, it moved her to speech. If her tones had sarcasm in them, and her words a touch of irony, it is not to be marveled at.

"Dakota has a wonderful climate—" she began.

"Yes," he replied, looking straight ahead of him to the east, toward which they were riding, and at the stars shining in that direction in the deep-blue sky, and then turning his glance anxiously over his shoulder, toward the west, to where something hung between them and the stars near the horizon—a something which was creeping, like an impalpable spirit of dread, higher and higher—a something which might have been, so far as appearance went, cloud or mist or fog, but which was neither.

He turned his eyes to the east again, and touched his horse so sharply with the spur that the other animal was left a score of feet behind in an instant.

"If you prefer to ride alone—" began Miss Dare, with the utmost politeness, but in a tone which sounded a trifle broken and dangerous.

John reined up his horse with a cruel pull at the rein.

"I do not," he cried, hoarsely, and in a voice full of emotion, "I do not! Keep up with me—by all means." That was the way he finished his sentence aloud; but, under his breath, to himself and to heaven, in so reverent a tone that it was no less than a prayer, he finished it: "For God's sake!"

"You were saying—" he began, after a little.

They were riding rapidly now, so rapidly that Miss Dare had a chance to show how much she had profited by his instruction in equestrianship that summer, as she skillfully kept her horse close beside his. One might have supposed that the speed of their pace kept her silent; but I do not suppose so, nor did John. He waited a little for her to answer—waited vainly—then he began again:

"You were saying, when I interrupted you, that Dakota has a wonderful climate—"

"When you interrupted me," she answered, with peculiar emphasis, "I was saying that Dakota has a wonderful climate."

She relapsed into silence again.

"Well?" he said.

"And you have what you call blizzards, sometimes, early in the autumn?"

"Yes—sometimes."

"Are you afraid this strong wind out of the west will prove to be one?"

"No," he answered, gruffly, but with an uneasy mirthless laugh. Then he gave his attention to his horse, as though anxious to avoid further conversation.

But Miss Dare was not to be put off in any such way as that.

"Because, if you are," she said, quietly, "I think you are mistaken. Once, in my travels—"

The man winced as he might have done if she had struck him. "Her travels." True, she had seen all worth seeing, the whole world round; but it was cruel, if she only knew, to speak so lightly of it to this poor man.

Her delicate hand went to her face. It may be that she had to brush from her great blue eyes some bit of earth struck up by the hurrying hoofs of her horse; perhaps it was some stray lock from the tangle of her bronze-gold hair; perhaps she realized, all at once, how cruel she had been. If so, she was either merciless or quite consistent in doing just what she had started to do.

"Once, in my travels," she went on, "I stood, one marvelously beautiful night, on the borders of the desert. I could shut my eyes now and believe this breeze had blown across a thousand miles of burning sand, swept straight from Sahara."

"Yes," he said, and his voice was like a groan, as he touched his horse with the spur again.

"And, another time—another night—I went through a great foundry. This breeze reminds me of the breath of the furnaces there. And it must be blowing harder still behind us. I can hear—"

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"Don't," cried Joyd, putting up his hands in a piteous appeal for silence.

"So it can't well be a blizzard—"

"No, Miss Dare, it is not a blizzard."

"And I want—"

John reined his horse down to a walk.

"We must let the beasts breathe," he interrupted, desperately, "or we shall kill them."

"Yes?" Opening her blue eyes a little wider in wonder at his agitation.

"Have you a match with you?" he asked. His tone was as careless as he could make it.

"No. I am sorry, but I did not know you smoked." And, though he never did, he did not tell her so.

Suddenly the knowledge of the truth broke on the woman.

"That red in the west never came from sunset," she said.

"We have marvelous—"

"I know; but this is something different! Tell me truly, Mr. Joyd: is that a cloud of smoke behind us?"

John bowed without a word.

"And is there danger?"

He turned frankly toward her.

"Can you bear the worst?" he asked, gently.

She let her head sink forward for a moment or two. He thought her lips moved, but he was not sure. Then she looked him in the face.

"I—I think I can," she said, softly. "Please tell me the truth."

"The prairie is on fire," he replied; "and you have no idea—you can have none until you have seen it—how fast the fire can travel. If we had matches, we should be safe, for I could kindle a fire and we could follow it. As it is, our only hope lies in reaching my house before the fire does. There are matches there, matches in plenty."

"And you think—" she began.

"And I fear—" he said.

She noticed the change in the word.

"You fear we shall not reach there?"

"I am almost certain we cannot," he said, urging the horses, which had been running again for some minutes, to still greater efforts.

"And why did you not tell me at first?"

"For two reasons. I hoped the wind would not rise as it has, and that it would not be necessary to frighten you; and I expected you would answer me just as you did, regarding the matches."

"If you had matches, you would start a fire at once?"

"No, not until the last possible moment. Think of the awful responsibility of sending this terrible conflagration faster toward the east than this gale is already taking it. No, I should not start a fire until the last possible moment."

"Your property is in danger, anyway?"

John bowed.

"I gave that up an hour ago," he said, simply, "and must begin life over again, if I live beyond this night."

"Unless Mr. Morris saves it." John groaned.

"Dick won't save it," he said, simply. "I don't think of property now; I only think of human life. If I save you, and Dick and his wife are spared, I am willing to lose all I have."

"But Dick and Mollie will be saved, of course."

"God bless Dick Morris!" cried John, with emphasis, the tears running down his cheeks. "Do you know the sort of man he is, the sort of God's nobleman? Do you know he will take his life in his hands this night, his and Mollie's, for us?"

"I don't think I understand."

"Of course not. Shall I explain? Will you say over again that you can bear the worst?"

"I think I can."

"Well, Dick knows I do not smoke."

"You do not smoke?"

"No. And Mollie knows, no doubt, that you had no matches with you."

"And—and—"

"And I'll tell you what has happened. Dick has turned my horses and cattle loose an hour ago, to give them a chance for their lives. He is waiting at home now—waiting! He will wait until the fire passes my place, and then he will set fires about his own home and take his chances."

"And the fire travels very fast, doesn't it?"

"Terribly fast. It may run that mile in the time a train of cars could do it."

"And if he doesn't wait until we are home?"

He smiled, smiled with a mighty joy throbbing at his heart, as she said "home." Then his face grew grave. "Were another man in Dick's place," he rejoined, "and were he to get excited and lose his head, and set the fire too soon, it would all be over for us—in this world. But Dick won't do that. You don't know Dick, if you think he could."

On, on, on! Swifter and swifter!

How hot it grew. The horses were suffering terribly. The night was as light as day. The roar became so loud, they could talk no longer. The wind was a hurricane.

The flames swept nearer and nearer. They could almost feel them blister the skin where their clothing did not afford protection. Beneath the awful roar could be heard the crisp crackle

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of the blazing grasses. It was only a question of minutes now, a question of a very few minutes. The smoke was almost stifling—well nigh blinding; but, as it lifted a little, they could see John's house at last—John's house, only a mile away.

Suddenly Laura Dare's overtasked and smoke-choked horse went down, down in a heap, and only gasped once before he was dead. And Miss Dare herself, thrown far away on the soft prairie-soil, fainted dead away, though but slightly injured by her fall. John gathered her up. He managed to mount his horse with her in his arms, though he could never tell afterward how he had done it and had lost much less time than you would have thought possible.

He sheltered her face from the pitiless heat, and the golden hair of the woman he loved floated about his neck and breast. Dearly as he loved life, there were other things that John Joyd loved more, and he had no more idea that success could lie beyond his passionate love than he had that the stars would come nearer to shine for him. And so, if it had not been for Dick and Mollie—Dick, in whom he had such faith and for whom he had such love, and Mollie, so loved by Dick—I think he would have been willing to give it all up and die there, die the most awful of deaths, in sight of home and almost in the reach of safety, if only that he might hold this peerless woman in his arms and die with her—only hear her last words, feel her last breath on his scorched cheek, and perhaps touch his lips to hers just as the veil of death fell and shut them out of the world of sense and sorrow forever.

But he raced—raced hard—and won.

He sprang from the saddle at his own door, with the still unconscious woman in his arms, and the horse went wearily on into the blackness of the night—to his death. Poor beast! He had saved two lives; he gave his own for them. No wonder scientists think they discover mind where they recognize qualities which humanity almost deifies when it finds them among men—heroism, persistence, devotion to duty.

The fire was only a quarter of a mile away. The danger was far from being over. John's first surprise was a testimony to thought and love on Dick's part, which touched him deeply and gave him, at the same time, an assurance of deliverance. The dry grass had been torn from the earth for a distance of several feet on each side of the house, and piled up in a ring a foot high, ready for lighting.

He opened the door of his shanty. There was a hot fire in his stove. The lighted lamp stood on the table, roughly written on which, in huge letters made with a bit of charcoal, was this message:

"JACK: Fire a gun when you get home, and I'll start my back fires. DICK MORRIS."

It took but a few seconds to obey. John fired, not once, but twice. Then he caught a brand from the stove and touched it to the ring of grass about his house—touched it in a score of places.

Looking away to the east, as his own fire spread out in a slowly widening circle, he saw the lights leap up in the darkness, and grow and spread and strengthen, and knew that Dick—the faithful—had waited, had heard, had understood, and had secured safety.

Then the tempest of fire was upon them. He rushed into the shanty. He laid Miss Dare face downward on the floor; he prostrated himself beside her; he drew some blankets from the bed and placed above them both, to shut out the awful smoke.

The minutes rolled by. The air was like a furnace. The oxygen seemed exhausted.

The man gasped, and wondered how long he could live thus—wondered whether the woman might not be dead already. Then the roar died away into a murmur in the east. The heat lessened. The smoke lifted. John sprang up.

He dashed water into the white face of the beautiful woman lying there so much like death. He labored long. He chafed her cold hands. He rubbed her brow with water.

Then, when he was almost ready to give up and think her dead, a horse came thundering up to the door, and Dick Morris entered.

As he entered, Laura opened her eyes, and John Joyd knew that she would live, and that he had saved her life—knew that there was due from her to him a bond of gratitude of the greatest strength.

While Dick lifted the weak and almost helpless woman into a chair, John staggered to the door. He looked up at the smoky sky; he looked at the piles of ashes which had been stacks of hay and bins of grain and barns full of horses and cattle and sheds full of costly machinery, less than an hour ago; and he vowed that he would never, never take advantage of a woman's gratitude—no, nor try to.

The life he had given back to Laura Dare stood between them, a higher and steeper and more hopeless barrier than her beauty or her wealth had been.

III.

JOHN JOYD'S property went in the great fire, just as he had told Miss Dare he was sure it

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would. Morris, having had time to make much preparation, lost less, and he had enough left scarcely to feel the lack of what had gone.

John was practically beggared, but he resolutely turned his face toward the future. Bravely and without repining, he began at the bottom of the ladder again.

It has been wisely written that "God helps those who help themselves." To this it may be added that God's agents of help are scattered everywhere. Just time enough, a month or two, passed away to make it evident that Joyd was only bent, not broken, only beaten once, not vanquished, when help came to him.

His help was mysterious. He did not know its source, nor shall I ever be certain. John Joyd's help was of a very substantial sort. "Five thousand dollars placed to your credit here" was what the message from a bank in Watertown said.

John accused Morris of being the donor, and, had his surmise been correct, he would have refused the money utterly. But, as time went by and the benefaction remained absolutely nameless and seemed likely so to continue into the indefinite future, there appeared no other way than to accept and use the gift. For Dick didn't send the money; Dick didn't know who sent it; I am not sure that Mollie Morris knew.

John speculated much as to the source of his good-fortune. Was it this one, in Massachusetts? Was it that one, in New York? Was it some other generous soul, up among the green hills of Vermont, who had given him back all he had lost, and more? All of which reminds me of the peculiarities of that excellent class of people, the astronomers, who give their time so fully to the stars that they quite overlook the events which take place all around them.

As for Laura Dare, she said no word about going East. Dick frequently wondered what she could see in Dakota to keep her from her home-attractions, and Mollie as frequently said that she didn't know—which, I fear, wasn't quite frank and true.

November, December, January. The moth kept his dangerous place and took his chances. I don't believe he let himself think through what the end was to be. I am quite sure he never allowed himself to hope that Laura Dare could be won by him for his wife. With her wealth and her debt of gratitude toward him, I am quite sure he would never have asked her, even if he had known she would say "Yes," unless he could be sure that her heart and her wishes went with her answer.

It was the thirteenth day of February. There had been a deep fall of snow; the prairie was simply a trackless waste; the wind blew straight from the north; the mercury was frozen in the bulbs of all climate-respecting thermometers: it was hardly prudent to venture away from home, even at noonday.

John Joyd had not appeared at Morris's for three days, which was wonderful enough to send Dick out, in the bitter cold of the February afternoon, to see why he was so neglectful of his friends and to make sure that no evil had befallen him.

It was nearly dark when Morris, having struggled against wind and snow, lifted the wooden latch of John's door and walked in. John sat before his little table, his chair drawn close to one of the two small windows of which his house boasted, busily engaged in writing.

I wouldn't have you infer that Richard Morris was an inquisitive person: think rather of him as a frank and lifelong friend of the man he had come to visit. Something in the appearance of the boldly-written sheet caught his attention. His question, a bit laughing and teasing perhaps, was frank and honest.

"Well, Jack," he asked, "have you turned poet?"

For answer, John rose and put the sheets of paper in Morris's hand; and Morris, his laughter grown suddenly to gravity, read them through in silence.

It was poetry which John had written, poetry which his friend read: not such poetry as sells well in the overcrowded literary markets of the world, perhaps—poetry that halted a little in its rhythm and faltered in its rhyme, no doubt—but a sort of poetry that had the manliness of the man and the earnestness of his steadfast honest soul in it. A very good sort of poetry, say I, whether it would find a quotable price in the world's markets or not. Morris handed back the sheets.

"It is poetry," he said, gravely.

"Thank you."

"I—I infer—I suppose—it means Laura Dare, doesn't it?"

"It means Laura Dare."

"But why— What—"

"What day is to-morrow?"

"St. Valentine's Day. I see now: this is intended as a valentine."

"Certainly."

"To send her?"

"No, not to send her," cried John, springing to his feet, "not to send her. To learn by heart: to keep always; to have to say over, in the lonely days of the future, when she has gone

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out of my life forever. To wake in the night and whisper again and again to myself, when I am old and gray. To have laid over my heart, when I am dead. Oh, Dick! Dick! that is what these verses are for: that—"

"And I never guessed, never dreamed—"

"That I love Laura Dare with all my heart and all my soul? No, I suppose you never guessed it. It is true, all the same."

Morris laid his arm lightly over his friend's shoulders and forced him down into his seat again. For the time being, they were boys once more, with all the hope and fear and frank confidence of boys. For the time being, Mollie and home, the certainties of life, were forgotten, while Morris listened to all his friend had to tell.

"I shall never say a word to her—not a word. I will not pain her by making it necessary for her to refuse me. I will not run the risk of winning a wife who feels gratitude, respect, and friendship, but no love. But I cannot remain here: I shall go away somewhere—go where I can forget. You must take charge of my affairs for me; sell my stock for me, and send me the money. I must go at once." This was John's firmly-adhered-to decision.

"But you'll come over to my house to say good-bye, won't you?" pleaded Morris, hoping dazedly and doubtfully that, in some unimagined and unheard-of way, it might all come right.

"I—I think so," said the man. "I—yes, I will. I will come to-morrow evening" Which was doubtless an almost literal translation of what the moth had said when he thought of the light in your window last summer.

It was late when Morris arrived home. Mollie had become very anxious about him. But, in much the same way as that in which Morris had let John's affairs drive the thought of her from his mind for the time being, so had she let another's tearful story mask and hide away her own anxiety.

Morris opened the outer door softly. A fierce gust of wind shook the building and overcame the slight noise he made. He closed the door softly, just as the wind howled by more furiously than ever.

Someone was crying in the next room, crying in that pathetic way which indicates that the previous tempest of grief has left its victim powerless and hopeless. Someone was crying. Was it Mollie? Was it for him? A woman, full of womanly curiosity, would have hurried in to find out the truth. But Morris only stood in breathless silence and listened; that, I suppose, was because he was a man.

He first discovered that it wasn't Mollie who was crying, and his face lengthened. Perhaps he had not been missed so much, after all.

Then Laura's voice reached his ears.

"I shall die, if anything has happened to him," she sobbed; "I shall surely die. I know he doesn't care a single bit for me, but I do for him. He's had every chance to tell me if he wanted me, and I don't believe he's bashful enough to prevent his doing that, whatever you may say. He comes here, to be sure, and—and—treats me civilly—and—"

Here the young lady indulged in a fresh burst of tears.

Would it not have been indelicate for Morris to have intruded just then? He didn't intrude. He didn't move. He almost held his breath.

"I half expected some little remembrance from him, just to show that he sometimes thought of me; but he let Christmas and New-Year and my birthday all pass by unnoticed, and that after I—I—"

She stopped then, and not to cry. Which leaves me in doubt of her perfect frankness, even with Mollie. You see, I've not forgotten—nor forgiven—my inability to find out about John's five thousand dollars.

"I would be perfectly happy, if he would only send me some little thing to-morrow, some verse or flower, just to show that he don't—utterly despise me—because I am useless—and rich—and—and—pretty!"

This time she paused for another flood of tears. "I did think—think—"

The words were low and muffled now, as though she had hidden her face in something. Morris moved nearer the door. Perhaps he intended going in at once; if so, he changed his mind.

"I did think that he kissed me, that awful night of the fire. And I kept my eyes shut, and kept very still, hoping—hoping— And now I suppose he's—dead."

The effects of grief upon humanity are wonderful. Morris, tender-hearted and sympathetic Morris, broke into something which was very like an Indian war-dance. And he muttered, under his breath, a line or two which it is possible he had heard somewhere in his boyhood days, though I suspect they came spontaneously from the brain which had so recently been exposed to the contagious influence of John Joyd's poetry:

> "I am St. Valentine,
> And great triumphs shall be mine,
> As—"

He coughed discreetly, hesitated a moment, and then went into the other room.

Mollie's face was buried in the sofa-cushion.

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and she had a tear-stained handkerchief clutched in her hand. Laura sat at the table, reading a book which was bottom-side up, and looking blue-eyed defiance at anyone who should dare suspect she had been crying.

"We—we—missed you very much," said Mollie, from the depths of the sofa-cushion.

"Yes, very much. And—and—did you—"

"John's all right," said Morris.

"John's all right," he whispered emphatically to himself, as he went over to the sofa and sat down by his wife. She let him take her hand. She need not have kept her face covered to conceal the absence of tears—an absence which would have been marked enough on comparing her countenance with Laura's. Her husband, dearly as he loved her, would not have given her a glance. He was very busy watching Miss Laura Dare read in her inverted book.

"I only came to say good-bye," said John.

"Indeed," said Miss Dare.

"I think of going to the Black Hills."

"A pleasant life, I should think," said the young lady. "By the way, your call is most timely. I leave for New York to-morrow; the fashionable world demands my time; I have remained too long already."

Morris and Mollie exchanged glances. He had heard nothing of the intended flight, she nothing of the intended self-imposed exile to the Black Hills.

"I am Saint Val—" sang Morris, unconscious that he had spoken, until John stared at him.

Morris stepped quickly across the floor to where his two friends stood. He laid his right hand on John's shoulder. He took Miss Dare's hand in one of his own.

"Jack," he said, "dear old Jack, I know that you love this woman with all the strength of your grand soul, and—"

John turned toward him. There had been no pledge required when John told his story last night, and none given. But, in the West, men punish treachery—punish it severely. It may be that Morris was in danger for a moment.

It was only for a moment.

"And I know, dear old Jack, that she just as tenderly and truly loves you."

John's eyes turned away from their stern gaze at Morris's face. He looked straight into the blue eyes of Laura Dare—looked honestly, earnestly, searchingly. A minute thus—a minute's study of the story her eyes and cheeks told. Then he stretched out his arms. She took a step forward. His strong clasp closed about her. He stooped and kissed her.

And Morris took Mollie gently by the shoulders, and led her out of the room.

"I am Saint Valentine,
And great triumphs have been mine,"

shouts Dick Morris, executing a war-dance of greater vigor than that of the previous evening, while Mollie looks on in wonder.

Outside, the night is cold and still. The full moon shines across the wide plain of snow—within, are love and happiness.

MAKING RAIN.

BY WALTER DAYTON.

Look upon the picture—
Here's a pretty scene:
Little Master Mischief,
Little Miss Mutine!

Parents being absent,
Governess away,
Find a chance for frolic,
Plan a place for play.

Grandpa's new umbrella,
Stolen from the stand—
Spread, should serve as bower
For a princess grand.

"You shall be the princess,
Sitting there inside;
I, a noble lover,"
Master Mischief cried.

"Now, I'll be the sun, that
Shines amidst the leaves:
Or the cool rain, tinkling,
Dripping from the eaves—

Thus." From crystal bottle,
Grasped and held on high,
Pours a rushing torrent
From a mimic sky

O'er the head of her who,
Pride with terror blent,
Sits secure and snugly
Underneath her tent;

Whilst, with scattered ringlets,
Rumpled crinolette,
Dolly lies neglected,
Tumbled in the wet—

Neither of the culprits
Who enjoy the fun
Thinking of the whipping
Due when all is done!

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BARBARA'S CORNER-CUPBOARD.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

"WHERE be you a-goin', Barbary?" quavered Grandma Felton, picking up a dropped stitch in her knitting and glancing inquiringly at the trim little figure that came tripping downstairs into the great sunshiny kitchen.

"Only up to the cottage, grandma," replied Barbara, cheerily, pausing to adjust her dainty shade-hat before the old brass-framed mirror, and smiling at the decidedly pretty face reflected therein. "I'll be home in time to get supper; don't you take an extra step," she added, giving a finishing-touch to crimp and curl.

"How's John gittin' along with the inside?" pursued grandma, pinning the knitting-sheath more firmly to her side. "Tell you what, Barbary: he's mighty clever—can turn his hand to anything. You're a powerful lucky girl," nodding her head emphatically.

"So I am—the very luckiest girl in the world," responded Barbara, heartily. "John is getting on famously—the south chamber is all completed. I am going to nail down the carpet, this afternoon. He's finishing-up in the kitchen, to-day; and that reminds me that I must tell him to alter that corner-cupboard—it doesn't suit me." As she spoke, she drew on her gloves with a business-air, while a tiny frown settled between the brown eyes.

"Now, Barbary, be keerful—do," remonstrated grandma, anxiously, removing her glasses and polishing them with a corner of her blue-checked apron. "John's spent a heap o' time on that air cupboard."

"Oh, never you fear, grandma," laughed Barbara. "Why, John wouldn't refuse me anything in the world," with a glad proud ring in her voice.

"Well, mebbe he wouldn't, mebbe he wouldn't," replied grandma, cautiously, unrolling her ball preparatory to a new round in her stocking; "but I'd speak kinder softly-like. Men-folks is easy riled, you know," she added, apologetically; "the best on 'em won't stand much fault-findin'."

"I'll be a model of discretion," chirped Barbara, settling the old lady's cap straight and smoothing back a stray lock of snowy hair. "Now, don't you worry, grandma," stepping out on the broad stone doorstep and opening her sun-shade.

Grandma rose slowly from the old rocker and walked feebly to the door, the forgotten ball of yarn rolling after her, in and out, round table and chair, making a bright scarlet tangle on the spotless floor.

"She's a high-sperited little creetur, Barbary is," shading her dim blue eyes and peering after the girl, just pausing at the gate to pluck the old-fashioned red roses. "She's Polly's own darter; I'm afeard I've kinder spiled the child," with a sigh, as she disentangled her feet from the yarn. "Well, John's the soul o' patience, and he's mighty fond o' Barbary. Mebbe 'twill all come right. P'r'aps experience'll sober her—it does the most on us." And grandma wiped her eyes and resumed her knitting.

Twenty years before, Grandma Felton's only remaining daughter had been the life of the whole neighborhood. The gayest of the gay, no merrymaking was considered complete without "Pretty Polly Felton," as she was familiarly called. At the age of eighteen, she married her lifelong playmate, Charlie Warren, the prime-mover and partner of all her childhood's mischief and girlhood's pranks. When golden-haired brown-eyed Barbara came, the "three children," as grandma fondly called them, lived a happy life, almost unruffled by a care. The third anniversary of the wedding drew nigh, and Polly declared, with the charming insistence nobody could resist—least of all, Charlie—that it could be properly celebrated only by an excursion to Silver Pond, a beautiful sheet of water some ten miles distant. A merry party of friends was readily organized, and, early on a bright June morning, the great wagon, with its singing and laughing freight, drew rein at the old homestead, and deposited baby Barbara in grandma's waiting arms. Away they swept, down the lane and round the bend, the blithe girl-mother wafting kisses to the crowing child in the doorway. The picture of that fair young face, framed by the summer foliage, was indelibly impressed on Grandma Felton's memory: for, alas! she never looked upon it again. The merry party arrived at Silver Pond, and, after the tempting lunch was satisfactorily disposed of, somebody proposed a sail. Polly sat in the stern of the boat, trailing her fingers in the water

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and humming a gay snatch of song. A pond-lily rocked and swayed just beyond her reach, and, as she endeavored to grasp it, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and she fell overboard. Charlie sprang after instantly; but, although he was an expert swimmer, Polly's arms, clutching in desperation, held him down; and when, at length, they were found by their frantic companions, life was extinct in both. Grandma bravely smothered her own grief, to minister to the orphan baby. After a few plaintive calls for "papa" and "mamma," little Barbara settled down contentedly to her life at the farmhouse, and grew from merry childhood to winsome girlhood. Then, indeed, grandma's anxiety began; for Barbara was a bit of a coquette, and dispensed her smiles freely among the village-swains. When at length she chose John Dewey, a neighbor's son—steady, thrifty, and in every way desirable—grandma felt that her last earthly wish was gratified.

The cottage just over the brow of the hill was nearly completed, the simple outfit prepared, and two months hence there would be a quiet wedding under the old home-roof.

Barbara sauntered down the orchard-path, across the bridge, and over the hill, now and then idly plucking a daisy and pulling the petals. Just here the cottage came in view, a quaint Queen-Anne, with balcony and bay-window; for John was well-to-do, and spared neither time nor expense to make the new home-nest cozy and attractive.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," lustily sang unconscious John, emphasizing the last three syllables with a vigorous "thud, thud, thud" of his hammer; then, turning to select a nail of the proper size, he suddenly became aware of the dainty little figure in the doorway.

"Think of angels and you'll see their wings," throwing down his hammer and greeting Barbara as fondly as though he had not chatted with her but an hour before, at the farmhouse-gate. "Here I've been longing to show you all my new improvements," throwing open door and window with pardonable pride.

"Why, it's perfect, John," cried Barbara, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"I think that cupboard rather a neat thing, myself," folding his arms and surveying it critically. "It was a particular job to fit in those shelves, but it will be a capital place for somebody's china," with a sidelong glance at Barbara. "Why, don't it please you?" as a cloud flitted over the bright face.

"No, it doesn't suit me, John. Don't you see it ought to be in the other corner? It is too far-off altogether there, and doesn't look well, besides."

"Well, but—let me show you, dear: the hall-door would interfere with it there," suiting the action to the word.

"No, it wouldn't; anyway, I like it better, and that's reason enough," retorted Barbara, with a decided pout of her red lips.

John gave a low whistle as he picked up his hammer.

"But, Barbara, I can't tear it away now without injuring the wall."

"I can't help it; I won't have it in that corner, so there!" with a stamp of her little slipper.

John looked in amazement. His anger, slow to rise, was at white heat now.

"Barbara, you are very unreasonable. That cupboard will stay just where it is," in tones deliberate from their very intensity.

"Very well—so it may, John Dewey; but no china of mine will ever go into it," and there was a flash from a pair of brown eyes, a ring fell at his feet, and John was alone.

"She can't mean it, she certainly can't mean it," putting the ring in his pocket and casting a bewildered glance after determined Barbara, already hurrying down the hill-path.

"She'll come again to-morrow, and then I'll alter it anyway to please her," he added, hopefully, as, with a sigh, he gathered up his tools and started homeward.

But Barbara did not return the next day, or the next. Morning after morning, John lingered wistfully at the gate, as he passed and repassed on his way to the cottage; but, if Barbara saw him, she gave no sign.

"Jest what I was afeard on," groaned grandma, as she covertly watched the girl's white still face, and held her peace. The work at the new house progressed slowly. John's heart was no longer in his task, and the regular "tap, tap" of his hammer was unaccompanied by his usual cheery whistle or bursts of song. One autumn morning, when the withered leaves had begun to drift over the balcony, John came, and, with set face, boarded up windows, locked doors, and, after one last glance, hurried away.

"S'pose ye've heerd the news, hain't ye, Barbary," quoth a neighbor who had run in for a "rising" of Grandma Felton's famous yeast. "John Dewey's gone to Californy—for good an' all, they do say. Miss Dewey, she's in a terrible stew about it—her only boy, ye know. There's plenty, plenty," as Barbara, striving in vain to control her shaking fingers, filled the bowl to

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overflowing. "Well, I must run right along." And, with an inquisitive glance, the neighbor departed, well satisfied with her mission.

Barbara had scrupulously returned all of John's gifts save one: the duplicate key to the cottage-door, which he had given her that she might go in and out at her own convenience. She had placed it in the package with the other presents, but her heart failed her at the last moment, and she retained it, hoping it would not be missed. Every week, as the winter slowly dragged itself along, Barbara followed the hill-path, and, with an apprehensive glance up and down the road, to make sure she was unobserved, locked herself into the deserted house. She found a certain comfort in caring for the silent rooms, removing every speck of dust or swaying cobweb. Winter melted into spring, summer advanced, and again the June roses glowed by the farmhouse-gate.

Barbara was up in the south chamber of the cottage, carefully repacking the great roll of carpet, which still lay in the corner. Suddenly she was startled by the creaking of the outer door, and there was certainly someone crossing the hall below. Could she have forgotten the key? No, it was safe in her pocket. Visions of possible tramps flitted before her, as she strove in vain to still the rapid beating of her heart and gazed wildly around the chamber; but there was no exit save by descending the stairs and facing the intruder. Crack! crash! came the sound of splintering and falling boards. Could she steal down, cross the hall, and gain the door unobserved? She would try. Trembling from head to foot, she tiptoed softly down the stairs. Yes, through the half-open kitchen-door, she could plainly discern the figure of a man, demolishing with a few well-directed blows—the corner-cupboard!

Could she believe her eyes? Bearded, broader, browner, yet it was undoubtedly John. With an inarticulate cry, Barbara sprang forward, and it was now John's turn to be terrified, as what seemed to be a bundle of crisp pink muslin sank at his feet.

Fortunately the cottage-pump was still in good working-order, and a liberal dash of water upon Barbara's forehead soon restored her to consciousness. The last rays of the setting sun danced across the wall, as if glad to revisit the cozy kitchen, ere the long explanations were ended.

"Barbara," said John, rising at last, "I have come back to do what I should have done a year ago; bless your little heart, you shall have the cupboard in the middle of the room, if you want it," raising his hammer to knock away the only remaining shelf.

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Barbara, entreatingly, grasping his uplifted arm. "Please put it back as it was before; indeed, I do not want it changed."

John looked down into the pleading face of this most inconsistent young woman with puzzled eyes, but obediently commenced refitting the scattered pieces.

The June roses had not faded ere there was a wedding in the parlor of the old homestead.

"The Lord be praised that I've lived to see this day!" ejaculated Grandma Felton, wiping her eyes, as she stood in the doorway, watching the young couple descending the orchard-path, hand in hand, on their way home.

Years afterward, when the china was removed for the annual spring cleaning, little fingers traced the many cracks and seams in the shelves, and prattling voices questioned wonderingly. Mother Barbara smiled quietly to herself, but she never told them the history of the corner-cupboard.

FORGET NOT ME.

BY VIOLET E. KING.

When the sunset-flush is dying
And has flown each lingering beam;
When the moments that have vanished
As a gilded picture seem;
When is heard the silvery chiming
Of the vespers glad and free
In the quiet hush of evening,
Then forget, forget not me.

When of bliss thou'rt idly dreaming,
As the hours are stealing by;
When about thee, all unheeded,
Costly gems of earth shall lie;
When the flowers of hope are blooming,
Ere thy joys have ceased to be;
When thy thoughts with friendship's woven,
Then forget, forget not me.

When thy heart is sad and lonely,
Life bereft of beauty's gleam,
And when darkly fall the shadows
O'er thee, as a troubled dream;
When life's sweetest hours shall vanish
And its rarest joys shall flee;
When the star of hope beams dimly,
Then forget, forget not me.

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MABYN GREYFORD.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.

IV.

THE sun was just rising when I drew rein beside the porch of the Natural Bridge Hotel. The days whereof I write were long before the advent of steam in the James River Valley, and Buchanan—the nearest point to the Bridge accessible by public conveyance—was reached by the canal-boat at an unholy hour in the morning. I hired a horse of a fellow who lived near the packet-landing, and set out across country to the Bridge, intending to surprise my relations by appearing before them at breakfast. My luggage would follow later in the day.

The ride among the hills, in the early dawn, was like a renewal of youth to me. At first, so accustomed had I become to open plains and a sweep of sight unobstructed to the horizon, the proximity of the mountains oppressed me and produced a feeling of imprisonment, a longing to thrust out my hands and force them apart and give myself breathing-room. But, when that feeling passed away, the grandeur of it all got hold of me, and the sublimity, the steadfastness, awakened the instinct of kinship with nature which is inborn in every mountaineer.

Scraps of sonorous old verse, bits of Horace and Homer, drummed into my skull by a classic-loving father thirty years before, swung their measure through my brain, mingling with fragments of Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, studied to please myself, and memories of hunting-trips among these very mountains, after bear, deer, and wild turkeys. It was a fantastic jumble; but I enjoyed it and the ride too, and, by the time I reached my destination, the spell of the hills was on me so strong that I conceived a mighty aversion to going indoors—even to embrace a long-lost brother—and was genuinely glad to find only the servants astir, and to be able to decide that fraternal feeling could best be manifested by letting my relatives finish their morning nap. Giving my horse to an hostler, I told him that I would breakfast with Mr. Hazeldeen, and in the meantime would stroll to the bridge.

The sun had cleared the crest of the mountains away in the east, and rested—poised, as it were—on the tops of the pines; above, below, around him was a golden haze which later would develop into fire-mist. The sky was clear slate-color, shaded into blue toward the zenith; the mountains were blurred and indistinct by reason of the mists that rose, opaque and white, and hung about their shoulders, like bridal draperies, making them fair and gracious for the wooing of the day-god.

The path along which I strolled was shaded by gnarled old arbor-vitæ trees, and beside it leaped and tumbled a jolly companionable stream, that laughed and gurgled and had a great many stories to tell to the rocks, and a great many questions to ask of the branches that drooped over it, as to what might be doing in the world above, and what news the winds had brought from distant countries. Presently the path descended, twisted sharply to the right, and spread itself on a sort of shelf, and there before me were the gorge and the great gray arch, so majestic, so unchanged and apparently unchangeable, that the years since I had last beheld it were blotted out, and, for the time, the present fell back and merged into the past.

Slowly I moved along the pathway, down into the ravine, across the flat gray limestone rocks that border Cedar Creek. All at once, my peaceful thoughts were broken into by a groan—a human groan, deep and blood-curdling—a genuine first-class variety-show expression of misery. My heart ought to have turned a somersault and my blood stiffened, but they didn't. I had read my Ledger, or enough of it to know that the proper thing to do in such an emergency would be to stride forward—so I strode.

On a big flat rock just at the end of the rustic bridge, I perceived a negro sitting huddled together in a heap; his head was down on his knees, his shoulders humped-up to his ears, and his hands clasped together on top of his cranium. His attitude bespoke dejection, and the air around him was resonant with groans. At his feet was a basket covered with a check apron, and beside him stood a tall young woman in a dark-blue gown.

The sound of her voice, a little raised in expostulation, reached me:

"How can I do anything for you as long as

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you just rock yourself and say 'oh, Lordy!'? If you'll tell me what's the matter, perhaps I can help you. Is anybody ill or dead? Are you in trouble? Have you hurt yourself? Answer me."

I joined the group, keenly interrogatory.

"Has there been an accident?" I questioned. "Is the fellow hurt—or dying?"

The young woman turned toward me.

"Not the last, certainly," she smiled; "he's much too noisy. He seems to be in agony of some sort, but I can't get him to tell me what. I found him here five minutes ago. I heard him groaning, as I came down the path."

While she spoke, I had an opportunity to take a good look at her without rudeness. As I have said, she was tall; indeed, her eyes were nearly on a level with my own. They were large and almost black, and had that pathetic wistful expression that invariably suggests a story, and, in nine cases out of ten, fails utterly to justify the suggestion. The saddest and most exquisite dark eyes I ever beheld mourned over an unappreciative world from under the black brows of the most reckless and daring horse-thief in Texas—a fellow that no jail could hold, and for whom there was a rope on every ranche ready against the time fate should deliver him into our hands. Handsome eyes mean a good deal to most men, and I may as well admit that this young woman's gave me a premonitory tingle that might develop into a shock, if I should hold on. Still, it was not her eyes that caused a thought to pass through my mind at sight of her—that came back, later on, and took up land and located permanently. It was an air of helpfulness that made an atmosphere around her, a sense of strength and truth and tenderness, that involuntarily suggested the two holiest words that can be applied to a woman.

"He was going to the hotel with poultry," she observed, and pointed to the basket.

In proof of the truth of the statement, one corner of the apron was lifted, and an old Muscovy drake shot out his ugly head and blithely gave the world good-morrow.

I bent over the man and touched his shoulder.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded. "Is your tongue paralyzed? Can't you talk?"

Then the negro lifted a moist, woe-begone face from his knees, and regarded me with eyes brimming over with suffering. His visage was distorted, his thick lips tremulous, his hands shook. Take him all around, he was the forlornest specimen of humanity I had seen for many a day.

Raising one hand and laying it pathetically against his jaw, he groaned:

"It's dis yer ole toof, sar—dat's what's de matter! I'se clean 'stracted, an' e'enermos' 'stroyed, wid it—rackin' an' r'arin' an' canterin' an' gallopin' ever sence daybreak! I kyarnt git no res'! Up on her behin'-legs an' kickin' wid her fo'foots, buckin' an' jumpin' same ez er yearlin' steer buttin' in de fence-corner. Oh, Lawdy! oh, Lawdy! dar she go agin! Jes' like somebody done load my haid up wid powder an' totch it off. Oh, Lawdy! hab mussy on de nigger! Lemme git er little res'!" He rocked himself to and fro.

"Take a swallow of this: maybe it will help you." I poured about a gill of brandy from my flask, into the cup attached, and handed it to him.

The lady stood quite silent and watched proceedings. Not a glimmer of amusement touched her countenance, and I strangled my unrighteous mirth. Her eyes regarded me with grave wistfulness mingled with perfect confidence in my ability to restore peace to this troubled breast. It was the sort of look to compel any man worth his salt to strive to justify it. I am not so young as I have been, but I don't find that a man's desire to appear to advantage before women decreases as he goes along. If it should, then that man is on the down-grade—and the sooner he gets the brakes on, the better.

The brandy disappeared in a trice, and a transient look of relief passed over the sufferer's face. Taking advantage of the improved conditions, I proposed an examination of the insurgent. Instantly, a great red cavern yawned for my inspection, and a tremulous brown finger indicated the unruly molar. A sturdy beggar it was, with a venomous cavity in the crown and a circle of inflammation around it extending down to the man's chin. If that tooth couldn't ache like a forty-horse-power engine, there was not a molar in Christendom that could. Before I had finished my survey, the pain had him by the jaw again: the liquor had caused a momentary suspension of hostilities, but peace was a long way from being declared yet. The cavern closed with a snap that bit in half a howl of anguish, the hands flew to the top of the head to prevent the pain from literally knocking the roof off, and the fellow actually rolled over on the ground. His foot struck against the basket, and the drake jerked his head in and quacked a protest, and all the chickens inside set up a shrill cackling cry as though they sighted a hawk.

Feeling as mean as a dog by reason of the mirth that convulsed me, and to which I durst not give vent because of the gravity of the sympathetic face near by, I sat down on the end of the bridge and waited for the paroxysm to pass.

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"Poor creature!" the young lady exclaimed, pitifully. "Can't something be done for him? It's awful for him to suffer so. Can't we help him some way?"

That unconscious "we" had a pleasant sound to me, although I fancied I could detect a shade of disappointment in the tone, as though I had not proved equal to the emergency. Now, I knew I could be, if she would go away. On the frontier, and away in the lonesome places, men get a knack of turning a hand to almost anything. In my pocket was a small case of instruments—a pair of forceps, among others—and I had operated on a cowboy or two, in my time.

"The tooth ought to come out," I said. "He'll go distracted, if it don't. Say, my man, where's the nearest dentist? You'd better go to him at once."

The negro picked himself up.

"I'se gwine, sar—I'se gwine! De toof-doctor live at Lexin'ton. 'Taint but twelve mile, but I kyarnt wait ter git dar. I wouldn't stan' dis ole varmint nary 'nother minute, ter sabe her life! I gwine ter Buckanon right now an' git Bill Grady, de blacksmif, ter gouge her out wid de pinchers he draw nails out'n de horseshoes wid. He got ter do it, ef he bu'st my jaw clean open." He reached out for his basket.

Buchanan was two miles away. Bidding the man hold on a moment, I drew out my little case of instruments and opened it. Then I glanced at the lady. She gave me a swift bright smile that warmed me like sunshine, and walked rapidly away. As soon as she got out of sight, I felt convinced that she would put her hands over her ears and run.

Then we set to work. The first effort, owing to the negro's nervousness, only resulted in a howl; the second time, the forceps slipped; but the third trial fetched the molar. There was a strong wrench, a gurgling, a rolling-up of the eyes, a tremendous exertion of muscle, a roar that reverberated from the arch above, and echoed and re-echoed from the walls around, and filled heaven and earth, and lapped over into the infinite—and the tooth was out.

The conduct of my patient amazed me. No sooner did he realize his relief—and dispose of the rest of my brandy—than he rose from the ground, danced, capered, leaped about, and finally beat the tooth into the earth and covered it with a rock—burial and a monument secured with a single movement. It was marvelous! Then he dived down into his trowsers-pocket and brought to light a lot of odds-and-ends, amid which was a half-dollar, a few coppers, and a curious-looking coin with a hole in it. He separated the money and turned it over in his hand, regarding me sheepishly.

"Put it up," I smiled; "I don't want it. Hold on a minute, though. I'd like to look at that thing." And I took the odd-looking coin from his hand.

It was not a coin at all, but a medal, as I discovered as soon as I got hold of it. It was about the size of a silver dollar, and much battered and scratched. The hole was for a ring, evidently. There was a palmetto-tree on one side, the device of South Carolina, and on the other a Latin inscription, a date, and a space for a name.

"Where'd you get this?" I inquired; for the man didn't look like a medalist himself.

"T'war my young mars'r's, sar. He gin it ter me fur keepsake. He got it at school when he war a boy, an' arter he got grow'd he gin it ter me one time. Me an' him sot sto' by one n'other. I bin had dat medal long time. Thankee, sar, 'bout dat toof! I'se thousan' time 'bleeged ter ye."

"All right," I answered, and turned off in the direction taken by the young lady. She had the start of me, however, and, as I entered the hotel-grounds, I caught sight of a dark-blue figure ascending the front steps; and, by the time I reached them myself, a big broad-shouldered fellow, with an uncommonly familiar look about him, swooped down on me and got hold of both my hands, and a hearty voice was sounding words of welcome in my ears.

Then I was carried off to a private sitting-room and presented to a pretty little woman, who bestowed on me a cordial sisterly embrace and straightway called my attention to a trio of babies.

It was only when we were going to breakfast that I got a chance to ask Sam who the tall young woman in blue might be, who went into the dining-room just ahead of us.

"That's Mabyn Greyford, my wife's 'Fidus Achates,'" Sam made answer. "She is, take her all around, the most satisfactory woman I know. She sits at our table, and we three have lively times together. I'm as chummy with her as Katie is. You're sure to like her, old fellow. Come along and be introduced."

V.

With all their investigation of causes, their testing, probing, and tracking things back to original elements, men are as ignorant to-day of that which produces attraction between human beings as they were when the first man looked deep into the eyes of the first woman and knew

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that he loved her. Time may come and go, youth merge into manhood, manhood into maturity untroubled by sentiment, and yet nature, in her endless work of building up and tearing down, may, in every case, be bringing about the conditions most favorable for the operation of the law. Then a chance meeting, a glance, a smile, a touch—and lo, a miracle! The world and they that dwell therein rejoice in reflex glory; a bit of the celestial gets itself manifested in the material, and any attempt to explain the why or wherefore would be about as easy as the demonstration of the exact dimension of space.

I had lived my life comfortably enough, abstractly reverential of abstract womanhood, but with no appropriative impulses. Now, all that was changed. A part of my nature heretofore dormant began to bestir itself, to utter outcries and experience wants, to make strenuous efforts for the pacification of its needs. I don't understand these things. As I have stated, I am a plain man, and troubled little with subtleties. With me, a fact is a fact, to be recognized and accepted. How it became a fact, and whether it will or will not remain one to all eternity, I leave to the decision of more acute intelligence. Certainly the fact that I was over head and ears in love with Mabyn Greyford became patent to more minds than my own, before I had passed a fortnight in that young lady's society.

It was patent to Sam, at all events, and I had to stand considerable banter from him.

"I never saw a fellow knocked out so quick," he would say, with a shout of laughter. "Why, Jock, you don't afford a woman decent amusement. It's come, and see, and conquer. You give her no scope for the display of prowess. By Jupiter! it's as tame as shooting house-pigeons."

"Well, you see, Sam," I would urge in self-defense, "there isn't anything about a man of my sort to attract a superior woman like Miss Greyford. A commonplace fellow, with nothing special to offer, has got to love a woman tremendously, with no dodging or scrubbing over the ranges about it. He's got to fire the prairie all around, and burn toward her, if he expects to win her. My method may be primitive; but I don't know any other, and I'm afraid I'm too old to learn."

That was my great difficulty in those days. Mabyn was so clever and cultivated, so earnest and thoughtful, that even to love her looked like presumption in an ordinary fellow. She liked me; I could see that well enough, long before Katie took to dinning it into my ears. But liking is a long way off from love, and, after a little, the affair got to mean so much to me that even the thought of liking galled me. Sometimes I would get so low in my spirits with the contemplation of her perfections, which by contrast seemed to cause my own mediocrity to strike through to the bone, that I would feel like taking myself off to the frontier again, to consort with cattle and cow-boys, who would seem my proper associates. Then I would pluck up heart, and reason that, if I should give up, she might possibly marry a fellow who couldn't love or admire half so well, and that I had better hold on to the last gasp, for her sake as well as my own. I have noticed things as I have gone along, and the conviction is strong within me that a woman can and will reconcile herself to a good many imperfections in a man, if only he shall love her with strength and loyalty.

The mystifying part of the business was that I couldn't understand Mabyn. She was sweet and gracious and interested in everything I would do and say—my tales of frontier-life, my views and opinions, and all that; but so she was with other people—with Sam, Katie, the children, the other guests at the hotel, and, by Jove! with the very hangers-on about the place. It was terribly confusing. Then, too, if I should talk of the pleasure and independence of bachelor-existence and the joy of being unhampered, she would enter into the subject with zest and amusement, and point out salient features and suggest felicities connected with single-blessedness that I had never even thought of—until, to hear her talk, one would think that, for a man to contemplate matrimony, even from afar, would be to show himself lacking in common-sense. It was annoying, because, at that particular juncture, my thought was running the other way.

And, again, she was just as well pleased to have me pay attention to other women as to her; and, if I should chance to praise a woman, she would immediately demonstrate to me how immeasurably below her deserts was my conception of that particular female. What she did it all for, I cannot conceive—unless it might be to impress me with a sense of her absolute indifference.

Katie was a great comfort to me, in those days, and bore with me—poor little soul—as only a happily-married woman can bear with the idiocy of a man in love. But even her patience got worn to tatters, at last.

We had lengthened our stay at the Bridge ostensibly on account of the children, but in reality, as I discovered afterward, because Miss Greyford had positively declined Katie's invi-

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tation to visit her, and had declared her intention of leaving the Bridge, as soon as our party should break up, for a visit to a friend living in New York. Katie, feeling perhaps that my chances would be better if backed up by isolation from other male society, instructed Sam, therefore, that the children's health would require an additional stay in the mountains.

The affair had been going on about six weeks, and really looked as though it might go on forever without making any progress—if it isn't a bull to say so—when, one day, Katie, to my amazement, fell to upbraiding me:

"Why don't you propose to her, Jock—plump and plain? All this backing and filling is perfectly useless. You underrate yourself; any woman might be proud to love you. It's all nonsense about your being unworthy. You ought to think so, of course—that's only right and manly—and you'd show yourself to be disgustingly conceited, if you did not. But, all the same, it isn't true; and you are carrying it too far. A man's love and care are worth a woman's love and faith. Besides, you are Sam's brother, and absurdly like him, and I resent the implied reflection. Take my advice for once, Jock, and put your fortune to the touch."

"And lose it all," I suggested: "that's what your advice will bring me to. You'll get me refused flat-footed, for my pains."

"What if you should be?" demanded Katie, with the trenchant valor so easy to display in the direction of another man's campaign. "You needn't stay refused. You've tried siege, now try assault, and keep on until you carry the citadel. I should think anything would be preferable to sitting outside, staring at the walls. Have at them with the battering-ram of a downright proposal. Your position, at all events, will be different."

"Vastly different," I assented, grimly.

"Come, brother—don't be a laggard in love," Katie urged. "That is what no woman can or will or ought to tolerate. Mabyn went into the house just now. I saw her, and I'm sure that she is alone in my sitting-room at this blessed minute, while you are wasting time with me."

Now, Katie knew, as well as I did myself, that there had been precious little lagging in my wooing; still, the reflection of such an aspect on the affair, even as a possibility, galled me more than I would have cared to acknowledge. I would not look at my sister-in-law, nor answer her; but I got up and sauntered off in the direction of the hotel—not to propose to Miss Greyford, but to ask her to take a ride with me, that afternoon. Chancing to glance back toward the tree under which Katie was sitting, as I ascended the steps, I discovered that young woman balancing herself on one foot, while my namesake toddled across the lawn, to recover the slipper his mother had thrown after me for luck.

We had a glorious ride, and, coming homeward through the forest, with the grandeur and peace of nature shutting us two, as it were, into a world apart, as the man and the woman who stand forever as symbols of the race were shut apart in the place appointed them, I took my courage in my hand and asked Mabyn Greyford to be my wife.

Her answer was, it must be admitted, unsatisfactory—a sort of qualified "yes" or affirmative "no." She acknowledged that, were certain conditions altered, she might bring herself to regard my suit with favor. What the conditions were, she would not say, except that they were altogether apart from me and my love for her; and, when pressed for an explanation, she begged for a day or so for consideration.

The interview was unsatisfactory, but not so disastrous as it might have been. I reflected that "who hesitates is lost," and determined to bide my time for a day or so. On the whole, when I went up to my room to get ready for tea—they kept old-fashioned hours at the hotel—my spirits were sufficiently good to admit of considerable attention to my toilet.

The question of neckties, I remember, absorbed me for several moments, and I dragged my valise to the window, for the light was fading, and overhauled its contents. It was a warm evening and the sash was raised; as I pulled the things out, I piled them on the windowsill. Presently, I came on that package of Dred Power's, and I took it out and laid it by the other things. I did not think much about it—my mind was filled with Mabyn and my own hope and fear; and, when I had found what I wanted, I turned to the bureau and left it on the ledge.

My room was on the second floor, just over those occupied by my brother and his family, and my window was above that of the room the children slept in. I say "slept in" advisedly: for, when not asleep, they occupied the whole place, indoors and out. As I tied my cravat, the sound of a childish shout, followed by a sweet low laugh that had grown to be the music I loved best in all the world, came up to me, and I went back to the window and leaned out.

Mabyn was standing on the lawn, just outside of the children's window and several paces from it. She had a ball in her hand, which she tossed through the window to someone inside

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and caught as it was tossed back. Her gown was of some thin dusky material, through which her neck and arms gleamed whitely, like marble through mist. She raised her arms, and moved and swayed, like a bough in a gentle breeze, and her voice cooed softly, like the low notes of a song-bird, to which the children's shrill chirping made answer, like young thrushes in the nest.

My eyes followed her every movement, drinking in the unconscious grace of each pose of the lithe rounded figure. Never had my love surrounded her with such intensity, with such yearning insistence. Presently, she missed the ball, which flew out at an angle and rolled away across the grass. I leaned out, to watch Mabyn as she pursued it, and, as I did so, my arm struck against the package and brushed it off the ledge. I made a grab at it, thinking that it would be all up with the watch—but it was too late; and I leaned out again, to see what would happen.

The package was heavy and fell straight, and, as it touched the ground, the string delivered up its trust and the letters scattered about on the grass. Mabyn turned at the sound of the thud and looked up.

"Never mind," she called; "I will pick them up for you."

I hurried into my coat and made for the door, knowing that the letters had no envelopes and that it would still be light enough for her to see that they were in a woman's-hand, and prodigiously afraid that her eye might inadvertently light on some of the terms of endearment with which they were plentifully sprinkled. I knew that I could explain and make it all right in the end; but I did not want her, even for a moment, to think I had loved another woman.

When I reached the hall, Mabyn was just coming in, and her face had a look on it that turned me cold. It was still and white and terrified, like that of a person menaced with danger invisible to the senses but acutely present in the consciousness. Her dress was caught up a little in front and held the letters, and her hands shook. On one of them, I noticed the glitter of a ring I had never seen there before, and her eyes were wide and dark. She would have passed me without speaking, without even seeing me; but I put myself in her path. She looked at me strangely, as though there were a mist or veil between us, which her gaze sought to penetrate. Her lips were bright-red and parched, like those of a person in a fever, and her breath came and went in sobs.

"What is it?" I questioned, deeply stirred by her emotion. "What troubles you? These letters? They are not mine."

"No," she answered, breathlessly; "they are mine. Don't ask me—don't talk to me! I can't think—can't explain. To-morrow—come to me to-morrow!" Then, with pitiful wail: "Be patient—oh, be patient! It is from the dead—it is from the dead."

Then she broke from me and fled along the passage to her own room, leaving me in a maze, the like of which had never come to me before. I was all broken up and torn to pieces, and the only reflection that would suggest itself was that the ghost of Dred Power was getting in some mighty curious work along the lines of my life.

VI.

The next morning, Mabyn did not appear at breakfast; but, shortly after, she sent word that she wished to see me. Katie brought me the message, and she looked concerned and said that Mabyn seemed distressed and ill, and that I must be gentle and patient with her. As if I could ever be anything else, loving her as I did. Then Katie, like the kind-hearted little woman she is, took Sam and the children away and left us the room to ourselves.

Mabyn was sitting in a low chair near the window, and her face seemed to have aged, and looked worn and haggard; her eyes had circles under them and were heavy with sleeplessness or unshed tears, or both. The letters, tied together in a packet, were on her lap, and her fingers toyed with them nervously. On the third finger of her left hand was a plain gold ring, which some intuition informed me was the ring I had taken from the hand of the dead soldier eleven years before.

Mabyn motioned me to a seat near her and replied to my inquiry about her health hurriedly and a trifle impatiently. The subject did not interest her, and she wished to be rid of it. In a moment, she turned to that which filled her mind.

"These letters," she said: "will you tell me where you got them? It is important that I should know. Tell me everything, Mr. Hazeldeen, please—all the circumstances, down to the most minute, under which they came into your possession."

"They were given to me by the man to whom they were written—Eldred Power," I made answer, gravely. "Or, rather, I took them from his pocket after his death. I had promised him—"

"You knew him?" she interrupted.

"No; I never saw him until that night, after the battle, when I knelt by his side and held

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his dying hand in mine. It was a mistake—my being there. It happened this way."

Her mournful eyes were on mine. She leaned back in her chair and waited.

Then, as tenderly and considerately as might be, I went over for her the sad story—the fighting, the carnage, the work of the "detail" on the battle-field after the fighting had ceased, my own accidental presence with the squad of men, and the mistake the negro had made in the semi-darkness, which had led to my watching beside the dying soldier and receiving his last commands.

She listened breathlessly, leaning forward in her chair and keeping her eyes on my face. When I spoke of his death, her breath came through her shut teeth in a shuddering moan, and the slow tears fell on the letters in her lap. And, when I told of the grave we had made, and of how I, a comrade in arms, and the faithful servant who had stood by him to the last, had knelt beside it in the chill gray dawn and prayed to the God of soldiers to receive a soldier's soul, she reached out her hands and caught mine and held them for a little space.

Then I spoke of my efforts to find this friend, this Colonel Mayo, to whom of right the trust belonged, and of their failure, owing to the disappearance of the negro and my own lack of adequate information.

"There was no will among the papers, or I should have known what to do, for the property would have been described and located. I suppose Colonel Mayo knew about that, and made it all right for the heirs, whoever they were. Property is generally looked after pretty sharply. The thing that bothered me was about that girl. It seemed a pitiful thing that she shouldn't have such poor comfort as I could give her—the knowledge, at least, that the man she loved had been cared for at the last. It was the woman I wanted to find. She was his sweetheart, I suppose."

"She was his wife," corrected Mabyn. "You have found the woman. These letters are mine. I wrote them years ago to my husband—Eldred Power."

The words staggered me. I could not grasp their significance all at once, or fit them to the verity they covered. My mind works deliberately at best of times, and now the lines were blocked by bewilderment. I was, of course, fully aware that in some way Mabyn was closely connected with Dred Power; but the idea that she might be his widow had never crossed my brain. How could it, when she did not bear his name—when to the world, as to me, she was Mabyn Greyford?

"Your name—" I said, slowly, and paused.

"Is—or should be—Mabyn Power. I have never borne my husband's name, and the one I have gone by is my own. This seems strange—it is strange. You will think it stranger when I tell you that Eldred Power was my husband only in name: that never to me was he aught save my noble boy-lover, who married me in hot haste, one winter night, and left me within an hour, to be slain within a month. Listen—this is my story:

"My father, the Rev. William Greyford, was a South Carolinian. His reasons for leaving his native State and settling in the Valley of Virginia I never heard discussed, and only knew in a nebulous sort of way that his life had held trouble and disappointment, and that he had been past middle-age when he married my mother. That he had been wealthy in his youth I had heard, that he was no longer wealthy I knew, although the house in which we lived, with a few hundred acres of land, belonged to him and yielded us a comfortable support. We owned some valuable negroes also; but the best of them belonged to my mother, and had accompanied her from her home in Lower Virginia.

"My father had charge of a church and parish in Rockingham County, toward the headwaters of the Shenandoah. The parsonage was small and in a village, so my father preferred living on his own farm. He was rather an unsocial man, quiet and undemonstrative and prone to withdraw himself from his kind. He rarely noticed children, so I never knew him well; but he was a good man, upright and honorable. Our house was a mile from the village; but the church was nearer, being on the very outskirts, as it were, of the little place. The farm was called 'Witch Hazel.'

"When I was seven years old, my mother died and my grandmother came to live with us and take charge of me and of the house. She was somewhat of an invalid, and kept her room most of the time, so I was allowed to grow up pretty much as I liked. When I was old enough to have lessons, I used to ride into the village every day, to a lady who kept a select school. It was considered better for me than having a governess, because of the companionship of other children."

She paused a moment, and glanced out of the window at the sunlit lawn. A cloud drifted across the sun, making a transient shadow on the grass. Then her eyes came back to me.

"All this must seem superfluous," she resumed, "but I thought it would make you understand better how I could act in the way I did later.

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My life was very sheltered, and of the world and its ways I knew absolutely nothing. When I look back on it all, it seems as though it must have been some other person to whom that strange thing happened."

"Go on," I said, for she paused again.

"Yes, it was very sheltered," she repeated. "I knew only the village-people, and they were as simple and primitive as we were. Of my father's family I was absolutely ignorant, save that my grandmother told me one day that he had quarreled with them all before he left South Carolina, except one sister — who had been a Mabyn also. She had married a wealthy rice-planter named Eldred Power, a widower with three daughters. At the time of my father's disagreement with his family, she had taken his part and stood by him loyally. And so, in honor of her memory, I had been given her name; for she had died when her only son—my cousin Eldred—was born.

"When I was twelve years old, my cousin was sent to Virginia to complete his education. My father was requested to keep an eye on the lad, and his vacations were to be spent with us. Dred was sixteen then—five years my senior—and a fine high-spirited boy. Not handsome; but so brave and true, so loyal and warm-hearted. His coming made a great change in my life: he was young, bright, and companionable. He speedily became the centre toward which all my being set; his comings and goings, his triumphs and failures, his plans and prospects, were the major events of my world; he was my hero and oracle long before he became my lover, although that was not very long in coming either. Dred used to talk to me about his home and his step-sisters, whom he hated. They were austere women, narrow and uncompromising in their opinions. Of his father he spoke with great affection, describing him 'as the best and bravest old fellow in the world.' And I think the good man must have been fond and proud of the son of his old age; for in his letters he would dwell on the time when Dred would be through college, and could come home and take charge of his father's affairs and of the two great plantations which had been left him by his Grandfather Power. For Dred was a wealthy man in his own right, and owned much land and many negroes.

"In the first outbreak of the war, when the secession-fever began to rage and spread, Dred rushed back to South Carolina, and organized and equipped a company, and worked early and late with mad enthusiasm for the cause. Nearly a year went by without our seeing him; but his letters kept us informed of his movements, and in those early days the comfort of letters was possible. We were engaged then—although I was just fifteen—and had fully made up our minds that we would marry as soon as peace should be restored. This, we calculated, would be in a couple of years at furthest, which would make me seventeen and Dred twentytwo, quite advanced enough in years and wisdom—we thought—to take our lives in our own hands. The two fathers must, I think, have been satisfied with the engagement, or else heedless of it in the press of graver matters; for we made no secret of it.

"In the autumn of 1862, Dred's regiment was in Virginia—in the Valley. He came to see me as often as he could, and began to urge an immediate marriage. All the first excitement had worked itself off, and the country had begun to realize through all its length and breadth that the matter in hand was terribly serious and a long way off from adjustment. The uncertainty and hazard increased with each passing month, and Dred urged that, should anything happen to my father, I would be left without a protector, while, as his wife, the lines about me would be doubled, as it were. Then, too, he wished to leave me the bulk of his estate, and, if I were his wife, all heart-burning and possible litigation on the part of his family would be averted. He pleaded earnestly and well, but my father would not consent. I was too young, he said, and an immediate marriage was quite out of the question. He was an obstinate man when he had settled a point in his own mind.

"But Dred was strong-willed also. He let my father alone, but he began to work on me. He appealed to my love, my pity: if he should be wounded, dying, and should need me, I could come to him: no one could keep a wife from her husband. How could he send for a girl so young as I, when she was only his sweetheart? My father's refusal to countenance the thing, he explained as old-fashioned prejudice in favor of things being done in the regular way, according to time-honored precedent. These were irregular times, he said, and there could be no precedent for them. We must be prepared for emergencies. The marriage could take place secretly, and need not even be disclosed to my father, save in event of an emergency, and then he too would be thankful that we were prepared to meet it. The emergency might never arise; but, in any case, the being prepared for it would harm no one.

"I see now what never occurred to me then—Dred's great and unselfish love for me. His domi-

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nant motive was a desire to secure my future beyond a peradventure. Even then he had begun to realize the probable overthrow of the cause he loved, although I doubt if he would have admitted it. In event of the worst—his own death and my father's—he wished to provide for me a protector in his own father; and he knew that, no matter what should happen, those two plantations would secure to me affluence. None of this suggested itself to me, at the time: I thought only of him—my hero, my soldier-lover—who pleaded his cause so well; and I consented to do as he wished.

"One afternoon, in the beginning of the winter of '63, I received a note from Dred, scribbled on the torn envelope of one of my own letters, and sent by special messenger. It bade me hold myself in readiness to meet and marry him, that night, in my father's church. I was to divulge the secret to no one. He had made the necessary arrangements, and would provide a minister and witness. I must bring the key of the church, and also that of the closet in which the parish-registers were kept, so that the marriage could be properly entered. There was a grove of trees midway between our front-gate and the church, and Dred bade me wait there until he should come for me.

"For days I had noticed that my father looked more than usually anxious, and I knew that there was a scheme afoot to break up our establishment and send my grandmother and myself to our kindred in the James River Valley. The idea originated with my grandmother, and she urged it with the insistence of an old person homesick for her own people. It was natural; for she had children of her own, and my father was only a son-in-law. It had been for my sake that she had crossed the mountains, and she proposed to take me away with her. My father regarded the suggestion with favor, for the time had come when old men no longer thought that their years should exempt them from service. I knew that, as soon as we should be safe across the mountains, my father would join the army. I knew also that the opposing forces were encamped not thirty miles away, and that the time of emergency, for which we must be prepared, was at hand. Then, too, I was so young, that the romance, the wildness of the affair, appealed to my imagination.

"When night had fallen and the house was still, I stole forth, with the key of the church in my pocket and a certain terrified exultation in my heart. At the last moment, a whimsical fear lest Dred should forget the ring caused me to slip my mother's wedding-ring on a ribbon and fasten it around my neck. Dred was waiting for me in the grove, and, in the obscurity, I could dimly discern two other horses beside his, fastened to one of the trees. His friends had walked on, he said, and he hurried me after them.

"The church felt lonesome and solemn and eerie, as we stood a moment in the aisle, in the pitch-darkness. We dared not strike a light outside, for fear of attracting attention. I had brought a candle, and we lighted it, and it served to illumine the book in the preacher's hand and to make the rest of the darkness visible. 'It's all right about the license, I suppose,' one of the men said. And Dred took a paper out of his pocket and handed it to him. Both men—one was the corps-chaplain and the other Colonel Mayo—glanced over it and appeared satisfied.

"Then we stood up together and were married.

"When I look back on it all, it appears a bit of midsummer madness, a wild fantastic vision, so strange and unreal was it—the silent church in semi-darkness, the men in uniform, the gloom, the impressiveness of the place and hour, the solemnity of the ceremony, which never before had seemed so fraught with meaning. Then the hasty adjournment to the vestry, where the license was securely pinned between the leaves of the register because there was no time to transfer it to the pages of the book. Then the hurried walk back through the darkness, during which few words were spoken; and the parting with Dred under the trees, while the other men stood aside, impatient to be gone, yet unwilling to hurry us.

"It was all so weird, so dreamlike, that for days I could only realize what had happened when my eyes fell on the ring on my left hand. It was Dred's ring—a heavy seal-ring—the one you have seen me wear. In my nervousness, I forgot the ring I had taken myself, and so Dred had given his. When we parted, that night, I loosed the ribbon and slipped my mother's ring on his finger."

Mabyn paused and seemed to lose herself amid the memories that crowded thick upon her. The silence was unbroken. I knew that her thoughts were busy with the poor young fellow whose dying hand had been clasped in mine, and I did not grudge him the guerdon of her regret. He was a part of that past which to every soldier's heart is sacred.

"The rest I will put into as few words as possible," she resumed. "The next day, the fighting in the Valley recommenced—if, indeed, it

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could be said to have stopped for longer than a breathing-space. One day, they told us that the Federal forces were near, and within a few hours they were in our very midst. The details are too harrowing; I must spare myself and you. It was known that my father was in active communication with the Confederate forces, and it was suspected that he was in possession of dispatches of importance. The Federal soldiery, unable to extract anything from him, shot him down on his own doorstep." Her voice quivered, and again the heavy tears fell.

"The destruction during that raid was awful. The court-house was burned and all the records destroyed. Of my marriage, there was left not a single proof, save that which could be established by the witnesses."

Then my grandmother insisted that we should leave the farm and go to her own kindred.

"When the war ended and my husband was among the 'missing,' I felt how it must be, and for a time I thought my heart would break. I tried to find Colonel Mayo; but his name, too, was on the list of the slain. Then I wrote to Dred's father, not telling my story, but feeling my way, as it were. The answer came from one of his daughters, saying that he was ill; and, when I wrote again, he was dead. They notified me because, as they said, I was his niece by marriage, and they sent me a lock of the old man's hair and some bits of jewelry that had belonged to Dred's mother. Old Mr. Power outlived his son two years, and of course inherited his property, which, in turn, passed to his daughters. Dred left no will."

"There was a will," I interposed. "Where it is now, God only knows; but there certainly was one made. That I'll swear to. But, even without a will, you were entitled to the widow's portion. You ought to have put in a claim. It was due to your husband that you should."

"But how could I?" she objected. "There was no proof that the marriage ever took place, save my bare word. Then think of the wildness, the improbability, of the tale I had to tell! Where property is concerned, the law is stringent. Do you suppose anybody would have believed me? The records had been destroyed. Dred and Colonel Mayo were both dead, and the chaplain might be also, for aught I knew. He was dead to me, at all events, because I had forgotten his name. It was only mentioned once, and I had been too nervous and frightened to heed it."

"Did you never try to find him? There was the army-list. You knew your husband's corps."

"Dred wasn't with his own corps then. He was in command of a Georgia regiment. I don't know whose brigade it was attached to. What could I do? I had kept the marriage concealed so long that it seemed folly to disclose it. And, in truth, I had no heart to move in the matter. It seemed so useless."

Certainly a more disastrous combination of circumstances all around could scarcely be imagined. But, the more I thought about it, the less inclined I felt to let the matter rest. That poor fellow, who had tried so hard to take care of the woman he loved, had not had justice. He had done a fine thing—a trifle ill-arranged, but still a fine thing—and he had done it for a set purpose, and been balked of that purpose. It was hard on him. Then my own part in the affair reasserted itself. Whether I had acted as another man's proxy or not, the fact remained that I had sworn by Almighty God to do that which in me lay to carry out the young fellow's wishes. And now the death of Colonel Mayo seemed to make me, not his proxy, but his heir. It did not look to be the square thing to let the affair rest.

Mabyn and I discussed the matter a little, and I quietly assumed the position I meant to hold through life, and spoke as though the affair were as much mine as hers—as indeed it was, in a measure. And my love tacitly assented, and it became an understood thing between us that all adverse conditions had been reconciled. Mabyn wished to leave the matter as it stood, but to that I would not consent. The money, in itself, was no object, for I had enough of my own; but I could not set aside the dead man's trust without an effort to fulfill it.

"That negro would know about the will, perhaps," I suggested. "If we could find the will, that would prove the marriage, and there would probably be other proof with it. Either Colonel Mayo must have had it, or it had been put in some safe place. It wasn't on the man himself. I took all the papers I could find. I wonder what could have become of that negro. I don't believe he was killed."

"Probably he went back home. He was Dred's fosterbrother, you know. Dred only brought him to Virginia at the beginning of the war. I never saw him but once. If he wasn't killed, you may be sure he made his way back to South Carolina."

"Then I'm going to South Carolina and hunt him up," I announced. "It will be better everyway. Mayo may have left papers. I've got to do something, love, if only for my oath's sake."

And so it was decided that I should start for South Carolina as speedily as possible.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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EDITH'S RIVER-PIRATE.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE ON THE OHIO.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

About forty years ago, Dr. William Chillingly, a middle-aged widower with one child, established himself on the Ohio River a little below Gallipolis. He was a man of considerable ability and means; but a chronic dyspepsia, the loss of his wife, and political disappointment had soured his temper, made him misanthropic, and impelled him to leave his old home in Cincinnati and settle in this wild place. His daughter, Edith, was a charming girl—handsome, robust, and courageous—who, to the accomplishments of the city, soon added those of the frontier. She could play the piano, and shoot well with either rifle or shotgun, embroider, and ride the most spirited horse, converse with polished grace, and "jug" for catfish. The doctor soon became disgusted with his retirement, but pride and prospective interest forbade his returning to the city. Then he grew querulous and pessimistic, and entertained all sorts of queer notions, conspicuous among them one that it was his duty to see Edith married before his death—which, he averred, was liable to occur at any moment. Edith agreed with him, so far as the existence of that duty went; but there rose, between them, a serious difference of opinion over the method of discharging it. She said: "Captain Winbourne, papa—" And he interrupted, to ejaculate: "Bother the river-pirate!"

Robert Winbourne was nothing of the sort—but a fine, vigorous, handsome, honest, and plucky young fellow, with as correct habits as a riverman could be expected to have; and, being part-owner as well as captain of the stern-wheeler "Mary Blane," plying between Cincinnati and Wheeling, was well-to-do and had good prospects. These things Edith knew; and she knew something more, which gave him still greater merit in her eyes—that he loved her with all his heart.

But Dr. Chillingly said "No"—and, in his erroneous opinion, that decided the matter. He had conceived a great fancy for a smooth, well-dressed, and polished person introduced to him by a letter from a mercantile acquaintance in Gallipolis as "Mr. Charles Lissome, of New York, looking for a chance to make some investments in land and mill-property." Mr. Lissome talked like a person of means, was well-informed on general topics, and very polite—rather too much so, Edith thought. She distrusted the excessively courteous gallantry of his manner, disliked his cold glittering gray eyes, had an aversion for his thin "snaky" lips, and shuddered at the purely mechanical smile which they habitually wore when addressing her. Yet this was the man her father had determined, if he could bring it about, should be her husband.

"I really cannot see, my child," said the doctor to Edith, as they sat at breakfast, one morning, "why you so obstinately set yourself to thwart my plans for your future happiness."

"If you imagine that my future happiness is to be attained by marrying Mr. Lissome, papa, you are very much mistaken."

"You think so because you still have that young river-pirate in your head, I suppose."

"Oh, papa! how can you give Robert such a name?"

"Well, he is something or other on the river; and, so far as I am concerned, he may as well be a pirate as anything else."

"But he isn't. He is good, good; and I'm sure you would say so, if you knew him better."

"Possibly; but his goodness is an abstract question that does not interest me and need not concern you in the least. The thing for practical consideration is your marrying Mr. Lissome."

"I wouldn't marry him to save my life, if he were the last man in the world!"

Edith concluded her spirited declaration by bursting into tears and rushing from the room. When Mr. Lissome arrived, two or three hours later, on professed business with her father, he was manifestly disappointed, and the doctor greatly annoyed, by the discovery that Miss Edith was nowhere about the house. She had gone for a long lonely stroll in the forest, to soothe her sorrow; for such scenes with her father pained her deeply. But she was destined not to pass the day without seeing Mr. Lissome.

In the afternoon, on her way home, when she mounted an eminence where there was little underbrush and she had a good view for some distance ahead, she was surprised to see Mr. Lissome issue from a thicket, carrying a bird in his hand. After looking carefully about—but, fortunately, failing to discern her—he busied

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himself for a few moments with the bird, doing something that she could not clearly make out, then threw it up in the air. It circled overhead for a minute or two, rising higher and higher, and darted off swiftly in a direction a little south of west. Then Mr. Lissome went down to the river, entered a skiff moored there, and paddled over to the other shore, where he disappeared.

As soon as he was gone, Edith went straight to the thicket whence she had seen him emerge, to explore it, and, to her great surprise, found concealed among the bushes a willow cage-like basket containing five birds, that she recognized at once as "homing" or "carrier" pigeons. The discovery puzzled and even alarmed her a little. There was unquestionably a mystery in the matter; and anything mysterious which concerned Mr. Lissome, she instinctively felt, was worthy of being looked on with vehement suspicion. But she very much doubted if her father or anybody else she could consult would share her feeling. There was nothing for her to do but to watch and await further developments.

The next day, she placed herself in a good position to command a view of the thicket, and, after a long and weary waiting, had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Lissome repeat his performance of the day before. The second bird, like the first, sped away westwardly and was soon out of sight, carrying with it, she was confident, some message the sender of which meant no good by. Decidedly, she determined, it was necessary for her to find out what sort of messages Mr. Lissome sent by his pigeon-express. The birds, she observed, flew low when passing over a high hill half a mile west of her home: and there she posted herself, on the succeeding afternoon, with a light fowling-piece in her hand, to intercept the messenger. With a field-glass, she watched the thicket from whence she expected the birds to rise, until she saw, to her surprise, that this time two pigeons were thrown into the air. One of them, no doubt, carried a message: but how was she to tell which? Her indecision caused her to watch them circling upward, as was their habit; and, when they got their direction and came with almost the speed of the wind toward her, she had barely time to drop the glass and snatch the gun before they came within range. She tried to bag both, giving them the two barrels in quick succession, but only succeeded in dropping one. The other continued its flight unharmed. "Did it carry a message?" she asked herself. Whether it did or not, she could not divine from its flight; but, when she picked up the dead bird, she had the evidence that her victim, at all events, had been on duty. Tied to its leg by a thread, was a bit of thin paper, tightly rolled, on which was written, in a very small neat hand:

"The fruit is ripe at last. He keeps his money in gold in the house. I got it out of him to-day. He has at least five thousand dollars. Have the boys bring the boat here to-morrow night. Remember, the girl is mine as an extra share for my trouble."

Edith knew that her father kept a large sum in gold by him, for he had no confidence in banks, and she did not doubt that Mr. Lissome, by his pretended plans for mutual speculative investments, had wormed the fact out of him. As for "the girl," she realized that she was the contemplated "extra share." Horror of the terrible danger menacing her father and herself for a few moments unnerved her, but she soon recovered her courage and began mapping out a course of action. To speak to her father, she feared, would be worse than useless. Even if she convinced him of the imminent peril, he would have little power to meet or avert it. In this emergency, she needed someone stronger and bolder than he—one who would probably know what enemies were to be met, and how to meet them. And that one, of course, was her "river-pirate," Robert Winbourne, away down the Ohio on his boat. How could she summon him to save the girl he loved?

Mr. Charles Lissome spent the evening at Dr. Chillingly's, and was as smoothly deferential to the old gentleman, as courteously gallant to the daughter, and as self-possessed, as he had ever been. He also spent the night there; for a furious storm came up, and the doctor insisted on his occupying the spare room. Edith, though his presence filled her with a shuddering aversion and dread, had the fortitude to hide her feelings and even to sing and play, at her father's request, with the most consummate self-possession.

But, if Mr. Lissome's conscience had kept him awake and his curiosity had drawn him to the window when the moon arose, after midnight, he would have seen something to surprise him and perhaps awake his apprehension. He might have beheld Edith, clad in black, with her shotgun slung across her shoulders, leading out of the stable her sable steed Bessie. The mare's feet were muffled with strips of an old blanket, so that her steps were noiseless. If there are any black ghosts, the girl and the mare might have been mistaken for a couple, they moved so silently out of the farmyard and down the lane.

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When well beyond hearing from the house, Edith tore the mufflers from Bessie's feet, and, mounting her, set out at an easy gallop toward the west.

Mr. Lissome, always an early riser, strolled down the lane a little after daybreak, to give him appetite for breakfast, and was the first to perceive the cast-off mufflers. He knew in an instant what they were. Certain incidents in his career had familiarized him with the usefulness of such devices. If he had had any doubts, they would have been quickly dispelled by the tracks that the mare had left in the soft mud. His quite natural supposition was that somebody had stolen one of the doctor's horses, and he felt indignant as if it were himself who had been robbed; for already, because of certain arrangements he had made, he looked on the doctor's possessions as his own. But when, on his reporting the supposed robbery, an investigation took place, and it was discovered that both Edith and the mare were missing, his shrewd and suspicious mind found food for new reflection.

Dr. Chillingly inveighed loudly against his daughter. She had run away to her lover, "the river-pirate"; she had disgraced herself and him; he would disown and disinherit her, and would never look on her face again. Mr. Lissome did not say much—not any more, indeed, than just sufficient, offered in the way of decorous suggestion, to keep the old man furious against his wayward child and prevent him leaving the house to go in search of her. It was necessary that the doctor should remain where he could be got at quietly and easily that night. But the rascal—for Mr. Lissome, it may as well be admitted, was a rascal—kept up some very able thinking, and unfortunately arrived speedily at a correct conclusion as to Edith's movements. He said to himself:

"The girl suspects something. Had some sort of a presentiment, I suppose, for I don't see what she could have dropped on. She was so polite and friendly last evening that I ought to have suspected and watched her. Women are generally up to some deviltry when they are so sweet. She has gone to meet her lover; not to run away, but to bring him here, and it won't do for us to meet—he might recognize me! And the 'how' is plain enough. She knows, of course, this is his day to pass on his way to Wheeling. She couldn't stop him here, for he won't get along until after dark, probably midnight, with the water as high as it is now. But she can head him off at the top of the Great Bend. It is less than thirty miles across and full seventyseven around by the river, so she will catch him there by daylight. That is, if I don't stop her, with Stub Maginley's help. It is only a little after seven o'clock. I have plenty of time."

Quickly making his way to the cage in the thicket, he took out the last carrier-pigeon, and, attaching to its leg a hurriedly penciled note, threw it into the air. The message, that the bird swiftly bore away toward the west, ran:

"Look out, this morning, for a girl on a black mare, along the road to the head of the Great Bend. Don't let her get to the river. Shoot the mare, but don't hurt the girl if you can help it. I sent two messages yesterday, to be sure of reaching you. One may have been dropped and found by her. Anyway, she suspects. Stop her."

Edith found the road very bad. It was not a good road when at its best, but the storm of the preceding night had made it, in many places, almost impassable. The mud was deep; here and there, trees had been blown down across the track; creek-beds ordinarily dry were now filled with rushing roaring torrents. At one point, she had to go four or five miles out of her way to find a ford in one of the larger streams she encountered. Still, wherever there was a stretch of tolerable road, Bessie put forth her best endeavors, and mile after mile of the journey was resolutely conquered. The distance was, as Mr. Lissome had correctly estimated it, not more than thirty miles; but a good third of it still spread before the anxious girl at the very moment when he sent off his message to intercept her, and the little mare seemed pretty thoroughly exhausted. Higher and higher mounted the sun, and Edith's fear that she would arrive too late at her destination increased with its ascent. A bird—a carrier-pigeon—flew swiftly over her head, westwardly, but she did not notice it. Her throat and lips were parched with feverish thirst, and the heat made her dizzy. But she kept steadfastly on her course.

She was slowly climbing a hill, not more than half a mile from the river, when poor weary Bessie stumbled and almost fell on her knees. It was the luckiest stumble that the little mare ever made; for, at the very instant when her head went down with a sudden jerk which almost poked her nose in the mud, a rifle-shot rang out sharp and clear from the bushes at one side of the road, and a bullet just clipped the top of one of her ears. As she sprang up and stood trembling with fright, a sturdy, ruffianly-looking, red-faced fellow leaped into the road, shouting, with an oath, to Edith:

"Hold there! Git down, or I'll blow yer brains out!"

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But he had no timid fainting miss to deal with. The doctor's daughter was a fair hand at a "snap shot," and, before the ruffian could reach her, she had her gun at her shoulder and gave him the contents of both barrels. Headlong and howling, he plunged into the mud, and Bessie, springing into a gallop, darted past his prostrate form. Edith not only kept her seat, but—not knowing what might yet be in store for her—managed to reload her weapon, muzzle-loader though it was, with the mare at a gallop. The powder she carried in a bottle, and the shot and caps were loose in her pocket. Under such circumstances, she could not be very precise about measuring the charges; but she made sure that she got in enough, both of powder and shot. Then she was ready for another ruffian, and not at all afraid of his coming. But nothing more occurred to molest her.

Reaching the top of the little bluff bank at the river's edge, she tied Bessie among some bushes to browse on their succulent leaves, and stationed herself where she could see afar off, when it came, the "Mary Blane." Hour after hour crawled by, and several boats went up and down; but the anxiously expected one did not appear. She was thirsty, and the river-water, though warm, seemed delicious to her; sorely hungry, and some tender juicy young hickory-roots satisfied her appetite; the gnats and mosquitoes worried her, and she stuck a fragrant fence of penny-royal in the neck of her dress that kept them away. Time passed so slowly while she waited, that she wished for some other annoyance to overcome, as an occupation for her nervously strained mind.

But at last the "Mary Blane" appeared, and she recognized the little stern-wheeler almost as far as she could see it—not by any knowledge of points in which it differed from any other boat of its kind, but just by an intuitive, inexplicable, and altogether feminine sense that it was "Robert's boat." How slowly it seemed to make its way against the strong current! But, though slow, it was sure; and after awhile she saw it almost near to her, rounding into the head of the Great Bend. And now a new cause for anxiety flashed on her. The window-blinds of the pilot-house on the west side had been closed to keep out the dazzling and burning red rays of the sun, which by this time had got well down toward the western horizon, and that would be the side toward her as the "Mary Blane" rounded the head of the Great Bend. Even if Robert were in the pilot-house, he would not see her, and all would be lost. But her mind was made up that somebody should look her way, and, setting her teeth firmly, she raised and cocked the gun. A stray shot or two, she reflected, might catch Robert, but he was tough and they probably would not hurt him much; anyhow, he would have to take his chances. So, when she thought the pilot-house fairly within reach, she blazed away at its windows. Had she not loaded so heavily, the shot would probably not have taken effect; but there was a fine rattling on the slats of the blinds—not a few holes in them, too—and the captain and pilot, having hastily signaled to the engineer "stop her!" came tumbling out of the pilot-house, revolvers in hand, as hurriedly and ready for business as hornets are when their nest is attacked. Nobody in sight on the river-bank but a girl, who shouted in a rich strong voice that reached them clearly:

"Captain Winbourne—I must see you!"

The "Mary Blane" belonged to those famous river-boats of which the boast was common that they could "run in a heavy dew," so there was no difficulty in putting her close enough to the shore for a gang-plank to be run out and both Edith and her mare to come aboard.

The captain was greatly excited when he heard her story.

"I know who that Lissome is," he exclaimed, "as well as if I saw him. It is Nate Morley, the chief of a gang of river-pirates, counterfeiters, robbers, horse-thieves, and murderers; and the one you shot is his lieutenant, or, at least, so supposed to be, a scoundrel known as 'Stub' Maginley, who is said to have a cabin somewhere in these woods, which is a headquarters for the gang. There is no true river-man who wouldn't shoot any of them on sight as readily as he would wolves, if he knew them. I've heard they used carrier-pigeons to communicate, but hardly believed it until now. We will have to make haste, or the devils will be at your father's before we get there. They may have had but a short distance to go with their boat, and, if a long one, may have got a tow behind some steamboat. So we will have to make haste."

And such haste as was possible they did make, but the "Mary Blane" was not very swift, her load was heavy, and the current strong; so it was ten o'clock at night when she ran in close alongside Dr. Chillingly's landing, and the captain, with a half-dozen of his stalwart determined crew, leaped ashore. A large, light-built, lean rowboat, intended for speed, was already moored there. The captain and his men set out at a run for the doctor's house, nearly an eighth of a mile distant, and Edith accompanied them on her mare.

They arrived not a moment too soon. The

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bandits were in possession, seven in number. The doctor's three servants had been beaten insensible. The doctor himself, securely bound, lay with the soles of his bare feet exposed to the fire on the kitchen-hearth, and "Mr. Lissome" was standing over him, supervising the torture that was to make the old man reveal the hiding-place of his gold. The atrocious cruelty had but just begun when Captain Winbourne and his crew bounded into the room with a volley from their pistols that stretched the chief of his gang and two of his accomplices dead on the floor. The conflict that ensued was short and decisive, for the robbers, thus taken by surprise, made but a feeble resistance, desperadoes though they were. Two of them recovered sufficiently from their wounds to undergo long terms in the State prison. The others did not. "Stub" Maginley was picked up where Edith left him, blinded and with his right shoulder shattered by the heavy duck-shot with which she had riddled him, and ended his days in prison.

As may easily be imagined, Dr. Chillingly made no more opposition to his daughter's choice of a husband, and was even magnanimous enough to admit, jokingly, that Edith had much better judgment than he in her selection of a river-pirate, and, so long as he seemed fated to have one in the family, he preferred to trust to her choice.

GOLDEN-ROD IN WINTER.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Nor where the autumn fields lay brown
Beneath the autumn sun—
Where, 'neath the burning maple-boughs,
The fairy-streamlets run;

Nor where a few pale autumn flowers
With beauty deck the sod,
Nor near the waving harvest-field,
Grows my fair golden rod.

No bird on southern journey bent
Sings here a farewell trill,
Nor harvest-moon sheds mellow light
O'er forest, lake, and hill.

No, winter binds with icy chains
The pleasant summer bowers,
And white snow, drifting silently,
Covers the summer flowers.

Here, in my pleasant firelit room,
Bloometh my golden-rod;
From out an ancient marble vase
Its feathery branches nod.

Oh, golden-rod, you bring to me
The pleasant autumn day
I plucked you, 'neath the hazy sky,
In fields so far away.

The sounds that fill the autumn fields
Are wafted to my ear—
I see again the gorgeous leaves
Lie drifted far and near.

Let winter wind blow cold and drear,
Snow fall on barren sod,
I have my autumn days again—
Here, with my golden-rod.

AMONG THE PINES.

BY JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

So strong and straight, in fragrant gloom,
The pines, like pillars ivy-bound
In some old temple, upward loom,
Bearing the dome with which it's crowned—
A dome with glory shining through
In shimmering rays that come and go
Incessantly, a promise true
Of light that is that we shall know.

A song is sung among the trees
Sweeter than notes of mocking-birds,
Than whispers of the southland breeze—
A song that's more than tune and words,
In tenderness, in peace, in love;
An echo pure it seems, that swims
Halfway 'twixt earth and heav'n above,
Of angels singing praiseful hymns.

Then, presently, there is a hush—
The birds are still, the wind is dead,
An awful silence seems to crush
The tree-tops towering overhead—
And, in a moment, hands a-clasp,
The eyes uplifted from the sod,
The thought the inmost soul does grasp:
Here stand we face-to-face with God.

Again the balmy south-wind sways
The branches of the towering pines,
The mocking-birds sing tender lays,
The sunlight falls in changing lines;
The strong straight pines, all ivy-bound,
Look grander as the evening dims;
And unto Him, in joyful sound,
Ascend the woodland vesper-hymns.

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A COMPLETE CURE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS preparing to leave Paris for Nice, proposing to spend the winter there, as I had done for several seasons in succession, finding the climate admirably suited to my invalid aches and habits.

A few days before my proposed departure, I received a letter from a widowed sister in New York, and, owing to carelessness somewhere, the missive had been considerably delayed. She wrote in a very excited manner about what she called "an unfortunate entanglement" into which her only son had slipped; and I was greatly surprised when I found that her fine phrase meant that the boy wanted to get married, and that she objected to his choice from mere worldly reasons, which appeared to me trivial and contemptible.

Americans seem to have become sadly Europeanized since I grew up! In my young days, a fellow married the girl of his choice—if she and hers were respectable—without opposition from anybody, and money would have been the last thing he thought about, expecting to support his own wife as one of the natural duties of man.

But here was my sister declaring that her son must not follow his own inclination—must forget the girl he loved—simply because she was a poor school-teacher, and wed a fortune equal to his own and a social position to match.

"I shall send Clarence to you at once, to spend the winter," she wrote, "in the hope that he will meet, in Paris or Nice, some brilliant American girl who will make him speedily forget the passing fancy which has so sorely disquieted me: a man can make no social mistake so terrible as that of marrying beneath him."

Confound the woman! Had she forgotten that, less than thirty years ago, when she was Jane Hardwick, she taught music, and I was a poor clerk in a lawyer's office? I made a fortune and she married one; but I had no idea that, during our long years of separation, she had grown such an outrageous snob.

I was groaning and anathematizing over her letter, when I heard a tremendous racket in the antechamber as of heavy luggage being deposited on the floor, and then my old servant's voice in eager expostulation.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," said Antoine, softly opening the door; "there is a young gentleman who insists on entering, though I have assured him that monsieur is invisible."

"Such nonsense, Uncle Richard—with you there as large as life and twice as natural!" called a gay young voice from behind the hangings: and a great fellow, with wide blue eyes and closely-cropped auburn hair, rushed into the room and shook both my hands till the breakfast-tray on the table before me rattled and the cup and plates danced a jig.

"Bless me!" said I, "what a high-wind of a nephew! I suppose you are my nephew—Clare or Clara—or whatever sweet maidenly name your mother elects to give you."

"Now, that's shabby," quoth he, laughing. "The mater will call me 'Clarence'; but, to everybody else, I'm 'Dick Godwin'—including you, Uncle Richard, if you please. And now, since you are so very pressing—thanks, I think I will take a cup of coffee and some of that Strasburg pie: for I had a beastly breakfast at the station, and am as hungry as a hunter."

The boy's manner pleased me. In ten minutes, Antoine brought him a comfortable meal, and we were chatting as cordially as possible, though I had not seen him since he was a little chap in knickerbockers; and, before the day ended, we were the best friends possible, and, luckily, old Antoine took a fancy to the handsome fellow and declared that his French was worthy of a Parisian.

I deferred my journey for a fortnight, and actually went about showing my nephew "the sights," and found him much better up in historical and general knowledge than I had ventured to hope, knowing how his mother had petted and indulged him.

Not one word did he say, not a single allusion did he make to that "unfortunate entanglement" which had led to his expatriation, though I gave him every opportunity so to do; and, finally, I made up my mind either that the love-wounds of a man of two-and-twenty were easily healed, else that the whole thing had been a plot on his part to induce his mother to let him come abroad.

In due time, we reached Nice, the most harmonious companions imaginable, and, after introducing him into the best "society set"—

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as I suppose my sister would have expressed it—I left him free.

One day, a Polish lady—old Madame Kisaleff—invited a select party to hear her read an original comedy; and I could not refuse to go.

The little comedy was so clever that I forgot Dick till I chanced, at the close of the third act, to see him come out of the conservatory with an odd-looking woman, and, when I got a chance to ask him who she was, he surprised me by growing quite red, evidently vexed by my question.

"Have you forgotten Madame de la Croix?" he asked.

"I am shocked at my own remissness, but I must confess that I have," said I. "Where did I ever meet her?"

"The first time was on the American flagship, when the squadron was lying at Villafranca," rejoined Dick

"Oh, yes—now I remember—a daughter too, was there not?"

"Yes," he answered, shortly, growing still redder.

It had been on the tip of my tongue to add: "A queer lot," but I repressed the remark.

I gathered from old friends that lovely Mademoiselle de la Croix had been such for a goodly number of seasons—in fact, could not be a day under twentyseven, though wonderfully beautiful still and singularly youthful in appearance. I learned that she might have married advantageously several times, only that no prospective son-in-law would hear of the mother's remaining near her daughter; for, though keeping a certain position through her name and her relatives, energetic people did not hesitate to pronounce the countess "a regular sharper."

Before long, it came to my ears that sympathizing people were saying outright that it was plain my nephew meant to marry the fascinating Gabrielle, and to add that it was a huge pity.

The short winter was passing—strangers were beginning to think of leaving Nice—and I ventured to suggest to Dick a brief trip among the Pyrenees before returning north. Then the youth found his tongue, and boldly announced to me that he proposed to marry Mademoiselle de la Croix without loss of time, and desired me to write and broach the subject to his mother.

That evening, I called on Madame de la Croix, and my request for a private interview was granted, though I fancy the daughter assisted thereat, snugly ensconced within a curtained recess at the further end of the little drawing-room.

After a fine display of mutual mendacity about the pleasure of meeting, and a brief talk about the doings in our small world of Nice, the countess smilingly declared that she was certain my amiable visit was due to some especially happy reason, and then we speedily engaged in a polite duel of words as sharp and polished as two Damascus blades.

I told her how much honored I should feel by the proposed alliance, but could not conceal from her tender maternal heart my fear—I might say certainty—of my sister's deep-rooted prejudice against her son's taking a foreign wife, as well as of her desire to see him reach years of discretion before he should think of taking one at all.

"But she will never be able to resist the strength of this grand passion—this first outburst of a noble heart—so fully shared, too, by his beautiful betrothed!" cried madame, enthusiastically.

"Alas, madame," said I, with deep pathos, "the boy was sent to me a few months ago, to find a cure for an equally absorbing passion—you see how speedily he has found it."

Tableau of surprise on madame's part, and an indignant rustle among the curtains of the alcove!

"Our dear Richard, however, is his mother's only son—and has, too, an independent fortune, I think," the countess soon recovered sufficiently to make answer, and now the alcove-curtains fell in stiff folds suggestive of eager listening.

"An only child," I amended, "but her husband's will left my sister complete mistress of his fortune—which, after all, is not so very large. She is a determined woman and young enough to marry again, if her son should oppose her."

"We can only rely on Richard's faithfulness and your kindly aid," said madame, coaxingly. "Surely you will help the dear children to be happy—you will do your very best?"

"I promise that faithfully," I rejoined, as I bent over the hand extended; but it occurred to me that our ideas as to what was best might materially differ.

Of course I wrote to my sister without delay.

"I can see you are opposed to my marriage, uncle," Dick said, frankly; "but that is because you don't know my Gabrielle! Her mother is a woman of the world, but she is an angel of innocence! I hate madame sometimes—I can never see Gabrielle alone—she forces her to go out, evening after evening—I am never allowed more than one dance—oh, it's maddening!"

So madame was playing social propriety, to drive my boy still more insane, and I should alienate his affection if I tried to open his eyes to the reputation of both mother and daughter.

My sister's letters reached us in due season.

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Her refusal was not only decisive, but somewhat impolite. After that, for nearly a fortnight, I saw very little of Dick, and at last, one day, a friend said to me:

"Isn't your nephew playing rather heavily?"

I made some vague reply, and, when I got home, asked my old valet what was going on.

For answer, Antoine placed in my hand a copy of the Nice Journal, and I read that, the day before, one of the roulette-tables had been closed at three in the afternoon, owing to the great gain of a lucky young American. I knew that closing the table meant the maximum of loss allowed for one table in a single day.

I went to Dick's room and waited there till he came in to dress for dinner. He looked worn and tired, but was in high spirits, and gave me a warm greeting. I showed him the newspaper, and asked if he were the lucky player.

"Yes, Uncle Richard," he replied, unhesitatingly. "You see, fortune favors the daring. My mother will not hear reason, and the countess will not give me Gabrielle unless I have at least a competency. The tables are just wonderful; every number I choose comes up invariably! I hate play, and shall stop short just as soon as I reach the exact sum Madame de la Croix declares necessary. You would never believe how rich I am already," he added, laughing excitedly. "I am obliged to pretend to put my gains in the bank, but that old trunk is my safe. My father used it in his business-days."

He took a queer-shaped key out of his purse, and unlocked the great trunk; then, with another still odder little instrument, opened the inner casing of the box and displayed a number of French bank-notes of the highest denominations.

"How much?" I asked.

"Nearly three hundred thousand francs, and I've not been over a dozen times in all. Think of it—almost sixty thousand dollars!"

"Dear boy, aren't you a little mad with all this excitement and anxiety? Would your father have approved?" I questioned. Then I stopped, remembering that his father ought to have had Dick study a profession, learn business, else to have left him means of support independent of his mother's caprices or prejudices.

"It doesn't seem right. I feel that, Uncle Richard," he replied, with one arm on my shoulder. "But I can't live without Gabrielle, and there is no other way for me to win her. If I delay, her mother will force her to marry some rich man. There are several ready."

"But suppose you lose, next time?"

"Well, well, then my hopes must go! Don't reason with me; don't ask me to give her up. It maddens me!"

I am not a Solon, but I do know that expostulation with a young man in that state of mind is sure to drive him desperate. I let my nephew alone.

Three days passed, and then, at the unholy hour of one in the morning, when Antoine was trying to read me to sleep, we were disturbed by the abrupt entrance of Dick into my bedchamber. First, he hugged me till I was breathless, then he performed a war-dance about my prostrate form, in order to celebrate his marvelous good-fortune and his last—"his very last"—visit to the gaming-tables.

The maximum gain at one time—five hundred thousand francs—was his! I could scarcely believe my ears at first. When I did, I felt sure that the lad's future was wrecked. How could he resist the spell of the fatal board, after this? I did not preach or argue. I tried to keep him all night, but he had friends waiting—he must rejoin them.

"I shall leave this little pile with you, Uncle Richard," he said, drawing out the great wallet stuffed with bank-notes. "Nobody will suspect that it is here, and I shall feel perfectly safe."

Antoine, who, of course, had assisted at the conference, counted the bank-notes aloud, agreed to take charge of it for the night, and Dick went off to his companions. Antoine and I exchanged our forebodings that this wonderful luck would, in some way, cause the boy's ruin. Then my faithful servant left me.

I slept very late, the next morning; and, when I rang for Antoine, a servant appeared, to say that my valet had gone out. While I was taking my belated coffee, Dick rushed in, literally wild with delight. He had already seen his fair Gabrielle, and communicated the wonderful news. For some reason, she and her mother had not been at Monaco on the previous night. He had found the mother most gracious and accommodating. She had consented to accompany Gabrielle to Switzerland, where the marriage could take place legally without the formality of my sister's consent.

"She judges my mother by herself, and is confident that, in time, we shall be forgiven, and I believe so, too," cried Dick, joyously.

"And what investment do you propose to make of your money?" I asked.

"Oh, the countess has offered to arrange all that. She knows some of the most prominent financiers of Paris," said Dick. "And there must be no delay. I can tell you the whole

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truth, uncle. Gabrielle is afraid, if we wait, that her mother may withdraw her consent. There's some new awfully rich fellow on hand!"

Good heavens! Was I ever so young and innocent?

"I'll ring for Antoine," pursued Dick, "and get my valuable wallet—I must deposit it at Le Seur's banks."

In his energy, he nearly pulled the bell-rope down, and several servants obeyed the summons in hot haste, but could only say that Antoine had not yet returned.

"Very odd, he should go out so early and not be back yet," said I.

"But what did he do with the cash, uncle?" questioned Dick.

"Why, he took it to his chamber, you know—"

Dick was gone before I could finish my sentence. Ten minutes later, he stood again in my room, as pale a man as ever I looked at, and flung himself into a chair.

"What is it, Dick? What is the matter?" I cried. "Has anything happened to Antoine? He's not been well, lately—"

"He is gone!" Dick broke in, with a gasp.

"Where? What?"

"Decamped—this faithful fellow, this pearl of servants—and taken my money with him," Dick continued, with a dreadful little laugh. "If the countess will only wait—oh, I may win my Gabrielle yet!"

Then he hid his face in his hands and groaned, and I inelegantly blew my nose in sympathy. Then such a busy morning as we spent! The police proved itself as inefficient as it always does, at an emergency, in every country; and all we succeeded in doing was to waste no end of money in telegrams and messengers. Well, the robber—I may as well tell it here—was at last traced to Genoa: he had there taken ship for Buenos Ayres, which charitable country does not extradite swindlers or robbers. Nothing so quickly planned was ever more neatly accomplished than this evasion; and, between sorrow for Dick and annoyance at the loss of an invaluable servant, I was in the depths of distress.

Dick went to see the countess, but evidently met with slight consolation: for he returned broken and depressed.

"I suppose she is wise, to look out for our mutual welfare," he said; "but it is tough that she won't let me see and console Gabrielle. She'll cry her beautiful eyes out, I know."

"What are you going to do, my boy?" I asked.

"Go back to Monte Carlo, to-morrow, and try over again," said he, sadly; "though it is hardly possible that my great luck should repeat itself. I tried to make the countess content with the sum still left; but she says that, much as she loves us both and longs to see us happy, she cannot consent to any imprudence. I suppose she is right; but it's very hard."

Persuasions were useless—the next day, he went off to Monaco. The afternoon was heavenly; all the world was driving along the seashore, and I drove there too: and whom should I see but Madame de la Croix and the fair Gabrielle perched on the mail-coach of a Brazilian who had lately been astonishing Nice by his lavish expenditure. At the spot where all the carriages halted to hear music from a good band, I got out, meaning to go and salute the two ladies, but was stopped by my old friend Jarvis, who had reached town the night before.

"Anyone new and exciting here?" he asked, after a little talk.

"No—unless it is those two ladies yonder," said I, pointing out the countess and her daughter.

"New? They?" cried Jarvis. "Why, it is fully ten years since the Benjamin business—the girl was just seventeen then—and there have been several affairs since, though none in which she showed her hand so plainly."

Here was a "find" for me, if Jarvis knew what he was talking about! He was in a hurry, then, to join some friends; but I made him promise to dine with me, that evening, and he arrived punctually at half-past seven.

We had just begun our soup, when a dispatch was brought in to me. It was from Dick, and contained these words:

"Telegraph Smith to give me five thousand francs."

He had already lost his sixty thousand dollars, I thought, and wanted to tempt fate with a thousand more. Well, if he lost that, he might be cured of play, and of another infatuation into the bargain. I telegraphed the money, and these lines to himself: "Join me at dessert, at ten o'clock."

Anxious as I was, my old acquaintance proved so amusing that the appointed hour arrived before I was aware; and, to my surprise—for, I confess, I had not expected him—my boy appeared, pale, heavy-eyed, and owning that he had had no dinner. Over his supper, for which he showed little appetite, he made acquaintance with Jarvis. Then we wandered out toward the Casino, and the glorious moonlight tempted us to seek the Promenade des Anglais and take seats on the terrace of the Blue Bath House.

I was determined that Dick should hear the story in regard to Gabrielle de la Croix, to which

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Jarvis had alluded in the morning, and about which I had just begun to question him when my nephew joined us at table.

"Come, Jarvis," I said, abruptly: "I want to hear what it was that happened to poor old Benjamin. I remember him very well: he always went about in a wheeled chair."

"Exactly. He lost the use of his legs from a hurt he got while rescuing his mother from a burning house."

"Yes—a splendid fellow," said I. "A Jew of the best sort—everybody liked him. Luckily, he had a great fortune to make the burden of life a little easier. So some woman was cruel enough to deal him a worse hurt than the physical accident had been?"

A touch of my foot against his warned Jarvis—whose intuitions were fairly feminine in their quickness—that I did not wish the woman's name mentioned.

"A good deal worse," Jarvis replied. "Before that, in spite of his terrible misfortune, he was the most cheerful old fellow alive—used to go everywhere in his wheeled chair, to dinners and balls, and everybody was glad to have him. Well, little Miss Puss and her mother came to Nice. Heavens, how pretty the girl was—barely seventeen, fresh as a rose, and looked as modest as a violet, and was harder at bottom than Lady Macbeth."

"I've seen specimens of that genus," said I.

"But never one of that age to equal her, I'll be bound; and then she had her mother, who was wickedness incarnate, to help her," pursued Jarvis. "Well, Puss devoted herself to Benjamin: used to sit by him at balls, instead of dancing; was always at the side of his chair, on the promenade and every other public place. The mother pretended to be dreadfully vexed at what she called the girl's 'insanity'; but the matter went on till poor Benjamin really believed Puss loved him: in fact, she told him so. Of course, madame wouldn't hear of an engagement: but her daughter insisted, and it came to that in the end. Benjamin made his future bride a large settlement. Why, the wedding-clothes were nearly ready, and he had given her a reasonable fortune in jewels."

Jarvis paused for an instant, and I saw that Dick—who, at first, had seemed to pay no attention—was listening eagerly.

"And what was the denouement?" I asked.

"Oh, fit for one of Sardou's plays," said Jarvis. "Just then, young Pierce came down from Paris—one of that rich American family, you know—and, the first time he set eyes on the girl, lost his head completely. He went perfectly mad over her; and, though I and a few others knew that Pierce had spent his own fortune and was dependent on his aunt, we wouldn't say a word: for we pitied poor Benjamin, and wanted the girl to show her hand."

"And she did?" I inquired.

"Completely," said Jarvis, in a satisfied tone. "She threw over Benjamin, but kept all the pearls and diamonds; and the poor old fellow went away nearly brokenhearted, but a good deal wiser. Then, suddenly, Pierce's aunt swooped down into Nice and carried her nephew off, and pretty Miss Puss fell between two stools. She has had many disappointments since; but I think that was the worst defeat, both for madame and Gabrielle."

After all, he had spoken the name. I expected to see Dick spring at his throat; but the young man rose, said a hasty good-night, and sauntered away.

The next morning, just after I was dressed, Dick came into my room and handed me five bank-notes, each of a thousand francs.

"So you won, after all," said I, discontentedly; but he shook his head.

"I stopped short, after I got the telegram and the money," he answered. "Uncle Richard, I find that I'm only a big boy still; but I'm not quite a fool. Your goodness in granting my hasty demand seemed somehow to open my eyes. I determined at least not to play any more, last night."

"Good boy!" said I. "And—and did you see Mademoiselle de la Croix?"

Dick gave an odd laugh, crimsoned, then paled, but continued bravely:

"I went over to the concert-room and listened to the orchestra for awhile, then went out, and was walking up and down the antechamber, when I came face-to-face with Gabrielle and the Brazilian. She smiled coldly—just said a few chilling words—and I was wondering whether to turn away or to insult her cavalier, when, in answer to a quick whisper from her, I heard him say distinctly: 'An old friend? Oh, then, my angel, tell him what is to happen.'"

"Well?" I asked, as the boy paused with a queer sound in his throat.

"Well," he repeated, "without a blush or tremor, Gabrielle said in the sweetest voice: 'The Señor de Cariñas wishes me to present him to Monsieur Godwin, whom he and I beg to be present at our marriage on Thursday of next week.'"

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, I didn't give way, Uncle Richard—I took it like a man, though my ears buzzed

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and the room went round and round. I congratulated them both—said I was sure they were worthy of each other, and moved on. Then I met the countess, and she whispered in my ear: 'I liked you so much better than him; but it was a case of love at first sight with both of them. You must forgive my sweet Gabrielle—she tried to obey me and be as fond of you as I was.'"

"Stupendous woman!" I cried.

"I told her I was grateful," said Dick, "and bowed myself off just in time to catch the Nice train. But don't forget, Uncle Dick, that I stopped playing before I knew she had deserted me. I had already lost all my money. But yours is safe, and I am no poorer except in the matter of faith in woman."

"And you leave the refinement of the home-circle to come to this gaming-hole to study women?" I asked, calmly.

"Don't, Uncle Dick," he answered, sadly. "I should be at home now, and happy with the sweetest girl in the world, only that she would not marry me without my mother's consent—refused because she was poor."

"A valuable possession," quoth I, "the love of a man who could come straight away from 'the sweetest girl in the world' to fall a victim to a woman like Gabrielle de la Croix."

"I know—no girl could ever forgive me," he said; "I can't make anybody understand. I feel as if I had had a fever or been insane—it never was love. Well, I'm cured—though, maybe, too late. I'm going home. I'll earn my own living—at least, I can do that—dependence on my mother shan't make me grow utterly worthless."

I did not let the boy go at once—I took him away from Nice. During the lovely early summer days, we were wandering about the Pyrenees, and, one morning, when we were at that most picturesque of mountain-villages, St. Sauveur, Dick danced into my room, wildly waving a letter over his head.

"Think of mother's turning up such a trump!" he shouted. "She consents to my going into Stephens's law-office, in New York, and has invited my—Miss Dorothy Ventnor—to pass the summer with her at Newport."

"And who may Miss Dorothy Ventnor be?" I asked, innocently.

"Oh, you know!" he cried. "She was the girl my mother objected to because she was a school-teacher. I never for one moment ceased to love her! I was desperate between what I thought her coldness and the mater's hardness—rushed into the first insanity I could find—but it's all right now! I shall tell Dorothy the whole story—she's an angel of goodness—she will forgive me."

"Brain-fever patients are always forgiven their vagaries," said I.

Master Dick started for London that night, and sailed for America by the first steamer. I missed the boy a good deal, but was thankful to have him gone. My life drifted back into its old quiet routine. I believe that during several months only one noteworthy bit of news reached me; it was that Señor de Cariñas had been wounded in a duel, and had returned to Brazil, leaving his wife to the care of her devoted mother, and doomed to live on the smallest pittance that ever limited the taste of an extravagant woman.

Just a year after that lovely June day in the Pyrenees, I was seated in my Paris apartment, when I received a letter from the boy Dick, now well on in his legal studies.

Antoine, the invaluable, brought the missive in along with my breakfast-tray, and I shall give the contents of the epistle, because, incoherently written as they are, they will fully explain my share in a high-handed and outrageous felony.

"Oh, you heavenly Uncle Richard! How I should like to hug you for conceiving such a plot, and that blessed old Antoine for carrying it out so perfectly! But how you must have missed his services during all those months while he was enacting the part of thief!

"I ought to have known that outside of a novel no mother could lay aside theory and prejudice so quickly as mine did, but you are aware that I don't perceive even evident facts very readily. Not a word did Lawyer Stephens breathe to Dorothy or me until a short time ago; but, before I came back to America, he had told my mother that Dorothy would have a competency if she became my wife. Now I know that her fifty thousand dollars was a present from you, which I prize the more, because it was a gift to my darling, instead of my graceless self.

"Well, the telegraph duly informed you that we were married last week. Mr. Stephens handed Dorothy your other wedding-gift—a check for the Monte Carlo money—which Antoine had deposited in his hands when he reached New York, instead of being safe in South America, as the police and I supposed. That money—you know enough now of Dorothy to expect some such good deed from her—she has used it to found a hospital for orphan children.

"I believe this is all my news, for you know already that I am the happiest fellow alive, and your loving nephew Dick."

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THE KENNAIRDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Boughton's preparations for the business before him proceeded as energetically as if it were the sinking of a new lode with fresh millions at the bottom. The cable was called to his aid. Apartments were secured at "The Claridge"; the wife of the American Minister in London wired her willingness to present Miss Boughton at the next drawing-room, and followed the telegram with a letter predicting—from the account sent her, by her old friend Colonel Godfrey, of Betty's beauty and charm—a grand success for her in the London world. The letter arrived on the eve of their departure for New York. Betty read it in a transport of delight. It was all real, then! She had dreamed of dukes and princes so long that she felt a pressure on her head, as if a coronet already rested there. She sat by the window in her chamber for a long time, the letter in her hand. The sun was setting, and filled the pretty room with a warm autumnal glow. Gradually the girl's face grew grave. A different expression crept into it and looked out of her eyes. She rose hastily, threw the letter on the floor, pulled off the flounced and embroidered morning-robe she wore, and put on a close-fitting plain muslin gown, with a straw hat. Then running quickly down to the street, she walked out of sight of the servants and boarded a horse-car which ran toward the Kennaird house.

Allan, an hour later, crossing the lawn, saw a slim childish figure in white pacing to and fro in the shadow of the woods. He knew it well. Long ago, she used to come from school in just that dress and pace the woods, that wide hat shading her lovely face. He ran, almost stumbling, forward; his heart choked him; he would have shouted aloud, but he was dumb.

She walked with her light airy step up and down, up and down, under the great sycamores and oaks, her hands clasped behind her, the light and shadow flecking her white figure. She was singing softly to herself a little Alsatian song which he had taught her once, how, when

> "Ich am Fenster steh,
> Und in die Nacht aus seh,
> Bin ich alleina—
> Du—"

"Du liebe Kleina," said Allan, as he stood in her way. He meant to sing it, but he only muttered it. He meant to pour out all the rage and passion of love and misery which the sudden sight of her forced from his soul, but he only laughed awkwardly and held out his hand.

Betty, who had been waiting for him for an hour, was, on the contrary, quite cool.

"Ah, Mr. Kennaird! Who would have thought to meet you here? I am just on my way to say good-bye to your sister. We go to New York to-morrow, and sail on Tuesday."

"Margaret told me. And that then you will try to find new friends?"

"One must find friends wherever one goes. I could not live without friends," she murmured, softly. They paused a moment, and then Allan mechanically turned into a shaded alley where the elms nearly met overhead.

"Come! This is our old walk."

She followed him. "See," he said, "where the path was worn. We came here every evening, when we were boy or girl. We had so much to talk of then! It seemed to me as if I never would know you thoroughly, as if some new door opened to me every day. Your nature was so rich, so beautiful! But—it is a year since we were here. The grass and moss have had time to cover the path we made."

She laughed.

"Yes, you grew tired of finding me out; or did you know me thoroughly, and so grow tired of me?"

She was a step in advance of him, and, looking over her shoulder, tossed back the words with a shy alluring smile. She seemed to him like a radiant fluttering bird, willing to escape, willing to be caught.

"You know why we did not come here together any more. Betty, you know— Now, you are going to make new friends—you are glad to go."

"And why am I glad to go, Allan?" she cried, facing him, tears filling her eyes. "Because you all cast me off—because you despised us as one of the 'nouveaux riches.' Oh, you need not grow so red and angry. It is quite true, and you know it. It was only when I felt myself deserted by you and Margery—I always was

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so fond of Margery—that I was willing to go abroad. I cannot live without friends. So I told papa."

This is to be said in favor of Miss Boughton, that she believed, at the time, she was telling the truth. She always thought and felt as Allan did when she was with Allan. If ever she should be thrown into contact with any other man of equally strong will and kindly purpose, she would probably think and feel with him. But Allan, who believed her constant as the north star, could not readily explain these mutations.

They walked in silence a little way. His house was in view. The lowered level rays of the sun fell on the red walls stained dark with the bituminous smoke, the overhanging hospitable roof, the wide alleys of the orchards sloping down to the river, the trunks of the trees yellow and purple with lichen, while their boughs hung heavy with fruit.

"Did I desert you, Betty?" said Allan, with a bitter laugh. "Why, look at that house. For years, I used to think what a homelike dwelling-place it was. I used to plan and alter it, to make it into a home—a home for you. There is one room there which I built only to please the fancy of my little friend. If you would go into it now, you would find that there is not a whim nor a taste which you ever expressed that I did not try to gratify."

"Did you really do that for me, Allan?" Her lip trembled.

"Yes—for you. I loved you so long, Betty—ever since you were a child dressing your dolls at my mother's knee. I called you my little wife then, and I have never changed. But you change."

"No, no. But how queer about that little room! I always did love this house, you know, Allan. It is the homesomest place in all the world. But I never supposed you thought that I—"

She sat down on the bank of grass and looked up, coquettish and smiling.

"I only hoped it, Betty. I thought of nothing else but you. For years, I had not a hope or a plan in the future which was not for you: you must have known it. And then, just as the home was ready, when I thought I could ask you to share it, and could guard you tenderly in it, just then came that cursed money, and I lost you."

Betty rose, in her earnestness. Whatever was genuine in her came at last to the surface under the power of his passionate heat.

"The money need not have parted us—it need not part us now. My father thinks I ought to make a brilliant match, like other rich American girls. But I will not be bought and sold."

"It need not part us if you really love me, Betty. If you will come to me without a penny, you shall never feel the want of your father's millions."

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Kennaird," said Betty, knitting her forehead.

Allan had a tough fibre of obstinacy in his nature. He had heard hints that maddened him on every side of the fortune-hunters who would probably pursue John Boughton's heiress. His mind was made up that Allan Kennaird should not be reckoned among them.

"I mean a very simple thing, Betty," he said, with unnecessary firmness in his tone: "it is you, my darling, that I want—not your father's money. I can support you in the same rank and ease that my mother holds. I will never allow it to be said that I am a poor dependent on the owner of the Red-Gulch Mine. Only say that you love me, and I know you will help me to have my own way in this."

He took her by the wrists and looked into her startled face.

"Why, of course I love you, Allan. There, there! Oh, I did not say you might kiss me! Are you really so happy, poor fellow? Why, you might have known it long ago!"

Allan's ecstasy and wild laughter frightened her. She drew away from him gravely.

"Yes—I love you, Allan. That is not very much to say. You might always have seen it, if you had not been extremely blind. But, as for this scheme of carrying me off from papa without a penny, it seems to me a mad notion—too Quixotic for him to approve, I am sure. You had better talk to him and see how he receives it. There is your mother, in her phaeton—I will ask her to drive me home."

She ran across the lawn and made her request, while Allan, stunned and silent, followed her.

"I came to say good-bye, dear Mrs. Kennaird, to you and Margery: but your son met me, and we have been talking—over old times," holding out her hand to him with a smile. "My time is all gone. Margery will come in the morning, perhaps, before we go? And you?" she whispered, as Allan helped her into the carriage.

"I will see your father to-night," he replied.

She lifted her delicate brows.

"As you choose. But it's perfectly mad, you know. I am ready now, Mrs. Kennaird."

Late that night, Mr. Boughton summoned Betty to the dining-room, where he sat smoking.

"Young Kennaird has been here. Ah, you know all about it, I see. He says you—you think you love him."

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"I am sure of it, papa."

"For how long, I wonder? You're a fluffy little body, Betty! That's a stout sensible lad. I don't see how the crack-brained parson ever had such a son."

"His ideas about money are very unpractical, papa."

"Well, I don't know. It's very manly, his notion of supporting his own wife, and not being a hanger-on of mine. Very American, too. I could appreciate it, whether I consent or not. But I have other views for you, Betty. We'll go abroad. You shall see the world—look about you. Many a girl marries the first man that asks her, and fancies herself in love with him, because she never knew another. You shall at least have a choice. If nothing suits us, we'll come back and try if this lad's affection has held out."

"That hardly seems fair to Allan," said Miss Betty, but with discreet hesitation; for, now that she was out of the influence of his presence and of the rustling trees and soft sunset-light, the splendor of foreign courts rose near and dazzling upon her vision again. There was, too, the presentation at court, and the toilettes from "Worth," and all that shopping at the "Bon Marché." She offered no further protest, therefore, when her father persisted:

"Quite fair. Love can be worth little, if it won't hold out a year. If it does, and if you come back to him, Betty, I won't say that a sensible go-ahead American, who is heartily in love with you, is not as much to my mind as your princes and counts! Good family, too, the Kennairds: have held their heads high for generations. That you shall have—good honest blood—in the man you marry. Now, you can go and write to young Kennaird. Put him off as well as you can. We will take the early train, in the morning, so that you may not be bothered with another interview with him."

Miss Betty probably would not have regarded another interview as a bother; but, under the circumstances, she thought it better to write.

Betty's letters were like herself: airy, arch, sincere for the moment, and with a petting half-unconscious touch of tenderness now and then, bewildering enough to a young man passionately in love.

Allan kissed the dainty sheet and pored over it with rapture for days, and then suddenly woke to the fact that its delicate delicious sentences meant really nothing at all.

Betty was gone for a year, and this meaningless bit of sentiment was all that she had left him. There was no foundation in it on which he could build a single hope.

CHAPTER VI.

But the year crept by, as all years do. Mrs. Kennaird, sitting in the window of her little morning-room, saw the slope of grass taking on again bronze hues: the maples blazed red in the forest, and, along the edge of the little lake, the golden-rod and ox-eyed daisies bent over and tinted the water with yellow lights. The air that stole in at the open window had a touch of frost in it, and a wood-fire burned on the hearth. Margaret sat beside her placidly, at work on macramé lace. The bishop's daughter was mighty in crochet and embroidery and all kinds of fancy-work. "Margaret would pick away the worst sorrow of her life with that ivory needle," her father said, when its incessant calm "tick, tick" irritated his sensitive nerves beyond endurance. She was talking now to her mother of a subject which usually agitates a young girl—her own love and marriage; but her white thick fingers went steadily on with their work, and her solid bosom sighed only when she lost her count.

Miss Kennaird had many suitors among the clergy and prominent laity of the diocese. She was the bishop's daughter; she was of indisputably good family; she was a handsome stately woman; and, more than all, she was sensible and affectionate—the ideal pastor's-wife. But Margery's heart had hitherto lain unstirred in her calm bosom. Now, however, whenever she talked of a certain young clergyman from New York, who had just visited them, her mother noticed that a faint color stole up her cheek.

"He has not spoken to you, Maggy dear?" she said, blushing herself as she ventured the inquiry.

"Oh, no, mamma. He would go to papa first, I am sure. Mr. Cleaver is so very proper."

"Yes, I know. That is the only objection. The Cleavers are formalists in their manners and their religion—dreadfully high, you know, Maggy. We dined with Governor Cleaver—this young man's father—once, and I thought I should have frozen to death before the dessert came on. They have had social position and influence for generations, and it has stiffened the joints of their minds, so to speak. A Cleaver never would marry, except into an unexceptionable family," she added, with a quick anxious glance.

"No—certainly not," said Margaret, smiling composedly. "Under no circumstances would Arthur Cleaver play King Cophetua."

Her mother was silent a moment; some uneasy doubt troubled her gentle mind, as her countenance showed.

She drew a long breath, at last.

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"I am glad you spoke to me of him, Maggy," she said. "He will probably speak to your father, to-day. They travel together until nightfall. I wish I could have gone with the bishop on his visitation, this fall. He will not understand Mr. Cleaver, very probably, and will forget to write to us about it."

Margaret smiled, unwinding her ball.

"Arthur will make him understand, and he will write," she said, calmly.

"You seem very certain, dear."

Margaret rose, in her usual deliberate way, and brought a bunch of exquisite lilies from her own room.

"He said nothing; but he sent these to me from the city. That would mean nothing, from any other man: but, from Arthur Cleaver, it means everything."

She carried the flowers back, burying her face in them, and her mother observed that her cheeks were burning crimson.

Mrs. Kennaird looked after her daughter until the door closed and she was left alone. Then some long-repressed emotion broke out: she shivered nervously, cried softly to herself, laughed, rose, and walked up and down the floor. But there was, through all, a silent exultation and triumph. She poured out a glass of water, at last, and sat down. Mrs. Kennaird was first of all in life a mother, and her triumph now was that both her children were safe: Allan, when Betty came back, would marry her, and Maggy would have a home of her own. No shame or disgrace that might fall on the family could hinder their happiness now!

She opened her desk and took out a bundle of letters mailed to her under cover of another address. They were in Robert Kennaird's writing, and were dated in the State prison at Joliet. Mrs. Kennaird unfolded the latest and smoothed it out with unsteady fingers. She had received it that morning, and now read it again:

"My Dear Sister:

"You are a clever woman. I always said you had more brain-power than the whole of the Kennaird house—bishop, children, and your humble servant to boot. I am quite conscious of the shrewdness and pluck you have shown in managing my affairs since I quitted your house. Who else than you would have suspected that Robert Kennaird was the 'Jem Trotter' arrested in Chicago for forgery, two days after I left Margaret staring into the street in front of Frazier Bank? Poor Meg! Confess, Letty, that even you find her dull. Confess that you can understand why the ponderous stupid goodness of your house is intolerable to me.

"You managed, as you remember, to put yourself in communication with me; you made a certain bargain with me which was to the effect that, if I would continue to be 'Jem Trotter'—if I would leave Bob Kennaird in your hands, to die or emigrate, as you chose—you would furnish means for my defense, for employing the first counsel in Illinois: you would, in short, leave no means untried to get me out of prison. I suppose you kept your part of the bargain—I have certainly kept mine. But I am here still. You have reported, I hear, that Robert Kennaird has gone to Brazil, which has given your little flock peace and comfort. I fancy I was a troublesome black-sheep in your fold. But, Letty—what about me? This cell grows damnably monotonous. I hanker for the flesh-pots of Egypt—that is, for the bishop's seven courses. Could you see the black bread and soup I am compelled to swallow, I think even your heart would ache for me. Whether it does or not, I mean to get out—I mean to come back to the fold. This is my proposal: you shall tell the truth to my brother, and let him send in a petition for my pardon. Bishops are listened to, when they come a-begging for repentant prodigal brothers. You, considering the soup and bread, cannot doubt my repentance. In any case, I mean to get out! I will come back to you—not 'Jem Trotter,' but Bob Kennaird, the old Bob you have known so well and long. I will wait a month to hear from you, before taking other steps."

"No, you will not come back—never! never!" The little woman stood up, in her energy, folding and refolding the letter, pinching it between her fingers as if each fold were another screw which shut him in. "You shall not come, to drag my children down as you have dragged your brother."

She read the letter again, her features growing harder, her breath shorter.

"Lied? Yes, I lied! I am glad I did it! We have had one year of respite; his sentence is for ten. Before that is past, Margery and Allan will be happy in their own homes. I will manage somehow—somehow."

She sat down and wrote a telegram to the warden of the prison:

"Inform James Trotter (No. 196), that his request for a petition for pardon is received and will be attended to promptly."

"George Herbert says: 'Nothing can need a lie,'" she said, with a woeful smile, as she locked her desk. "This needs a good many. But they are just and righteous lies!" she added, as she thought of her children. Then she put on her

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cloak and hat and went out herself to send the dispatch.

CHAPTER VII.

A MONTH passed in comparative safety. Robert Kennaird was silent, having apparently been pacified with the assurance of speedy help in the telegram. From England came the tidings that Miss Boughton's social career had not brought the success which her father had hoped. Boughton attached himself too closely to his daughter wherever she went. The little golden moth was pretty enough, but even English taste found the cocoon from which she came too gross and vulgar to tolerate. Neither prince nor duke came to woo; even baronets were shy.

"We are very tired," wrote Betty to Margaret, "of all this gayety and adulation. The fact is, the gayety belongs to others. We are only admitted on sufferance. The adulation is paid only by servants and tradespeople to papa's dollars. As for me, I have made no friends here, and I think the English intolerable. Please tell your dear mamma so, with my love, and anybody else who is interested in me."

This letter was sufficient to throw Allan into a delirium of hope and expectation. He looked for the Boughtons to arrive on every steamer, and resolved that he would carry off his bride without more delay, as soon as they came. His income from the farm, he assured his mother, was quite sufficient to justify his marriage. She not only encouraged him to hope, but urged his impatience to fever-heat.

The calm loves of Margery and Arthur Cleaver had proceeded tranquilly and happily. The marriage-day was now set, early in December. Mrs. Kennaird busied herself with the trousseau and was childishly happy for a while, as though no Robert Kennaird were in the world.

One day, late in October, she had just finished inspecting some laces for Margaret, sent home for her approval, and, laying the delicate tissue aside with a lingering pleased touch, she took up her own work. It was a new surplice for the bishop. Since they were married, Letty had taken delight in giving this personal service to her husband. She had a faith in his goodness and holiness next to that she gave to her Maker, and she liked to feel that no hands but hers touched the robe he ministered in at the altar.

"Your papa," she used to say to Margaret, "is the most nervous, fidgety, trying man in the world. But he is the best! He is as good at heart as any of those old saints. Who knows? Very likely they were fidgety and trying, too, in the bosom of their families!"

Now that he was gone, not to return for months, his little trying qualities sank out of sight. It was with an especial tenderness that she took up the snowy lawn, which was the symbol to her of his purity and faith, and began to work at it. She looked up with annoyance when Robert's protégé Anna came in and in her childish way began to pull it about. Her childishness and kittenish graces were all affectation in Mrs. Kennaird's eyes.

"Ah, the bishop's sleeves! Let me help! Dear old bishop!"

"No, thank you, Anna. Ah, you have soiled that piece. Throw it down; I will cut another."

"Soiled? Not at all! I only touched it! Well, well! I can be idle, then!"

She lay back in her chair, crossed her pretty hands, and laughed significantly.

"You do not like me any more than you used to do, Mother Kennaird. My touch is a soil. Indeed, you should hide your prejudices better, for Saint Charity's sake! But I must go now. There is a package which was left with me for you."

She laid it down and skipped out of the room, singing. Mrs. Kennaird stitched on, humbled and rebuked.

"She tells the truth. I do dislike her, and why? Simply because she is, to me, part and parcel of Robert! I might be satisfied with keeping him in prison. I need not punish the poor orphan that he brought to the house. Though," she added, a moment after, "he deserves the prison, and she deserves all my dislike."

Her thoughts were so busy that she forgot the package, and sewed on for an hour, until she had finished her work. Then, smiling to herself, she laid the pure lawn in even folds, taking a good deal of pleasure in it because it was pure and pretty, and because of the many stitches into which so much love had gone. Thinking how pleased "Joseph" would be, she took it up and carried it away. As she came back, her eye caught the package, and she tore it carelessly open. It contained several papers and a letter addressed to herself.

The letter was signed "Parks & Foreman," a firm of well-known lawyers in the neighboring city. It ran as follows:

"MADAM: The course of our professional duty has never brought us a task more painful than that which we are now called upon to discharge. We beg of you to remember that we act in it simply as the business agents of our client, and trust that you will not refer to us personally any of the pain which we are compelled to inflict."

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"They have heard all about Robert; they are going to say I am found out in my lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennaird. "'Parks'? Yes, I met him at dinner once—very nice—a vestryman of St. John's. It is his writing, no doubt."

Her eyes grew blurred. Her sin was finding her out! It was some time before she could go on:

"It is best to be brief. Our client, Ann Foster Kennaird, claims to be the child of your husband, the Reverend Joseph C. Kennaird, by a former marriage. Proofs of this marriage—in copy—are enclosed. They are: first, the certificate signed by the clergyman, Rev. Simeon Woodbridge, of the Methodist society—still living—and three witnesses; second, the notices which appeared in the village papers where the marriage took place. We feel bound to add that the proofs seem valid to us, or we should not have consented to undertake the case. Our client has desired that this notice shall be served upon you by us. She proposes to explain her claims to you in a personal interview. We beg leave respectfully to call your attention to the date of the marriage, and also of the death of the person who is alleged to have been the first wife of Joseph Kennaird, as the ground on which these claims are based.

"Very respectfully, your ob't servants,

"PARKS & FOREMAN."

Mrs. Kennaird looked up with a contemptuous laugh. The letter had excited her, however, for she spoke aloud, as though somebody were with her.

"Of all the absurd— I suppose it means an attempt at blackmail. I suppose it means that Joseph married before he knew me! And keeping it quiet all these years! It must be somebody who never knew Joseph that has invented it. He never had a tooth pulled, before we were married, but that I have heard the whole history of it a dozen times!"

She opened the letter again and glanced over it with burning cheeks and shaking hands, though still laughing. "Married by a Methodist parson! Joseph! If they only knew him! I don't know how Parks & Foreman could endorse such a miserable attempt to make money. That Parks seemed a respectable creature enough. Who is there?" turning impatiently at the sound of a slight knock at the door. "Oh, you, Anna? I am occupied now."

Anna tripped in, her palms pressed together in a confiding infantine way. She was not laughing, as usual, but had tempered the ordinary joyful radiance of her face with a grave sympathy. But her light-blue eyes and wide white teeth laughed covertly under the affectation.

"I know you are occupied, dear Mrs. Kennaird, and I know how. I came to help—to explain." She clasped her hands, looking up with entreaty. "I came to sympathize, for I know what you have to suffer. I—even I—feel for you, as everyone must."

"I don't at all know what you mean, Anna. I must suffer? Don't put your hands on me, child! It is peculiarly disagreeable to me, to be patted as if I were a dog. The bishop may like it, but I don't. What is it you want to say to me?"

Anna drew back. A spasm of something like fear passed over her face, then the set smile came back to it. She put out both her hands, in the pawing gesture habitual to her. "Dear Mother Kennaird," she began.

Mrs. Kennaird drew her chair to the fire and sat down. "I am annoyed, as you may have seen," she said, with a forced effort at patience. "If you have anything to say, be as brief as you can, Anna. Spare me any effusions of sentiment to-day."

"I will spare you in everything, as far as I can," said Anna. Then, with a sudden sharp strident tone: "You have read the letter from my lawyers?"

"Your lawyers?"

"Yes. You surely understand that I am Anna Foster Kennaird?"

Mrs. Kennaird rose and stood looking at her with an utterly bewildered face for a moment. "You, Anna, the author of this blackmailing scheme? I don't understand."

"You'll understand too soon!" Anna tossed her pretty chin in the air. "Give me the papers," taking them from Mrs. Kennaird's passive hands with a jerk. "Here is a copy of the certificate of the marriage of Joseph Camden Kennaird and Anna Wells, in August, 1835. The original papers are in the possession of my lawyers. They have no doubt of their authenticity. Here is a clipping from a New York paper dated June, 1840. It is the announcement of the death of Anna Wells Kennaird, my mother. You follow me?"

"You do not expect me to believe this story?" said Mrs. Kennaird, with quivering lips and distended eyes. "That you are the bishop's child by a first wife? Are you mad?" She paused as if to gather control of herself, and then added, in an altered tone: "Because you know, Anna, that I am not a fool."

"Your mental condition, unfortunately, is not the point at issue," said Anna, quietly. "It

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really matters nothing whether you believe it or not. My claim will be decided by law. As for you, madam, the important part of the subject is—" She paused. Was it a shade of pity that crossed her smiling face? She pushed the paper on which her hand rested across the table. "The point which concerns you is the date of my mother's death." She gathered up the other papers and hastily left the room.

Mrs. Kennaird looked after her without moving. Her dominant feeling was sheer perplexity. Anna had always been to her a vulgar disagreeable inmate of the house, aggressively unlike a lady. But she had never suspected that she was vicious. There was a sudden development of malignity or cruelty in this trumped-up lie that bewildered her. How did the woman dare to touch on her right to her husband? He was so sacred to her! "She might have invented something else," she said to herself. "If she had accused me of crime, it would have had a semblance of truth. I've been walking in very slippery places lately," with a laugh. "But Joseph! I wonder what he will say when he hears that his favorite is a blackmailer?"

Mrs. Kennaird, still smiling, felt, for the moment, the calm joy that belongs to the good woman who can say "I told you so" to her husband. But an uneasy consciousness woke within her. Anna was a favorite of the bishop. It was a most unnatural unreasonable preference. The girl was coarse-grained, almost vulgar; and her husband, in every other instance, had a critical fastidious taste in women. His indulgence and patience with this soubrette creature had startled even Margaret into attention.

It certainly was a most unnatural whim, thought Mrs. Kennaird, as she walked restlessly up and down the room. If any other man had acted so ridiculously, and such an accusation as this supplemented his action, his wife would have ground to suspect him of having been tempted in his youth, and—Anna had exactly the appearance of a "fille de joie," thought the bishop's wife, and then she grew fiery warm with shame at her thought. Why did she ever permit this creature to come under her roof? There was no end to the evil she had wrought, but this was worst of all—to suggest an impure thought to his wife concerning a man like Joseph!

She took up mechanically the clipping of newspaper which Anna had left on the table, and looked at it.

"'Died in New York, in 1840'! Why, I was married in 1839! She means that I am not Joseph's wife—that my children are illegitimate!"

She grew deathly sick and staggered to a chair. Mrs. Kennaird was one of the old-fashioned modest women. It seemed to her, in that moment, that all the sacredness and delicacy of her life had been torn off, and she had been cast out into the vile and public street.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE SONG WITHIN THE SHADOW.

BY ALICE E. DARLING.

Above the dewy garden-beds,
An idle breeze is roaming,
The blossom-crowned syringa-bush
Grows whiter through the gloaming.

Beneath the passing night-wind's breath,
The silvery aspens shiver,
And shadows deepen on the hills
Across the star-flecked river.

And, deep within the sombre gloom,
I hear a night-bird singing,
The fair green woodland-ways grow sweet
With sudden echoes ringing.

Regret and loss and all things sad
Are in the song's completeness;
But not one song of summertime
Can vie with this in sweetness.

They're happy-hearted birds that sing
In sunshine on the meadow;
But sweetest songs for aye are sung
Within the deepest shadow.

How dark are all thy paths, O pain—
There grow no thornless roses;
But, on thy cypress-bordered ways,
Eternal gloom reposes.

And they who in thy shadow walk—
Friendless, despised, forsaken,
Within whose hearts the old gay songs
No answering echoes waken—

Shall wreathe their lips with other songs,
And sing them ever after;
Far sadder aye, but sweeter, than
The old-time happy laughter.

"Sweet Home" a deeper meaning takes
From lips that fain would quiver,
And all the world grew hushed to hear
The song of "Suwanee River."

Oh, gay and happy birds may sing
In sunshine on the meadow;
But sweetest songs for aye are sung
Within the deepest shadow.

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THE CRIMES OF A MATCH-MAKER.

BY GERALD BAYNE.

HANS KREMELBERG stood before his easel, talking energetically, pausing every now and then in his painting to turn to his friend, who sat thrown back in the most comfortable of comfortable chairs, his cigar in his hand, watching the artist with a lazily-amused smile.

"I will acknowledge," Hans was saying, "that women of the present day are fascinating and amusing to meet in society; but, when it comes to something rather nearer and dearer than agreeable acquaintances, they are failures. Look at your so-called 'society-girls': you will not deny that, under their superficial coat of good-breeding, they are, as a class, vain, artificial, mercenary, and heartless—"

"I do deny it," his friend languidly interrupts.

"Where will you find," Hans goes on, with undiminished vigor, "a modern society-girl who will fall in love without a due regard for 'the loaves and fishes'? Look at the way women of the present day dress. A girl's one idea seems to be to make herself conspicuous. 'Picturesque,' they call some of these atrocities! That word is made to cover a multitude of sins. Have you seen Miss Gardner's last? No? Well, pray you may be spared. It is a rainbow—a fearfully and wonderfully made rainbow—with a parasol—Ye gods, that parasol! Then, Aumy, girls nowadays have none of the sweet old-fashioned ideas about making home pleasant and attractive—they have no womanly taste. Why, the other evening, I was entertained by three young girls telling me how they detested horrid little babies and adored dogs. Speaking of dogs reminds me of Miss Wainright. Do you know, I came near falling desperately in love with her?" Jack Aumy, for the first time, showed some sign of interest and animation. "By this time, I should certainly have been numbered among her victims; but she was always kissing that dog of hers."

"Happy dog!" murmurs Jack.

"No one likes a good dog better than I," Hans goes on; "but I do not like to see girls making idiots of themselves over dogs merely because it is the fashion. 'Disillusioners,' I call girls' dogs—such badly-brought-up little beasts as they are. Never shall I forget a walk I took with Miss Wainright on one occasion, when we took her dog—or, rather, he took us; for girls' dogs never follow—they expect to lead the way. Every time I began to say anything that I flattered myself was especially neat, I was interrupted by shrill cries of 'Tatters! Tatters!' and Tatters would be seen vanishing around some distant corner, and I be expected to start in mad pursuit. Finally the climax was reached by the charming animal sitting down, goggling his eyes up as if he were going to have a fit, and absolutely refusing to stir a step further, whereupon Miss Sallie said the 'little darling was tired,' and asked me—she did, by Jove!—'if I would mind carrying him home.' Did you ever see Tatters? I give you my word, he is the largest and fattest Skye terrier I ever saw in my life. You can imagine how foolish I felt, walking the length of Beacon Street with this puffing and panting elephant under my arm, making as much fuss as if it were he who was carrying me. The worst of it all was that no one seemed to appreciate and enjoy the fact that I was making a confounded fool of myself more than Miss Sallie herself. Every time she looked at me, her eyes—you remember those great gray eyes of hers: wonderfully pretty they are, too—absolutely danced in her head with delight and amusement."

"If I had only been there to see," Jack said, with chuckles of unholy amusement at the mournful tale. "What would your ideal girl have done—left her dog to his fate?"

"My ideal girl wouldn't take such a dog to walk, and run the risk of making an exhibition of herself—"

"Not to mention the man."

"Then to return to the women of the present day. Look at a different kind—your so-called clever strong-minded women—"

"I don't want to," Jack ventures to remark.

"They boldly attack any topic whatsoever," Hans goes on, without paying any attention to the frivolous interruption: "politics, religion, anything and everything. They generally dabble in literature—have written something themselves. Women, by the way, should never write—it makes them too asserting—"

"My dear fellow," Jack interrupts, abruptly, "I really must present you to Mrs. Ericson; for, although she is a society-woman, you will

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find her a kindred spirit. Last evening, she was telling me how disappointed Mrs. Donaldson was in the way her daughter Lily had turned out. She gave me a long list of poor Miss Lily's various shortcomings, and finished by saying in an awe-stricken whisper, as the climax of all that was horrible: 'And then, you know, Mr. Aumy, she is literary.'"

Hans half laughed: "I have met Mrs. Ericson. She strikes me as being rather a conventional narrow-minded woman."

"Exactly," Jack answers, dryly.

"But," Hans went on, earnestly, "women should not be strong-minded and independent. It is unnatural. Their greatest charm is their helplessness. They were made to be taken care of, to—"

"That is all very well in theory," interrupts Jack, who was thoroughly aroused; "but, unfortunately, in the present day, there are a great many women who must take care of themselves, and who do it bravely and well, without sacrificing one particle of their dignity."

"Of course, if a girl is thrown on the world, and leads a man's life from necessity, I cannot but respect and admire her; but I should never fall in love with her. She could never be my ideal girl. Living such a life, she must necessarily lose something of her womanly grace and charm."

Jack was leaning forward in his chair, his cigar out, forgotten in the heat of the discussion.

"I do not agree with you," he said; "it must be a very superficial charm and grace, that the slightest rough contact with the world will destroy. I believe—I know—that delicately nurtured women, born and bred as ladies, who are obliged from circumstances to struggle for their daily bread, have, as a class, much more character and strength than your namby-pamby sweet ideal girl could have. And yet they are quite as womanly and daintily feminine. I can see that ideal girl of yours. She looks as if she didn't dare say her soul was her own. She dresses her hair like a Madonna; parts it, and slicks it down neatly over her ears; has dove-like eyes, modestly cast down; and always wears a simple white muslin, with a blue sash tied around her waist. She will be horribly domestic; tell you all about what the servants do and don't do"—Hans shuddered visibly—"she will be a good listener, but never unfeminine enough to advance an idea of her own; she will have all the virtues, but no brains—"

"Nonsense, Aumy," Hans, who had been listening, half amused and half annoyed, interrupted; "my ideal has plenty of brains and character, only she would not feel called upon to assert them all the time. She is womanly and retiring. In other words, she is everything that the modern girl, 'the girl of the period,' is not."

"I have no patience with you on this subject; it is your hobby," cried Jack. "I wish you could see more of Margaret. She will change your opinion, certainly as regards one modern girl."

"I don't doubt it," answered Hans, heartily, for "Margaret" was the girl who was to be his friend's wife.

"Seriously, my dear fellow," Jack said, earnestly, "you ought to marry. Here you are, thirty years old, plenty of money, of a domestic sentimental turn of mind—oh, don't interrupt: yes, you are—and alone in the world, as far as immediate relations go. Do you know the one thing your house needs?" Hans looked slowly around the exquisitely-furnished luxurious studio, about which, certainly, there seemed nothing wanting. "A woman's touch," Jack went on, without waiting for an answer, "to give that indescribable home-like look that no man can give; your ideal couldn't do it, either. I feel very sure she would set all the chairs in a nice neat row, with their backs against the wall."

"My poor little ideal—how she is slandered and misunderstood!" said Hans, laughing, and then they talked of other things.

Two or three weeks after this conversation, the two friends went to Mount Desert, to be gone a fortnight.

The first Sunday morning they were at church, at the little Episcopal chapel that everyone who has been to Mount Desert knows so well. The clergyman's low musical voice and the subdued flutter of fans were the only sounds that disturbed the Sunday quiet. Jack, sitting there—thinking, perhaps, more of his fiancée far away in Europe than of the long and rather stupid sermon—felt lazily contented. It was a warm day, but the soft air was stirring and came freshly in at the open window, blowing gently to and fro the hair of the young girl who sat there.

"By Jove, what a pretty girl!" Jack almost exclaimed, when he first noticed her. She looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture, with her short-waisted white muslin and her poke-bonnet. And then her face! It was exquisite, with that youth and freshness that are so attractive, not only to men, but to women whose youth and freshness are gone.

"Just Kremelberg's style," thought Jack. "I must make him look." Whereupon the latter was artistically poked and punched until he looked at her, and then he looked again, and kept on looking.

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Church was over. The fair unknown, escorted by a good-looking elderly man, turned her steps toward the Atlantic House, while Hans and Jack joined the two Misses Bradford, whose greatest attraction—to them, at least—was the fact that they were staying at the same hotel—Rodicks.

When the two men were alone, Jack announced triumphantly that he had discovered who the pretty little girl at church was. Miss Bradford knew her mother well, and was going to take him to the Atlantic House, to call, that evening. She was a Baltimorean, and—

"What is her name?" Hans asked.

"That is the best of all," Jack answered. "It suits her so exactly: it is 'Gretchen'—'Gretchen Mayer.' Doesn't she look like a Gretchen?"

That evening, Hans had an engagement to go out rowing with Miss Livingstone—a New York girl and a great belle.

It was a beautiful evening, and warm for Mount Desert. The summer air was soft and languid; the full moon shimmered down on the cool restless sea, where all seemed hushed. The only sounds were the subdued splashing of the oars and rippling of the waves, excepting now and then the sound of voices softened by distance.

"If this is dreaming, let me dream again," came to them over the water, sung in a clear young voice—a girl's voice, that, with all its sweetness, had a touch of pathos in it—a voice that suggested Sallie Wainright to Hans.

Miss Livingstone was happy. Hans was good-looking, clever, wealthy, the fashion—a desirable parti in every way. She had that pleasing conviction, so dear to a girl's soul, that she was looking her best. She knew that the moonlight falling softly on her fair hair and darkening her eyes must be intensely becoming. And then in what a flattering earnest way Hans Kremelberg was looking at her!

He was looking earnestly at her. "Yes," he was thinking, "you are pretty—very pretty; but I wish—by Jove! how I wish—it were Sallie Wainright here in your place." For, in the last week or so, before leaving home, Hans had been seeing a great deal of Miss Wainright. He admired her immensely. She, with her varying moods, interested him as girls rarely interested him. But he thought—if he thought at all: for, in their love-affairs, the most practical of men are apt to drift with closed eyes where the tide, or the girls possibly, takes them—that his interest would never be more than interest. In his opinion, she threw away too much love on his "bête noir," Tatters, to have much left for anything else. Besides, she was that, to him, most objectionable thing, a "society-girl."

It was almost twelve, that night, when Jack came beaming into Hans's room.

"There are some jolly girls at the Atlantic," he began, as soon as he was comfortably established. "I am going to take you over there, to-morrow. Mrs. Mayer—the pretty little Gretchen's mother, you know—is atrocious. By the way, she is a sister of Mrs. Ericson's. And you will be disappointed in Miss Gretchen. She sat on the edge of the piazza, doing the silent pretty, all the evening, with an admiring 'college-infant' staring at her. She is awfully young, and struck me as being rather stupid; but, to-morrow, you can judge for yourself."

The next day, Hans did judge for himself, and found Miss Gretchen very charming. To be sure, she was quiet; but that was maidenly reserve. When she knew him better, it would be different, and Hans seized every opportunity to be near her.

Miss Wainright came; but Hans, fickle as most men, saw little or nothing of her. Jack, on the contrary, became her devoted slave, and would probably have been very much in love with her had it not been that he was already deeply in love with the girl far away, whom, some day, he was to marry, and the suspicion which day by day grew into a certainty—that Miss Wainright felt for his friend something more than the friendly interest she always showed. "Trifles light as air" had suggested it, and trifles had confirmed it. He was right—she was very much in love with Hans Kremelberg. What the strong attraction was, about him, she didn't know; she only knew that he, with his manly face and earnest eyes, his low rich voice and way of speaking with the slight accent that, when he was interested, was sure to creep in, for he was a foreigner by birth, was more to her than any other man could ever be. That rôle of the love-sick maiden, however, was the last in the world for Sallie Wainright to play. She, as she thought, kept her secret well; held her small head higher than ever; smiled upon little Miss Gretchen when she was thrown with her, which was not often; and suffered in silence. Once in awhile, Jack would ask Hans to join some party on which Miss Wainright was going; but there was always some reason why he didn't care to go. Tatters was going, and he "couldn't endure the brute," he would say, or he had some engagement with the Mayers. So, finally, Jack gave it up in despair and patiently awaited further developments.

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How the days chase each other, at Mount Desert! The last evening had come, and the two men were absorbed in the cheerful occupation of packing. Jack was through first, and sat enjoying Hans's agony, as the latter, with the patience of despair, tried to induce an enormous sketch-book to fit into an absurdly small place.

"I should think, from your expression, it was the 'fourteen puzzle' at least," he said. "Here, give it to me. I can stuff it in here," and Jack seized it and began indifferently to turn over the leaves and comment on the different sketches.

Suddenly, his face changed and he uttered an exclamation of admiration.

"By Jove!" he said, "this is exquisite. You must work it up, Hans. It will be the best thing you ever did!"

It was little Gretchen's young sweet face, looking out from the shadow of a quaint old-fashioned bonnet, her eyes intent and earnest, her lips parted as if she were about to speak. Underneath, Hans had scrawled:

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

"It is Gretchen Mayer's face," said Jack, slowly, as he still studied the sketch. "But it is Gretchen Mayer idealized. It has such a depth and earnestness. Why, Hans," he exclaimed, suddenly, "this might be your much-talked-of ideal girl!"

"And so she is!" cried Hans, emerging from the depths of his trunk, and looking rather red and uncomfortable. "I have been wanting to tell you for some time, Jack, that Miss Gretchen is my idea of all that is lovely in a woman. I know you don't appreciate her now. I want you to see more of her. You know she will be in Boston next month, visiting her aunt. Young as she is, I have made up my mind that, if I can make her care enough for me, she shall be my wife."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Jack.

There was a moment's pause, and Jack walked over to his friend and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Old fellow," he said, earnestly, "are you quite sure that you are in love with Miss Gretchen herself, and not your idea of Miss Gretchen? I have watched her well, although I never dreamed of this; and, Hans, dear old fellow, she seems nothing more to me than a rather commonplace, pretty, unformed little schoolgirl."

Hans broke away impatiently. Jack's tone changed.

"I believe," he went on, lightly, "it was all that infernal poke-bonnet that did the business. Excuse me: one thing more, and I hold my peace forever after. Who was it said that 'a man should make one rule in life before he falls desperately in love with a girl: he should look at the mother'? Mrs. Mayer tells me that, at Gretchen's age, she looked exactly like her!" With which parting shot, Jack leaves the room.

Hans is annoyed—horribly annoyed. Mrs. Mayer is not good to look at. She is fat, very fat, with a goodly supply of double chins. She is always atrociously dressed, and has an oily chuckling laugh; yet there is a decided resemblance between herself and her fair young daughter.

"Mere family likeness," Hans murmurs, uneasily, and takes a reassuring glance at his sketch of pretty little Gretchen.

Two or three weeks after the two friends had left Mount Desert, Miss Gretchen made her appearance in Boston; and Hans was so continually at Mrs. Ericson's that Jack saw much less of him than usual. One day, they met accidentally at the florist's, where Hans was wasting his substance on a large bouquet of Boston buds. "For Miss Mayer. She goes back to Baltimore to-morrow," he said.

"Well?" asked Jack, gravely.

"Everything is over, between us, if that is what you mean," answered Hans, with an apparently irrepressible short queer laugh.

Jack stared for a second in astonishment.

"Then I shall see more of you than I have lately," he said, quietly, and determined to possess his soul in patience until the spirit moved his friend to tell him all the particulars.

He did not have to wait long. Two or three evenings after this, they were lounging in Hans's studio and talking of Mount Desert.

"Mount Desert," Hans said, "must have a great many unhappy marriages to answer for. It is a place that casts a glamor over everything and everybody. While you are there, you look at everything in a different light." Jack knew what was coming. "When Gretchen came here to visit her aunt, and I went to see her, I somehow did not find her quite as satisfying as I had found her at Mount Desert. I found her absolutely wanting in any sense of humor. I sent her a number of new books, and, when I asked her what she thought of them, she said she didn't care much for reading. What I had thought, at Mount Desert, a far-away dreamy expression, now struck me as being rather blank and vacant. But she was so exquisitely pretty and so sweet-tempered that I still determined

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she should be the one woman in the world for me. Well, finally, one day, Mrs. Ericson—regular old maneuverer, that woman—said to me that she thought Gretchen had a decided talent for painting, but that it had never been cultivated. Would I mind giving her a few hints? Needless to say, I was charmed.

"It was arranged," he went on, after a pause, "that Mrs. Ericson was to bring Gretchen, the following Saturday, to my studio." An expression of grim amusement began to creep over Hans's face. "They came. She sat around and talked for some time. Finally, we came to the painting. I arranged an easel for Miss Gretchen. I set her pallet for her and put it in her little slim hands. I gave her a brush and showed her how to paint in the background for some pansies that I had sketched for her; but she sat in front of the easel, looking with the same appealing helpless look at the canvas, her pallet, and me. Suddenly, I had a happy thought. The reason, I fancied, that she didn't get on better, was that she was embarrassed by our staring at her maiden effort, and I dragged Mrs. Ericson off to admire my flowers.

"We were not gone long. When we came back, she was standing, holding the end of her 'overskirt,' I think they called it, in her hand. It was covered with paint, in great irregular blotches. I saw, in a minute, what had happened. She had laid her pallet in her chair, forgotten it, and sat down on it. I—I suppose I was an old brute. But I laughed: I couldn't help it. Whereupon my poor little ideal almost cried; said I was very unkind—that her dear new dress was entirely spoiled. In fact, she quite lost her temper, and showed me very plainly that, after all, she was only a foolish sensitive little girl, and not by any means the ideal woman I had hoped to find her."

Jack was human. Consequently, he longed to say triumphantly: "I told you so!" But, with great strength of mind, he said nothing, but sat staring thoughtfully at the open fire.

"After all," Hans continued, after a moment's pause, "it was my own fault, for putting her on such a pedestal. She is such a child—pretty little Gretchen," he added, half tenderly.

When Hans had finished, the two men sat smoking for some time in silence. Then Jack rose abruptly and got the sketch Hans had made of little Gretchen at Mount Desert. It was a lovely face, the child's face with a woman's look.

"Give it to me, Hans?" asked Jack. But Kremelberg took it and put it carefully away.

The rest of the evening, Jack sat looking at his friend over his cigar with the calculating eyes of an old match-maker.

Now, if ever, he felt, was the time for some girl to lay siege to his friend's unsusceptible heart; for the ideal girl, who had so long stood in the way of anything serious, was now effectually disposed of. How could Hans fail to find a bright agreeable girl interesting, after that charming little bore, Miss Gretchen? Why should not that interest deepen into something more? Why, in fact, had not the time come for his friend to do what he ought to have done before—fall desperately in love with and marry some charming girl?

The upshot of all this serious reflection was an heroic resolve. "I will make a sacrifice on the altar of friendship," he thought. "I will—yes, I will—become, for the time being, a match-making and maneuvering old mamma." And, in his new character, he looked at Hans with such an absolutely maternal beam, that Hans felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"Of what are you thinking, Jack?" he asked, uneasily.

"Yes, I shall marry you off immediately," Jack was thinking. But he discreetly said nothing. Already, in his mind's-eye, he saw a graceful girlish figure moving around the studio—a girl with a spirited fascinating face, a small well-set head, and a voice that thrilled you when she spoke, and that you longed to hear again when she was silent. Possibly, Sallie Wainright's voice was her greatest charm.

"Hans has always admired her," Jack continued, meditating. "Only that confounded ideal has prevented his falling in love with her. Everything is in my favor."

Yes, all the circumstances were in his favor, apparently. It all seemed very plain sailing; yet match-making is essentially a feminine talent, and Jack felt very masculine and stupid as he sat there—a very Judas, plotting the plan of battle in front of his victim's fire, smoking his victim's cigars. Should he arrange everything, or trust to the inspiration of the moment?

"What are you going to do, to-morrow evening?" Hans broke in. "What do you say to going to see Miss Wainright?"

Jack started guiltily. There was a moment's pause; then Jack, with inspiration number one, said awkwardly: "To tell the truth, Hans, I was going to see Miss Wainright myself, to-morrow evening; and— Well, I had an especial reason son for hoping to find her alone. But, if—"

"Oh, any other evening will do as well, for me; it is some time since I have seen her, that is all." And once more silence reigned.

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"That first inspiration was certainly a success," Jack meditated, on his way home. "How disappointed and how puzzled the old fellow looked when I answered him! It will make him think of her, at all events."

Men invariably long for what they cannot have, and Hans felt now as if the only thing that would make life pleasant or even endurable was a call on Miss Wainright.

The next evening, when Jack was shown into Miss Wainright's parlor, he almost repented his first move. She was alone, and looking unusually pretty. It was only for a minute, however; for, after she had shaken hands with him, she said, with her pretty little laugh:

"Do you know, you have forgotten to say good-evening to Tatters."

Tatters! His friend's "bête noir"! He had forgotten the dog's very existence.

He would have passed a very agreeable evening, had it not been for Tatters, who was certainly an ill-conducted dog—who wriggled and squirmed, barked imperatively to have the door opened to go out, and, as soon as he was out, whined and scratched to come in again; made frantic attempts to lick Miss Wainright's face; and capped the climax, at the end of the evening, by taking a violent fancy to Jack, which he showed by insisting on planting himself in his lap, deaf to all remonstrances from his unhappy mistress.

"You are certainly enough to spoil everything," Jack thought, glaring at Tatters. And, with nothing short of murder in his heart, Jack patted him and called him "a good dog."

It is startling to see how, when one is thinking vaguely of some wicked deed to be accomplished somewhere in the dim future, the Evil One helps one along, and gives one every necessary opportunity to carry it out in the present.

Jack said good-night, and had got a few steps from the house, when he heard a familiar puff-and-pant. Glancing down, he saw Tatters trotting placidly along at his heels.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, and stood still, staring at Tatters, who waited patiently for him to go on, looking at him confidingly. "What possessed you to follow me, you little fool?" Jack asked, severely. "You never did it before, and to-night of all nights." But poor little Tatters—his worst enemy would have acknowledged that he always was a sweet-tempered dog—only wagged his foolish little stump of a tail, pleased at being noticed.

Then came inspiration number two.

During the next two weeks, Jack astonished his friend by propounding such startling questions as: "Do you approve of doing evil that good may come? Do you think that it could be excusable for a man, under any circumstances, to steal?" And when, to the last question, his friend answered strongly in the negative, he said, with apparently a sense of relief in the confession: "I have stolen—Shakespeare says 'Convey, the wise it call'—and I was right; I would do it over again." But, when his friend, with pardonable curiosity, made a few incredulous inquiries, he declined to give any interesting particulars or pursue the subject further.

Hans went to see Miss Wainright now very often, at first with Jack, later alone.

"How much pleasanter the house is without that nuisance of a dog of hers," he said to Jack one day, for Miss Wainright's dog had mysteriously disappeared. No one knew anything about it; he had simply vanished. A little later, however, Hans's opinion about the dog seemed to change. "Do you know, Jack," he said, "Miss Sallie still misses that wretched little dog of hers. She must have a great deal of heart, to care so much about him. I wanted to get her another, but she wouldn't let me. I wish she could have the brute back again."

"I wish to heavens she could!" Jack ejaculated, with such unexpected earnestness that Hans looked at him in astonishment.

Well, the fates smiled upon Miss Wainright and Hans. They were in love; they were engaged; the wedding-day was appointed. Two or three days before the wedding, an anonymous present arrived that puzzled Miss Wainright immensely. Mrs. Hans Kremelberg says that to this day she cannot understand it. At first she thought Hans might have something to do with it; but no, he was perfectly innocent and as much puzzled as she and Jack seemed to be. It was Tatters! Tatters, thinner, but in splendid condition. His long hair, of which apparently there had been taken the best of care, was like spun silk, so soft and fine! On his collar was a pale-blue bow even more astounding than the one which he had worn at the time of his "mysterious disappearance." The collar itself was new, the most fascinating collar of worked silver studded with turquoise.

Tatters seemed a reformed little dog. "If he could only speak and tell us all his adventures!" said his happy mistress, as she patted him.

Whereupon Jack was heard to murmur indistinctly something which sounded amazingly like "Thank heaven, he can't!"

At the wedding, Jack was, so to speak, the presiding genius; but no one strutted around with as much importance or seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion more than Tatters.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume suitable for either a walking or home dress. It is made of dark-brown foulé or chevron cloth. The skirt is plain. The

No. 1.

drapery is arranged to form a long point in front, looped high on the sides, and ornamented by bows of velvet ribbon. The back-drapery is short and slightly puffed over the tournure. The bodice is tucked to form a yoke, also the tops of the sleeves. Velvet collar, cuffs, and bows of a darker shade of brown. Felt hat, faced with velvet to match the costume and trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon. Seven to eight yards of cloth, one yard of velvet, cut on the bias.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of dark-green cloth. The skirt has one wide box-plait down

No. 2.

the front; the sides are in deep kilt-plaits; the back same as front. The tunic forms a long point in front. At the back, it falls straight,

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with a little looping over the tournure. A plain short basque, tailor-finish, completes the dress for home-wear. The outside jacket is braided with black worsted braid down the front, around the basque, collar, cuffs, and pocket. The lining is silk. Hat of felt to match, trimmed with loops of black watered ribbon and black wings or quills. Seven to eight yards of cloth will be required.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of navy-blue camel's-hair for the dress. The jacket is of cloth to match. The skirt of the dress is per-

No. 3.

fectly plain, also the over-drapery. Indeed, every dress in cloth or woolen goods is made exceedingly plain. The draping and cut give the style. Our model shows the front side and part of the back: the opposite side hangs straight. The jacket is trimmed with Astrakhan and mohair braid. Loops of braid and frogs fasten the front. A simple pattern braids the sleeves. Hat of seal plush, bordered with Astrakhan and trimmed with two small gray

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wings. From eight to nine yards of camel's-hair for dress, two and a half yards of cloth for jacket, three-quarters of a yard of wide Astrakhan-cloth for trimming.

No. 4.

No. 4—Is a pretty dress for a little girl. It is made in self-colored cashmere. The flounces on the skirt are embroidered in silk of the same

No. 5.

color. The crossed blouse-fronts are of the plain cashmere, tucked at the edges, and open at the throat, with an embroidered edging to match the flounces on the skirt. The sash is of twilled silk. Full sleeves, gathered into cuffs of embroidery. This costume can be made of

No. 6.

muslin and trimmed with Hamburg-flouncing for summer, or in dark-blue gingham with embroidery to match.

No. 5—Is a new model, for a little girl of four to five years. It is made of pin-striped woolen.

No. 7.

Five plaited ruffles form the trimming for the skirt. The blouse-waist has a yoke, bordered

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with a band of velvet ribbon. Full sleeve, gathered into a band of velvet. Same finishes the neck. Sash of the material, tied in a long bow at the back.

No. 6.—Blouse-jacket, of striped flannel over a navy-blue shirt. Pants, cuffs, and wide sailor-collar of navy-blue like shirt.

No. 7—Is a blue cloth or flannel suit, for a boy. Knickerbocker pants. Short jacket, trimmed with rows of black braid on the fronts.

"ATHOLE" CORSAGE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the elegant open Jacket with Vest, known as the "Athole Corsage." It is given complete.

1. Half of Vest.
2. Half of Front of Corsage.
3. Half of Side-Vest and Side-Front.
4. Half of Back.
5. Half of Side-Back.
6. Revers for Front of Corsage.
7. Sleeve—Upper and Under.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The side-piece of vest and side-piece of jacket are exactly the same, except the jacket-piece is an inch longer at the bottom.

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The straight lines on the vest show where the two darts are to be placed. The dotted dart is for the over-front of the jacket. The revers is one-half from the middle of the back to the point of the jacket. The postillion is laid in box-plaits, marked by a few dots. The collar is an upright band. Our model is made in self-colored camel's-hair or lady's-cloth, with plaid velvet or plush in mixed colors to correspond for the vest, revers, collar, cuffs, and garniture of the skirt, or surah silk of a pretty contrasting color may be used.

TRAVELING-PILLOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A portable pillow is a very comfortable thing to have when on a long journey. The pillow can be pressed into a small satchel or carried on the arm. It is made of two colors of merino —orange and peacock-blue—or any two contrasting colors. Soft China silk is very desirable, or pongee. Cut six sections thirteen inches long and five and a half inches in extreme width. Shape them so that, when sewed together, they will form a smooth surface at the joined ends. Fill with wool or down, and, if desired, add some sachet-powder. Place bows of ribbon at the ends, and have a ribbon connecting them, so that it can easily be carried.

DESIGN OF BIRDS, FOR PORTFOLIO-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design of birds, printed in colors. The work is done in Kensington-stitch in filoselle-silks, the colors of which we give, but the individual taste may vary the colors. For the groundwork, we would suggest maroon or dark-blue satin or gray linen. After the work is done and well pressed, make up the portfolio over stiff cardboard, lining the inside with a contrasting color of satin. Fasten in some leaves of blotting-paper, tied with a ribbon, which is tied on the outside at the back. Inside pockets for envelopes may be made, adjusted to the inside lining before it is attached to the outside covering. This design may also be used for ornamenting the ends of a scarf bureau or table cover, or for a square. Repeat it so that the entire cover may be filled as closely as the page we give.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In front of number, we give something quite novel, in the design for a wall-pocket. Foundation of chintz, serge, or gray linen, decorated with curved flaps in embroidered or flowered materials, to receive letters, bills, notes, etc. Each pocket is bound, like the sides, with a braid in a contrasting color. All round is sewed an edging of white or colored lace. Two loops of braid or ribbon hang the bag in a convenient place.

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WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Take any pretty willow basket of the required shape. The drapery is of felt, embroidered in a simple design of primroses. The edges are buttonhole-stitched, with a tiny border above the scallops. Cords-and-tassels of silk and wool combined.

BRAIDING-PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of number, we give a very effective braiding-pattern, for braiding bodices, jackets, or panels of skirts, in wide or narrow worsted braid, depending upon the part or article to be braided. Braiding in black worsted braid on colored cloth, camel's-hair, etc., is this season very popular. Sometimes the round or tubular braid is used.

FAN NEEDLECASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In front of number, we give a design for a fan needlecase and pincushion. Take any palm or Japanese fan, or cut out a piece of stiff cardboard of the required shape. Cover it with some fancy material, with the addition of a gilt-painted stick. The book of flannel leaflets, with pinked-out edges, is attached in the centre, either with sewing or a long fancy pin. Trim with loops of pompadour ribbon, as seen in illustration.

EMBROIDERY, IN SILK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design of pansies and forget-me-nots, on the Supplement, may be used for the edge of a petticoat, a baby's cloak, blanket, or shawl. It should be done in silk, on either flannel or cashmere, and, if worked for a child, will look best done in white.

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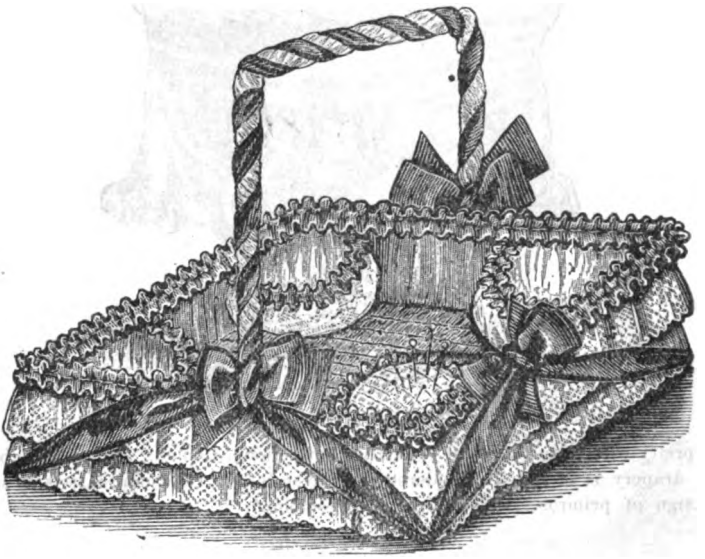
BABY'S BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These baskets are oval, square, or round—according to taste. Our design is square, and is lined at the sides and bottom with blue silesia, covered with thin plain book-muslin, put on slightly full. Quilted satin or surah may be substituted for the silesia; but, in that case, it is not covered with the book-muslin. Dotted or sprigged muslin may be used in place of the plain material. A pincushion is placed in one corner, and pockets in the other three corners, to hold the tiny comb and brush, powder-box, etc., etc. These pockets correspond with the lining of the basket, and are finished with a quilling of blue satin to correspond with a similar quilling on the edge of the basket. Two rows of lace fall over the outside, and a satin ribbon forms vandykes, caught up with large bows in the middle of each side. Blue ribbon is twined around the handle. Any color may be used for the lining, though pink or blue is usually preferred.

TRAVELING-HOLDALL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of number, a design for a traveling-holdall. These have many advantages over ordinary traveling-bags, especially in carrying light dresses and linen. They are either made to be rolled, or simply fold together, as in our illustration. Strong sailcloth is the best material for the outside, and waterproof for the inside pockets. The appearance and arrangement of the inside, and the embroidery and pocket of the outside, are so plainly shown that a clever needlewoman can easily put one together. The embroidery is done in brown crewel, in stem and satin stitch; the monogram likewise. A saddler will furnish the handle and straps, or the same may be made of canvas and embroidered.

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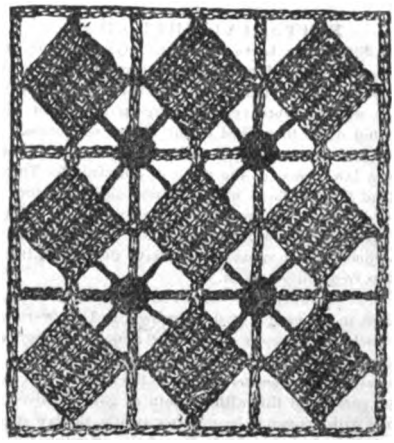
SQUARE OF CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Make a chain of eight stitches and an extra chain to turn round the work, and crochet eight stitches of double-crochet, one in each chain. Make one chain, and turn the work now on the reverse side; then make eight more stitches in double-chain till a square of eight rows is done. For the next square, without fastening-off, make eight chain and work the same. Proceed till nine squares are made, then crochet round them, as in engraving. For the cross-lines, make a line with the cotton only, and, in returning to the other side, twist the cotton over this line. Finally, make a wheel in each space by working under and over the threads. There must be five or seven threads, to work over and under, to make a wheel. These crochet-squares are pretty sewed to squares of unbleached brown holland, to form a large square for the centre of a chair-tidy.



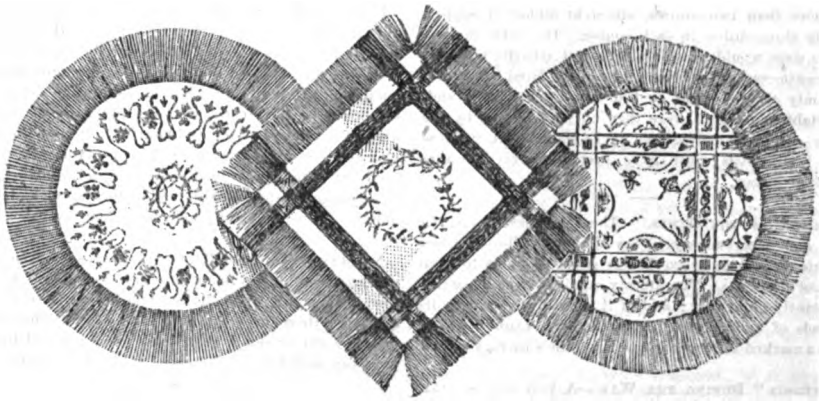
SPLASHER, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design for a washstand-splasher, to be done on coarse linen or momie-cloth, in outline, with black, red, or any other embroidery-cotton that will wash well.

FRUIT OR TEA NAPKINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These napkins may be either small enough to use under finger-bowls for the dinner-table, or, if of a much larger size, are very pretty for the tea-table. Almost any design is appropriate, and we have given a vast number on the Supplement at different times that would look remarkably well, done either in white or colored cotton that will wash.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Bean Soup, with Ham or Bacon.—Soak and boil half a pint of beans. Have a piece of butter or a slice of fat bacon in a stew-pan. When it is melted, dredge in as much flour as it will absorb, and add to it some thinly-sliced onions. When this is delicately browned, strain the well-boiled beans, working them through a sieve, and add them to the thickening, as also the bean-water and some broth or soup. Season with vinegar, salt, and pepper; boil and pour over slices of toast in the tureen. Some of the beans may be put in unmashed, if the skins are quite soft.

Oyster Soup.—Take two quarts of oysters; wash them in their liquor and strain the liquor. Put on the liquor with pepper, salt, and parsley. Let it come to a boil; then put in the oysters and let them stew for twenty minutes. Just before taking it off, stir in a pint of milk.

MEATS.

Veal Stew or Fricassee.—The ends of the ribs, the neck, and the knuckle may be utilized in a stew. Cut the meat—two pounds—in small pieces, and remove all the fine bones. Cover the meat with boiling water; skim as it begins to boil; add two small onions, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and one saltspoonful of pepper. Simmer until thoroughly tender. Cut four potatoes in halves; soak in cold water, and parboil them five minutes; add them to the stew. Add one tablespoonful of flour wet in cold water, and more seasoning if desired; and, just before serving, add one cup of cream; or, if milk be used, add one tablespoonful of butter. Remove the bones before serving. To make veal pot-pie, add dumplings, as in beef-stew. If intended for a fricassee, fry the veal in salt-pork fat before stewing, and omit the potatoes. Add one egg to the liquor just before serving, if you wish it richer.

To Serve Cold Boiled Ham.—Cut in thin slices; season highly with cayenne-pepper or with mustard and lemon-juice, and broil two minutes. Melt half a glassful of currant-jelly; add a teaspoonful of butter, a little pepper, and, when hot, add several small thin slices of ham. Let it boil up, and serve at once. Cut the nicest part of lean ham in small thin slices. Chop the trimmings fine, and heap high in the centre of a platter. Garnish with the slices overlapping each other on the edge of the dish.

VEGETABLES.

Fried Potatoes.—Peel a number of raw potatoes as apples are peeled, let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible; dry them thoroughly in a cloth, and put them in the frying-basket, and plunge it in boiling lard. When they are a golden color, drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over, and serve.

Salad-Dressing.—Pound smooth the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix with one teaspoonful of unmade mustard one saltspoonful of salt; mix gradually with these either one cupful of cream or the same quantity of olive-oil. Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add a little cayenne-pepper.

Cold Potato-Salad.—Boil potatoes. When they are done, let them get cold; slice them, and dress them with salad-dressing; mix them well and serve.

DESSERTS.

Apple Custard.—Apple chips or rings are as nice as ordinary fruit, and, at this time of the year, much cheaper. They can be got at any ordinary grocer's, and must be soaked twelve hours before using. Take one-half pound of the fruit when soaked, and stir gently with sugar, lemon-peel, and cloves to taste, till tender. When cool, pour into a glass dish, and cover with the following custard: Half a pint of milk, one egg, half a small teaspoonful of corn-flour, two lumps of sugar. Mix the cornflour carefully with the milk, then whisk the egg and add it with the sugar (which is best sifted); put the whole into a jug, and stand in boiling water, stirring well till it thickens, then pour it over the apples, and grate nutmeg on the top.

Bread Pudding.—One pound of sifted breadcrumb or pieces of bread well soaked for two hours in a quart of milk, sweetened with four ounces of powdered white sugar; add two ounces of butter, dissolved by standing it over hot water; grate and mix in the rind of a lemon, and the yolks only of four eggs; mix it altogether, and bake for an hour and a half in not too hot an oven. When baked, spread over a layer of jam; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, put on the top of the pudding, and bake slightly.

CAKES.

Plum-Cake Iced.—One pound of fine flour, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, one-half pound of butter, five eggs, one-quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, the grated rind of one lemon, one pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins chopped; flavor with almond-essence. Cream the butter, add the sugar, the yolk of eggs, and the dry ingredients; whisk well the whites, and mix them in quickly but thoroughly at last. If necessary, add a very little milk or cream. Butter a cake-mold, and line it with oiled paper; put in the cake, and set it in a moderate oven for two and a half hours. In the icing, whisk the whites of four eggs, add the finest sifted sugar, and stir in till you have a thick creamy paste, add a trifle of the flavoring that you have used for the cake, beat it till very light and white. Ascertain whether the cake is thoroughly cooked, by thrusting in a bright skewer; it should reappear clean and bright. With a broad knife, lay the icing equally over the cake, reserving a little to color pink. Decorate with this according to fancy, using a small funnel-shaped bag—sold for this purpose—or one made of stiff paper will answer. Return the cake for a few minutes to a cool part of the oven till set but not discolored.

Sponge-Cake.—One-half pound weight of eggs in the shells, one-half pound of castor-sugar. Whisk over boiling water till lukewarm, then take it off the water and whisk till cold, white, and thick; add six ounces of finely-sifted flour, stir in lightly. Have mold prepared thus: Clarify two ounces of butter; do not boil it; skim and keep back the sediment, pour into a jar, put in a teaspoonful of flour, stir till quite cold, rub the mold evenly all over with this, then sprinkle in very finely-sifted sugar. Pour in the cake-mixture, and bake from one and a half to two hours.

Swiss Roll.—Two eggs, three ounces of castor-sugar, two ounces of flour. Whisk the eggs and sugar for a quarter of an hour, sift the flour, and add it to the eggs and sugar; stir it in lightly, pour into a pudding-tin well buttered, and into which a buttered paper has been laid. Bake for a quarter of an hour. When baked, put a layer of raspberry jam into the centre and roll up; sift over with sugar, and put back into the oven two or three minutes to set.

SANITARY.

Apple-Water.—A refreshing drink for invalids is made by pouring a pint of boiling water upon three juicy apples which have been peeled, cored, and sliced, and a little lemon-rind, then sweetening to taste. When the liquid is cold, it may be strained, and is then ready for use.

Onion Posset or Gruel.—This has been found very efficacious for colds, and is made with Robinson's groats, with the addition only of an onion, which should have been previously boiled for six hours. The yolk of an egg, well beaten, is an improvement.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. 1.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CRIMSON CASHMERE, striped with plaid velvet of a darker shade. The underskirt is plain. The overdrapery forms a long point in front, is

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biased-off on the right side, and laid in deep plaits, forming a jabot-effect. The back falls straight, is slightly looped here and there in places. The bodice is pointed, back and front. The striped material forms a long V in front over a plain velvet vest. Collar and cuffs of plain velvet. Bonnet of the material of the dress, trimmed with a gray bird and loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF GREEN VELVET AND CASHMERE. The underskirt, of velvet, is plain. The drapery of the overskirt forms a long point, touching the edge of the dress in front, opening high upon the left side. The back-drapery is slightly puffed over the tournure and falls straight. The bodice has a V-shaped vest of velvet in front; also, the darts are defined by the velvet; pointed back. Coat-sleeves with deep velvet cuffs. High collar of velvet. Turban of silk, dotted with velvet and edged with a band of fur. Wrap of golden-brown plush, trimmed with fur to match the hat.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF STRIPED AND PLAIN BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR AND VELVET. The underskirt, of the stripe, is plain. The overdrapery, of the plain material, is used for the front alone. The back-drapery, of the narrow stripe, same as the bodice, is very simply looped, to display the material. The bodice is rounded in front, and forms a short postillion at the back. The plain material is fulled-on at the shoulders and shaped into the waist. Coat-sleeves with cuffs of the plain. Small bonnet, with full crown made of the material, trimmed with brown and red flowers and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF RIBBED BLACK SILK. The underskirt is plain, the front and sides dotted all over with drop-buttons of passementerie and jet. The polonaise opens over a vest of the same as the underskirt. The front is plaited in to the long pointed waist, from which the long points fall over the skirt, the ends trimmed with passementerie ornaments. The back-drapery is slightly puffed over the tournure, then falls plain to the edge of the skirt. Small bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with pompon of ostrich-feathers and standing loops of crimson velvet ribbon.

FIG. V.—HOME-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK. The underskirt has the edge and left side trimmed with pinked-out ruffles of the material, over which the overdress is arranged. The front forms a deep point, looped high on the side. The back forms a jabot down the side, and is slightly looped in several places. The bodice is finished by two deep points in front and three at the back. A scarf of crêpe-de-Chine to match fastens from the right side of the collar and crosses the bust to the left at the waist, where it is finished by a bow. Elbow-sleeves finished by a puff of the crêpe-de-Chine. High collar.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK VELVET AND PLAID TWEED. The underskirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits. The overdrapery, of the plaid gray tweed, forms a long tunic in front, looped high at the sides, the back slightly looped. The bodice has a short postillion at the back. In front, there is a full plastron—which is belted, at the waist, under a waistband of velvet. Pointed collar, shoulder-pieces, and cuffs also of velvet. Gray felt hat, faced with velvet and trimmed with velvet and ostrich-feathers. Velveteen may be used, instead of velvet, for skirt, etc., etc.

FIG. VII.—FROCK, FOR A GIRL OF TEN. Plain and embroidered camel's-hair or cashmere. The colors are pale-biscuit, worked in crimson and brown. The blouse-bodice opens over a plaited plastron, with large collar. Crimson sash.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK PLUSH BONNET. The bonnet is made of black plush, studded with white spots. Large bow of cream faille in front of the crown. Black strings.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, IN CROW'S-EYE BLACK PLUSH. The coat is close-fitting, trimmed with cock's-feather trimming or American opossum. The skirt is full at the back. The lining is of colored surah.

FIG. X.—WHITE OR GRAY FELT HAT. The brim is lined with velvet. A faille bow in two shades of the same color and ostrich-feathers trim the outside of the hat.

FIG. XI.—PLASTRON. Sailor-collar and coat-revers in otter-colored velvet, knotted at the point with loops-and-ends of corded ribbon. The shawl-shaped opening is filled-in with turquoise-blue silk, gathered at the neck.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BROCADE AND VELVET. The bodice has a pointed vest of velvet, over which is arranged a full fichu of dotted lace. Elbow-sleeves with velvet cuffs. Skirt trimmed with velvet to match.

FIG. XIII.—MOURNING-JACKET, of fine ribbed cloth or ottoman-silk, trimmed with crêpe.

FIG. XIV.—EVENING-SLEEVE. Full silk gauze, with puffs and ribbon bows at the shoulder and below the elbow.

FIG. XV.—BODICE, OF CLOTH OR CAMEL'S-HAIR. The revers, cuffs, collar, box-plaits of vest, and turned-up edge of basque are all braided with a narrow braid darker than the material.

FIG. XVI.—BLOUSE-WAIST, OF CASHMERE. Yoke, cuffs, and collar are of velvet. The back fits close, the fronts are gathered into the yoke.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF GRAY LIMOUSINE STRIPED WITH CLARET. The basque is cut out in tabs and bound with claret mohair braid, the hood is lined with claret surah, and the revers match.

FIG. XVIII.—CLOTH TOQUE. The cloth should match the costume. The trimming is of fur or Astrakhan-cloth.

FIG. XIX.—UHLAN JACKET, of marine-blue cloth, trimmed à-la-militaire with black mohair braid.

FIG. XX.—HEAD-DRESS FOR EVENING. The hair is dressed high, and the ornament consists of artificial flowers, with loops of narrow ribbon and a bit of lace plaited to form a stiff bow.

FIG. XXI.—COIFFURE FOR DINNER. In front, the hair is frizzed and waved; the back is looped and braided. A jeweled comb is the only ornamentation.

FIG. XXII.—EVENING-COIFFURE, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The hair is dressed high. Some loops of ribbon and a spray of flowers are put on the left side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Tailor-made gowns with jacket to match are still the most popular suits for everyday wear. The jackets of many have the addition of a fur collar and cuffs, sometimes a fur cape.

Velvet waists are most useful to make variety and to wear with such skirts as may have the bodices worn out. A pretty one was shown at a French modiste's, of dull olive-green, with puffed sleeves and fichu of pale-blue surah or crêpe.

The newest draperies are arranged very long, front and back, leaving both sides of the skirt uncovered from the belt down. The front-draping drops to a point on the right side. Graceful wavelike folds are caught up in plaits on the left hip.

Black-bear, fox, and martin are the favorite furs.

Silk-finished velveteen suits are quite the fashion. Costumes of this material are made very simply and without trimming, with short English jackets fastened with hammered metal buttons of good size.

White-and-gold is most charming in an evening-wrap of the dolman-shape, and bordered by a fine brown lynx-fur.

If you have an uncared-for India shawl, make a tea-gown of it or a handsome wrapper for the room.

It is an English fashion to have a wide linen collar—an eighth of a yard wide being the proper thing for young girls.

Braided cloth jackets are the caprice of the season. They are of the plainest single-breasted shape, and are sometimes braided all over; but the most popular style is to have a border braided all around, with the addition of a deep V-shape pattern both back and front and on the top and bottom of the sleeves. The braiding is done in black worsted braid, on black, navy-blue, red, or dark-green cloth.

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The Russian pelisse is also a great favorite. It is a long coat, fastened as far as the waist, made of velvet or lady's-cloth, warmly wadded, and trimmed down the fronts, collar, and sleeves with fur. Some are of ulster and others of the simple pelisse shape.

Scarf-drapery often takes the place of a tunic, for young ladies. A pretty novelty is to make this scarf-drapery very full, forming a mass of folds across the front, and to allow it half a yard longer than is required for the scarf only. The end falls in a plaited drapery between the folds of the back-drapery.

Sleeves of dresses are sometimes made of a different material from the bodice; but the same material must be employed in other parts of the dress—drapery, underskirt, or trimming.

In bonnets, it is a question whether the streamers down the back will be generally accepted. Most of the new hats have a bow placed at the back of the upturned brim, with the ends-and-loops falling down over the hair, whilst the Directoire bonnets have a long streamer of black lace, which may either flow over the shoulders or be fastened round the throat in the fashion of a cloud. Very pretty are the gathered bonnets of undressed felt. They are made without any wire stiffening, and simply twisted into shape by the hands of the milliner. Striped ribbon is very much used for trimming hats.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There has seldom been a season when fur has been so decidedly fashionable as during the present winter. The long boa, either in fur or in feathers, does indeed threaten to disappear. It has become too common, and is now sold very cheap, being made of very ordinary material. The long ends, too, have been found very inconvenient, and, if left loose, the wearer is apt to step upon one of them and to tear off the end. More tasteful and becoming are the little pointed pelerines with muff to match, the first-named article trimming very prettily the front of a plain close-fitting jacket in cloth or in velvet. One end of the pelerine is sometimes made longer and more pointed than the other, so as to cross over the shorter end and to fasten at the left side of the waist. This style is peculiarly becoming to ladies with slender figures. Gray fur is the fashionable article in this line, this winter—silver-fox, blue-fox, and chinchilla being the favorites. The soft-shaded natural gray Astrakhan is a good deal used for trimming walking-costumes in gray or dark-brown cloth. The rich Russia sable and the dark mink-sable are used as trimming for evening-dresses for elderly ladies, narrow bands of the fur edging the opening of the corsage, the sleeves, and the drapery. Ivory-white satin, trimmed with Russia sable, is peculiarly advantageous and becoming. But this fashion is merely a revival of an old one, as Worth originated it for the Empress Eugénie nearly thirty years ago.

Worth's dresses for the Queen of Italy, this year, were simply poems—or, rather, works of art—in silk and satin. One was in crape and heavy French faille of a deep-orange hue, embroidered all over with silver, and with the classically-draped tunic in French faille looped with clusters of orange-colored ostrich-feathers. Then, in remembrance of the great victory of the French and Italians over the Austrians some thirty years ago, Worth had revived for the queen the beautiful and brilliant shade of crimson called "solferino," and christened after the battle. This dress was trimmed with great iris-blossoms in white velvet shaded with purple and pale-lilac. But the gem of the whole was a ball-dress in the new and exquisite bluish-pink known as hydrangea-color—the long train, bordered with a row of pink hydrangeas, being in French faille of the same color as the flowers. The skirt-front was embroidered with hydrangeas in full relief in shaded silk, and the side-panels were composed of crape set with clusters of blue and pink hydrangeas. The fair and poetic sovereign will look like a vision, in this charming dress. The carriage-dress of Queen Margherita is in French faille and velvet of a rich olive-green.

For young girls, ball-dresses in tulle continue to be popular. They are always made with a short skirt, and are simple in design, fullness and freshness being the indispensable qualities. White tulle, either plain or figured with chenille dots or with larger spots in white silk, is made up with garlands of colored flowers and with narrow waistbands with long ends in watered ribbon matching the flowers in hue. Roses and pale-pink ribbon form the favorite garniture for these vaporous dresses and for those in the same style in pale-blue tulle.

Corn-yellow is one of the new colors of the season, but is in reality only a revival, the only genuine novelty in the way of hue being the exquisite hydrangea-color, and also a very brilliant light-green which has been christened "new-grass." Worth has made for the Empress of Russia a very superb toilette, with corsage and train of velvet, in that color—the side-panels being in plain satin of the palest possible shade of green. The straight apron-front, in the pale-green satin, was embroidered by hand with clusters of ostrich-feathers in shaded green floss-silk, and was bordered with a ribbon-pattern in appliqué-work of the velvet, edged with silver spangles and beads.

The styles of dressing the hair are in a very unsettled state. There is an attempt made to revive the low coils at the back of the head, and also the long looped catogan-braid. Very few persons have adopted the fashion of combing the hair back from the face, and the fringe on the forehead is again in fashion, but is less voluminous and shorter than formerly. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair, with the exception of very narrow high combs—or, rather, broad hairpins—with heads in blonde tortoise-shell or in diamonds. A crest-shaped ornament, either in diamonds or Rhine-stones, is sometimes worn on the summit of the knot of hair on the top of the head.

As regards the chaussure, Louis-XV heels are again fashionable for evening-wear. House-shoes are now made with one or with four straps crossing over the instep, and are either in patent-leather or in bronze kid, satin being exclusively used for ball-slippers. Sometimes, on the shoe with a single strap, a large bow of ribbon with long ends is set upon the strap, and is very becoming to the foot.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—AN OVERCOAT, FOR A BOY OF SIX TO EIGHT YEARS, is made of checked Scotch tweed. The three capes, cuffs, and edge of coat are bound with silk or worsted braid. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet and buckle.

FIG. II.—BROWN PLUSH JACKET, FOR A GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS. Loose in front, and close-fitting at the back. Dress of striped woolen. Toque of plush, with bird for trimming.

FIG. III.—COAT, FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS, of checked cloth. Double-breasted, short cape and hood. The hood is lined with bright-colored surah. White or gray felt hat, trimmed with loops of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—CLOTH TOQUE, trimmed with Astrakhan-fur.

FIG. V.—TOQUE, OF VELVET, trimmed with wide band of fur.

FIG. VI.—DRESS, FOR A BOY OF THREE YEARS—on colored plate. Black velveteen underdress, with an overdress of red serge.

FIG. VII.—FOR A GIRL OF THREE TO FOUR YEARS, a blouse-dress, of pale-blue cashmere. Waistband, collar, and cuffs embroidered.

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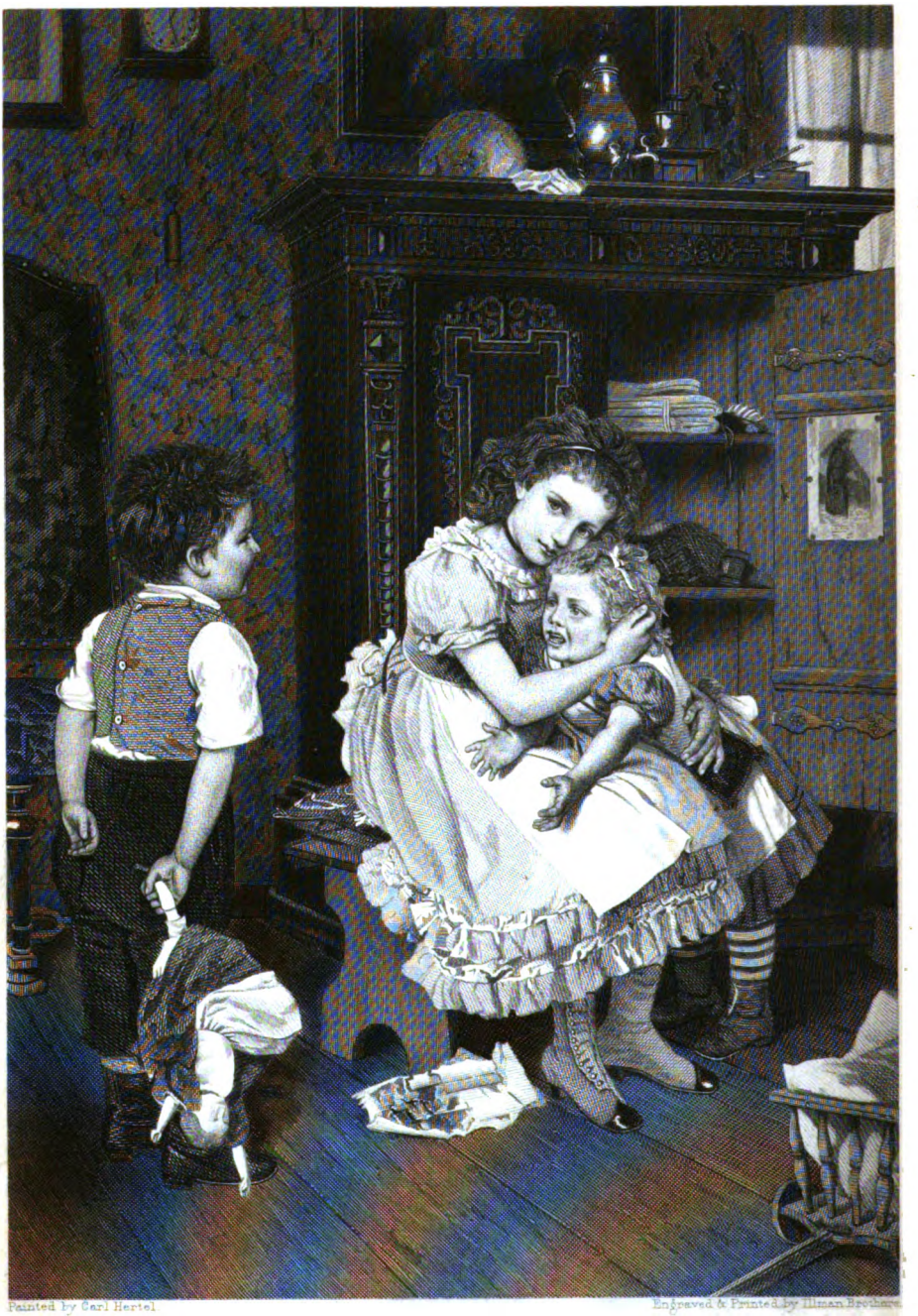

Painted by Carl Hertel. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

A NAUGHTY BROTHER.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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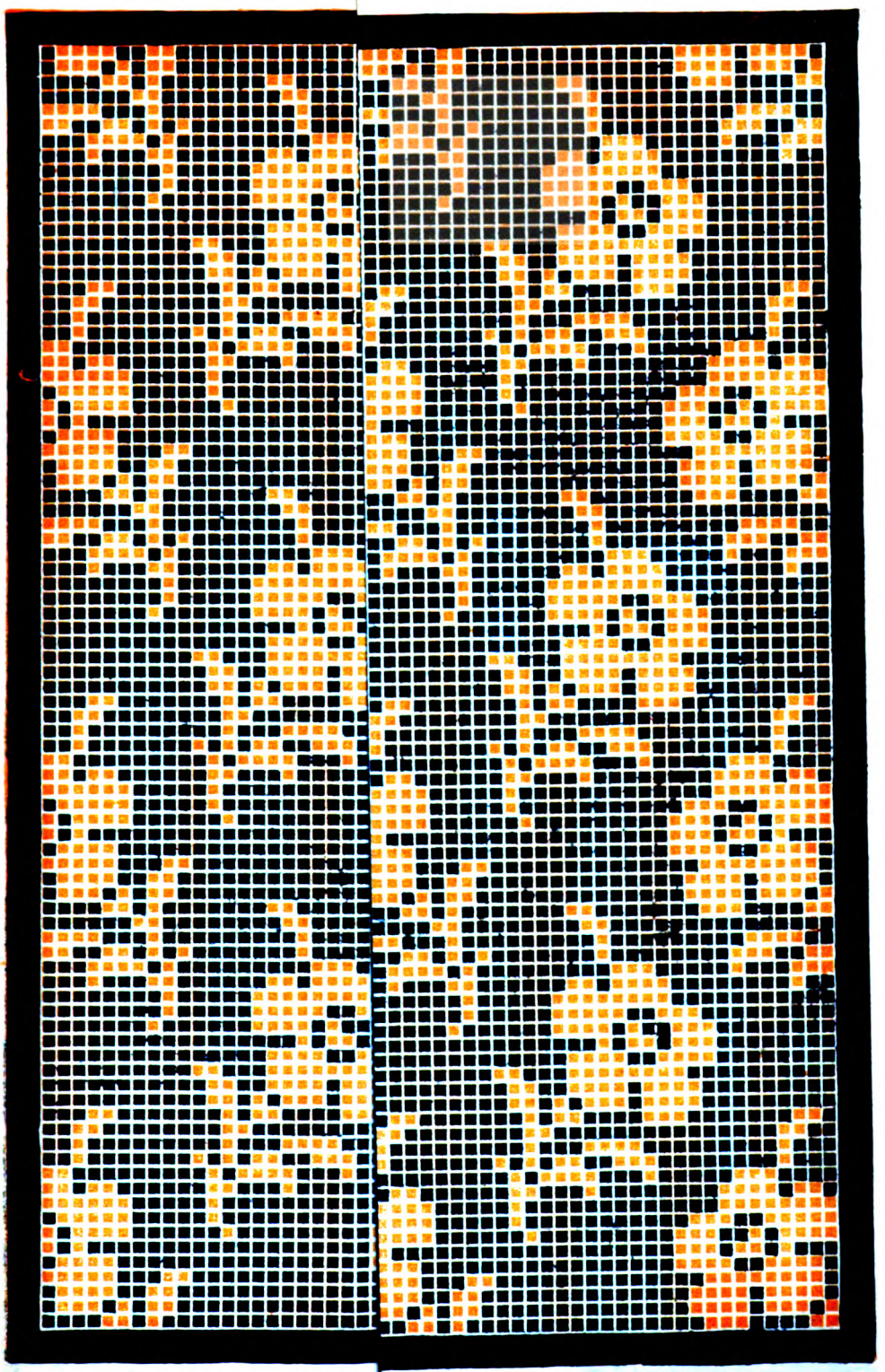
PETEARCH, 1888



1 CANVAS

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ACROSS MY PATH. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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WALKING-DRESS. MATINEE. BICYCLE-GOWN.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. GARIBALDI JERSEY.

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HOUSE-DRESS. SLEEVE. HIGHLAND CHAPEAU. LACE FICHU.

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HOUSE-DRESS. JACKET. WRAP.

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WINDOW-BLIND IN TULLE EMBROIDERY. SCRAP-PAIL. WALL-POCKET.

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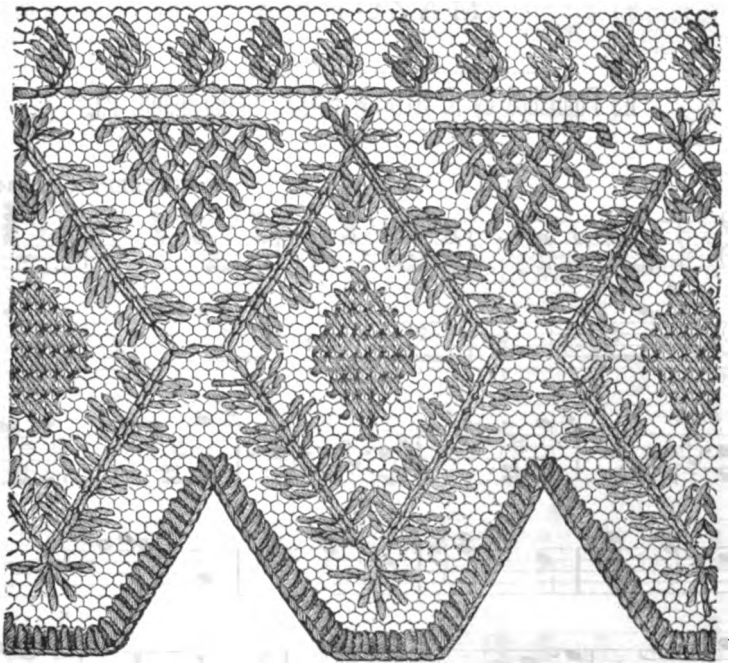

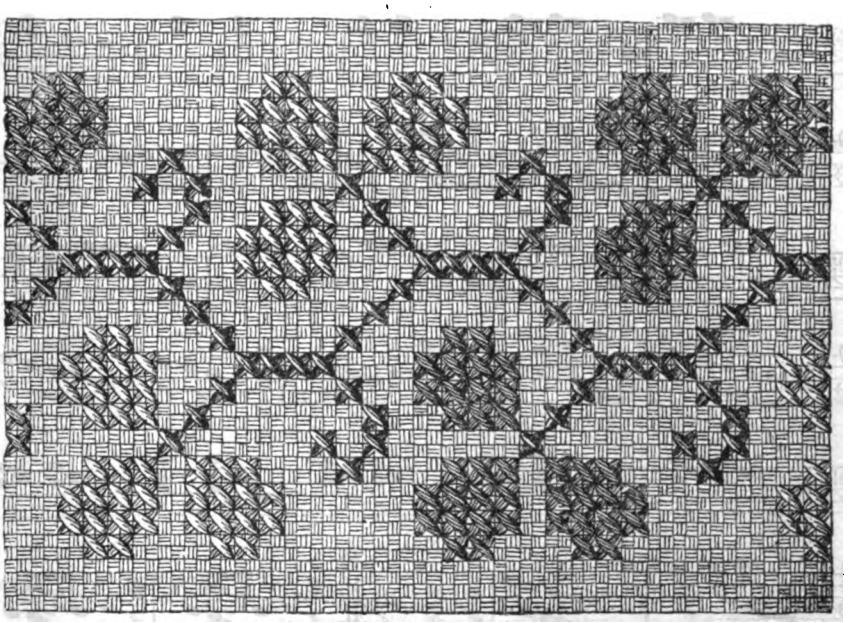

TULLE EMBROIDERED EDGE FOR WINDOW-BLIND. CROSS-STITCH PATTERN.

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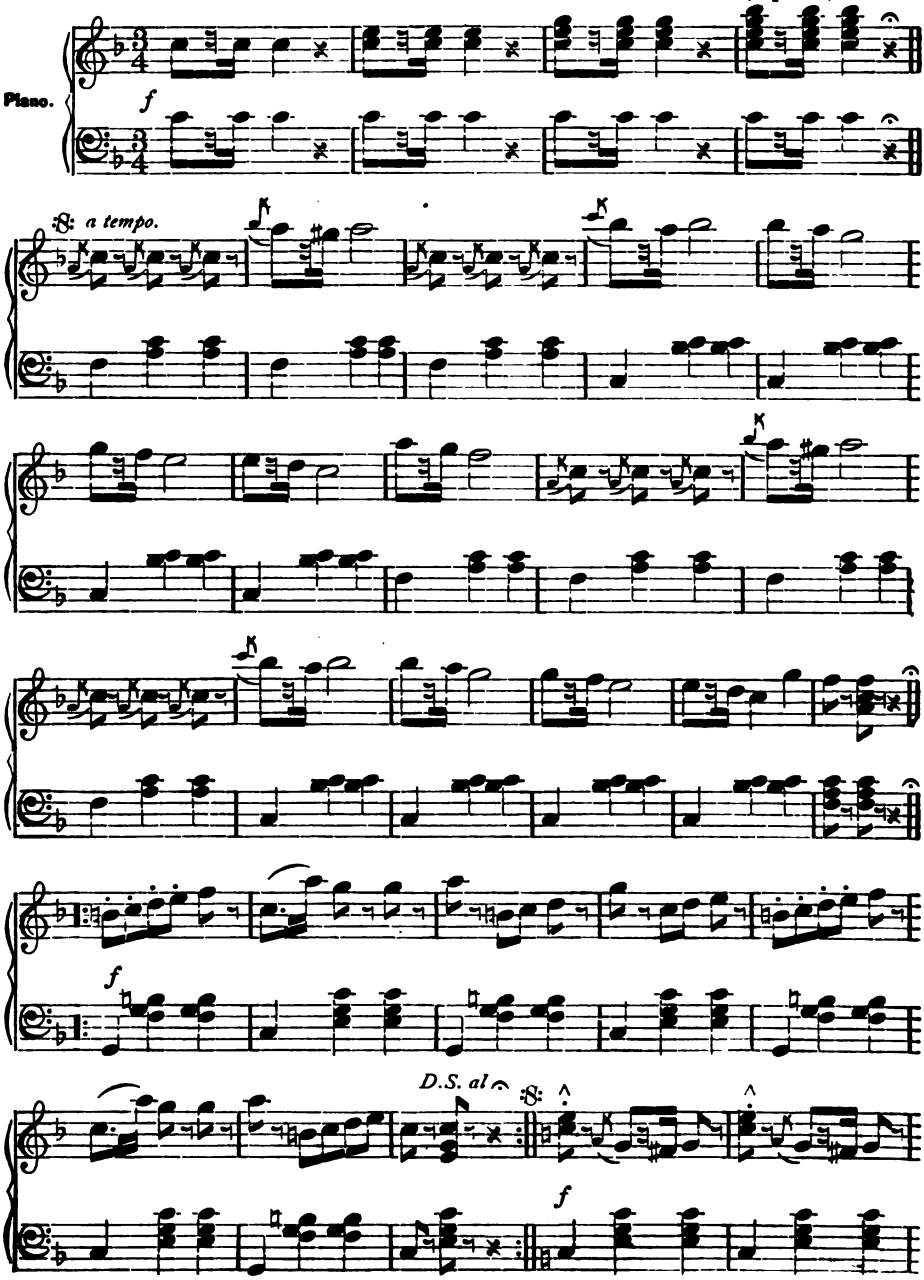
ON THE ICE.

MAZURKA.

As Published by J. GIB. WINNER, Philadelphia, Pa.

L. STREABBOG, Op. 244, No. 1.



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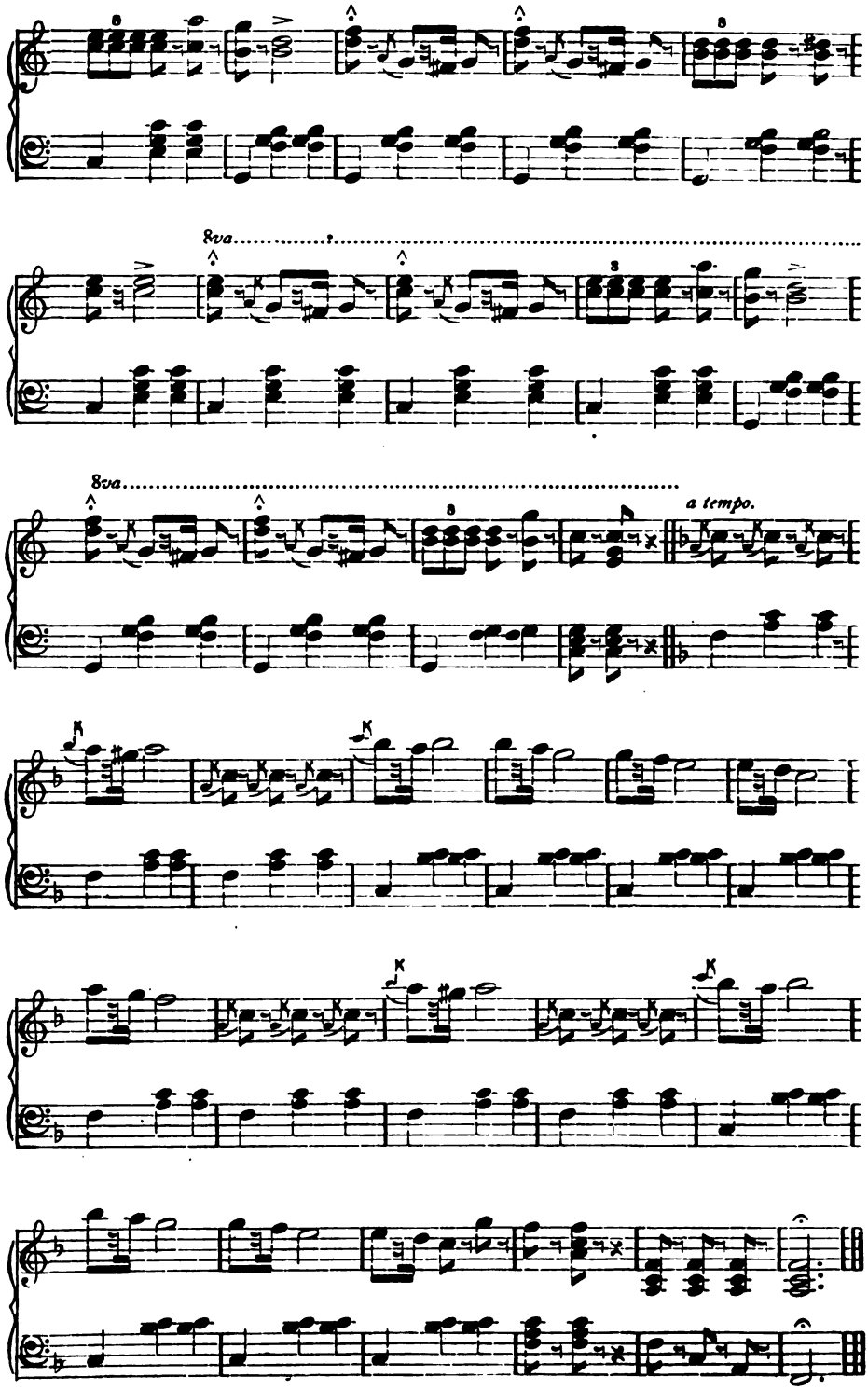

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ULSTERS FOR A RAINY DAY.

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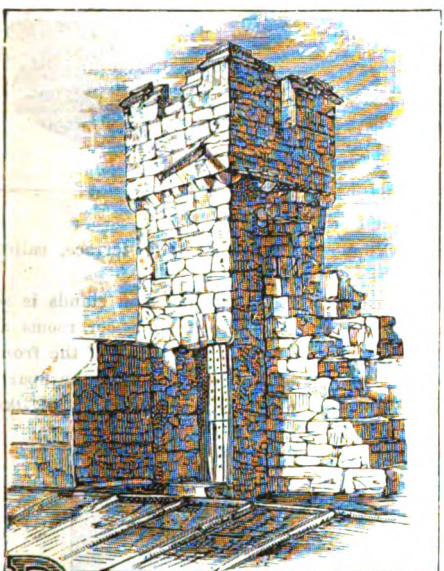
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1888. No. 3.

THE STORY OF DOROTHY VERNON.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.



THE PEVERIL TOWER.

DERBYSHIRE is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque districts in all England, and poets, novelists, and travelers have never wearied of chronicling its beauties.

The hills are not nearly so lofty as those of Scotland or Wales, but they are so effectively grouped, with such exquisite valleys and noble stretches of woodland in between, that the landscape fairly challenges comparison with the finest scenery of either country. The Derwent is the principal river; but several smaller streams nearly equal in loveliness flow through it, among them the Dove and "the gentle Wye," that Wordsworth loved.

Beside these natural advantages, it is marvelously rich in relics of ancient days, dating back to Roman rule, and preserving the record of the successive sway of Briton, Saxon, and Norman. The whole shire is literally crowded with ruined abbeys, storied keeps, and the very stateliest of Albion's ancestral castles and manors, about which cluster so many historic and romantic memories as to make them shrines for the traveler.

Among these places of interest, Haddon Hall stands pre-eminent. It is indeed one of the finest castellated mansions which England can boast; and certain portions, the beautiful chapel and banqueting-hall among them, belong to a much older era. It has been untouched by alterations to suit modern ideas of comfort, and, though long uninhabited, is kept in a state of perfect preservation. On entering its walls, the visitor is carried back to medieval days; the illusion is so perfect, that he expects to see steel-clad knights jousting in the courtyard, stately dames in farthingale and ruff sauntering about the gardens to meet a gay train, hawk on wrist, issuing from the portals, bent on one of the chief pleasures of cavaliers and ladies in the olden time—or, best of all, in wandering about the pleasaunce or through the forest, to encounter fair Dorothy Vernon herself.

To every reader of ancient chronicles, the name recalls a page from the old, old story which is always new, and the associations connected with the beautiful Dorothy form one of the principal charms of a pilgrimage to Haddon, investing the venerable pile with that human interest which only love and romance can bestow.

The place to-day must look very much as it did when Dorothy lived, dreamed, and suffered there. The main portion of the building, ancient as are certain landmarks, dates back only to the reign of Edward the Fourth—and, by then, noblemen had ceased to dwell in fortresses—so Haddon possesses no claims to be other than a baronial residence: though it was capable of being put in a state of defense, as is proved by its noble tower, called the "Eagle" or "Peveril," of which any castle might be proud.

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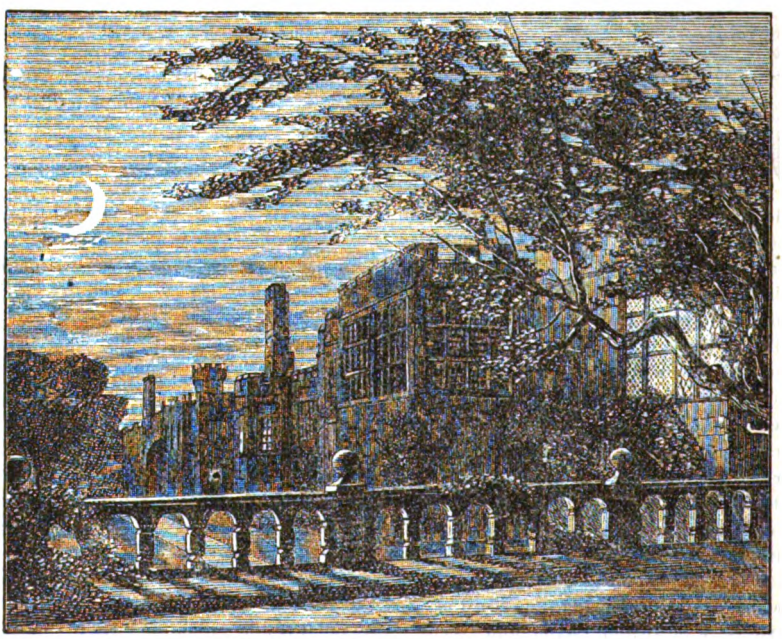
HADDON HALL.

Passing through the massive gateway and ascending a flight of steps into the outer court, one perceives a second; for the great mass of masonry surrounds two quadrangles. The gardens spread to the right; the lower is roughly terraced, and stretches down to the foot of the hill, where a flight of sixtyseven steps—I once counted them—leads to the river Wye. An immense square lawn is overlooked by the terrace that is one of Haddon's chief glories, the view from which is of a loveliness not soon to be forgotten. The winter-garden is planted with trees strangely gnarled and twisted by the winds of centuries; and, at the north end, overhung by a noble yew, is that most romantic feature—Dorothy Vernon's door, with the balustraded steps leading from it—and, nearly opposite, a second lofty terrace, called "Dorothy's Walk."

The slope on which the mansion stands is so abrupt, that many of the ground-floor rooms at the back are on a level with those of the front second-story; and the very names of the apartments through which one is shown sound like



THE GRAND TERRACE.

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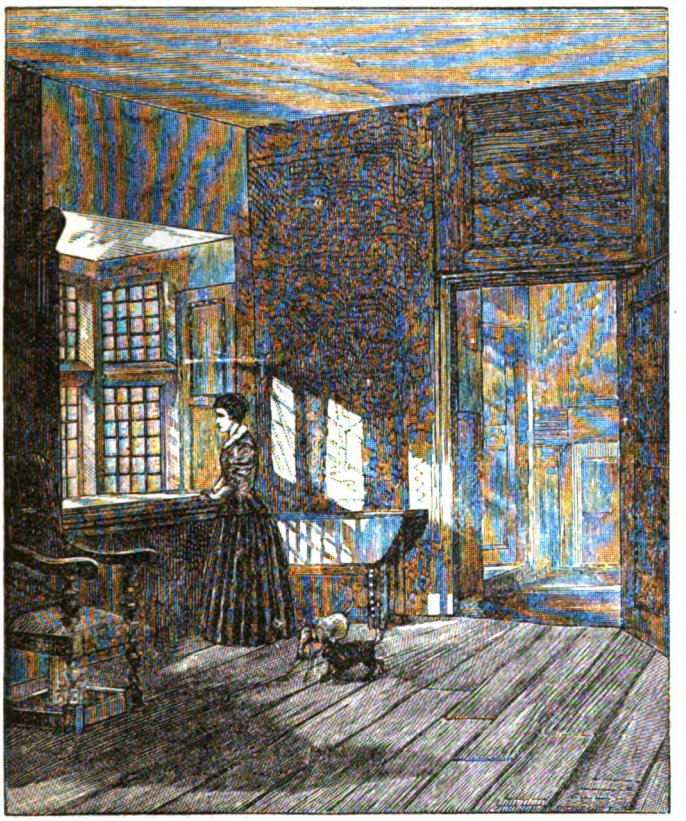
the titles of old romances—the King's Room, the Orange Parlor, the Minstrels' Gallery, Lady Catherine's Tiring-Room, Dorothy's Bower, and the like. The Blue Drawing-Room and the Banqueting-Hall are magnificent chambers, hung with Gobelin tapestry, and tradition declares that the floor of the great ball-room—over a hundred feet in length—is the product of a single oak which grew in Haddon Forest. Room after room is crossed, each more interesting than another, till the pilgrim's visit ends with an inspection of the Gothic chapel. The consecrated spot is a marvel of lovely carvings, and the walls still preserve the frescoes which were fresh and bright when Dorothy Vernon's eyes rested thereon.



DOROTHY VERNON'S WINDOW.

And this was Dorothy's story.

In the fourteenth century, Haddon passed from the original owners into the hands of the Vernons by the marriage of one of the latter race with an heiress of the Avenell family, and, in 1515, Sir George Vernon ruled there—known from his magnificent style of living and his lavish hospitality as the King of the Peak, a sobriquet derived from the name of the highest mountain of the district. No human being can avoid crosses, and the extravagant baronet held the fact of possessing no male heir the chief of his, though the beauty and grace of the co-heiresses, his daughters Margaret and Dorothy, ought to have consoled a reasonable man for that lack.

Of the two, the younger—Dorothy—was much the more beautiful and gifted, and the tale of her girlhood more replete with romantic incident; indeed, Margaret's was a staid satisfactory career, free from strong emotions of any sort. She was only nineteen when, with the full approval of all her relatives, she became engaged to Sir Thomas Stanley, the son of the Earl of Derby—and was, in consequence, as an old chronicler expresses it, "petted and made much of"; while the charming Dorothy, then probably about seventeen, was already under a cloud at home—kept in the background, and made to suffer the displeasure of her parents—no light misfortune in those days of rigid discipline and autocratic authority on the part of heads of households.

Poor Dorothy had already met her fate. she had fallen in love with a man whom her family would not tolerate. The hero of her romance was John Manners, second son of the Earl of Rutland. As there was nothing in his character or life to render him personally objectionable, and since in point of birth a man who had Edward the Fourth's blood in his veins was at least fully equal in rank to the Vernons, only a family feud can account for the determined opposition which Dorothy's parents offered to his suit.

The story goes that the young girl first met Manners and was attracted toward him before she knew his name, so that she might have sighed with Juliet:

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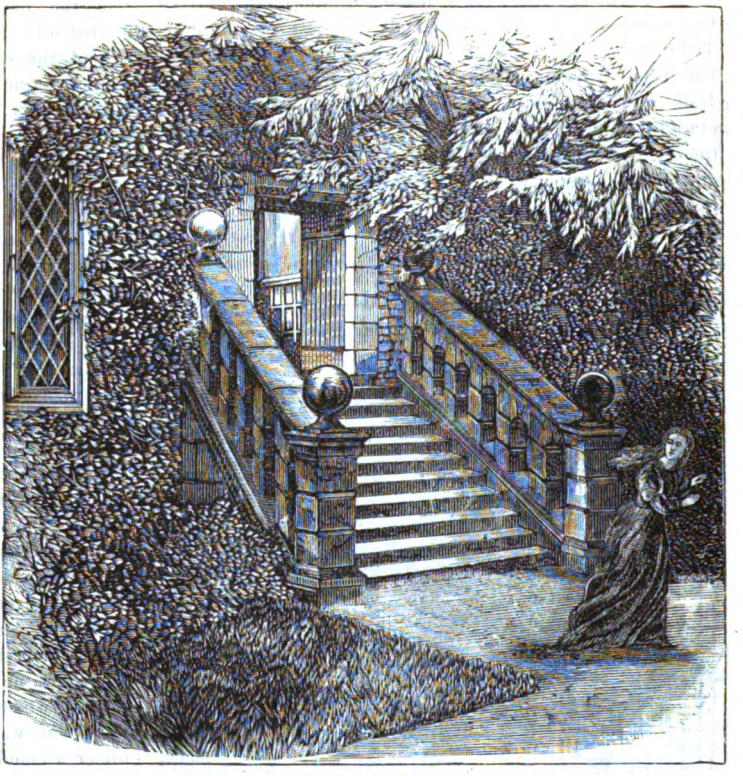

DOROTHY VERNON'S DOOR.

"Too early seen, and known too late,
My only love sprung from my only hate."

It is even asserted that, like Juliet, she encountered her hero at a masquerade; in her case, an entertainment given by some magnate of the shire on the occasion of a royal progress. Dorothy was allowed to go to the ball; and there John Manners, who had been brought up in a distant portion of England or on the Continent, made his first appearance in the society of the county.

The secret of the youthful pair was speedily discovered; and, though too far along in the centuries for hot-blooded male cousins to behave as the Capulets would have done toward Romeo had they caught him, at least the family could exercise a privilege not wholly lost to families even in this day—that of tormenting the poor heroine, who remained steadfast to her love and was not to be moved either by persuasions or threats. Father, stepmother, and sister alike opposed her heart's-desire, and she was closely watched—in fact, kept almost a prisoner. One would think that her own happy love-affair might have inclined Mistress Margaret to sympathize with the poor girl; but such was not the case. Perhaps Stanley did not fancy young Manners, or it may be that she could not forgive "little Dolly" for being more beautiful than her own fair self.

Several months passed; the time set for Margaret's marriage drew near, and great were the preparations for that event. The house was full of guests for weeks in advance, and each day offered a gala fine enough to have satisfied most people of that era for the display requisite at the bridal festivities.

Dorothy was permitted more freedom. It would have been difficult to invent excuses for not letting her appear; and, besides, she had borne her privations so patiently that, very probably, the elders believed her girlish fancy had begun to yield to the mingled effects of separation from her Romeo and the penalties incurred by rebellion against parental authority.

One day, the sisters, with a party of visitors, were walking in the forest, Dorothy lingering a little behind the others, perhaps to indulge her melancholy thoughts in comparative solitude. Descending a slope, she slipped on a bank of moss; there were numbers of woodcutters and foresters scattered about, and one of these latter

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had, unnoticed, been for some moments hovering about, and was leaning against a tree close by when Dorothy met with her mishap.

He started forward and assisted her to rise; she caught sight of his face and uttered one little cry. The handsome forester retreated, and had disappeared behind a thicket before Dorothy's companions could reach her. By the time they got to her side, she had recovered her presence of mind and explained that the fall had startled her. She was not hurt, however—not in the least, she assured them, with gay smiles and a sudden access of color: for, hidden under the lace of her bodice, close to her swiftly beating heart, Dorothy carried a precious treasure.

No wonder that the guests marveled at her beauty; no wonder that Margaret could report to their parents that Dolly had found fresh spirits—had certainly learned reason from the discipline she had undergone, or was perhaps specially pleased with some one of the new cavaliers. And, at that very moment, Dorothy, safe in her room, was able to regard the treasure which had wrought so mighty a change in so brief a space—a note which her lover had slipped into her hand.

After this, the youthful pair contrived often to meet. Secure in his disguise, Manners haunted the neighborhood, and even ventured into the courtyards and gardens of the hall. In the chamber called the Earl's anteroom is a window from whence, it is said, fair Dorothy used to watch for her lover's coming and exchange signals with him, as he stood in the court below. Often, after nightfall, she managed to steal through the outer apartments till she came to "Dorothy Vernon's door," and so down the balustraded steps and on to the upper terrace—Dorothy's Walk—one of the loveliest and most secluded lovers'-nooks that can be imagined.

The days glided by; the magnificent festivities began in honor of Margaret's marriage, and Dorothy was so happy and gay that, though never a favorite, both haughty father and cold-hearted stepmother released her from the ban of their displeasure, and, seeing the admiration she roused on every side, regarded her with a favor they had never shown before, beginning to speculate on some brilliant match for her which would reflect due credit on their house.

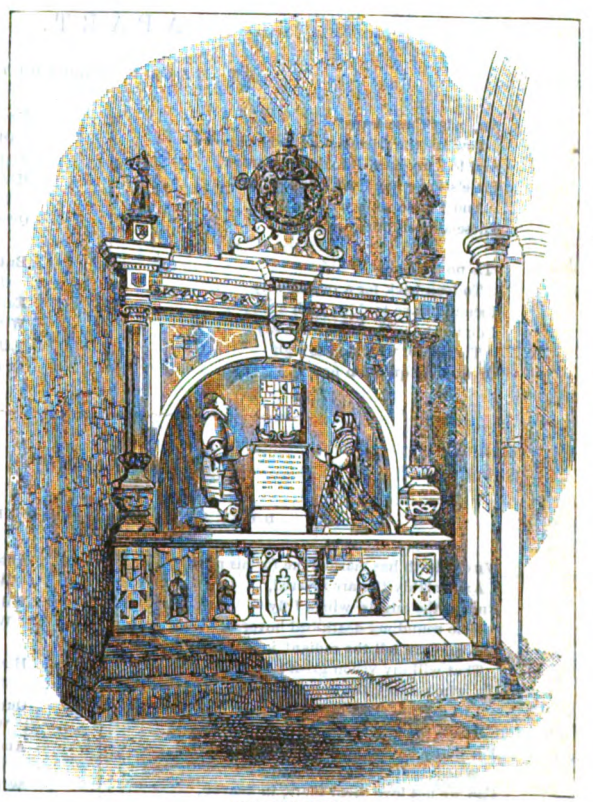
One evening, the ball-room was illuminated for the last of the revels which were to precede the wedding, and, among all the high-born dames, the future bridesmaid was the loveliest and the most courted.

"It is a night with never a star,
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar,
And a shaft of light in the darkness gleams.

"A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into light;
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
So sudden was Dorothy Vernon's flight."

Dorothy escaped from the ball-room, and, before her absence had occasioned remark or been noticed by her guardians, she had fled across the chamber from whose window she used to watch for her lover—on through the anterooms to the great door, and down the balustraded stairs once again.

Her knight was waiting in the shadow of the trees beyond, and he bore her swiftly up the



THE MONUMENT.

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steps to "Dorothy's Walk," at the end of which his horses and trusty servant were stationed.

Away they galloped, through forest and across fields, till they reached the high-road, miles distant; and, by the time Dorothy's flight became a certainty, they were near the boundary of the adjacent county, which they reached in safety, and were married.

Whether the family became reconciled, or whether Sir George was unable to disinherit his daughter, is not told; but, at all events, on his death, Dorothy inherited her girlhood's home for her portion. So Haddon passed into the hands of the Rutlands—since the beginning of the last century a ducal family—and, for nearly fifty years after, the fine old hall was a favorite residence.

Dorothy and her husband lived long together, and she bore him three noble sons and one fair daughter. The old traditions of the neighborhood still keep fresh the memory of their happiness, for their love proved no youthful dream which was to fade, leaving a dreary wakening behind, but culminated in that sweetest of human blessings—wedded bliss which grew more complete as time went on.

Sir John—he was knighted late in life—outlived his wife by many years, but her memory remained the most precious thing this world held for him. He was laid to rest at last by her side in the beautiful church near Haddon. Their monument stands at the southern extremity—a massive stately structure, surmounted by a shield and obelisk bearing the arms of their respective families, while, beneath, two kneeling figures face each other.

Extensive restorations were undertaken in the church in 1847, and it became necessary to make an excavation under the monument. The leaden coffins were opened, and, though the bodies had crumbled so that only dust and bones were left, the auburn hair, which had been one of Dorothy's chief beauties, remained bright and soft as in life, and among the thick tresses gleamed the jeweled pins with which she always fastened them—gifts from the lover-husband of her youth and later years.

APART.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Ah, why these tears?
  Few are the friends my life has known,
And lo! my hair, like drifts of snow,
Time's busy handiwork can show—
  And I have walked alone
These almost fourscore years.

'Tis no time now
  To look back for a reason why
I should have trodden such a way—
I do not know and none can say:
  Therefore, why stop to sigh
Or vaguely question now?

I'm near the end
  Of all life's lonely silent road
At last. I've walked, these many years,
Here by her side, with smiles or tears—
  Talked of toil's daily load
Or of some common friend.

But never yet
  Our souls have met and recognized
Each other: we have stood apart,
With smiling face yet weary heart,
  Of all we missed but half appraised
Or ever measure set.

THOUGHTS.

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

When death has marked me for his prey
  And earthly ties are severed,
And on the angels' wings I fly
  Who round my death-bed hovered,
Oh, who can tell the radiant joy
  That will my vision greet?
Oh, who can tell the many friends
  I in my joy shall meet?

For many have gone on before
  Whose souls to us were dear:
Can we not love them there, in heaven,
  We loved so dearly here?

Affection wove its tender ties
  Which death alone has riven:
Will we not rivet them anew
  When there we meet, in heaven?

How grand, how beautiful, the thought
  That, in the Great Unseen,
Our souls will mingle with the ones
  Who dear to us have been!
And, brightest Light that shineth there,
  The Saviour on his throne
Will dearer be to us than all
  The friends that we have known.

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MABYN GREYFORD.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 165.

VII.

It was decided also that Mabyn should make her visit to her New York friend during my absence in the South. Our engagement must, of course, be disclosed to my people, and it seemed probable that Katie would insist on Mabyn's accompanying the family home. This, to me, seemed inexpedient for many reasons; chief among which were the facts that my poor girl was terribly unnerved, and that Katie had a loving sympathetic little way with her that made reservations well-nigh impossible. Confidences between women—even thoughtful women—are not always wise, and I felt convinced that, should Katie by any chance suspect that aught of importance to Mabyn or myself was being concealed from her, she would breathe and coax and whisper, like a soft wind around a half-shut flower, until she had penetrated to the very heart of it.

That Mabyn had kept the secret for eleven years was no surety that she would go on keeping it. Heretofore there had been no active element, no movement, in the matter. Almost from the first it had, apparently, been a dead episode, for which burial had seemed meet and necessary. Now that I was about to make it a live issue, increased interest would cause excitement and a yearning for sympathy. With women, too, as long as a secret has never been spoken of at all, silence is comparatively easy; but, when the relief of disclosure has been experienced and a precedent established, the matter takes on other aspects, and a second confidence is apt to follow naturally on the heels of the first.

To avoid this, it would be better for Mabyn to be among comparative strangers, toward whom there would be no outflow of emotion. Her position, should the facts become known, would be anomalous and invite discussion which could not fail to be painful. What would be the legal aspects of the case, or whether it had any legal aspects, I was at a loss to determine; but one thing seemed positive: that, if Mabyn Greyford must come to me as Mabyn Greyford, it would be better that no other name should be associated with her; that, if that singular marriage was to remain throughout all time a thing unproven, the most sensible—nay, the only possible—course to pursue would be to leave it buried in Dred Power's grave.

As I journeyed southward, the morning after the break-up of our party at the Bridge, it came over me what a wild-goose chase the expedition was likely to turn out, and I cast a gibe or two at Jock Hazeldeen for being such a fool as to turn his back on comfort and common-sense. Then I fell to planning my campaign. Eleven years must have brought changes to Power's sisters as well as to the rest of the world. They might be dead, or married, or have sold the plantations and squandered the proceeds thereof. My simplest plan would be to go to Charleston and endeavor to discover their whereabouts through the priests. Mabyn had described them as being devout Catholics, so that, dead or living, the Church would be apt to know their fate. It would be useless going first to the plantations, for they might have changed hands, and were, moreover, situated in the swampy malarial district. It was late in September, and the rice-harvest was probably over. Still, women wealthy enough to work rice-plantations were not likely to remain on them during the hot weather. And it was the women I wanted; for, if Steve had made his way home, the probabilities were that he had reported his young master's death to the family, and they might be able to furnish me with a clue by which I could trace him.

The all-important thing would be to obtain some information which might serve as a nucleus for the establishment of the marriage, and the first move would be to get my hands on Steve. Even if he should know nothing of the missing papers, he would be likely to remember the name of the chaplain of the regiment to which his master had been transferred. Negroes have generally an eye and a memory for preachers.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached Charleston, too late to do much prospecting about the city, so I went at once to a hotel and ordered dinner. As I registered, I glanced cursorily at the clerk. He was a middle-aged man, with a look about him which suggested "boots and saddles." He had a long red seam down the side

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of his face, too, and altogether I felt confident that when I should give the soldiers' counter-sign I would meet with the proper response.

After dinner, I strolled into the office again, to smoke and have a chat and pick up such information about the land and the inhabitants thereof as might be obtainable. The soldierly clerk gave me the freedom of the place—if not on a silver platter, quite as effectively with a good cigar and a cane-seated chair; and we fell a-talking and grew "chummy," as the boys say.

"In the Valley of Virginia?" he repeated, in response to a question of mine. "Oh, yes; I was there during the fall and winter of '62 and '63. My regiment—Twentysecond S. C. V.—did considerable work in the Old Dominion; fought pretty well all over the place."

"Who was your colonel?"

I elevated my feet to the seat of another chair and put the question indifferently. It would be an unprecedented piece of luck to strike the trail so soon. I did not expect it, still I couldn't help awaiting the reply with interest and expectation.

"Redding—Colonel Bob Redding. A good fellow, too—and a Carolinian, bred and born. Fine officer, he was; a bit reckless, perhaps, but a first-rate fighter, and the very devil on a charge. If ever there was a piece of nasty dangerous work to be done, ten to one but it would be handed over to Redding. Grit? Why, he was all grit, clear through. The boys used to say he ought to be passed around to whet the sabers."

"I've heard of him," I responded. "The other side used to call him 'the Dixie wildcat.' That was a glorious charge of his at Yellow Tavern."

"Splendid. I was with him there," with pardonable pride. "Old Redding charged like a buffalo-bull when he got started; lost his leg at it, though." Then, with enthusiasm: "Did you ever hear about what he did in the Valley?"

My admission of ignorance brought forth a long story, with many ramifications, of a midnight-reconnoissance undertaken at considerable hazard, and resulting in the capture of a valuable wagon-train and much-needed store of arms and ammunition. It was a good story, and well told; but, as it is not germane to the matter in hand, it will be as well to omit it. When the clerk got through, I put another question:

"Did you ever happen to know or hear of Colonel Mayo—Hugh Mayo? He was from down hereaway. I don't know his regiment or division, but I knew a fellow who served under him."

"Mayo? Certainly, I knew him. He was a Charleston man and a chum of Redding's. He was colonel of the Twentieth S. C. V., Mallery's Brigade. The Twentieth was pretty much made up of Charleston men. It got cut all to pieces in the Valley, and the remains were drafted into other corps. I knew Hugh Mayo as well as I know my own shadow."

"What became of him?"

Through Mabyn, I was already cognizant of his death, but it was as well to proceed with the investigation systematically.

"Killed, poor fellow—shot through the heart in one of the fights around Winchester. I forget which; but Redding could tell you. We Carolinians got you in the mess: but nobody can accuse us of shirking a full share of the consequences. We fattened the hillsides up yonder with the bodies and bones of our best and bravest."

"Did Mayo leave any family?"

"He left a wife and a couple of babies, the youngest born after the father's death. He had the customary allowance of kindred too, but none very near. Mayo was an only child. He was tolerably well-off at one time, but the war ruined him—negroes freed, land confiscated under carpet-bag rule, and things brought to a deadlock generally. Mrs. Mayo had a tough struggle for existence, in the early days of her widowhood. Bob Redding looked after her, though. He's a goodhearted fellow, and was devoted to Hugh. It seemed natural somehow that he should inherit Hugh's family."

"He married the widow?"

"Yes, seven years ago. People said he was too old for her; but I reckon Mrs. Mayo was the best judge of that. She took him, at all events."

My spirits rose. Here at least was a point of departure. If Mayo had left papers, they would be in the possession of his wife. Even if there should be nothing of legal value, women have a trick of preserving old letters, and in some of his might be allusion, confidence, indirect evidence of some sort, or possibly a remembered conversation might furnish a clue. Himself so recently married, what more natural than that Mayo should mention his friend's love-affair to his wife? The discovery that Power's confidant was a husband of short standing seemed to open a crack of daylight along the horizon, which might be the harbinger of dawn. I possessed myself of Colonel Redding's address, with the intention of thrusting my acquaintance upon him at the earliest moment practicable.

By the time my third cigar was spent, I had about exhausted the resources of the friendly

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clerk. He knew the Power family, but only by repute. They had been rice-planters for generations, but, unlike the generality of their kind, had never made their home in the city. They owned property in the northern part of the State, on which they were supposed to live. The clerk had never met any member of the family, past or present, and could give me no information about them. Having ascertained this beyond a peradventure, I betook myself to my room, not ill-pleased with my progress, and, before I slept, wrote a long letter to Mabyn.

Next morning, I looked up Colonel Redding. His sword had been beaten into a reaping-hook to the extent of transforming the soldier into a cotton-broker, and I found him in a comfortable office in a prosperous-looking building on one of the main thoroughfares. He was a tall man, with an eye that glanced like a hawk's, and a gray mustache which shadowed a resolute mouth and square-cut chin. He limped as he walked, and moved stiffly, as a man must who is timbered on one side, and there was a look about him that invited reliance. By the time we had shaken hands and exchanged the customary platitudes, I had measured my man and decided that the best method to secure his co-operation would be to take him, to a certain extent, into my confidence. There are men so essentially direct in thought and purpose, that circumlocution and hunting down the wind are thrown away upon them. They are satisfactory men to deal with when time is an object.

I took the proffered seat opposite Colonel Redding and plunged at once into the business in hand, explaining that I had been referred to him as the man most likely to be informed on all points connected with the past history of Colonel Hugh Mayo, and suggesting that I should like to make a few inquiries relative to dead events in behalf of a person whose life the outcome of those events was likely to influence.

"Mayo has been dead eleven years," observed Colonel Redding. His face was impassive, and so was his voice.

I bowed.

"Any information I can give, relative to his record or his property, is quite at your service."

"Thank you. It isn't information about Colonel Mayo himself I want: I'm trying to track out events connected with another man—a man Mayo knew and was intimate with—and it occurred to me that you, through your connection with Mayo's family, might be in a position to render some assistance. Did you ever happen to hear him mention a friend of his named Power—Dred Power?"

The hawk eyes grew alert.

"I knew the man myself—knew both of them, the father and the son. What can you want to know about them? Both are dead; the son was killed in the Valley a month or so before Mayo, and the father grieved himself into imbecility and died two years after the close of the war. Young Power was a lad of promise—an only son, too. It was hard on the old man; he never got over it. But perhaps you know all this?"

Again I bowed assent. Then I requested ten minutes' attention, that I might justify my questions before I should put them. As succinctly as possible, I repeated the story of Dred Power's death and of the circumstances which had led to my connection with the missing papers in the capacity of involuntary proxy for Colonel Mayo. Of Mabyn's real position, I said nothing—the time did not seem ripe for that disclosure. I simply alluded to her from my then standpoint—as the betrothed of Dred Power, the woman whom he loved and sought to benefit.

As the tale progressed, my listener's face grew thoughtful and interested. At its conclusion, he leaned a trifle forward and put the tips of his fingers together, making an arc of his hands.

"A very romantic story," he observed, slowly. "But may I inquire why the young lady made no movement to establish her claim, in all these years? At old Eldred Power's death, his remaining children—three daughters—took possession of his property uncontested."

"Naturally. Miss Greyford didn't know of her claim herself—that is, the claim she will have if her cousin's will can be unearthed. She knew he contemplated making a will in her favor; but, until within the last two weeks, she was unaware that a will had really been executed. How could she? There was no clue in the letters by which I could identify the writer; the will was never in my possession, and I took it for granted that this Colonel Mayo would attend to it all. The negro never reported to me—I doubt now if he ever reported to Mayo either—and no action was taken. It is due to an accidental meeting and a bit of awkwardness that some of the circumstances are known now."

Then I rapidly sketched my meeting with Miss Greyford at the Natural Bridge, and the chance which had thrown the letters into her hands—or rather at her feet.

The colonel bounced from his chair and stumped about the office in excitement, changed from a moderately-interested listener into an enthusiastic partisan.

"Poor girl," he muttered; "poor creature. It was hard on her, after all these years, to

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have the old wound ripped open — devilish hard, upon my soul. Pretty, did you say? And has remembered the fellow through all? She ought to have the money, and, by Jupiter! she shall have it, if it can be managed. Are you sure about the will? Positive that a will was mentioned?"

"Quite positive. I'll swear to the mention of a will anywhere; but, unfortunately, that don't produce the document. No one but that negro boy Stephen can be any use there. I remember the very words: 'My will—all right—Stephen knows.' He was pretty near his end, poor fellow. The thing I've got to do is to hunt down that boy."

"Have you any idea what became of him?"

"Only this: It seems probable that, if he wasn't killed, he made his way home. That is what I came down here for—to see if he did. Do you think Power's sisters could help me? The boy would have reported his young master's death, and they might know what has become of him since."

The colonel shook his head. "They might," he admitted, "but I doubt if they will. If they should get wind of the fact that you are trying to upset their title to part of the property, I'm positive that they won't. They live on the up-country estate: it's a good property, and yields a fine living income for three single women. But the bulk of the money comes from the rice-lands down here. That's the portion that belonged to Dred."

"What sort of women are they?"

"Bitterly ugly women, for one thing, and tremendously pious. The sort of women a man would sooner be shot than marry, even with Golconda at their backs. They took religion early, and took it hard — the most malignant type of churchology, I call it. You wouldn't describe them as righteous women exactly, although they have aspirations after the regalia of righteousness—intend to found a sisterhood, or endow a convent, or get themselves canonized —they are just terribly hard and uncompromising, and as narrow as a knife-blade. I saw one of them once—had to see her on business—and, if you've got any notion of appealing to them, in behalf of your protégé, in your head, I'd advise you to get rid of it. You might as well try to arouse sympathy in a mummied crocodile."

"Some hard women have a strong sense of justice," I submitted.

"Yes," dubiously, "perhaps so; but, all the same, my advice is, don't approach those three women until you've got a better case than you've laid before me. They've the reputation of being close-fisted. You see, money is power, and it gives them the only sort of exaltation they crave — importance in the Church. Eldred Power's first marriage was a mistake. He was wild as a buck, and got himself into the devil of a mess, financially, and then married out of it. His wife was the daughter of a big money-lender down in New Orleans, a regular land-shark. She wasn't much of a woman — rather comely and utterly characterless; but the daughters have reverted to the original type. The last marriage was a different sort of thing altogether: a regular love-match—one of the Greyfords, you know."

We discussed the matter, pro and con, for an hour longer, and then separated, with a promise on the colonel's part to lend me every assistance in his power, and on mine to keep him informed of my movements. He wished me to return home with him and be presented to his wife; but I was obliged to suggest a postponement of the pleasure. I wanted to visit all three of the Power plantations, in quest of a clue to Stephen. As we parted, the colonel voluntarily suggested that which had been the chief consideration inducing me to seek his acquaintance.

"I'll talk to my wife," he said. "You have perhaps heard who she was—Hugh Mayo's widow. Women have fine memories for love-affairs, and perhaps she may be able to recall something, or she may have some old letters by her. I'll find out and let you know. She knew Power—not well, but still she knew him—apart from his intimacy with Mayo. The boys were like brothers — schoolmates here before they went to college in Virginia. I remember they stood so together in their studies that there was never any possibility of deciding between them, for, if one blundered by accident, the other would blunder on purpose. One year, a medal had to be given, and the masters couldn't decide, so consulted the boys privately, and each was so insistent that the other should have it, that the principal had two made exactly alike."

The next few weeks were consumed in fruitless efforts to discover some trace of Stephen. I visited the plantations and made inquiries of the managers and among the negroes; but the ebb and flow of eleven years had wrought countless changes. The former slaves had drifted away, to prove the reality of their freedom by independent action, and their places had been supplied by new people who were densely ignorant of bygone happenings.

Only one negro could I find who had any knowledge of the man I was seeking. From him, I learned that Steve had been regarded by

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the people belonging to the estate as an alien and interloper. His mother had been a West-Indian negro, who had been brought to Charleston during one of the disturbances in Jamaica. Mrs. Power had seen and taken a fancy to her, and Mr. Power had bought her to be his wife's maid. When Steve had been a few days old, the mistress had died in her confinement, and the white baby had been given into the care of the strange women. This had caused much jealousy among the other negroes, which had gone on increasing as the interlopers became more and more firmly rooted in the favor of the white family. After the war, through all the troubles and changes, the woman Agra had been faithful to her master, holding to him when those whose fathers and grandfathers had grown gray in the service of his family fell away like rotten fruit. After his death, she disappeared; but how, or with whom, my informant was unable to state. Neither did he know whether or not Steve had ever returned or communicated with his mother or the white family.

This was absolutely all I could gather, and I went back to the city considerably disheartened. Steve might have been transported bodily to another planet, for all the trace I had been able, so far, to discover of him on this.

At my hotel, I found a letter from Mrs. Redding awaiting me. Her husband had told her of my mission, she said, and her interest had been aroused because she remembered things in connection with the matter in hand. Would I give her the pleasure of a personal interview? Perhaps she might be able to help me.

I went, but with no active hope; nor would hope have been justified by that which the lady told me. It was pretty much what I knew already, and valuable as collateral evidence, but of little use in the absence of the main fact. Mrs. Redding showed me portions of her first husband's letters, which spoke openly of the engagement between Dred Power and his cousin, and even mentioned Power's ardent desire to have his marriage take place at once, giving, as a reason, his wish to provide for the woman he loved. All this went to prove intention, but what I wanted was to substantiate act.

The only allusion that could be construed as bearing on this point occurred in the last letter ever received from Colonel Mayo by his wife. It had been scribbled hurriedly on the very eve of battle, and was broken off mid-way. It said: "I'm terribly cut up about poor Power. The fighting has been constant for thirtysix hours, and there is no sign of the end yet. I saw him fall in the charge yesterday, but whether killed or wounded I have no means of knowing yet. I've been on duty ever since, and, although I gave orders to the detail to search for him, have been able to learn nothing. I can't tell you how troubled I am, for, apart from grief for his loss, if Power is dead or should die before I can get to him, complications are likely to arise which may—" Here the letter broke off abruptly: below, a line was scrawled: "Order to fall into line come. Will write again. God bless and keep you. Hugh."

The complications which Colonel Mayo had foreboded had come about, and it really seemed as though fate were against their being straightened out. It was maddening to know it all, to understand it all, and to be able to prove nothing.

Mrs. Redding watched me wistfully.

"I used to puzzle over what he could have meant," she said, gently, "and often thoughts of that poor girl would rise and haunt me, and the feeling would come that Hugh knew something that should have been divulged, and that death had overtaken him with a trust unfulfilled. It has troubled me because of the love Hugh felt for his friend, the loyalty that existed between them. I wish I could help you discover that will; for it must have been the will Hugh alludes to. If I could help, it would seem as though, through me, Hugh discharged his obligation to his friend."

She rose and crossed the room to an old-fashioned cabinet, and opened one of the drawers. She was a plain woman, but graceful, and with an indescribable charm, an undulation of manner and movement that suggested the curves of the sea in a soft twilight.

In a moment, she came back to me with the little drawer in her hands and seated herself again on the sofa. The receptacle held the relics of her first marriage—packages of letters, an old ambrotype of Colonel Mayo, a ring or two, his watch and seal, his diploma, and a couple of school-medals. One of these she handed me, repeating the little story which the colonel had already told me. It was the size of a silver dollar, and had an embossed ring by which it was attached to a faded ribbon. There was a palmetto on one side, the device of South Carolina, and on the other a Latin inscription and a space for the medalist's initials.

"They were never marked," Mrs. Redding explained. "Through some mistake, the names were not sent in time. Dred's was just like this, except a different ribbon—dark-blue, instead of crimson. I wonder what became of it?"

I knew! In a flash, it had come to me that

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the duplicate of this medal had been in my hands within the last two months. I had hold of the clue at last, and could only wonder at my own density and vote myself the dullest ass that ever stuck to a lane when the open pasture was before him.

"You have your wish," I said to the lady: "you've given me the clue. Dred Power gave the duplicate of this medal to his servant and foster-brother Stephen for a keepsake. I've seen the medal, and I know where the man is to be found. We're on the right track at last."

Then I outlined for her my meeting with the negro under the Bridge, and told how I came to know of the medal being in his possession. While I was speaking, the colonel came in and wanted me to stop for dinner. But I declined, and, leaving it to his wife to explain, made my adieu at once.

Within an hour, I was on my way back to Virginia.

VIII.

FROM the negroes at the Bridge Hotel, I easily learned where Steve Power lived, and rode over at once to see him. His cabin was about four miles from the Bridge, and situated in a small opening among the mountains. Steve was a thrifty fellow, and had run up a good two-roomed log house, and cleared land around it, and made himself quite a tidy little home.

The weather had turned cold, for it was now late autumn, and frost had fallen. The cornfields looked denuded, but a stumpy mule and a couple of sleek cows appeared to derive satisfaction from the rows of stalks left standing. Over on the hillside behind the cabin, the sunlight made rich effects with the yellows and browns of the oak and hickory leaves and brought out an occasional gleam of deeper tone where a sweet-gum stood in a sheltered nook and held bravely to its cloak of crimson. About the little yard, chickens scratched and picked at the short grass. A big speckled rooster walked sedately to the doorstep and crowed with lusty insistence, thus discharging his duty to the coming guest and to the home-department. Two long-bodied hounds got up from a pile of shucks in the corner of the fence and began to bark.

I rode up to the fence and called, and a woman came to the door and shaded her eyes with the turkey-wing she had in her hand. A man came from behind a group of fodder-stacks, with two grinning children and another dog at his heels.

Steve came forward, and, when he recognized me, insisted that I should get down and rest. He bustled about and took my horse, and, on my expressing a preference for the porch, went inside for a chair and a pitcher of persimmon-beer, which beverage he recommended to me with great fluency.

When I looked at him attentively, I was not surprised that his face should have recalled no image of the past. Aside from the fact that I had only seen it at a time when excitement and preoccupation prevented any special notice, and the additional fact that young negroes have a great way of looking alike, Steve's countenance, to me, appeared to have changed materially. His skin looked darker by several shades, and his face was badly scarred, and the sight of one eye had been destroyed. Altogether, he looked another man.

"Your name is 'Power,' isn't it?" I queried. "'Steve Power'?"

"Yes, sar—dat's de name I goes by. 'Power' was my ole mars'r's name, down in Souf Car'liny, whar I come frum. I hilt onto it arter freedom come out, bekase I was used to it, an' bekase 'twas my young mars'r's name whar was kilt. Him an' me was chil'un togedder."

"Captain Eldred Power?"

"Yes, sar—dat's him. You knowed him?" The man's face expressed interest and also some bewilderment. He had no conception that our acquaintance was of older date than that morning under the Bridge. There was a movement inside the house, and I could see two dark faces pressed against the windowpane.

"No, I never knew him. I want you to tell me about him. But, first, I want to know what you did with that note I gave you for Colonel Mayo, and why you never came back to me."

The man looked frightened; his jaw dropped, and the sightless eye rolled in its socket, while its intelligent fellow had an expression of amazement touched with horror. I rose to my feet and buttoned my coat and pulled my hat low over my brow, moving aside into the shadow. Steve followed every movement, and a light of recognition dawned on his face.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "Dat's him—dat's de very man, sho' ez I'se livin' in de worl'! I didn't 'member you at fus', sar; but I knows you now—knows you fur de strange gent'man I fotched to Mars' Dred dat night."

He rose and passed into the house. I resumed my seat and waited. Presently, he returned, with an old pocketbook in his hand, from which he took a worn and crumpled scrap of paper, and handed it to me: it was my own note to Colonel Mayo.

"I dunno how come I kep' it," he observed. "Look-like I mout er 'stroyed it long ago; but

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I never. 'Twar sorter mixed up wid Mars' Dred in my mind, an' I reckon dat's how come I hilt on to it—fur his sake."

"A good thing, too," I commented, as I put the note carefully away. It would be valuable evidence of the man's identity. "Now tell me why it wasn't delivered."

"Bekase I couldn't find Kunnel Mayo. Arter you gin me de note, I struck out to hunt fur him. I axed here an' I axed dar, an' some sont me one way an' some sont me de yuther, an' I never did make out to ketch up wid him. De comp'ny we was b'longst to had been ordered off somewhar. I s'arched an' s'arched, dat day an' de nex'. 'Twas mighty 'stressful times, I tell you—de war was so strong, an' de shootin' an' de firin' got mo' dangersome every minute. At las', I got in de way ob one o' dem mizzerble debbilish shells whar look like it drap clean out'n its way to hab bizness 'long o' me. I took 'n' dodge same as er pa'tridge; but 'twarn't no use: fus' thing I know, I was h'isted up side of a bank, wid dirt an' rocks piled up on me an' er mighty achin' all over dat part of me whar'd got any feelin' lef'. I laid dar 'twill I got sense enough to crawl off'n de battlefield, an' some folks found me arter awhile an' kyar'd me to deir house an' sorter looked arter me 'twill I got peart enough to look arter myse'f some."

"When was that?" I questioned.

"Long to'ards de spring. When I got good use of myse'f an' could git about, I knowed 'twarn't no use followin' up de army, an' I 'lowed I'd git along over to a place I knowed whar Mars' Dred used to go in de summertime, an' whar his sweetheart lived. She war his cousin, an' he sot er sight o' store by her. I hadn't never been dar but once; but I knowed de way, an' 'peared like Mars' Dred's folks ought to know 'bout him."

Again there was a movement inside the house, and a tall mulatto woman advanced into the light of the doorway. She greeted me respectfully and seated herself on the step, with the evident intention of hearing what should follow. Steve explained that she was his mother, and, further, that she had been Captain Power's nurse.

"She thought er sight of him," he said. "An' 'twarn't nobody grieved arter him mor'n she done. She lubbed him good as she did me."

The rest of the story, condensed, is this: Steve made his way to the Greyford farm, only to find the house closed and the place deserted. Nobody could—or, what is more probable, would—tell him whither the family had gone. He worked about for awhile, keeping aloof from the whites, and feeling himself somewhat in the position of an ownerless dog. What to do, or how to get back to South Carolina, he did not know—only that it would take money, and he had none. During this time, he drifted to Rockbridge County and fell in love with a girl whom he subsequently married. Three years after the close of the war, he had saved sufficient money to take him back to South Carolina to look after his mother. He found everything changed and unfamiliar: his old master dead, the negroes he had known all dispersed and their places supplied by strangers. There was nothing to keep him, nothing to renew the associations of home, so, after an interview with the sisters of his young master, he had returned to Virginia, bringing his mother with him. Since then, they had lived about, working here and there, until a couple of years before, when Steve had rented this place and cleared it up and built a house. He hoped some day to buy it.

"Did you ever hear Captain Power speak of a will?" I asked. "A will and some other papers concerning the young lady he was engaged to?"

"Yes, sar; heap o' times. An' I 'member de very night dey draw'd it up. 'Twas one night arter Mars' Dred had been gone somewhars wid Kunnel Mayo an' er preacher-gent'man named Mr. Kemp. Dey started frum camp 'fore sundown, an' 'twas nigh three o'clock 'fore dey got back. Dey'd rid hard, too, an' de horses was all in er lather o' sweat. Arter dey'd hed a mouf'ful to eat, Kunnel Mayo draw'd de paper off, bekase he war a lawyer 'fore ever he got to be a kunnel. Mars' Dred, he signed it, an' t'other gent'man, he signed it, an' dey called in another man, an' he signed it, too. Den de preacher, he draw'd off er paper, an' dey all signed dat, an', by de time dey was done, day was most ready to break. Arter de gent'men was gone, Mars' Dred called me in an' 'lowed to me dat dat was his will, an' dat he'd done lef' all his prop'ty to de young lady whar he's gwine ter marry, an' how he'd lef' me my freedom, bekase I'd been er true man to him, an' er thousan' dollars for er start, kase he wouldn't be dar ter help me. An' he 'lowed dat, ef he got kilt, I was to take dem papers to Kunnel Mayo or some y'uther 'sponsible white man, an' git 'em to take 'em to ole mars'r. An', by de time he'd got done tellin' me, day had broke."

"What became of the papers? What did Captain Power do with them? Where were they put?"

I tried to keep the impatience out of my voice, not to flurry or alarm the man.

Steve regarded me fixedly; a strange, almost furtive, look passed over his face, and his hitherto

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open manner became covert. "Dey warn't no 'count," he said, evasively. "Dey warn't no mor'n corn-shucks. Mars' Dred couldn't make no will while ole mars'r was livin'. De papers couldn't do nobody no good."

"Who told you that?" I demanded. "But, first, where are the papers?"

By dint of persuasion and threats, I drew from him that Captain Power, anxious for the safety of the documents, and unable to get to any place where he could deposit them, had caused him—Steve—to make a pocket of stout leather and stitch it on the inside of his saddle-skirt. In this, the papers, securely wrapped in oil-skin, had been placed. In his grief and excitement that night, Steve had neglected to tell me of them or to remove them himself, and, when we had laid the soldier in his grave, his head had been pillowed on his saddle.

Afterward, the strange superstitions which all negroes have in regard to death had prevented Steve from talking about it or taking any steps for the recovery of the papers. When he had suggested to his young ladies the possibility of their brother's having left a will, feeling his way, as it were, they had told him that Captain Power had no right to make a will during the lifetime of his father. And Steve, whose freedom had come to him from other hands, accepted their word as conclusive, and thought no more of the legacy which, to him, was only so many kind words voicing a kind intention.

And, for eleven years, the secret had rested in the dead man's grave.

IX.

I KEPT my discovery from Mabyn until all the necessary steps had been taken. Steve and I together revisited the old battlefield, and, as well as we could, identified the spot by our memories and the rough chart I had made that morning. It was difficult, for the place was much overgrown; but we succeeded at last, and the grave surrendered the trust it had held for eleven years.

When all things had been done, I telegraphed for Mabyn to join me, and, as tenderly as I could, made the matter plain to her. Then she and I, with the two faithful negroes who had loved him, bore the remains of Eldred Power back to his Southern home and laid them beside those of his own people.

The will and a copy of the marriage-certificate, duly signed and witnessed, we found in the saddle-pocket, just as Steve had described them. The leather and the oil-skin in which they were enveloped had preserved them, and we had no difficulty in establishing our case. The Power sisters made a fierce and utterly useless fight, with only the result of giving the case greater publicity. The papers got hold of the story and made the most of its pathos and romance. It was copied and recopied, and penetrated at last to the distant parish in Southern California presided over by the Rev. Jonas Kemp, and brought forth from that gentleman a fully attested statement that he had performed the marriage-ceremony.

We learned, too, from the colored woman Agra, that it had been old Mr. Power's intention to provide for his son's betrothed, and that he had spoken to his daughters to that effect; but that, on one plea or another, the matter had been neglected until the old man had become incapable of executing the necessary papers.

Steve's face, when the purchase-money for his little farm was paid over to him, was a sight to behold. "He's done retched down frum heaven, to take keer o' me an' mine," he sobbed, and hurried away and hid himself from sight.

The Reddings were exultant, and, during Mabyn's stay in the South, insisted on her making their house her home. And Mrs. Redding, to this day, is convinced that, but for her, the utterly hopeless solution would never have become a crystal.

When everything had been settled, I took Mabyn home to Sam and Katie and left her there for a little space, to rest and grow accustomed to all these strange happenings, before I should bring fresh changes into her life.

* * * * *

Four years have passed. Away in South Carolina, amid groves of palmetto and live-oaks, a stately college lifts itself skyward, in memory of the soldier whose love had proved stronger than death, more enduring than the grave. It has been built and endowed with the proceeds of those two rice-plantations, and is devoted to the education of the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers. It was Mabyn's wish, and the charter was given in her name and Eldred Power's many months before she became my wife.

And I, as I smoke my pipe on the gallery of my Texas home, and let my eyes wander away over the prairie to where the earth lifts itself to the kiss of the horizon, and listen to the sound of Mabyn's voice crooning to the child, am pretty well satisfied, on the whole, with the work which the ghost of Dred Power got in along the lines of my life.

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AUNT FEN'S NEIGHBOR.

BY ELISABETH OLMIS.

OUR acquaintance with him began in this way:

We three girls had been stifling all summer in our hot little rooms in Boston. It was only two years since our mother had died and we had been obliged to give up our breezy farm among the New Hampshire hills. The memory of the happy days of our early girlhood was still fresh, and we began to long inexpressibly for a sight of our beloved mountains.

One warm morning, we all sat busily at work. Ray was finishing a sketch, while Nell and I made ourselves dresses of pretty inexpensive cambric.

"Do you suppose," queried Nell, suddenly, "that we shall always be poor?"

"And have to live cooped up like pigeons, turning a dollar over sixteen times before spending it?" I added.

"Is that the way pigeons do?" laughed Ray. Then, with a quick little uplifting of her square chin, she said decidedly: "No. girls—we shall not always be poor. Some day, I shall get money for my designs, and Nell will coin pure gold with her voice, and—"

"We will each give our dear patient Jeanie the half of our fortunes and take her around the world," interrupted Nell, gayly. "I hope," she went on, "if our fairy-godmother ever does—"

At this instant, came a knock at the door. "'Speak of angels,'" quoted Ray, lightly; and we could not help looking up half expectantly as she arose, brush in hand, to answer the summons. It was not, of course, our wished-for relative; but it might surely have been a communication from her, judging from the tiny envelope handed in.

"For you, Jeanie, and from Aunt Fen."

I took the dainty missive and read as follows:

"WHITFIELD FARM, August 12th.

"DEAR JEANIE:

"At last the law-suit which has been pending since your grandmother's death, years ago, has been decided in my favor; and I came, last week, to take possession of the old place. Now, I want you three girls to come at once and help me keep house for awhile. There is a quantity of old things to look over and arrange. Tell Ray that she will find inspiration for a hundred designs, and Nell that the birds will be her best teachers. As for you—well, come and see.

Lovingly, your aunt,

FENELLA HENDERLY."

"Hurrah for Aunt Fen!" cried Ray, throwing down her brush. "What train shall we take, girls?"

The next afternoon saw us and our modest baggage deposited upon the platform of the little station a couple of miles from Whitfield Farm and not very far from our own old home in Meriden. Aunt Fen was awaiting us.

"I'm as glad as can be, to see you all," she cried, rather breathlessly, as the down-train came whistling around the curve just beyond the station. "Cousin Jack has been suddenly taken very ill, and they have telegraphed for me. But I'll be back in a day or two. You must go on to the house and make yourselves at home. I'm sorry to leave you with no one but Josiah and his wife—they'll see to everything. He couldn't come to meet you; but there'll be somebody here to take you up. I came down with the doctor. Good-bye."

And, almost before we realized that we had seen her, she was in the train and out of sight. We looked at each other rather blankly for a minute, and then started off to find the "somebody" who should carry us to the farm. This proved to be a half-deaf and altogether queer old man, who drove his sleek and handsome horses at a good pace and apparently paid no attention to our magpie-chatter. The day was fine, and we were charmed by the lovely views and clear pure air. Presently, he piped forth in a thin high voice:

"Guess sech a lot o' highflyers will make it lively up to old Whitney's."

Astonished silence on our part for a second, then Nell said in her gentle way:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Did you speak to us?"

No reply. The question was repeated; but nothing more was heard from our oracle until we had jumped from the wagon at Aunt Fen's and paid him for his services. Then he said, wiping his forehead with a great yellow handkerchief and looking solemnly at us as we stood side by side:

"Some men is fools."

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"Character No. 1," commented Ray, as he slowly clambered to his seat and drove off.

"And a concise and comprehensive discourse upon the lords of creation. It is an omen, girls," added Nell.

"But," said I, "I don't see what he means. There are no men here."

The girls laughed softly.

"You dear little goosie," said Ray, "he meant that he was a wise man. Come: let us enter into our inheritance. I suppose we shall have to wait until Josiah comes home to supper to get our trunks upstairs. Where do you suppose Mrs. 'J' is?"

We had been standing on the wide porch which extended the length of the house. Now we followed Ray into the front-hall. This was very broad and led through the house, with rooms opening on either side and a staircase at the further end. All the doors stood hospitably open, and we naturally looked into the first room. It was furnished like most "best rooms" in old-fashioned country-homes; but the one opposite was entirely empty. The one next to this was evidently a library: for books were piled everywhere, and on the table were a couple of handsome pipes.

"Josiah is evidently a man of taste," remarked Ray, as she looked at these unfamiliar objects. "Do you suppose Aunt Fen lets him smoke in here with all these lovely books? And oh, girls, see this exquisite water-color!"

But an exclamation from Nell, who had wandered on ahead, brought us to the hall.

"Just look here!" she cried, pointing to the centre of the fourth room. We stopped upon the threshold, amazed: for there was heaped all manner of beautiful and unique stuffs and articles in the most bewildering confusion and variety. Quaint boxes and cases and trays of lovely inlaid Japanese work lay upon piles of soft China-silk and rich-hued Oriental fabrics. Fans and ornaments of sweet-smelling wood, strings of amber beads, bamboo baskets, and clouds of gauzy veiling were mixed with long coiled pipes and a dozen little ugly gods, which seemed to grin mockingly at our surprise. We looked at it all—up at the tall vases, down at the thick Persian rugs, across at the indescribable medley, and, at last, at each other.

"Well!" said I.

"Well!" cried Nell.

"Of the very wellest, I should say," affirmed Ray. "Aunt Fen doesn't seem to do the esthetic by halves."

Once more we turned to examine the beautiful objects, when Ray suddenly caught sight of the sky.

"That sunset!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flushing with delight as she gazed at the glorious mass of coloring. "Oh, I must get outside. Come—do! The idea of losing the very first one!"

The porch faced the west, and we had a fine view of what was, to us, a rare treat. But, after a little, the subtle charm of the faint strange perfume which hung about the bright-tinted silk and the quaint ornaments stole over me, and, slipping quietly away from my sisters, I went back to the treasure-room.

Seated there, leaning my head against a heap of rugs, I seemed transported to some far-off land of the Orient, and lost myself in a maze of fanciful imagining. Suddenly, I became aware of a break in the spell which bound me. I turned quickly toward the window, to encounter the gaze of a pair of small obliquely-set eyes. There could be no mistake: it was a Chinaman.

A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind, resolving themselves into the instantaneous conviction that here was the dealer from whom Aunt Fen had purchased all these things, come to rob her of them during her absence. I have laughed a hundred times since at the lightning-like rapidity with which my usually rather sensible brain came to this conclusion.

But it was no laughing-matter to me then. Cold chills crept over me as I thought how alone we were; but, nerving myself as best I could, I walked toward the window, from which he did not budge, and said, in what I tried to make firm tones:

"You must go right away. You can't have these things. There is a whole houseful of us, and Miss Henderly will come back to-morrow and have you arrested."

"What did you say, Jeanie?" called Nell.

"I was just repeating a poem," I replied at once, determined to get rid of the fellow without letting the girls know of his presence. So I went a little nearer the window and whispered energetically:

"You must go right away."

The creature gazed at me a moment, grinning like nothing in the world but the row of horrid stone gods on the floor. Then he danced around, crying out in great glee, as he clapped his hands:

"Whole housee full—hee-hee-hee!"

And, to my horror, he jumped lightly over the low windowsill into the room. I seized a big feather duster and a bamboo chair, and tried to barricade the door and defend myself at the same time. He evidently understood this pan-

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tomime, for he at once bowed low to the floor, with his hands behind him, saying softly:

"Me no hurtee Melican missee — me love Melican missee."

This was adding insult to injury, and I was trying to rally my demoralized wits, when he asked:

"Has Massa Ben come homee yet?"

"I don't know anything about your Massa Ben," I said, this time quite loudly, forgetting all about the girls. "And I want you to go right straight away from here just as fast as you can go."

"Jeanie! are you crazy? Whom on earth are you talking to?" came from the porch, and in rushed both the girls, to find me making violent passes with my feather fan at the horrid little Chinaman, who grinned still more and chuckled to himself:

"Whole housee full—hee-hee-hee!"

"Character No. 2," remarked Ray, coolly. "There seems to be a man, after all, and he matches beautifully with the room in which you have unearthed him. Never say again you are not an artist, Jeanie."

"Oh! Ray," I cried, despairingly, "how can you?"

"You poor child," she said, gently, looking at my flushed cheeks. "I'll see to him. Here, sir, what do you want? Whom did you come to see?"

A long gaze from the slanting eyes was his only reply.

"Don't you hear me?" she asked, more emphatically, her own cheeks growing crimson and her eyes flashing. "Why don't you answer me? What do you mean by coming here in this way and frightening my sister to death?"

He bowed low again.

"Me no harmee. Me come find Massa Ben."

"That's what he said before," I whispered. "Maybe he is in the wrong house."

"Your Master Ben doesn't live here," said Ray, very positively. "You have made a mistake. Now, please go away."

He looked around quite bewildered, and bowed again and again. At this moment, we heard a footstep outside. It crossed the porch, entered the hall, and drew nearer—Josiah, of course.

"Another man," said incorrigible Ray, below her breath. But she turned as quickly as Nell and I, and we all rushed out.

This time Nell was spokesman, and she poured forth the thrilling tale with tremulous haste.

"Oh, Josiah! We're so glad you've come. Here's a horrid Chinese has frightened Jeanie nearly to death, and wants to steal all Aunt Fen's lovely Japanese things, and I don't know what else. He says he wants his Massa Ben, and he won't go away—and—and—well, we're not exactly afraid, but won't you please tell him he is in the wrong house?"

The sun was already sinking in the west, and its beams came straight through the wide doorway and fell about the very dignified and astonished-looking gentleman, who by this time a sort of instinct had told us could not be Josiah. While we stood "mute and motionless," a slim figure glided past us, and that miserable little wretch was bowing to the ground and jabbering away a lot of heathenish lingo. This performance finished, at a sign from the gentleman, he withdrew, and we looked in a dazed way for what should come next. It proved to be a very courteous explanation from the newcomer.

"I regret extremely, ladies," he began, gravely, "that you should have been caused any annoyance. My name is Benjamin Whitney, and I quite lately returned from the East, where I have spent many years. So I trust I may be pardoned for not recognizing those who may have a claim upon my hospitality. Or if, as I suspect to be more than likely, through some misunderstanding, that you have become my guests, let me assure you of no less cordial a welcome."

Our faces were doubtless a study during this little speech. Ray, however, looked very dignified and began a stately reply:

"It is all a mistake, sir. Our aunt, Miss Henderly, could not come with us from the station, so we engaged a man to take us to Whitfield Farm, and, of course, we supposed this to be it. I trust, sir—" Here she came to a sudden stop. The reaction from the strain of the last half-hour and the comicality of the whole thing were too much for her self-control. Her lips quivered suspiciously for a minute, then she burst into a merry peal of laughter. The twinkle which I had seen striving for mastery in Mr. Whitney's eyes now took complete possession, and we all joined in a hearty laugh together.

Of course, this broke the ice most effectually, and, in spite of our extreme mortification and embarrassment, we were soon explaining things and exchanging civilities in the most charming and unorthodox way.

It seemed that Aunt Fen's farm was "next door," and we were soon escorted thither by our most delightful of neighbors, assisted by the nimble little Chinaman, who grinned more than ever. It also transpired that Mr. Whitney had been the playfellow of our mother and Aunt

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Fen, and was a valued friend of the family. And, by the time aunt returned from Cousin Jack's, which proved to be a week or more, he was our friend too, and the pleasantest one in the world. We soon became nearly as much at home at Whitney Farm as at Whitfield, and had the delight of arranging all the rare and beautiful treasures to our fancy, all about the quaint old house.

It took us the whole autumn to discover that Mr. Whitney had once been Aunt Fen's lover, and that a foolish misunderstanding had sent him off to China. Immediately upon his return, the spring before, he had tried to "make up," but she would not. I think, however, that "sober second thought" and the unanimous advice and earnest desire of her nieces will prevail, and that before another August we shall have, for our Uncle Ben, AUNT FEN'S NEIGHBOR.

THE LAMP IN THE NICHE.

BY EMMA LYNDON.

AN old, old story comes to me,
A legend of antiquity—
It haunts me night and day:
An ancient people, so 'tis told,
Set in a niche a lamp of gold
Where all might see its ray.

The nations bowed before its light,
Its cheering beams dispersed the night,
Its warmth revived the dead;
Serene and safe, it stood on high;
The baffled winds went howling by
Like fiends who looked and fled.

Their enemies from near and far
Shrank back as from a baleful star,
Nor dared molest the land
That owned so great a talisman;
At sight of it, a panic ran
Through all the hostile band.

The pilgrim, on his weary way,
Was urged his feeble steps to stay
Beside that glimmering shrine,
To gather strength for further toil
And grace to meet the world's turmoil
To which his feet incline.

So, day by day and year by year,
They came to worship—some with fear
And some with courage bold.
Deluded nation, soon to fall—
Thy heaven a recess in the wall,
Thy god a lamp of gold!

Alas! the fatal day drew nigh,
Nor enemy nor wind was by
To cause the dreadful fall;
No jar nor shock disturbed the place;
But, with a crash that shook earth's face,
It fell and darkened all.

Are we, who live in better light,
So much unlike those sons of night?
Have we no golden lamp?
Has each no idol at whose shrine
He homage pays due the Divine—
No god with earthly stamp?

My heart condemns me. Well I know
That, though we secretly may go
To offer incense there,
There is a niche within each heart
That holds a dusty counterpart
To heathen shrines of prayer.

Ah, dark indeed will be that day
When fall to earth our gods of clay,
As soon or late they must.
How wise and safe to fix above
These flickering lights of earthly love
A higher, holier trust!

THE DAISY'S SPELL.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

"HE loves me, loves me not," she said,
Bending low her dainty head
O'er the daisy's mystic spell.
"He loves me, loves me not, he loves,"
She murmurs, 'mid the golden groves
Of the cornfields on the fell.

'Tis not of the lonely mill
By the streamlet, clear and still,
That the miller's daughter thinks,
Walking in the mellow haze
Of the sunset's level rays,
Weaving fancy's golden links.

"He loves me, loves me not," once more,
"He loves." The daisy's simple lore
Agrees with what she knows full well.
Methinks that, if the miller's-man
Hath eyes a maiden's face to scan,
He need not seek the daisy's spell.

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SEÑOR SUARTOZ.

BY A. C. GORDON.

You think it strange that I do not like Cape jasmines? You may make me a boutonniere of that spray of heliotrope, if you will, but I doubt not the jasmine-blossom prefers its present position in your hair. A foolish prejudice? Perhaps. If you like, I will tell you its origin.

It was some four or five summers ago that I accompanied a surveying-party over a large part of the western region of Old Virginia and down through a portion of West Virginia. We frequently struck, on our route, one or another of the fashionable spas for which that section is especially famous, and, as some of us were still young, three especially, we three younger ones were Buncourt, a Spaniard called the "Señor," and myself. I liked Buncourt especially, though he would have been thought eccentric by most men. He had been so considered at college. But there was an indescribable something about Silas Buncourt which attracted or repelled with a potency which I have never been able to attribute to any other source than animal magnetism. Reserved, cold, and in many respects selfish, his character presented a marked contrast to that of the little Spaniard. Suartoz never liked him, although they were thrown much together. I think I can see them now—this couple, so entirely the opposites of each other in every physical aspect no less than in their natures—Buncourt tall, pale, blue-eyed, blond; Suartoz slight and diminutive, swarthy, dark-haired, black-eyed, a perfect type of the conventional Spaniard. Silas Buncourt had the reputation of having been wonderfully successful in a number of love-affairs. He was what the women call "fascinating"—different from other men in his cool assumption of indifference, with a dash of recklessness about his conversation and bearing which gave them a wonderful charm in the eyes of most of his female friends. I have had some women to confide to me, however, that they "hated" him.

The little Spaniard was a study. He had spent most of his life on his widowed mother's estates, amid the mountains of Andalusia, where he had known no society save that of that mother and of his two older sisters. But, for the last five years, he had been a close and earnest student in an American university, from which, after acquiring a fair knowledge of English, he had been graduated with distinction as a civil engineer.

He was a man of striking personal appearance; diminutive, indeed, but beautifully proportioned and with a superb carriage. His face was an exquisite one of the darkest brunette type, and his eyes were the intensest and most luminous I ever looked into. He was a perfect child in his ignorance of the world, but a poet in his enthusiastic and chivalrous admiration of humanity. At times he was prone to fits of sombre moodiness; and then again, for days together, he was like a sunbeam in the camp. He entertained odd notions about some things. For example, he imagined that the life which had nothing of heartache in it was not a perfectly rounded life, and that it was the capacity of sorrow which separated humanity from the brute creation. His great regret was that he did not know English well enough to write poetry in it. "I can never hope," he said, "truthfully to interpret to you my best thoughts."

We had not been in our camp many days before I noticed an ever-increasing cloud upon the boy's usually sunshiny nature. I questioned Buncourt on the subject, and was greeted with the laughing answer:

"Well, it is a matter to have been expected. The Señor is only in love—that's all. Don't you remember Denise Maulévrier? You knew her at the Agnews', in Baltimore, last winter—the belle Creole from Louisiana. She's at the hotel here, and has got him in her toils."

I was too much troubled to say anything further. I turned away with a dim foreboding of coming evil. He spoke so cynically that, from that moment, my regard for him underwent a reaction. Though I had never been introduced, I knew a little of Denise Maulévrier. She was a woman of splendid presence, of a physical beauty almost Oriental in its sensuous voluptuousness; in fact, as I thought, a magnificent specimen of soulless humanity. I had heard men and women alike say of her, during that winter in Baltimore, that adamant was not so hard as her flinty heart. And now to think that this youth was in her toils!

With Suartoz's loss of gayety, came a still more evident desire, on his part, to avoid the society of the corps. When the day's work was

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over, he would sit about the camp, silent and moody, until the time came for him to dash off in the direction of the springs. His previous dislike of Buncourt developed daily into a perceptible and implacable hatred. One evening, at the mess-table, Buncourt, in the presence of the whole corps, made a jesting allusion to the boy's infatuation for the Creole beauty. The Spaniard's face grew livid with rage, and, seizing a case-knife at his elbow, he sprang at Buncourt with the fierceness of a starved wild beast.

I began to grow extremely anxious, after this, for the time to come when we should move our camp. Meantime, I determined to seek a renewal of my former slight acquaintance with Miss Maulévrier. I can recall with distinctness, even at this date, my first sight of her, as I stood on the piazza of the Grand Hotel and saw her pass. The night was beautiful, full of moonlight and music and the scent of flowers. Miss Maulévrier entered the room within, leaning on the arm of Silas Buncourt. There was a rhythm in every sinuous line of her perfectly rounded figure. Her beauty gave me a quick thrill of admiration, in spite of my prejudice against her. What a magnificent Circe she was! Her arms and shoulders flashed warm and white in the light of the gas-jets, and the scent of Cape jasmines followed her as she passed. Just then I heard a sound between a muttered curse and a sob at my elbow; and, turning, I saw Suartoz, with eager eyes, watching the retreating figure. A full-blown Cape jasmine was in his fingers. I knew then that she was stifling his soul with the scent of her odious flowers.

I went back to camp. I did not wish to meet, face to face, this man who, I conceived, was doing me a fearful injury, and this woman who aided and abetted him in it. For I had come, in some strange way, to merge Suartoz's existence with my own, and believed that it was I who, beyond all other men, was henceforth to be Silas Buncourt's deadliest foe. And she, the wonderful Creole—how her eyes sought his! I had not failed to catch the expression with which she regarded Buncourt, as they passed me. I have seen a snake, with glassy glittering eye fixed on a bird, charm it into his very jaws. There was a wild, fluttering, fearful look of mingled fascination and distrust in the face of the Creole, as she answered some remark that Buncourt had just made her. My belief in the theory of odism, animal magnetism, whatever you choose to call it, was stronger, at that moment, than ever before.

It happened that a bachelor-uncle of mine was then at the springs. He had just enough gray in his hair to be petted by the pretty girls with impunity, and just enough of the fire of youth in his veins to enjoy such petting immensely. I went up to him, the next evening, and asked him if he knew Miss Maulévrier.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, briskly. "A most charming girl! Wish I were younger—should fancy her myself. I am told she has plenty of money. Splendid type of the old Creole race. Charming girl—charming!"

"Will you favor me with an introduction?"

"What, eh? An introduction? Why, bless my soul, you are too late for any good, upon my word! Why didn't you come to me sooner? Young Buncourt is ahead of you. Everybody's talking about it. They have been engaged for a long time, Mrs. Blabton tells me; and what she doesn't know is not worth knowing. But, surely, if you wish an introduction—surely. Nothing could give me more pleasure. Isn't Buncourt an engineer of your corps? He should have brought you up sooner. But I see—I see! The sly dog!"

I was introduced accordingly. My object was a clearly-defined one, although its means of attainment were of the most impalpable and unformed character. This object was to foil Silas Buncourt in his lovemaking, if lovemaking it should prove to be.

Miss Maulévrier gave me a careless look from her dark eyes, and then, placing her hand on my arm, asked if she had not seen me in Baltimore.

"I had scarcely hoped to be remembered," I stammered.

"You do not flatter yourself, I see," she said, and laughed a low musical laugh. My blood tingled with an odd sensation of delight. Yet I resolved to let her understand, from the first, that it was through no ardent admiration for herself that I had sought and obtained this interview. My method was as unpremeditated as it was abrupt. It startled even my own consciousness.

"Your friend Silas Buncourt is not an honorable man," I blurted out.

She dropped my arm and looked at me like an angry tigress.

"Did you ask an introduction in order to insult me?" she said. "You would not have dared to say this to him."

I have often thought, since then, that we must have attracted some attention from the people about us; but no such warning crossed my mind at the time. I was utterly oblivious of all surroundings.

"I have not," I replied. "It served my pur-

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pose to say it first to you. I shall tell him so, if there be need."

Her manner changed. In a tone of eager entreaty, she began:

"Have you any means of substantiating—but I am a fool," she broke off, angrily. "Who are you, that I should be bantering words with you about him?" Then she said, frigidly: "Be so kind as to find Mr. Boyle." Mr. Boyle was her escort, and was nowhere in sight. As she spoke, she turned her head, either to look if he were near, or else to hide the alternating red and white on her face from my scrutiny. And then I noticed, again, a Cape jasmine in the coils of her black hair. Beyond the jasmine and the girl's shapely head, a pale face with luminous eyes watched me from a window on the portico. It was little Suartoz. I had smelled the perfume of the jasmine-flower all the evening, and I thought then that, in some unaccountable way, it must have crazed me.

"If you wish it so, I have nothing farther to say on the subject," I said. "We will find Mr. Boyle. In the meantime," I added, "allow me to assure you that it was through no interest in yourself that I made the statement which has aroused your indignation."

I said the words desperately and carelessly, as one who has played for a tremendous stake and lost. The utter disregard for herself which they implied, and their evident lack of consecutiveness, seemed to worry her. She could not understand, and her face wore a semi-dazed look. Perhaps it seemed to her an unwonted phenomenon to talk face to face with a man who was impervious to her beauty and heedless of her will.

"For pity's sake, tell me what you do mean!" she said, passionately. And, as we walked the length of the spacious ball-room, I told her about Suartoz—his simplicity, his inexperience, his poetic temperament—and concluded it all with what suddenly occurred to me as at least a plausible reason for my first remark:

"What do you think of the honor of a man who, knowing this boy's nature, would yet subject it to the temptation of loving you—and loving you in vain?"

A relieved look came into her face.

"Oh, is that all?" she said, almost inaudibly, and, as it were, to herself. "I congratulate Mr. Suartoz on possessing so enthusiastic a friend." She said this with a curl of her lip which was fairly a sneer, and laughed a short satirical laugh that had none of the silvery melody of that earlier laugh with which she had greeted me. Then she concluded: "Let us find Mr. Boyle."

A half-hour later, I had left the hotel-portico and was passing through the grounds on my way back to the camp. On a rustic seat beneath one of the mountain-ash trees, a hundred yards, perhaps, from the hotel, I saw again Miss Maulévrier. At her side sat Suartoz, with his face between his hands. Both were silent, and the moonlight had a ghastly tinge as it poured over and around them. I fancied I could smell the odor of a Cape jasmine.

Two days later, I stood at the window and watched her again. She perceived me, as she passed, and beckoned to me. I was surprised, but hastened forward. As she took my arm, she whispered:

"You may deem it an uncalled-for confession, but there is something in your face which makes me trust you. He is all that you said of him, that night—and worse. And I have known it for a long time, but not in the way that you imagine; and you will never learn."

I listened with a wonderment which was intensified when I saw her, not long after, with Buncourt, and noticed that she wore, once more, that charmed-bird look in her eyes.

I met Miss Maulévrier frequently from that time on. I fancied that in some as yet unforeseen way I might be of service to Suartoz, in his love for this enigmatical woman; and so I continued to haunt the place and to mingle with the giddy crowd as one of them. In the meantime, my sense of duty had led me to repeat to Buncourt the accusation which I had made against him. He stared at me blankly, but made no attempt to resent my conduct, and, turning on his heel, walked away. Two days later, he received a business-letter, he said, which caused him to leave the camp. I have never seen him since.

Some time after this, I passed Miss Maulévrier's cottage, in the cool of an August morning. It was a holiday with the corps, and I had determined to spend it at the springs. She was on the little porch, and called to me. As I drew near, she cried gayly:

"Do you wish to see something beautiful?"

"Certainly. But do I not behold it already?" I replied, with half-jesting compliment. And yet it was more than compliment: for, that morning, she seemed the very culmination of physical loveliness. Perhaps her picturesque costume heightened her usual beauty; for I know that a woman's influence over men depends in no small measure on her raiment. I caught myself wondering, as I stood there gazing up at her, how it was that I had escaped from her toils. A jasmine-flower rose and fell on her

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breast, and she leaned toward me until I could faintly feel her breath on my cheek.

"Pshaw!" she said, "it is a photograph I wish to show you. See—it has just come from New Orleans. I had it taken about six weeks ago. It is of myself, but dreadfully flattered. Yet isn't it charming?"

There was visible no taint of idle vanity in the question. She knew that the face was a fair one, and she admired it as such, utterly unmindful at the moment that it was her own.

"It is beautiful," I replied, simply, and added: "Will you give me one?"

Her dark eyes opened wider, in seeming wonderment.

"I am ever so sorry, but—" And then she paused and smiled at me with a face which spoke the rest.

"Certainly," I replied, "I had no right to expect it."

"Will you take this, instead?"

She unclasped the snowy flower from its resting-place upon her bosom and gave it to me. I carried it back with me to the camp and handed it to Suartoz without a word. His sad face lightened with the semblance of a smile at the sight of her flower, and he hid it away in his breast.

That night, I saw her in the ball-room, a lovely apparition of perfect grace and billowy lace and jasmines. She gave me a meaning glance, and I crossed over to where she stood surrounded by a throng of her admirers.

"I wish to speak with you for a moment," she said. "Let us go out—this hot atmosphere oppresses me."

As we passed from the ball-room, she added:

"You asked me for my picture, to-day."

"Yes."

"Here it is. There is no other man who can say that he possesses, of my own free and uncompelled will, so much as the gift of my photograph." And she laughed the low musical laugh that I had learned to look for.

What did she mean? Did she mean that another, that Buncourt, had one, unfairly obtained, and that this was the secret of his power over her?

"I appreciate—"

I had begun thus, when she interrupted me:

"Don't! I hate these formal little speeches. I would rather you should have it than anyone else, because—"

Suddenly, she stopped short. I observed that her voice trembled. What again did she mean? I felt an unaccountable tremor in my own, as I asked:

"'Because' what?"

Her hand pressed more closely on my arm, as she replied:

"Oh, can't you see? But we'll not talk of it. Let us go."

I would have given a great deal to have been able, just then, to look full into her face. I half suspected what she would have me think. But no: it was absurd to believe her. She could not mean it: she was only a Circe. Oh, no—I was too old a bird to be caught by chaff like that.

The summer passed away, and with it disappeared from my sight Denise Maulévrier.

That poor Juan Suartoz, with the intense eyes and the strange poetic nature, had been found dead in his camp-bed at the dawn of an autumn day, not long after we pulled up stakes at the springs. A country doctor was soon summoned, and, looking for a moment or two at the rigid form, said sententiously:

"Poison."

I was in New Orleans last winter and saw Denise again. It was at one of the principal theatres, where a great American actor was playing Romeo.

As I sat there intently listening to the full rich tones of his sonorous voice and watched the movements of his fine figure until I almost persuaded myself that I had seen and known him in another life. And I tried to remember something about that other life wherein I had known him, and, seeking the lost clue, turned my eyes from the stage for a moment, in a semi-reverie. In the turning, they fell full on the face of Denise Maulévrier. Then it was that, in one flash of remembrance, it all came back to me: the memory of that summer at the springs, and of Buncourt, and of the little Spaniard. It was Suartoz whom the actor so much resembled, and it was the face of the woman over there which had brought the dead man back to my consciousness. As the play drew to a close, I left my seat and took my place near the door of her box, to watch her pass out. She leaned on the arm of a grayheaded old man. She started visibly when she saw me standing there, with calm unsmiling face, awaiting her recognition.

"Her husband, doubtless," I thought. "She has added to her own fortune by selling herself. A fit finale to her career."

It did not take her a long time to recover the self-possession which so soon becomes second nature to women who move much in society. Holding out her gloved hand, she greeted me cordially, and then introduced—her father.

She hoped, she said with a faint smile, that, before I left the city, I would call on her, for the

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sake of old times. I confess that, in spite of my ghastly recollection of the dead Spaniard, the words had a winning sweetness in them. Her father, too, added his dignified solicitation that I would come to see them. Then they went on. But, as I stood looking in the direction in which they had gone, I caught a glimpse of her gazing back at me with an eager look in her eyes.

When, next day, I called, I expected confidently to be overpowered with the perfume of Cape jasmines, as I entered the door.

"Where are they?" I asked of the servant. But he only stared at me and led me to the parlor. There she sat, dressed in the palest of pale silks, but with a touch of brighter color here and there. Her greeting was kind, but I noticed again that tremulousness of voice which had perturbed me so when she had given me her picture. I saw, too, that her eyes seemed to shun mine, though I caught her looking at me, now and then, in a furtive fashion. I could not understand this, for I knew that bashfulness had never ranked as one of her virtues in the old days.

"Where are they?" I said, thinking still of the jasmines, and looking at the Greek coil of her black hair, where the flower always slept. And, understanding, she answered:

"They are gone."

Then we talked of the play, and she spoke of the actor's likeness to "our little friend," as she called Suartoz. Thus we went back together to that old summer, and she expressed, in an unmistakable way, her sorrow for the boy's untimely end. No shade of self-reproach, however, or tone of a stricken conscience, blended with her regrets. A sad smile flickered over her face when I told her that I had buried her picture with him.

We spoke of many people and of many things connected with our life in Virginia during those brief days, but I noticed that she did not mention Buncourt. This puzzled me, and I said:

"But Silas Buncourt—"

The effect was magical. She gasped for breath. A ghostly pallor settled on her face. Presently, tears came to her relief, and she rocked herself back and forth and sobbed like a child.

"I have tried to forget," she said. "I have tried so hard to forget."

I felt that I had touched at last the deepest spring of her woman-nature, and that she was not, after all, the cold and senseless being that I had deemed her. A woman in tears is a terrible thing for a man to contemplate: and, at the sight of one, he is not unfrequently impelled to actions which he would never, under other circumstances, perform. I was completely unnerved. I said all that I could to comfort her, until at last, almost before I knew it, my arms were around her, and my lips touching hers, as I told her that I loved her.

Soothed into quiet at last, she began:

"It was the one thing that I needed. I should have lived and died a miserable woman, but for this knowledge. But I can never be your wife. No, do not ask—I can give you no reason. If I had never known him—" and the white face grew rigid. Then she continued: "Our paths in life lead far apart. Good-bye. God bless you!" and left me standing there bewildered.

I saw her once more, a month ago, in Richmond. Her greeting was as cordial as ever, though subdued, and she had lost none of her rare dazzling beauty. The feverishness that I used sometimes to notice in her bearing and her looks had vanished, however, and a quiet serenity seemed to dwell with her.

"She is an Undine who has found her soul," I said to myself. Neither of us spoke of the old times, yet the heart of each was full of them. She stayed only two days, and—do you read Spanish? Then I shall send you the volume of Suartoz's poems. They were published in New York, not long since, by an enthusiast in Spanish literature, whose acquaintance I made in one of my peregrinations, who admired them greatly. I do not know whether you will find a poem, in the volume, about Cape jasmines; I only know that the flower is a ghastly one to me, with its subtle odor, suggesting always to my mind untimely death and affections squandered and irreparable wrongs.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

I CANNOT hide from Thee;
The mountain-fastness and the desert wild
Can naught from Thee conceal:
Thou knowest all, Thou seest Thine erring child.

I know not how or where
My wayward heart my wandering feet may lead;
But Thou art everywhere—
My present and my future Thou dost read.

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ACROSS MY PATH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We had been bothered for some time by a disagreement with a neighbor in regard to a mill-stream right. Old Dodson would have been the most mulish man in the world if his capriciousness had not usually, when one least expected it, got ahead of his obstinacy. After trying to quarrel, he threatened us with law-proceedings; and then, just as we were daily expecting to learn that he had begun them, he suddenly made up his mind to do what we had proposed at the outset—to leave the matter to arbitration.

He found himself obliged to leave home, and sent us word in the morning that, if we would come over to the village at one o'clock, he would consent to let certain mutual friends, whom he named, decide as to the merits of the case.

"We'd better not lose a minute," said my partner, old Mr. Joyce, "for Dodson never was known to be of the same mind for two hours together, especially when he makes it up to anything reasonable; he's just like a stubborn steer that wants to go six ways at once."

It was after eleven when the message came, and it would take an hour to drive to the village, so Joyce's decision needed to be acted on at once. While we were talking, the hired-man drove out of the barn in the one-horse sled to go up the hill for wood, and Joyce suggested our taking it, so as to waste no time harnessing Toby and getting out the cutter.

We put the old horse at his best speed, and reached the village in season to allow Mr. Dodson leisure to change his mind exactly seven times before we got the referees together. However, the affair was amicably settled—in our favor, too—so we started for home in the best spirits and on such good terms with Dodson that he firmly believed we had been in the wrong from the commencement, and he always willing to do what he must now—pay a reasonable sum for the privilege we were ready to grant him.

The snow had been very heavy that winter in our region—among the hills of Northern Pennsylvania—and in this first week of March the weather had changed as suddenly as old Dodson's humor; the sun was warm as April, a general thaw had set in, and the road was a mass of slush, with hard snow enough left at the bottom to make the sleighing still tolerable.

We were not much over half a mile from home, when we reached a bit of woodland; the air had grown suddenly quite sharp; the sunbeams slanted in a chill fashion through the leafless boughs; the first breath of the rising wind struck us, and Joyce was saying that we should have a cold night and maybe a good freeze again, instead of the rain we had been dreading.

Just then, the wise old horse, quicker-sighted than we, came to a halt. We both rose to our feet and looked ahead. Then we saw what was lying in the road—the body of a man, stretched straight and stiff in the slush, flat on his back, with his two arms extended. Joyce was out of the sled and hurrying toward the figure before I recovered enough to speak or stir, so numbed was I by my first strange feeling—the strangest I ever experienced: horror, dread, repugnance, all combined. I stood stupidly staring at the body and Joyce moving toward it.

There came a season when I asked myself whether, had any premonition of what was to follow been granted me, I could have kept from driving over the prostrate shape—whether it would not have been right so to do. But I had no premonition, and, after that first sickening thrill, I walked the horse close up to the spot, got out, and leaned with Joyce over the body.

A young man, well built and handsome; clothes thick and of good material—so good, that the lack of great-coat was remarkable; no ordinary drunken tramp; the stiffened hands were slender and white, the face that of an intellectual and cultivated person.

"This beats me," said Joyce. "I don't believe he's drunk, either. Well, if he'd lain till nightfall, he wouldn't ever have seen another sun—his clothes are beginning to freeze already."

Between us, we lifted him into the sleigh; wrapped the buffalo-robe about him; Joyce held his head, while I took the reins and drove home as fast as the old horse could trot.

Not far from our house, we met the doctor as he came riding down a cross-road, and we told him what we had in the sleigh and the need of his services, losing no time as he trotted along beside us while we talked.

"Perhaps the doctor better go on ahead of us to the house," I suggested to Mr. Joyce. "Anne might be frightened to see us drive up this way."

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"Anne is never frightened when there is anything to do," her uncle replied, shortly; "and there'll be enough for all of us, or I miss my guess."

Not for long, I thought, for I believed the poor fellow so near dead that he would never rouse; but I said no more. As we drove up to the side door, Nancy Taine, the kitchen-girl, was standing in it, and, being a silly thing at best, of course the first thing she did was to scream like a peacock, and that brought Anne out. But Anne was always equal to any emergency, and, when I spoke to Mr. Joyce, all I had meant was to save her the shock of seeing unprepared the ghastly face of the burden we carried, for a corpse could not have been whiter or colder, and, indeed, that was what I thought we were bringing, in spite of Uncle Joyce's dogged assertion that the man was alive.

We carried him upstairs, the doctor and I undressed him, and, when he was in bed, Anne came, in her quiet helpful way—as usual, "worth three nurses and six of us medical humbugs," to quote Doctor Marsh's verdict.

As for the man lying there, the doctor declared that he was no more dead than I, though less self-assertive for the moment—he had not lain long enough in the snow to be anywhere near frozen—there was no sign of any bodily injury.

"My opinion is," Marsh said, pushing his spectacles back and glaring ferociously at Anne and me, "that the fellow has drunk more than he's eaten lately—brain-nerves a little upset; had outwalked his strength, too. But I don't know—nobody knows anything, though doctors have to pretend they know everything when they have fools to deal with, and that's generally. There's an exception in this room, David Granger; but it isn't you, nor I, nor that chap on the bed."

Old Doctor Marsh was as good and wise, as a man, as he was as a doctor, and his admiration of Anne knew no bounds.

"Then you don't think the poor fellow is in danger?" Anne asked.

"That depends on what you mean," retorted Marsh. "I've no doubt he'll get up off this bed and go on with his life; sometimes that's the worst danger a man lying as he is can run the risk of."

Then he set to work over his patient, and Anne and I gave such help as we could, while Tim Farham went to the doctor's office at the Corners with a prescription for the remedies required.

Before evening, he had recovered consciousness, and, besides the stimulants, was able to take some nourishing broth. He talked a little, but in a wandering broken fashion—asked questions as to where he was and how he came there, but paid no attention to the answers. It was too soon to try to learn anything about him or the way in which he had fallen into the plight in which we had found him.

"If he gets a good sleep to-night, I suppose there will be nothing to fear, doctor," Anne said, when Marsh looked in for the second time, after having paid some visits in the neighborhood.

"If he does," rejoined the doctor, rather grimly. "But that cold of his shows itself now; he'll either be better or he'll have to be nursed through pneumonia."

"Poor fellow. Well, we can take care of him," Anne said.

And the upshot of the matter was that we did for three weeks, and, during a portion of that time, we had a terribly sick man on our hands; but Marsh's skill and Anne's nursing carried him through.

"Just the most wonderful girl that ever lived," Marsh used to say, as doggedly as if her uncle or I were ready to contradict him, instead of listening with open delight to his praise of her, "and she's the best. I wonder how you happened to have such a niece, Nathan Joyce; and it's a pity for her to be wasted on David Granger, though he's as near worthy of her as any chap I know."

I knew I meant the last part of his remark to be true; and, if as deep earnest love as any man ever gave woman could count, I had that to plead in my favor. I was twentyeight and Anne nearly twentythree; I had been living in the house about two years, and for the last six months we had been engaged.

I had known her when I was a boy and she a tiny girl, then my father moved out West, and I grew up to hard work—with a chance, though, to get a tolerable ordinary education; and I used to think even then that, if ever I lived to marry, my wife should be Anne Joyce—either she or none at all.

It did not look probable, at one time, that we should ever be brought together. I was back in the neighborhood on a visit, when I was a little short of twenty, but too horribly bashful to look Anne square in the face. Then the uncle I was visiting quarreled with me and my father about some property the two owned together and which we had come on to settle. So we went home; I had harder work—a great deal fell on me, for a young man to bear. Father lost his health, his second wife was a poor creature, crops failed,

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other ill-luck of various sorts followed, and any hope of a competency and Anne Joyce looked far enough away. I was nearly twentysix; my father and his wife were both dead; father's investments and speculations had turned out so poorly, that the last of the land and the store had to go to settle his debts; and I was casting about in what quarter of the great country I should not seek—I never was visionary—but begin the building of my fortune.

Just then, very unexpected news came to me: my bachelor-uncle in Pennsylvania had died after a short illness, and, on his deathbed, I suppose things looked different to him from what they had done when he unjustly quarreled with father and took advantage of a quibble in the law to hold fast to what was ours. Neither father nor I had troubled our lives by bitter feelings toward him. I was glad of it now, for he had made me the heir to all his property—and it was considerable: two good farms and a fine tract of timberland with a steam saw-mill on it.

Of course, I went back; and, as my farm was next to Mr. Joyce's, we entered into partnership, beginning with the timberland and saw-mill, and finally ending by making a joint concern of most of our respective property, though we kept free from the stock-company people advised us to start; for we had coal as well as timber on our tract.

Anne kept house for her uncle, and I lived with them. There was a good deal to do, but he always had a capable woman in the kitchen and a hired-man entirely at Anne's disposal; and, as she had more executive ability than most men, she always found leisure for books and the cultivation of her mind. Anne had money of her own; there was an excellent school in a flourishing town about twenty miles off, where she had spent several years; she had also traveled a good deal, and often went to Philadelphia and New York to visit school-friends. Since those days, I have seen a good deal of the world; but I have never met a more thorough lady—nor a prettier one, for that matter.

I was a slow fellow—average abilities, but no show—not overmuch of a reader then, though I tried to follow Anne's lead as well as my tastes and busy life would allow; for I had to work hard, because Mr. Joyce was getting elderly, and we had, take it by and large, a pretty extensive business on our hands.

It was a wonder Anne ever learned to care for me. I was still silent and shy, though of course not so bad as at nineteen; but I loved her so truly—that was my only claim. Heart and soul, I had no thought or feeling that did not belong to Anne; and, I suppose, when a girl is as good as she is clear-headed, such a love counts. Anyhow, though there were men in the county far above me in looks, brains, and position, any one of whom she could have had, Anne took me: and, when autumn should get round again, we were to be married.

I am no hand at telling a story. I can only just put in plain language the things that happened, and I have explained enough to let you know who we were and how we lived when, on that March afternoon, fate brought Walter Denby across my path. That was his real name, he told us when he got well enough to talk about himself, doing it with a careless frankness which bore the stamp of truth, though, for that matter, he could have made you believe black was white, I think, with that tongue of his and those splendid eyes.

But about his name. When he got so ill, we looked among the papers in his coat-pockets for some clue. There was nothing to give the slightest; only some notes and other papers addressed to Taunton Trent, and the same name on a playbill among the list of actors. There had been a theatrical company at Bunker, thirty miles off, a short time before. This was one of their announcements.

We concluded, of course, that our sick man was Trent, and so it proved. He had been traveling with the company for several months under that name. From his own account, he had led a very reckless life, and, though he was only twentyfive, he had seen more and gone through more than many a man double his age. He had been brought up by his maternal grandfather, a rich New York banker; petted and indulged in a way that might easily have ruined a stronger and more stable character than his. He was ready to enter college at sixteen, had been expelled in his second year, sent to Europe, and had gone from one scrape and excess to another. He had money of his own which he ran through, and the old grandfather's love and patience held out for a long time.

The autumn before this March afternoon when he was flung in on us, his grandfather and he had a terrible quarrel. The old man paid his debts, but vowed that it was for the last time. Besides, there should be no more racing or gambling and drinking, and Denby was to take a position in the bank and learn to earn his own living and how to take care of the money that might one day be his if he behaved himself.

"It appeared rather late for such stringent measures," the young fellow said, with his reck-

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less laugh, that somehow fascinated you; "but the grandparent was flinty-hearted and—and—well, some other people were too, but no matter."

"You agreed to his offer?" I asked.

"Yes, I had a natural knack for bookkeeping. Of course, it wasn't pleasant, but—now comes the black part," he added, quickly, after a pause. "It does me good to talk: maybe you won't believe me, but Miss Joyce will—it's true!"

"We shall both believe you," Anne said, softly, with a quick warning glance at me; for he was very weak still, and must be humored and very gently treated, Marsh said.

"Well," he began again, "I shall feel easier when it's told. You've both been very good to me. I suppose I'm an ungrateful dog, but I do appreciate what you have done."

"The thing at present is to get well," said I. "Never mind the rest."

"I don't," he rejoined, laughing again. "I doubt if you did anybody a good turn in saving me—but here I am! Well, that trouble. I kept pretty steadily to business, for me, then the crash came. There—there was money missing—accounts doctored. It lay between me and Mr. Jordan, a man of fifty—steady, respectable, had been there over thirty years. The directors believed in him, so did the grandfather. That's all. They hushed it up for his sake. Well, I was turned adrift—there!"

He looked first at Anne, then at me.

"We do both believe you," she answered, with her heavenly smile.

He could talk no more then; even in health he must have been a highly excitable creature, and his nerves were terribly broken by this illness, following on long months of dissipation. For that was what they had been. He did not attempt to disguise the fact, neither penitent nor boastful, just reckless.

He had not much money when he started out; he said he meant to go on to the Pacific States, but what he intended to do there I think he had no idea, and I am sure he did not care. In some town where he stopped, he came across the theatrical company. He had played a great deal as an amateur, and he got an opening here, as the leading young man of the troupe had fallen ill.

He wandered about with these people all winter; toward spring, they came eastward; business got worse and worse, and the stories he told of their adventures and hardships made you want to laugh and cry at once. By the time they reached Bunker, things were very bad: the houses were poor, the treasurer ran away with the week's receipts, the properties were seized, and the company broke up. Denby took to his usual resource in time of trouble. He sold his watch and went on a grand spree, which of course lasted as long as his money, or what was left of it after dividing with his companions. For it came out incidentally that he had shared with them, and you could easily believe that impulsive ill-directed generosity would belong to his character. When he left Bunker, he could not remember—he found himself over in Weston, twelve miles from our Corners. He had not a cent, and had to pawn his sleeve-buttons and great-coat to keep from being arrested at the hotel as a swindler. He wanted to get back to Bunker, where he had left a trunk with some clothing in it, and had to begin the journey on foot. The shortest route led him into our neighborhood, and so it came about that, weak, hungry, dazed still with drink, already ill from his terrible cold, his last strength suddenly gave out, and he fell senseless in the road, where we found him.

When he was able to sit up, I had to go away up to the furthest end of our timber-tract, and was delayed there two weeks. Uncle Joyce could manage well enough by himself, and, being a slow man, it did not occur to me to feel any annoyance at leaving that handsome brilliant young fellow in the house—doubly interesting to any woman just then, for women are always tender of a man who has been ill, and full of pity for a scapegrace, as well as beset by the idea that it is their mission to reform them.

But, being a slow man, I was not troubled with a jealous disposition, and, if I had been as much afflicted with the disease as Shakespeare's Moor, I could not have doubted Anne—I could have believed my own eyes and ears liars easier than that.

When I got back, Denby was up and able to go about, beginning to talk of going away—how or where, heaven knew, not he nor I, though he built a thousand air-castles in an hour, and to listen to his descriptions of them was enchanting.

"He beats any story-book ever Anne read to me," Uncle Joyce said, as we three sat talking after our guest had gone to bed, on the night of my return. Uncle Joyce was one of the most phlegmatic unimpressionable men you could find, but this brilliant-eyed silver-tongued stranger had roused him into enthusiasm. "You can't help being fond of the boy," he continued; "he's flighty—got no fifth wheel—but you can't blame him for what nature didn't give; you don't expect a butterfly to be a buffalo. And it's my belief his heart is good at bottom."

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I did not believe Denby a rascal, but I gave him no credit for any real feeling—he was just a butterfly. However, being a slow man, I seldom said anything about a person if I could say nothing good; and, anyway, as soon as Mr. Joyce ended, Anne observed:

"David, uncle and I have an idea. Your books are in a sad state; neither you nor I have time to right them up. Suppose you ask Mr. Denby to put them in order. Pay him a fair price, and do yourself and him a service."

I was ready enough; I had meant to advance him money to go away, as soon as he decided on a direction. Anne's plan was, of course, the best. She spoke of it to him the next morning, and he accepted enthusiastically; but I had seen enough of him to know that he might tire of the matter before his first day's work was done.

He seemed very content—the quiet, for a time no doubt, pleased him, as he was not strong yet. There were plenty of books; and we had sent for his trunk, so that he was amply provided with clothes. Well, except at times, he appeared to forget both past and future—just to live in the present glint of sunshine, exactly as a butterfly would.

Uncle Joyce's sister, who lived near Binghamton, in York State, had visited us in the winter, and now she came back after a tour among relations in an adjacent county. It had been a promise that Uncle Joyce should go home with her; and, after a few days' stay with us, she started, taking him with her. Of course, it was necessary that Anne should have some lady in the house; so old Mrs. Trenchard, the widow of our former clergyman, agreed to stop, and she was as cheerful and bright as a brown thrush, in spite of her being harder of hearing than was convenient.

I attended to my work, Denby did very well by the books, and in the evening he read aloud to Anne and me, or recited or told stories so amusing that our laughter roused Mrs. Trenchard from the comfortable doze in which she indulged while the reading went on.

Bright, sunny, pleasant days. I could not help being fascinated by Walter Denby when I was with him, but I did not like the man. I am sure he thought me very stupid, though we got on well enough. I wished him gone. I had no special reason; I was not uneasy, never for an instant, but I wished him gone.

Uncle Joyce had been absent a week when I got news that a fire had started in a timber-track near ours—I must go at once. Denby proposed accompanying me; but Doctor Marsh, who happened in while we were talking, flatly forbade it.

"It would probably cost you your life," he said; "and, if you want to commit suicide, there are plenty of ways that would be less troublesome to yourself and other people."

Of course, that settled the matter; and, at daybreak the next morning, I set off alone on horseback toward the mountain. Anne was up to give me my breakfast; I remembered afterward that I had never seen her show such trouble at my departure.

"You will hurry back?" she said. "You must hurry back—promise!"

"Would I be likely to stop half a minute longer than is absolutely necessary?" I asked.

"No, my blessed old David!" she exclaimed. And then she did what she had never done before—put both her arms round my neck and kissed me on my lips and eyes.

It was a long ride—a cold one, too, for the sun did not shine and the wind blew full and strong in my face; but the journey up that mountain-road was the pleasantest solitary one I ever took. Slow and prosaic as I was, I dreamed, that day, like a poet.

It was pretty well on to night when I reached my destination. The news that waited me was not so bad as the men had feared it would be when they sent. The wind had changed, and our tract was in little danger, though precautions had to be taken, and, of course, I turned out with my whole force to help our neighbors. The second day, a tremendous rainstorm set in, and, between that and our efforts, the fire was effectually put out.

I was detained, though, for awhile: the foreman of my gang got a hurt, and I could not leave until he was better. Altogether, the week went by before I could start back. I had sent a letter to Anne by a messenger, and received one from her—everything was going well at home. Since I was up in the hills, I might as well get matters in such a state that I would not be obliged to go again for some time, Anne wrote—and it was sensible advice, as hers always was.

Late in the afternoon of the tenth day, I got once more in sight of the dear old home. Tim was nowhere about, so I tied my horse and hurried in through the kitchen. I could hear Nancy singing at her work in the dairy. Neither Anne nor Mrs. Trenchard was in the dining-room. I crossed the hall, thinking that they must be in the parlor or the snuggery back of it; but both were empty.

"Anne!" I called. There was no answer.

The house seemed strangely still—I mean, the stillness struck me as unnatural: just as you feel when somebody lies dead under your roof.

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Of course, it was the quickest flash of an idea—I did not wait there an instant; but the sensation somehow gave me a chill, as if a cold wind had suddenly blown over me.

"Anne!" I called again, then ran down a side-passage that led to the kitchen. I dashed into the dairy and frightened that nervous Nancy, who dropped two milk-pans with an awful crash, gave a scream still louder, and sat flat down on the floor.

"Land's sake!" she groaned. "What'll happen next?"

"Where's Miss Anne?" I asked.

"It's lucky them pans was empty," moaned Nancy. "I wonder you can scare me like that, Mr. David. You know I'm hysteriky—my mother was afore me, and I ain't to blame."

"I'm sorry," said I; "but there's no harm done. Where's Miss Anne? Did she go to the village? I'll walk and meet her."

"I reckon you'll walk further than that, to do it," rejoined Nancy, getting on her feet and looking as injured as if I had done her some grievous bodily and mental harm.

"What on earth do you mean, Nancy Taine?" I demanded; not cross, not angry, that queer chill coming over me again.

"She went to Philadelphia, this mornin'—won't be back till to-morrow night. We didn't expect you till Saturday," Nancy replied, sulkily, picking up her milk-pans. In an emergency, it was always a chance whether she would take refuge in a fit of sulks or hysterics. "I guess she got a letter from that friend of hers—anyhow, she made up her mind all of a suddint. I do hate suddint things myself. And then Miss Trenchard—she must needs go off to the Corners, to see old Ma Creighton, and me not a soul to speak to except the cat!"

It was only a journey of five hours to the city. Anne always went twice a year to visit her old schoolmate, Miss Elder, and not unfrequently ran down to make purchases. Of course, this had taken her now; but it was terribly disappointing to get home, expecting to meet her, and find her gone.

"She said she would be back to-morrow?" I asked, turning to leave the dairy: I did not care to let Nancy's inquisitive eyes study my face.

"I guess she did," snapped Nancy; "but I'm that upsot with suddintness and happenin's, that I ain't sure of nothin'."

"Where is Mr. Denby?" I inquired.

"Don't I tell you he's gone too? He'd been over to the Corners, and in he flopped like as if he was possessed, and off he went, bag and baggage, and never a word to give a body no idee of what it was all about!" cried Nancy.

"Did he leave before Miss Anne?" I inquired.

"No; didn't go till noon. Tim drove him over to the train."

"What did he say?"

"Never said nothin', I tell you—more suddintness and upsettin'!" she grumbled. "Miss Anne off in the mornin' like a blue-jay, and he a-streakin' it at noon—I wonder I ain't in bed with neuroligy. that's all."

I went back through the passage and upstairs. On the table in my chamber lay a letter. I opened the envelope and found these lines scrawled, evidently in great haste:

"You will have heard it all before you read this. You would only be angry if I tried to thank you for your kindness to the unfortunate tramp—for that s what I was when you took me in. If there were any repayment I could make—any satisfaction— But I can't write—my head is in a whirl—it has all been so sudden—you will understand. I don't presume to speak to you of taking money; but I shall send you a check for the doctor and all other expenses. There's Tim with the wagon— Anne sent—" Then came a great blot that made the rest of the line indecipherable, below was only his signature.

Nothing so incomprehensible had ever come in my way; and, indeed, if I had been a quick-witted man instead of a dull one, I could have made nothing of the matter. My thoughts went back to Anne and the disappointment of finding her gone; but she would be home the next day. I heard my horse neigh, and remembered that he must be hungry and tired. I went downstairs again. Nancy was sweeping the kitchen, making a great dust and looking like a thunder-cloud.

"Isn't Tim at home?" I asked.

"Not he—said he must go over to the grist-mill: it's jest my luck to ha' ben here alone when I'm narvy," grumbled Nancy.

I reminded her that I wished my supper; went out and attended to the wants of my poor beast, then, by the time I had bathed and changed my soiled clothes, Mrs. Trenchard returned, and very soon Nancy summoned us to the dining-room.

The old lady informed me that Anne had been speaking several times of going to Philadelphia, and, when she found I did not propose to return till Saturday, decided to take advantage of the opportunity. She was as much surprised as I at Denby's departure, and indulged in so many improbable conjectures that, in my absorbed

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mood, they annoyed me, so I left her early and went to my own room.

I could not read, nor could I sleep after I went to bed. I concluded that the overwork of the past days must have tired me, though work never had; then I laughed at myself and asked David if he were getting "narvy," like poor Nancy. I reflected that it was unreasonable of me to be so disappointed—Anne's taking the time of my absence for her little trip was a part of her usual thoughtfulness; she was always the dearest and best of women, and I called up her image till her tender smile and her soft eyes lulled me to rest.

I was up early the next morning—what a long day it seemed. Anne, of course, would not get back till evening—she would want the forenoon for her purchases and to visit with Miss Elder. I drove over to the station to meet the half-past six train. She did not come.

The next express would not pass till eleven o'clock. As I had received no telegram, I knew she would return by that, having probably found herself unable to finish her business in time for the other. I concluded to wait, instead of tiring Toby by doing the up-hill three-mile journey unnecessarily, and got through the evening as best I could.

By a little after ten, I was at the station again. A message arrived—the express had been delayed—would not be in till near midnight. The hour came at last, so did the belated train; but Anne was not among the passengers. I drove home, eager to get the telegram which I knew would be waiting for me. As Tim limped out to open the gate, I asked:

"What time did the dispatch get here?"

"There ain't no dispatch," Tim answered. "Where's Miss Anne?"

"She did not come," I said, and went into the house.

Mrs. Trenchard and Nancy had gone to bed—I was glad not to be questioned. I knew that, of course, Anne had telegraphed; the message had been delayed; I should get it in the morning, which I thought would never come. It did, though, but brought no dispatch. I waited till after breakfast, then I rode to the station; the nearest telegraph-office was there.

No message had come for me. I sent at once a telegram to Anne, addressed to the care of Miss Elder. I would not allow myself to be uneasy; at least, I told myself there was no reason why I should be. As I had prepaid the answer, I knew I should receive it soon, so I waited. I waited till eleven o'clock—nearly twelve—then it came. It was from Miss Elder, and it said: "Anne is not here. When am I to expect her?"

The express would not be in till toward one. I galloped home. I did not think—I could not. I seemed to be racing mentally as fast as I galloped Toby, but to no goal—I did not think. I managed to appear quiet enough. I told the women that Miss Joyce was detained, and I meant to join her. I went up to my room and packed a valise. Denby's letter lay in a drawer which I opened; I took it out and read it again—it looked different now. The hieroglyphs seemed to have found a key, but full of a significance that had no possibility.

I started for Philadelphia by the next train. I tell you I did not think. Something had happened to Anne—some accident. If I ventured to dwell on the idea, I should go mad. A conductor with whom I was acquainted passed through the car.

"I thought you ran the New York train," I said.

"Changed yesterday," he replied. "By the way, my very last trip on that road, I took Miss Joyce. Tell you what, you'd better look sharp—that was a mighty handsome fellow joined her."

I think I had one of the few crazy impulses of my life come over me—I was ready to knock him down; then he was gone. Half an hour later, we reached the Junction where the passengers could change to the New York train.

We had to wait here some time. I picked up a copy of the "New York Herald" several days old. My eye fell on the "Personal" column, and, with suddenly-roused ability of comprehension, I read these words: "Walter Denby—Everything explained. Return at once. M. E."

Now I understood Denby's incoherent letter. He must have seen the paper at the Corners, after Anne had gone, and had started off at once. I remember thinking how lucky it was that I had left quite a sum of money for him when I went away, so that he had not been delayed for even an hour after reading that welcome news. Then the train came up and I was on board.

Was it five minutes or an hour later that I found myself wondering dazedly what connection my thoughts were trying to trace between this "Personal," Denby's departure, and the conductor's bewildering information in regard to Anne?

It was evening when I reached the city. What did I want? What did I mean to do? I tried to think of the name of Denby's grandfather—I could not: of his bank—that was gone, too. I went mechanically to a hotel, took a room, then

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wandered about the streets nearly the entire night. At daybreak, I was up and out again; I walked; I examined the bank-list in the directory. If I could see the name, I might recognize it. No!

It was noon. I had not eaten a morsel or closed my eyes. Take food I must. I went into a restaurant in Broadway and ordered my breakfast; I know I ate; I dared not fall ill. I found myself in Bond Street, I don't know how—glanced up—there before me was the bank I wanted!

In I rushed. I asked a clerk at the first counter for the president. I could remember that he was Denby's grandfather.

"The president—Mr. Edmunds?" the gentleman asked.

"That's the name," I exclaimed.

Then I saw him staring at me. I realized what a tumbled soiled wretch I must look.

"I want to see him!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Edmunds is out of town," he said; "I don't know where."

"I want his grandson. Has he been here—Walter Denby?" I gasped.

"I don't know him," said the clerk.

"Ask—inquire—"

But I could get no further. I was made to leave the place. I heard one man say to another:

"Likely spot for a chap like that to come for Walter Denby."

The next thing I recollect, I was back in the hotel. One fact started up in my mind: That "personal" had been a scheme of Walter Denby's, to serve some purpose of his own. What purpose? Anne was gone—had disappeared a few hours before him; had been joined on the train by a man, young, handsome—

What was I trying to think? Nothing—I was going crazy! Anne gone with him, deluded by his smooth tongue, his beautiful eyes? Anne married to him? Impossible! Then, in a dazed way, I was hearing some voice explain:

"Women always pity scapegraces. He knew she had money; he made her believe his grandfather had found out the truth and was hunting for him. He should be rich again; she would be his wife. Ah, think of the wide bright future. Could she stay on that dull old farm, to be tied to a duller—"

I struck aimlessly at the air. Was somebody whispering? Was I going mad? I must get home—maybe then I could think, tell what to do: I must get home.

It was midnight—I don't know where the time had gone. I crossed to Jersey City; at daybreak, a slow train would leave. I took it; we missed the express at the Junction; another slow train carried me on.

It was the middle of the afternoon when I reached our station and started on the road homeward. Half a mile from the house, I turned into a field-path to shorten the route.

On I trudged; the chimneys of the old house were in sight through the trees of the grove that slanted down the hill; other objects, also—two figures standing on a mossy knoll.

Two figures, their backs toward me; one was Walter Denby, the other Anne, in the very blue dress I had chosen for her a few weeks before. Here—they? And, when he lay across my path that March day, I had not driven horse and sled over his body and trampled the life out of his vile carcass!

But no—Anne was mine, mine; she could not come to flaunt happiness and treachery in my sight.

"Anne, Anne, it isn't true!" I tried to call. My voice was so hoarse and weak, it did not reach the pair on the knoll; but it was answered by a glad cry close at my side:

"David! David! where have you been?" And Anne—my Anne—was in my arms.

Then the figures turned; the lady had Anne's height, carriage, and a dress of her favorite color, but, handsome as she was, not my Anne's heavenly face.

"Who is that?" I asked, stupidly.

"Miss Elthorpe," Anne replied. "I went for her. I did not go to Philadelphia. I knew all poor Denby's story—he had been engaged to her. It was her loss that made him so desperate. I couldn't sit still any longer: I felt that something must be done to save him—"

"So like my Anne!"

"She lives in New Jersey. I took the train at the Junction. Oh, by the way: that Mr. Crosby who was here last summer was on board—it was so pleasant to have company. Well, here's the whole story in a few words," said Anne, laying her fingers on my lips: "She was very glad to see me. She had never believed that Walter committed the forgery. She had written that she would trust him still, if he tried to reform. But he was gone—had changed his name. Of course, she could get no trace. She was to come back with me, the next day—we were detained; I telegraphed. Oh, David, my telegram only got here yesterday."

"And Denby?"

"Just after I had gone, saw his grandfather's advertisement in the 'Herald,' and started off, leaving letters for you and me. It is all settled—the old gentleman went with him to Miss

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Elthorpe's; but she had come home with me, so Walter hurried back. They have stayed with me till you should let me hear. I have been so terribly anxious—sent to people whom you know in Philadelphia; but nobody had seen you. If you had not come to-day, we should have gone in search of you."

It was all clear; the two standing on the knoll walked forward and joined us, Denby calling gayly:

"There you are at last. Well, I've seldom been so glad to see anybody's face. A precious fright you gave us by your mysterious disappearance. If it had been I who had behaved so, nobody would have been surprised—"

"Certainly not," the lady beside him interrupted, in a laughing parenthesis.

"Margaret, this is David—this is Mr. Granger," Anne said, quickly.

"I had divined as much, dull as I am," the lady answered, holding out her hand to me. "Mr. Granger, I am very, very glad to see you. It is such a comfort to know that you are the best man in the world: for you have won the best woman that ever lived."

"Thanks, Margaret, where you and I are both concerned," Denby cried. "You are complimentary to the pair of us. What you've said, though, is perfectly true."

Anne joined in their jesting remarks, and I stood silent, holding her hand in a close firm grasp; for the touch of her warm fingers seemed to steady my poor head, still dizzy from the sudden revulsion of feeling which had turned the night of my half-insanity into glorious day.

I was roused from my sort of happy trance by Anne's freeing her hand and putting it on my shoulder.

"Don't you hear what Miss Elthorpe is asking?" she demanded, giving me a playful little shake.

"Not he," cried Denby. "He can neither see nor hear anybody except you, Miss Joyce."

"I know Miss Elthorpe will excuse my being stupid," I managed to say.

"You mean 'tired,'" Anne rejoined. "I will go back to the house with you."

"And Margaret and I will finish our walk, and get home by the time the wanderer is rested," Denby said. "But wait—Granger, you must congratulate me."

"I do, with all my heart," I answered.

As I looked at the girl by Walter Denby's side, I knew that he had his good-angel close at hand. Anne said he would prove worthy. Well, he has. A butterfly, and always will be; but his wife has sense for two. They often visit us—Uncle Joyce, Anne, and me—at the old home, and sometimes we go to them; but I am a plain man and never quite at my ease or even my poor best anywhere except under the roof that my precious Anne makes brighter and dearer every year.

"ATONEMENT."

BY A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

You kissed me, sir, upon my cheek.
  I vow that you shall rue it.
'Tis well that I should plainly speak;
  You had no right to do it.
You took me, too, quite unawares
  And without preparation.
I think when man a kiss ensnares,
  Should make full reparation.

I stole a kiss, 'tis true; and hence,
  Against my wish, offended.
How can you coldly take offense
  When I no wrong intended?
You know in love there's many slips
  That should not be detected.
This time I'll kiss those pouting lips,
  Since they've been so neglected.

SONG.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.

If I had known—
But ah, I dreamed I had a heart of stone.
I laughed it down. I said: "Thou shalt not wake;
'Tis a poor heart that learns to sigh and ache!"
But now, ah me, its conqueror hath come,
And I am dumb.

How could I know
That I should love him when he came to go?
How could I guess the heart that laughed to scorn
So many a love, should one day wake forlorn?
Ah, my poor heart, thy pride must bend at last;
Its day is past!

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MISS ESTHER'S OAK-TREE.

BY MRS. IRENE FOSTER.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Esther's oak-tree—so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim cool recess in the woods on a summer day. Miss Esther loved it, and, except for her gay young ward, it would seem as if she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there, of the still moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure: pleasure, because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her. What had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him; perhaps he had never really loved her at all; and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year, she watched the tender green of the oak thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year, she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions. It was a poem, to her; and yet, after all, it was only Miss Esther's oak-tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner.

Mrs. Earle, the purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Esther had taken the situation. When Mrs. Earle died, she devised that Miss Esther should make a home with Ina—be mother, sister, and teacher, all in one, to her child—till she should marry; in short, stand in the gap. Miss Esther had been used to standing in gaps all her life; this was nothing new. And it was a home—her own home—where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked, at twilight, beneath the old oak, its leaves seemed to whisper: "Just here he kissed you first, and there you said good-bye." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Vaughn, tapping its trunk with his cane, as he walked by; "hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Esther."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined: "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"Never, while I live, Captain Vaughn."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than anyone in town; that I can buy every tree in the place, and uproot it if I choose."

"Then it is only from pure good-nature that you ask my consent to cut down this old tree? Do you know that I have loved it from a child, and my grandfather planted it—"

"I know that Miss Ina owns the whole estate; and I know that this bone of contention—this tree—obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Esther: it blots out all sight of the sea."

And he passed proudly on up the long green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby.

Miss Esther looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvety lawn, and smiled. Why had Captain Vaughn chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all, at his time of life, with no family to inherit and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, in the spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with. Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart, Miss Esther never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Paul Anson had sailed together in the "Water-Sprite." How angry he had been then, how jealous of Paul! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's-blood to recall the words, when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But, of course, he had forgotten all that—the raving of an untamed nature. He was only second-mate then, with no property; to-day, he was Captain Vaughn, with the world at his feet—the richest man in town, perhaps. "You might have been mistress up there, Miss Esther," he had reminded her, one day, pausing at her gate-

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way after the house was done; "but you took your choice—you took your choice. And," laughing, "they tell us that 'beggars shouldn't be choosers.'"

From the very first, Captain Vaughn had raised a hue and cry about the old tree. It seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her—as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself.

"I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes, every morning, on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor."

"Captain Vaughn," she said, "you have my word, once for all: the tree shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but deeds," he answered. And a wicked angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before.

The subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought. "He makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Esther did not do the captain justice. One evening, as she returned from a neighbor's, it gave her a curious shock to see her ward, Ina Earle, talking to Captain Vaughn, over the hedge which separated the grounds.

"See, dear Miss Esther," she cried, "see what a basket of roses Captain Vaughn has brought us! And might I go up to 'The Towers,' to-morrow, with Mrs. Buff, to see the pretty flowers?"

Miss Esther could hardly refuse. Why should she? And Ina returned, in ecstasy with the mediæval furniture, the Persian draperies, the carpets like woodland-moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of tawny lions.

"It is just lovely," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited, to come back. Why did you let me go? And the oak-tree does interfere with his view, more or less. But what of that? He has everything else. He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle-horse. Captain Vaughn promised to lend me one."

And, day after day, he brought his horses around for Ina to try, or left flowers and fruit—or, perhaps, gathered the young people together and gave a fête under his trees; and, sometimes, Miss Esther was obliged to chaperone Ina, and sit, a faded "wallflower," in the house of her old suitor.

"I wonder why Captain Vaughn never married," said Ina, after one of these gatherings. "I wonder how it seems, to be so rich—to have no worry about money, to—"

"Ina," warned Miss Esther, "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousandfold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice; but, if you must go without everything else, then give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Splendor and money lose their charm when you are used to them, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Esther's words were wasted.

"I want money," Ina confessed, "I adore clothes; I don't know about love."

In spite of all that happened, Miss Esther was quite unprepared when Ina said to her: "I've something to tell you. I am going to marry Captain Vaughn, and wear silks, jewels, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Esther.

"Then it's the best joke in the world."

"You are going to marry Captain Vaughn? Do you know that he is old enough—"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Ina?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Ina, don't do it. I can't allow it. The idea of your marrying him! It is too preposterous—too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of mine," pursued Miss Esther, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him, and save me the trouble?" asked Ina. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You loved somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Ina. I had another lover—Paul Anson. He and Captain Vaughn sailed together in the 'Water-Sprite,' and, when Captain Vaughn returned, he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Paul, but never a word more."

"You poor dear, you shall dress in satin and thread-lace. We shall live in the lap of luxury, and I'll send word to Paul. How oddly things turn out. Fancy my marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Ina, I beg you not to—"

"Not to marry Captain Vaughn just because I'm not in love? You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment?"

Captain Vaughn and Ina were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old oak-tree, which made pretty dancing shadows

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on the wall. It was a most informal affair; and, when it was over and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was tying on her traveling-hat, Miss Esther stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were workmen doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Esther," said Captain Vaughn. "I am going to celebrate my wedding-day. Ina has made me a wedding-gift of the old oak-tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at The Towers, while we look out at the 'dreary winter sea.' Miss Esther, when you thwart a Vaughn, you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Ina for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refused to marry me, I swore I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Esther turned toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and, when a strange blur had cleared away from before her eyes, Captain Vaughn lay dead beneath a great bough of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Ina, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with the executor, and we found this letter. It's from Paul Anson. You might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"Dear Vaughn"—Miss Esther read—"here I am, miles from home, and possessed with a longing to hear from the old place again. Sometimes I fancy I am home again, under the old oak-tree with Esther, still young. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years gone, my bald head, and her double-dealing, I cannot but think of her. I have never seen a happy day since you told me that you were going to marry Esther. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then swore we would neither of us marry such a heartless jilt. How are you doing, and what has happened to her? Has she fooled any more true lovers? Write me about her and if the old oak, where I kissed her first, is still standing. Our love is dead, but the tree is alive. No, love is not dead; I cannot stay it; it smolders and torments. PAUL ANSON."

"Miss Esther," said Ina, when Esther had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done, and I mean to right it. I mean to send word to Paul Anson and tell him what an angel you are. I shall share my money with you and Paul. I don't care for splendor any longer. I have found out, Miss Esther, that love is best."

The following spring, Paul Anson came home. There was a quiet wedding in the little parlor, and, after the clergyman had departed, Paul and Esther walked out under the "old oak-tree." And there we will leave them in the still moonlight under its shadow.

CUPID'S FROSTWORK.

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

JENNIE, dear, do you remember
Etching on the window-pane?
First we tried the leaden pencil
O'er and o'er, and o'er again:
Then a diamond cut the crystal,
Till your name and mine were there;
Wounded hearts pierced thro' with arrows,
Cut upon the crystal fair.

Yesternight was clear and frosty,
And upon the glass to-day,
Marred by my ungainly drawings,
Love has had his frostwork play:
Hearts and hands are there united,
Never rent, or torn, or sore;
There our names in frostwork blended,
Both in one forevermore!

ADIEU.

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

ADIEU! nor for my griefs will I recall
One golden dream for mortals blest,
On me the shadows lengthening fall,
On thee the sunshine lightly rest.

And tho' through all the silent years,
Love—like some plant on arid plain,
Be watered only by my tears—
'Twill sweeten yet life's bitter pain.

No dew that lone flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given;
But it will bloom and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of heaven!

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THE KENNAIRDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DINNER is served, madam."

Berks, the butler, who had tapped twice at the door before Mrs. Kennaird answered, found her seated alone in the gathering twilight, and, supposing she was asleep, was not a little startled at such a departure from her usual methodical habit. Her face, too, when he stirred the fire, had a strangely pinched old look.

"Beg pardon. Are you quite well, madam?"

"Quite well, Berks." She held, however, to the chair to help her rise, and walked unsteadily to the door. "Dinner, did you say? I will be there in a moment."

Berks stopped, looking after her and shaking his head. He had a dull idea that the soup would be cold and that Mrs. Kennaird was ill.

"It might be a fever of some sort comin' on," he meditated on his way back. "She has a queer look. The foundations of this house would be knocked out if she was took down."

Berks's anxiety was relieved, however, a few minutes later, when his mistress entered the dining-room, calm, smiling, and carefully dressed as usual. Anna was without, on the verandah, and watched her through the curtains which hung over the low French windows, with a keener anxiety than that of stupid Berks.

Mrs. Kennaird's luxurious taste always insisted on a certain state and ceremony at the dinner-hour. The table was decorated, the room brilliantly lighted. Margery, with Allan and Mr. Cleaver, all in evening-dress, were standing chatting gayly about the fire, waiting for Mrs. Kennaird. She paused as she entered the lofty room, glancing around her. There was a stability in the bright homelike scene, with its touch of splendor, that strengthened her.

This perfect system, the gayety, the happy faces were, after all, the accustomed natural order of things. No black horror could creep in among them. How absurd her terror had been! She went forward to her seat, taking up the bunch of violets that lay there, to fasten on her breast. Allan, as he passed to his chair, laid his hand on her head. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely and motherly, and told her so in a whisper.

"No woman ever understood the art of dress as you do, either," he added, aloud. "I believe you have those soft brown silk gowns woven expressly for you. And that lace coif tied about your head—what other woman ever tied such a knot?"

She nodded, laughed, and threw back some merry reply, glancing from one to the other of her children. There was a certain stately grace in them both which they had borrowed from their mother, and which she observed now, probably for the first time. The luxury and ceremony with which she had surrounded them belonged to them. She could not separate them in her mind from this home. Yet there was one person at least, in the world, who believed they were illegitimate—that they had neither name nor home; for this poor tawdry creature Anna was certainly sincere in her faith in her claims. More than one: for had not her lawyers said they believed her proofs of these claims satisfactory? She glanced round to see if Anna were in the room. That young lady, out in the darkness of the verandah, laughed.

"She is afraid of me at last! She looks like a rabbit chased by a dog. Now is my time to spring at her throat. And yet she is a good soul. I almost hate to worry her to death!"

She pushed back the curtain and paused a moment in the window, with gleaming eyes and parted lips, until every eye in the room turned to her.

Anna's right to a place at the table had always been a doubtful matter. She had been brought to it by the bishop, who chose to make a pet of the girl. But no one forgot—the old servants least of all—that she had come to the house first in the capacity of an upper servant. There was something in the scrupulous respect with which Berks served her that reminded her of the fact.

When the bishop was absent, Allan occupied his seat at the foot of the table. He was walking toward it as Anna entered, and paused, looking at her in startled astonishment. Her usual plain muslin had given place to a heavy silk, very splendid and aggressively gay. Her hair was dressed with flowers. Instead of her

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light little trip, she paced across the floor with the state of a cheap actress essaying the part of a great lady. She came straight to the bishop's chair, and, spreading out her flounces, seated herself in it, glancing composedly at the amazed family, although her lips grew a little white.

"As Papa Kennaird is not here, I shall take his place," she said, calmly. "Berks, I shall trouble you to carve when it is necessary," smiling and nodding up at that functionary, who for once forgot decorum and stared open-mouthed and aghast, the lid of the soup-tureen in his hand.

Allan bowed, coloring a little, and quietly took a seat at the side of the table. Margery shook out her napkin tranquilly.

"I always thought the poor creature deranged," she said, in a low voice, to Mr. Cleaver. "I have often told you so."

"Nonsense, Margaret. A pretty flighty child full of whims," was his reply.

In the meantime, the eyes of the two women at either end of the table met, without a word. Mrs. Kennaird's first impulse of passionate indignation was to order Berks to remove the vile woman from the table and from the house. But the habit of self-control in trifles for many years told now in this supreme emergency. To defy Anna here was to publish the shameful charge to her children, to the servants, to the world. The foul lie must be smothered in secret.

The smiling lips and glittering blue eyes faced her in that brief instant: "What are you going to do?" they said. Anna hoped for an open defiance from her enemy. She had screwed her courage to the sticking-point and could meet it.

"This is your favorite soup, Margaret, my dear," said Mrs. Kennaird, her hand a little unsteady as she served it. "And what is the news this evening from the convention, Mr. Cleaver?"

Anna sank back in her chair of state neglected. The battle was postponed; but she found no sign of cowardice in her opponent. For some reason, she rose from the table less certain of victory than when she sat down; her courage would not carry her into the drawing-room, as she intended, and she crept quietly to her own chamber.

"That young woman's lost her head altogether," said the wrathful Berks to the footman, in the privacy of his pantry. "That's what comes of cherishin' upstarts."

The conversation above-stairs ran in the same channel.

"Is there no way, mamma," said Margaret, "in which you could correct Anna's manners? Her vanity really reaches insolence. The idea of her taking my father's place! 'Papa Kennaird,' indeed!"

"I shall speak to her about it," quietly said poor Mrs. Kennaird. "It certainly was an unwarrantable freedom."

"Freedom?" grumbled Allan. "The girl is intolerably vulgar, mother, and I see no reason why we should be annoyed with her. Unless somebody wants to cherish her as a tender souvenir of my Uncle Bob! The fact is," with a change of tone, "it is my father's fault."

"What do you mean, Allan?" Mrs. Kennaird suddenly rose, agitated and trembling. "Your father has nothing to do with Anna—nothing whatever."

"Well, I don't know, mother," replied Allan, carelessly. "He took a fancy to the girl from the first day she came to the house. In fact, he and Uncle Bob had known her before, in the village where they unearthed her."

"I think you are mistaken," said Mrs. Kennaird, in a sharp voice. The strain on her was growing too heavy; the inward torment began to look out of her placid face. "It was your Uncle Robert who brought her here. She was an utter stranger to your father."

But the annoyance which Allan had borne at the table made him irritable.

"I'm quite positive," he insisted, obstinately, "that my father had known her since her childhood. Very probably, he once knew her mother or father. It is the only way of accounting for his whim of indulging so unreasonably a pert forward creature. It is a vague remembrance, but I am certain he spoke of her beauty as not being equal to that of her mother—either he or Uncle Bob."

Margaret sprang to her feet and threw her arms about her mother. "What is it? She is ill, Allan—don't you see? Bring some wine—"

"I am not ill," Mrs. Kennaird struggled to speak. "Try and think, Allan, who it was that knew her mother."

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Margaret, in astonishment. "What can this girl or her mother possibly matter to you?"

Mr. Cleaver began dimly to perceive that something was amiss, and bridged his Greek nose with his eye-glasses, the better to observe Mrs. Kennaird. She saw him, with an hysteric laugh.

"Nothing, Margery, nothing! Did not Mr. Cleaver tell you just now how much emotion interfered with digestion? I—I don't want my little troubles to disturb anybody."

She hurried from the room.

"I never before in my life have seen mamma nervous," said Margaret, with a sigh of dismay.

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"I am not at all surprised," blustered Allan; "that simpering idiot is enough to upset anybody! There is one thing very certain: When the Boughtons return, next week, she shall not be admitted to the table with them. I do not choose that Miss Boughton shall make a companion of such a woman. Why you and my father have kept her like a pet-poodle, I am at a loss to understand."

"I keep her like a pet-poodle?" repeated Margaret, in amazement, seating herself, to chew the cud of this astounding idea, by her lover, who stroked his blonde beard for the next hour, wondering if the Kennairds had really the immaculate tempers with which he had credited them.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Kennaird was, in ordinary matters, the most reasonable of women. But now a chance hint dropped by Allan had overthrown her lifelong faith in her husband. Hitherto, she had regarded Anna's claim as a trumped-up lie; now it rose before her as the most inexorable terrible truth. Why had she been blind? The bishop had made a pet of Anna: Allan had heard him speak of her mother: ergo, her mother had been his wife.

"And what am I and my children?" she said, stopping, when she had reached her own room, and looking around her. The lamp was lighted. The fire burned cheerily. Her sewing-chair sat close to the table, on which lay her open book. On the other side were her husband's well-worn chair and footstool. Her husband? She had no husband! She was—

She buried her face in her hands, and stood shivering.

On the table still lay the surplice which she had finished with such loving touches to-day. The heap of snowy lawn looked strange and unfamiliar to her. That life of this afternoon was utterly gone forever. Could it have been she who had sat there stitching and singing to herself?

In this temporary madness which had come upon her, all her husband's love, his high character, his purity and truthfulness, went for nothing. He had been pleased with a pretty face, and had shown his pleasure in a silly way, which, to his wife, as rational loving a woman as the majority of women, was sufficient foundation on which to build a lifetime of deceit and crime.

She closed the door and sat down in her accustomed chair. The habit of control was yet strong upon her. She would face the matter and see what could be done. Instead of any such systematic proceeding, she stared into the fire, while the tears dribbled weakly over her cheeks.

After an hour or two, there was a tap at the door, and Margaret entered. Her mother knew the knock, passed her hands over her face, and turned with dry eyes and a smile to meet her. Fortunately, Margaret was not keen-sighted.

"Are you better, mamma? Do you know you were quite nervous? Such an unusual weakness in you! But it was that poor crazy creature Anna's fault. I just stopped a moment to say, mamma, that we must send her away before the wedding. Mr. Cleaver was quite annoyed at the irritating effect her behavior had upon us all. He thinks all those little family-jars very distressing to—to well-bred people. The Cleavers are so calm, so controlled, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"And, as his mother and sister Isabella will stay with us during the wedding, we really cannot have a person of such doubtful manners as Anna here at the time. You understand me, dear?"

"Oh, perfectly, Margery."

"And you quite agree with me?"

"I quite agree with you, my dear. We will send Anna away—if we can."

Miss Kennaird fancied that her mother was wearied, and, stooping, kissed her good-night and left her, charging her affectionately to go to bed at once.

Mrs. Kennaird looked after her, dully. "They do not like family-jars! What would they say to bigamy? To a woman who has been a wife and mother for thirty years driven out into the streets to hide her shame?" She had not thought before of the consequences to Margaret. The full meaning of this matter came slowly to her.

"There is an end to Margery's life! John Cleaver marry an illegitimate girl? Not if she were the child of a king!" Her eyes happened to rest on the surplice. "Joseph will be discharged from the ministry when the truth is known." She opened and folded the sheer white lawn, slowly repeating to herself: "His bishopric let another take! His bishopric let another take!"

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Kennaird did not appear at the breakfast-table, and Anna, as usual, came dawdling in when the meal was over, hence they did not meet.

Allan was the first visitor in his mother's morning-room. He came over from the farm, his boots wet with the night's rain, a train of

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dogs in his wake. His mother heard him shouting and romping with them as he crossed the lawn.

"Allan has good news!" she said, running to the window. There were moments when this nightmare horror vanished, and she was, for a breath, herself again.

The boy jumped in the opened window, leaving the dogs outside, and gave his mother a hearty kiss. She put her hands on his shoulders.

"What is it, Allan?"

"You are a witch! Nothing but a letter from Mr. Boughton, announcing their arrival next Monday. I knew they were coming, but it was very friendly in him to write. Don't you think it was very friendly, under the circumstances? Monsieur Vidal is in the city. He tells me the Boughtons went everywhere in Paris, and even in London that Betty was greatly admired—had hosts of men at her feet, both titled and commoners. But she would none of them!"

Allan's face glowed as he stood leaning against the mantel, looking down at her. "Now, when they come back and her father writes to apprise me of the day of their return, it looks as if I had a chance—eh, mother? Of course, he knows I am a suitor still for Betty. I've made myself pretty clear on that score!"

"You certainly have, Allan," his mother answered, smiling faintly.

"You don't seem as delighted as I expected, mother dear."

"You know I'm very fond of Betty, Allan. But I cannot feel it such an honor for a Kennaird to be accepted by John Boughton."

"N-no. Yet, after Betty's offers abroad, her father will be exacting as to whom she marries here. He always was scrupulous as to family. That was my strongest recommendation, I fancy."

"Your family?" repeated Mrs. Kennaird, with a quick gasp, as though she had been struck. "Yes, yes. That is very natural—that Boughton—"

"Well, mother," continued Allan, after waiting for her to finish, "as I was saying just now, they will be here on Monday, and we ought to be the first to welcome them. What do you say to a dinner-party on Tuesday? Father will be at home then, and—"

"Your father will be at home? On Tuesday?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I had a telegram this morning. He sent it to me, lest you might be startled. Yes, on Tuesday, in time for breakfast."

"I thought I had a month," she muttered. "On Tuesday!"

There was a tap at the door, and Berks entered with a card. Allan took it from the salver.

"'Mr. George P. Kelsey, of Parks & Foreman.' Some of your charitable agents, I suppose. Well, I must be off to work. You'll think over the dinner-party, dear?"

As he went out of the door, she made a quick step after him. She must tell him! He was so strong—he was a man—and this thing was killing her. He could bear it for her.

Then she drew back, pale with sudden shame and self-disgust. No; she would save her children from this ruin somehow. The way would come. If it killed her in the meantime, what did it matter?

Perhaps something more than the heroic self-sacrifice of a mother nerved the little lady as she awaited the lawyer. Some men and women are born with the fighting instinct, and it is merely a matter of circumstances whether they do battle with weapons or with words and discreet silences and all the arsenal of domestic arts. Be that as it may, Mrs. Kennaird's color rose, and her eyes burned, and she was not wholly miserable as she turned to face her enemy.

Mr. George P. Kelsey was a dapper little man, dressed in the extreme of the mode then set by youths of fashion: which somewhat gaudy apparel made his insignificant features, limp whitish beard and hair, and large gray eyes appear more pallid and unmeaning.

He bowed, dropped unbidden on the edge of a chair, and, leaning forward and balancing his hat between his knees, plunged "in medias res" in a sing-song tone, as if reciting a lesson:

"My senior partners—Parks & Foreman, as you are aware—were not able to wait upon you. They have placed the case in my hands."

"That is a pity," said Mrs. Kennaird, calmly. "It is always better that principals should meet at first."

"My principal will meet you," said Mr. Kelsey. He had a habit of snapping his light eyes suddenly, when they seemed to emit sparks like those of a cat. He glanced toward the door, and, at the glance, Anna Frazier entered, and, bowing to him formally, took a seat.

Mrs. Kennaird also seated herself and waited in perfect silence. Mr. Kelsey, finding she did not speak, fidgeted, drew out a paper from his pocket, thrust it in again, and looked helplessly to Miss Frazier.

"I am the principal," said that young lady, with a toss of her head. "Mr. Kelsey represents my lawyers. I can state the case plainly for you, and put my conditions before you.

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Messrs. Parks & Foreman are perfectly satisfied of the legality of my claims," she said, sharply, turning on Kelsey.

"Oh, perfectly—perfectly!" The young man was so embarrassed, that he almost gasped out the words.

"I propose, then, to make them public next week. I shall tell my story to your son and daughter, and shall have a full account of it published in the city-papers. You know whether they would relish such a bit of gossip of a church-dignitary or not. You know," leaning forward and fixing her shining round eyes on Mrs. Kennaird, "you know how the Cleaver family will receive the news, and what effect it will have on the reverend bridegroom." She paused a little, as if to enjoy the effect of her words, as one sips a delicious draught slowly. "You know how the Boughtons will welcome such a story, and how much it will help Allan's chances. Nobody knows better than you how the church will receive such a report of one of her rulers, and what the result will be."

"I have thought of all these things," said Mrs. Kennaird. Her lips were blue, but her eyes met Anna's and did not flinch. "What will be the result to you?"

For some reason, Miss Frazier was startled by the question, and the answer was hesitating—very different from the glib speech which she had evidently conned.

"I expect my father to acknowledge me and give me my proper place in this house. You, then, can find yours."

Again there was a pause. Mr. Kelsey turned his hat over once or twice, and then muttered something about "your conditions" to Anna.

"Yes—I have an alternative to propose, Mrs. Kennaird. There is a way of escape for you."

Mrs. Kennaird rose involuntarily, her whole body bent forward in strained tension.

"There is a way of escape. I don't want to ruin you or your children. Though," bitterly, "you have snubbed me and taught me my place as though I had been a dog in your household. I'll be frank with you, Mrs. Kennaird," with a sudden change of tone: "I am in love—engaged—and I want to marry and have a home of my own, like other women. I care more for that than for the honor of being recognized as Bishop Kennaird's daughter. You can help me to do this. You are rich—a few thousands will not be missed by you. When you consider that you and your children have occupied my place for years, surely they are due to me. Give them to me, and I will leave this place to-morrow and you shall never hear of me again."

Mrs. Kennaird gave an involuntary deep breath and straightened herself like one from whom a crushing weight is lifted. Then the hot blood rushed over her face up to her gray hair.

"What should I do? I must go from here—Joseph is not my husband."

Kelsey, who had come close up to the two women, crushed his hat in both hands.

"Damnation! The woman's a fool," he muttered.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Kennaird," urged Anna. "that can easily be arranged: a private marriage—the bishop will arrange all that. Only think—to save your children, yourself, your husband. I know you have large sums at your own disposal, in bank. Five thousand—or six," catching a scowling glance from Kelsey.

Mrs. Kennaird put her hand on the key of her desk—unlocked it; inside lay her check-book. She remembered the day when Joseph had settled her dower on her. "Now, Letty, carry on your own whims and your own charity, as every woman should, without a critic."

He had always been as foolishly tender as a woman. Just then, an odd little thing happened: a box in the desk was open, and in it Mrs. Kennaird saw some laces which Joseph had sent her, a day or two before. They had cost, as she well knew, a large part of his salary; and, provoked at his reckless fondness, she had put them away, resolved not to wear them. That a shepherd of the church should waste his money in such folly! But now the sight of the lace and the remembrance of the fond folly produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. She put her hand on it. All his love, the faithful pure bond of thirty years, came before her.

Her momentary madness was past; she turned a sane quiet face on Anna.

"Joseph Kennaird is my husband. I do not believe a word that touches on his honor. You can do your worst."

Anna and her colleague stood silent for a moment.

"I will," she said, curtly, and left the room, followed closely by Kelsey.

CHAPTER XI.

The Boughtons returned two days before they were expected; but Allan had some mysterious prescience of the event, and presented himself before John Boughton had left the dinner-table.

"Come in, Kennaird. Glad to see you—glad to see all old friends. Betty is not down—used up with the journey. Sit down, sit down. Try this California Catawba. Tasted nothing better from any of the cellars of the 'grand nobs.'"

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"I'm glad you are still satisfied with home wine," said Allan. "I remember, it used to be a hobby of yours."

"Yes, sir—home wine and home men and home women. I've returned better satisfied with them all than I ever was. I've seen the inside of courts, and come back to 'dulce, dulce domum.' Try that Hock—that's Cincinnati."

There was a forced strained air of joviality and freedom in his voice and manner, which affected Allan unpleasantly. The friendliness was almost sycophantic.

"How is the bishop? 'His lordship,' we would say in England. No better man wears an apron there than Joseph Kennaird. Good old family, too. I told some of them highflyers over there: 'We've got family, as well as you. There's strains of blood that have come down through generations of gentlemen without title.' I might have mentioned the Kennairds, if I'd thought of them. One never thinks of a good point like that till the next day. What is it, Peter? Oh, is she? Betty is in the library, Kennaird, and wants us to join her. Go on, and I'll finish this bottle."

Allan had no cause to think Betty's cordiality forced. There was no cordiality, no welcome. She met him with a cold little nod, and, when he touched her hand, the fingers were like ice. Her exquisite beauty was a little dimmed, the color less radiant, the eyes not so brilliant; but there was a grave sincerity in the face, new to it—a fine sad meaning that perplexed him.

They talked commonplaces for an hour; then Allan, sick at heart with disappointment, rose, made his adieu formally, and then, on reaching the door, turned.

"I have looked forward to this hour for a year, and now—I wish you had not come."

"What do you mean, Allan?"

"I mean that you loved me, Betty. You never told me so, but I knew it and you knew it. And I mean that that love is over—I am nothing to you."

"Let it be so. You can think so, if you will."

Poor little Betty twisted her fingers together, but stood turning a very obstinate baby-face to him. There was a trembling, presently, in the lips and chin; whereupon Allan, by way of showing that he knew the love to be entirely over, gathered her into his arms and kissed her a hundred times.

"What do you mean, my darling? Why do you put me away from you?"

"Oh, Allan!" sobbed Betty, "haven't you heard? It was in all the evening-papers: the Red-Gulch Mine is swamped or given out—or something. And papa is a-a b-bankrupt, and I'm not worth a penny." With a sudden movement, she freed herself and stood erect. "And I'll not come to you begging for your love, now that I'm a pauper, when I slighted it when I was the daughter of a bonanza-king. I've some little pride, I hope."

"Well, I have none, so I'll come begging for your love, Miss Betty, even though I was slighted. Thank heaven if the Red-Gulch Mine has sunk into the bowels of the earth! It gives us a chance to be happy, like ordinary human beings!"

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Frazier left the house with Mr. Kelsey, to whom, it afterward appeared, she had been married for a week or two.

They returned to the charge the next day, sending in their cards to Mrs. Kennaird as Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey. Allan and Margaret were with her when Berks brought them in.

"It is Miss Frazier, madam," he said. "She appears—to be married."

"Very well, Berks. I will be there in a moment."

"What is the meaning of all this, mother?" said Allan. "What are you trembling for? How is it that this girl torments you?"

"I'll tell you all about it, children, as soon as I have seen her. I've had too many secrets. I'll never have another, nor manage anything or anybody in the future."

She walked to the door, but met Berks again with a letter. It had the Joliet post-mark on it. Even Anna must wait for this. Her sins were finding her out.

It was a large official document: a letter from the warden of the penitentiary, which ran as follows:

"Madam:

No. 196, J. Trotter, who is now serving out a term of ten years' imprisonment, has had a severe attack of pneumonia, and, fearing that it will result in death, has asked me to notify you and to send you the enclosed letter.

Very respectfully,

John Row."

"My Dear Letty:

I am afraid you are a tricky little woman. For once you have beaten me. But you were out and I inside of a cell, which accounts for that. A pardon, however, would not have got me out in time to escape this cold which has taken a grip on me. I am afraid I will never be rid of it. There is one matter I wish cleared up. Anna Frazier is my daughter. Be good to

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her for my sake, Letty—though what claim I have upon you would be hard to tell. Anna has always known that she was my child, and the bishop knew it for a year or two back. I told him, so that he might be kind to the poor little soul. One thing I did not tell him: I married Anna's mother under the name of Joseph Kennaird. Reason: I had to take another name than my own just then, and thought it a good joke to marry Joseph against his will. I had really forgotten this whimsey of mine until a chance occurrence reminded me of it during Anna's visit to me, two months ago. I told her of it. Since then, I received a visit from a young man, faced like a ferret, who nosed into the matter a good deal. He told me Anna had promised to marry him. I don't like him; I fear he may give you trouble. I don't want other people to devil you—so much good is in me. So there are the facts.

"My chest is weak. The doctor talks hopefully, but it's likely that poor—Jem Trotter—after all his adventures, will die here like a rat in a hole. I'd be glad to see one friendly face before I go. But no matter. Good-bye, Letty."

There was neither date nor signature.

The paper shook in Mrs. Kennaird's trembling hands, and her tears fell fast. It was some time before she remembered the bride and groom waiting for her. Then she went into the room, holding the open letter in her hands.

"Anna, your father is dying in the prison at Joliet," she said, abruptly, ignoring—indeed forgetting—all that had just passed between them. "I am going to him. You should go at once, if you wish to see him alive."

She left the room hastily, to make her preparations. It was not until she had reached her own chamber that the full meaning of the letter flashed upon her. The danger was over. She was Joseph's wife—poor, honest, blundering Joseph.

Margaret, coming into the room, found her mother sobbing and laughing, on her knees, trying to pack a satchel.

"I'm going on a little journey, Margery! I can't find anything. No, don't call Jane. Oh, I've been a wicked tricky woman! But God has been so good to me! Your father is the best man that ever lived, and he will not be disgraced, and Allan will be happy, and you can marry Mr. Cleaver, my dear."

Margaret, with serious doubts of her mother's sanity, was trying to raise her from the floor, when a sudden noise of arrival reached them, and a well-known nervous voice sounded shrilly in the lower hall.

"It is your father! Thank God! Here he comes! Go, Margery," pushing her out. "I've something to say to him. I'll tell him all! I'll never have another secret."

Margaret went out in time to see her mother fling herself into the astonished bishop's arms, crying: "Oh, Joseph! Joseph!"

An hour later, Bishop and Mrs. Kennaird left the city for Joliet. Nobody knew where they had gone. When they returned, there was crape on the bishop's hat.

"Your Uncle Robert is dead," he said to Allan, but he did not mention how or where he had died.

"I don't see the necessity of going into details to the public," Mrs. Kennaird had said. She had forgotten her resolve never again to have a secret.

Anna did not go to see her dying father. She received, a month or two later, a snug little sum as dower from Mrs. Kennaird. She and her husband are now in Minnesota, the principals of a fashionable school for young ladies. Every year, a begging letter comes to the bishop, directed in a fine pointed hand which Mrs. Kennaird well knows. She lays them unopened on her fire.

"Some troublesome pensioners for whom we have already done too much," she said to Margaret, when she once happened to see this performance. "It is my duty to stand between your father and annoyance."

Margaret, as Mrs. Cleaver, is a little more energetic and nervous than she was before her marriage. She finds the atmosphere in that lofty family a little too rare and cold for even her phlegmatic nature. She opposed, with all the dead-weight of her obstinate amiability, the proposal to live with her mother-in-law.

"I must have Arthur separate from them," she said to her mother. "Did you notice how interested he was about the soup to-day, and how he laughed at Allan's jokes? Oh, he will be quite like other people before long!"

Mrs. Kennaird takes great pleasure in dining occasionally at Margaret's well-appointed table or assisting at her weekly receptions. But the delight of her life is to run across the fields to Allan's farmhouse, to help Betty bathe the baby or to sit beside him while he sleeps, and talk by the hour to the little mother of Allan's long-ago experiences in teething or the whooping-cough. The former heiress of the bonanza-king has but three ideas now in life—her husband, baby, and house—and it is wonderful how wide and engrossing the two women find them to be. Betty has developed a great deal of sound com-

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mon sense, and shows it in humoring Allan and the bishop in their whims about the baby, quietly taking her own wise way after all.

"Never have a secret from your husband, my dear," Mrs. Kennaird says to her. "Though, doubtless, men must be guided."

She regards herself as the most open and confidential of wives. Yet it was two years after Anna's marriage before the bishop ever heard of her claim to be his daughter. The good old man was wont to talk enthusiastically of the beauty and cleverness of "our Anna."

One day, his wife replied, gently: "Very clever, indeed. Did I ever tell you, my dear, how she forged a letter from Parks & Foreman—how she claimed to be your daughter by a first wife, and proposed to thrust me into the street with my illegitimate children?"

The bishop gasped and remained dumb with sheer amazement and consternation.

"Quite true, Joseph," proceeded Mrs. Kennaird, clipping her thread with the scissors. "It was not a pleasant experience. Perhaps it dulled my appreciation of Anna's beauty."

Bishop Kennaird was silent. He asked no questions, but it is noticeable that he never since has mentioned Mrs. Kelsey's name.

"Pity to check his fervor," thought his wife. "But 'our Anna'! One must draw the line somewhere."

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

BY E. S. HOPKINS.

When the humid darkness gathers
Over all the dreary skies,
And the snowflakes flutter round us
Like the ghosts of butterflies,
What sweet fancies and fond wishes
Float within the weary brain,
When the face that waits our coming
Shows against the windowpane.

There's the baby's, soft and rosy
As the blush upon the peach,
With her dimpled fingers clutching
At the flakes just out of reach,
Till her curly head, aweary,
Mamma's gentle bosom bears,
And she dreams the dancing snowflakes
In her fingers turn to tears.

There's the prince of mother's kingdom
In top-boots and roundabout,
With the melody of childhood
Ringing in his merry shout.
How the joys that wait to-morrow
Dance before his sparkling eyes,
In the snowy treasures falling
From the melancholy skies.

There's the darling blue-eyed sister,
With her curls of shining gold,
Pure as when the angels kissed her
Farewell from the upper fold—
With that look of wistful longing
In her pure angelic face,
For a message in the snowflakes,
Whirling hither out of space.

There's another waits his coming,
At whose step her blushes start,
Whose faint footfall in the snowdrift,
Finds an echo in her heart—
Goddess of the wheel and distaff,
Weaver of life's mystic loom
In that holiest of holies,
In the paradise of home.

Dream not, that in realms of fancy,
A fairer vision can be caught,
With a living presence haunted
Or a human soul inwrought,
Which can rouse the soul of passion
Or can soothe the weary brain,
Like the face that waits our coming
At the frosty windowpane.

VALE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

A globe of fire, the setting sun,
Sinks slowly westward 'neath the hills;
Across the sky, his crimson beams
Fade from the dusk that eastward teems;
The rays grow dim: the day is done.
Another world now gladly thrills
Beneath Apollo's gentle sway—
A fond farewell, departing day!

A thing of peace, a spirit fair,
Forsakes the hills that bound our sight,
While fond remembrance throws her rays
Against the dark obliviate ways
That smother death. Beyond compare,
The lucent orb of earthly light
Beams softly to a glorious sphere—
Sweet soul, adieu—I shed no tear.

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TWO OF A KIND.

BY FLETCHER REEDE.

In the drawing-room of one of the brown-stone houses that crown the hill opposite Boston Common, sat Miss Dorothy Atkins Miller, the eldest of three sisters—who, having already appeared in society as "buds," were now in various stages of bloom and blossom.

Lillian, a tall graceful girl of nineteen, stood by the open window, half hidden behind the lace draperies that swayed back and forth in the light breeze; while Grace, the youngest, bent over her embroidery, absorbed in the mystery of the latest Kensington-designs.

The air was full of the indefinable freshness and fragrance of early spring. A hand-organ, that had appeared as silently and almost as mysteriously as the crocus-buds beneath the window, was grinding out a wheezy welcome to the April sunshine. Little patches of green lay here and there on the Common, like hopeful prophets, in the sun, the sparrows chirped noisily in the trees, and the faint sweet odor of opening maple-buds mingled with the heavy perfume of the hyacinths in the window.

"Lillian," said Dorothy, looking up from the paper which she had been reading, "I have found my mission."

"Have you?" inquired Lillian, with languid interest. "And what may it be, pray?"

"Don't scoff, Lill dear," answered Dorothy, "but listen." And, glancing down the column of "Wants," she read the following item:

"'WANTED—An intelligent and comely young woman, capable of doing plain and fancy cooking. She will be received as one of the family, in a quiet country home. Address Mrs. Helen Henderson, Maplewood, Vermont.'

"There!" exclaimed Dorothy, waving her paper. "Am I not comely? Am I not intelligent? And can't I do plain and fancy cooking, after a three-months' course with Miss Parloa and Mrs. Lincoln? The place was evidently made for me, and I for the place."

"But, Dolly," exclaimed Grace, "you are not really in earnest? You couldn't take a servant's position and expect to be received in society again."

"Nonsense!" replied Dorothy. "Society needn't know anything about it. Society will be politely informed that I am spending the summer with my aunt, in the country. She is our aunt, you know. Don't you remember the winter she made mamma a visit, just before I came out, and how she reviled us, one and all? 'Boston girls,' she said, 'could do nothing but attend Browning clubs and French classes and dance the german.' Now, I will show her that they can do all that, and something else beside. Mamma will give me a recommendation."

"Mamma will do nothing of the kind," interposed Lillian, from the window. "She has engaged rooms at the Falmouth from the first of June, and Goldthwait is to begin on our dresses to-morrow."

Dorothy looked up with a bright smile.

"Lillian, you and mamma ought to be glad to have me off your hands, especially when I relinquish, once and forever, all claim to those charming toilettes which Goldthwait is concocting in that wonderful brain of hers. Think of the peachblow silk, Lill, and the India embroidery, and be grateful for my inspiration."

"You dear girl!" exclaimed Lillian, moved to enthusiasm by the generosity of this unexpected offer. "But what are you to gain from it all?"

"Success!" answered Dorothy, dramatically. And, seizing her sister by the waist, she waltzed gayly around the room to the strain of the untiring hand-organ outside. Just then, a caller was announced.

Dorothy glanced at the card.

"'Mr. Clement Rich.' Give him my excuses, please. I have an important letter to write—a business-letter connected with my arrangements for the summer. Don't betray me, girls." She hastily disappeared through one door, just as the caller entered by another.

Mr. Clement Rich was a young man with a good figure and a prospective fortune. There was absolutely nothing to be said against him, and he was greatly admired by all discreet and sensible mammas.

If the lines of his mouth indicated irresolution and indecision, no one was the wiser: for his handsome blonde mustache was so well trained as to conceal the fact in a manner that was both clever and becoming; and, if the young ladies voted him dull, they must have been very exacting to expect nature to bestow all her good gifts on one person.

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If Mr. Clement Rich was not intellectual, neither was he arrogant; if he was dull, he was good-tempered; and the annoyance which he experienced at being deprived of the pleasure of the eldest Miss Miller's society found no expression in the gentle suavity of his tone and manner.

He had fallen into the habit of depending on Miss Dorothy to guide the conversational frigate of an evening's call; and, at first, feeling somehow as if he had lost his bearings, he was puzzled how to proceed. But, if the conversation moved less briskly than was its wont, it was also less exacting; and, to a person of Mr. Rich's ability, it seemed quite as pleasant, now that he had tried it, to drift quietly with the tide of aimless talk, while he allowed all his energy to become absorbed in the contemplation of Lillian's fair face.

He had for a long time considered himself hopelessly in love with Miss Dorothy, but he missed her much less than he would have expected; and when, at parting, he told the young ladies that he had spent a most delightful evening, he did not feel that his immaculate conscience had been stained by even the shadow of an untruth.

Lillian went upstairs with a half-smile on her lips, that made her look prettier than ever. As she looked into Dorothy's room to say good-night, she hesitated a moment, and then said abruptly:

"Dolly, are you sure—quite sure—that you want to go to Vermont?"

"Perfectly sure," answered Dorothy, with emphasis.

"Because," said Lillian, "I ought perhaps to tell you that Mr.—that a certain person—is to be at the Falmouth, this season; and, if you are not there, I am afraid—that something may happen."

Dorothy took her sister's delicate face between both her hands, looked into the blue eyes until the faint blushes came and went in the girl's cheeks, and said gayly:

"Let it happen, dear—mamma will be very well pleased."

Lillian turned away, with a little shamefaced sigh of relief.

"I really am glad that Dolly doesn't care," she said to herself: "I have thought, sometimes, that perhaps she might." And she went to sleep with rosy dreams floating before her eyes, satisfied that, in the end, everything would arrange itself quite to her satisfaction.

Early June found Mrs. Miller and her two younger daughters settled at Long Harbor, where a brilliant season was predicted—and, in fact, already begun, according to the society-column of the leading paper of the place.

"How much your poor dear papa would have enjoyed all this," observed Mrs. Miller, plaintively, as they stood together on the upper verandah overlooking the beach. "He was so fond of the sea, although so absorbed in business, poor man, that he never had time to devote to needed recreation."

Mrs. Miller did not often indulge in sentimental or painful reflections, but it seemed proper that her daughters should be reminded occasionally of the fact that they once had a father, who, it is true, disappeared from their view so long ago that they were in some danger of forgetting him. He had been a quiet man of simple habits, and, having provided for his family an ample fortune, which seemed to be all that was expected of him, he had unobtrusively exchanged this world, with its ever-changing tide of events, for the serenity of that changeless world which we have all been taught to consider a far better one.

Mrs. Miller would have considered herself deeply sinful if she had not been resigned—and no one ever ventured to assume that she was not; but certain events had transpired of late which made her feel the loss of her excellent husband in a very real and practical way.

Many of her investments had proved unfortunate; and, unless a certain combination of railroad-magnates could be brought about, her confidential agent warned her that nothing less than financial ruin was to be expected.

However, there was no use in pulling down the blinds before the house was sold, so she put the best possible face on the matter—arrayed her daughters rather more gorgeously than usual, was especially cordial to Mr. Clement Rich, and very properly thankful that Dorothy had taken a fancy to pass the summer where she would add neither to her cares nor her expenses.

Dorothy's letters were full of enthusiasm and delight over her new life.

"Aunt Helen has no idea who I am," she wrote. "Of course, I have changed in five years, and, when I introduced myself as 'Dolly Atkins,' the girl whom she had engaged to do plain and fancy cooking, there was not the slightest hint of recognition in her face.

"You can have no conception of the feeling of exhilaration it gives one to prove to oneself that one is capable of earning one's own living. Aunt Helen is more than kind, and treats me like a daughter rather than a servant. And the cooking is a great success. Everybody praises it and everybody has a prodigious appetite.

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"Aunt Helen—or Mrs. Henderson—has a Cousin Gerald staying here: a young man whom the whole household admires, down to the dog and the cat.

"He only came for a week, but he declares now that he shall stay all summer—and has 'hired out,' as they say here, with Mr. Henderson. I don't know whether it is the biscuit—of which he eats an enormous number—or something else which tempts him to prolong his sojourn.

"Of course, his being the hired-man and my being the hired-girl throws us together a good deal; and, although this country-life is absolutely delightful, I am not sure but it might be a little dull at times if there were no one in the house beside Mr. and Mrs. Henderson."

"I didn't know that Helen had relatives by the name of 'Gerald,'" said Mrs. Miller, thoughtfully, as she read the letter. "They must be some of Mr. Henderson's family from Northern New Hampshire—obscure farmers, I suppose."

Meanwhile, the days and weeks were hurrying by.

June, with its singing birds and orchards smothered in apple-blossoms, had passed, and midsummer was at hand. The green world seemed in a languid dream, the birds were silent, and the long grass in the fields hardly stirred, so motionless was the air, save as it fell beneath the mower's scythe.

Dorothy sat on the back porch, watching the men at work in the fields, listening half unconsciously to the monotonous droning of the flies, and feeling as if, for the first time in her life, she were really happy.

The sunny outlook from the house, the surrounding hills, with their ever-changing shadows, and the simple country-life, with its freedom from restraint, were all inexpressibly delightful to her. There was but one little cloud, and that no bigger than a man's hand, to mar her happy serenity.

Only the day before, "Cousin Gerald" had told her that he had about made up his mind to remain with Mr. Henderson for the rest of his life, and Dolly felt almost sure that it was not altogether on account of the biscuit. "Of course," she said to herself, "if he knew who I was, he would not dare to think such thoughts." And then, in a more generous mood, she said to herself: "He is far too much of a man to waste his life in a little country-place like this. I will tell him so, and then go home."

But, although Dolly was not wanting in courage, she did not immediately put her excellent resolves into execution. Sober second thought convinced her that she had been inexcusably conceited and unmaidenly; that it might, yes—it might possibly be the biscuit, after all; so she remained, and July merged into August. As Mrs. Henderson watched her Cousin Gerald and her pretty young handmaid sitting together on the broad stone step that led to the lilac-shaded porch, talking, evening after evening, in the old, old fashion of youths and maidens, she thought of her own youth and smiled not disapprovingly.

One afternoon, early in September, Dolly went into the orchard for apples. They lay on the ground in lavish profusion, and it was altogether unnecessary for Cousin Gerald to leave his work and come to her assistance.

Because he chose to do so, however, Dolly chose to blush, and, as she felt the warm color mounting to her cheek in such an uncalled-for and exasperating manner, she became all at once convinced, by some inscrutable feminine logic, that the time had come for her to put an end to the innocent deceit which she had been practicing for the last three months.

"Mr. Gerald," she said, as they turned toward the house, "I am going away to-morrow. Perhaps I shan't have any better opportunity to say good-bye."

"Going away?" he echoed. "Isn't this very sudden? Has anything happened? Are you dissatisfied?"

"Yes—no. What I mean is," said Dolly, suddenly embarrassed, "I didn't expect, when I came, to stay here always, and I think perhaps my mother will be glad to see me by this time."

"I have no doubt she will," said her companion, planting himself in front of a tree in such a way as most effectually to bar Dolly's progress. "I should think she might. You have never told me very much about your mother, by the way, or where you live. Perhaps you will be willing to do so now."

"There is not much to tell," answered Dolly, demurely. "My mother is a widow, and there are three of us girls. But what I wanted to say, Mr. Gerald," she continued, with a sudden rush of words lest her courage might desert her, "if you will excuse me for saying it—and we have been such good friends I think you will—is that I can't help feeling as if you were doing yourself an injustice by staying here. Of course, it is very pleasant for a while; but, if I were your sister, I should tell you that you were throwing yourself away and wasting your abilities."

"I am rather glad, on the whole, that you are not my sister," remarked the young man, appar-

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ently quite unmoved by Dolly's criticisms; "but tell me what you would like to have me do. I should be willing to do a good deal."

"Oh, I only thought that, if you ever had any plans for another sort of life and knew that I—that other people took an interest in them, it might make a difference."

"It would make a difference—a great difference," said young Gerald, earnestly; "and you do take a little interest in me," he added, "even if you are not my sister—a very little?"

"Yes," admitted Dolly, looking up from under her hat. Then, as he started forward, with what desperate intent he himself only knew, she continued, breathlessly: "But not enough for that—oh, no!" And she made a little rush past him, disappearing through the trees in a manner which she always afterward regretted.

"It was so undignified," she reflected. And then she reproached herself for her blushes and needless confusion, atoning for her misdeeds by bidding them all good-bye, the next morning, with unapproachable dignity, and assuring Cousin Gerald, as he helped her into the cars, that she had left her address with Mrs. Henderson.

Then the train rolled away; she shed a few furtive tears, but dried the salt drops with angry resolve.

Six weeks later, she was sitting with Lillian in the back parlor, discussing family affairs. Indeed, they had done little else since their return, for Mrs. Miller could no longer conceal the fact that their fortune was irretrievably lost, and there were questions of the greatest importance to be settled. Lillian, as the betrothed of Mr. Clement Rich, had an assured future.

"Of course," said Dorothy, "I can take care of myself; I can cook, and mamma can live with you; but what are we to do with Grace and her everlasting embroidery? Now, if this tiresome Mr. Farnleigh had only proposed for Grace instead of me, everything would be right."

"But, Dolly dear," said Lillian, in her most soothing tones, "you are very brave, of course, and independent; but you know this Mr. Farnleigh is perfectly unexceptionable. Mamma says that papa used to know him. He saw you once somewhere, and fell in love with you at first sight; and I'm sure, Doll, I can't see what else you can ask for."

"Lillian, you have no more heart than a kitten. If he fell in love with me, I didn't with him. I don't even remember his face; and I am going to write this minute and tell him that I can't and I won't think of it."

"But you won't say it in just those words," interposed Lillian, with a gentle air of expostulation. "Do be cautious, Dolly, and—well, it wouldn't do any harm to wait a day or so, and think it over. I am sure I wouldn't be rash!"

"No, you wouldn't," exclaimed Dolly. "But I would rather be rash than calculating."

At that moment, Grace came in with a card. "It is Mr. Farnleigh," she said, "and he wants to see you, Dorothy, in the library."

"Then I shall be spared the trouble of writing a letter," said Dolly, scornfully. "Very kind in him, I am sure, to call for his dismissal," and she left the room.

Dorothy was gone a long time, and the two girls awaited her return with impatience.

"I shouldn't think it would take so long to say no," said Grace, meditatively. "If it were yes, now, one could imagine how it might."

"Certainly," admitted Lillian, with an air of experience, "one might."

At length Mrs. Miller, who had also been summoned to the library, came upstairs, looking more contented than her daughters had seen her since the failure of the house of Lee, Hubbard & Sons, which had involved them in its downfall.

"Mamma, do tell us what it all means," called Grace.

Mrs. Miller sat down in an easychair and rested her head against its high-cushioned back.

"Mamma," repeated Grace: but, before Mrs. Miller had time to reply to the eager query, Dorothy came in with her own explanation.

"Come down," she said, "and be presented to your future brother-in-law, Mr. Gerald Farnleigh. I have known and—and liked him all summer, but it did not occur to me to ask if Aunt Helen's Cousin Gerald had any other name. He allowed me to call him Mr. Gerald, and now he declares that I was as much of an impostor as he."

"So you didn't refuse him, after all?" said Lillian.

"Why, no. I—I was so surprised that I—I suppose I forgot it," answered Dolly. "At all events, it is too late now."

THOUGHTS UNSPOKEN.

"'Tis better far, at times, for us to keep
Our thoughts unspoken.
An unmade promise seldom makes us weep
Like promise broken."

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

MENTAL TRAINING OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

I WOULD give expression to a few thoughts that again and again have been revolving themselves in my mind, that perhaps they may help other puzzled ones besides myself, or suggest to their minds some ideas upon this very important subject, or, I might say, all-important task, that every mother has before her in the judicious mental training of her girls, as they step from girlhood into womanhood—to train up and counsel our daughters, that they may be, in the fullest sense of the text, "as the polished corners of the Temple, full of grace"—that grace of heart and mind, as well as of manners, that shall give a finished polish to every action of their lives. To my mind, it is a very responsible—though, I fear, an oft-neglected—duty that devolves upon every mother, as her daughters grow up to the age of from fourteen to eighteen.

Too often is it thought all-sufficient if they find out a good finishing-school, pay a high price, and that takes off all the trouble and responsibility from their too often much-occupied time, and their daughters are fitted to come out in the world. But does this do all that is needed? Can we expect a loving mother's care from a paid governess only partially interested in her pupils? Of course, we must not look for it. Elementary education and first-class accomplishments are much to be desired; but let the moral mental training not be forgotten—it is so little thought about. Of course, our daughters are amiable and rightminded, I hear one say. Have they no faults of character? No weeds to be carefully eradicated? Oh! yes, I fear so, even in the sweetest of earth's daughters.

Principles must be formed and trained with loving care, the gentle loving care of a mother, who more or less knows her child's faults and failings, even as a reflex of the faults and errors of her own character, and which she herself has battled with and overcome.

It is in the early stage of girlhood that the character must be formed and strengthened, that a high moral tone and considerate action be deeply implanted in the mind, that self-control be carefully cultivated, and that lovely though rare exotic, good-nature, tended with cherished care, which is, as it were, the mainspring from whence flow all other graces of disposition. It is essential that the fair bud should unfold in the pure atmosphere of love—home love—not be marred or deformed by the cankerworm of priority or levity, nor tainted by the breath of worldliness or sensuality.

To have a really beneficial influence on the daughters, the mother must hurry to live again a girl; she must have the good-sense to adapt herself to the forms and ways of the present time, not the ways of her girlhood; she must read and make her own all that her daughter ought and wishes to know.

All things change—the fashions, the manners, in a sense the very words and expressions of to-day are not those of twenty years ago. A mother thus stimulating and gently leading her child animates her to higher aspirations, to lead a useful life, daily gaining new experience. Thus she attains to greater excellence, and it shall be said of her: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

FAULTS IN PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.

THE faults most frequently found in pianoforte-playing consist in exaggeration of feeling and expression, in too strong or even vehement accentuation, and in want of rhythmical feeling, indistinctness of execution, a continual change of time, hurrying or dragging the time, slurring, an indiscriminate use of the pedal, thumping, want of evenness in the movements of the hand, the habit of throwing the body about and of flinging the hands into the air, lack of accuracy and faithfulness in interpreting the original text, interpolation of strange passages, changing the terms of expression given by the composer, unnecessary doubling of the notes when the author desires single notes, playing in octaves the notes with the little finger indistinctly, and last, though not least, playing chords in the "arpeggiando" manner where firm chords are indicated. All these are faults worthy of serious censure, and should be carefully avoided.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a traveling-ulster, of checked brown-and-white woolen serge. The ulster fits the figure at the back, and is loose in front. Plain

No. 1.

close-fitting coat-sleeves. For the early spring and summer fashion in ulsters, this is the new shape. The hood is lined with brown surah. Cord-and-tassels to match, for the neck and waist. Hat of bège-colored felt, faced with brown velvet, trimmed with loops of brown-and-white gros-grain ribbon.

No. 2—Is a house-dress, for a young lady. The skirt is of a wide plaid camel's-hair. It may be either perfectly plain or laid in large kilt-plaits. Some of the plaid skirts are cut on the bias; this is only a matter of fancy. The over-drapery and bodice are of self-colored camel's-hair of the prevailing color in the plaid, and must match exactly. The long drapery in front is plaited high on the left side, and opens to display the skirt. The back-drapery falls straight in the centre, and is arranged to fall in a jabot

No. 2.

at the sides. The bodice is a simple full round waist, gathered back and front into a pointed yoke. Cuffs, collar, and waistband of the plaid:

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No. 3.

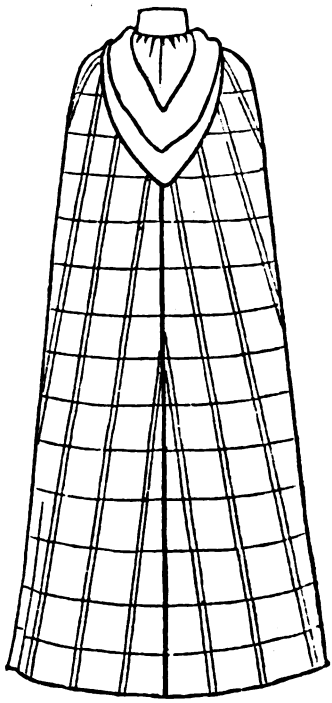
a very pretty and becoming style for a slight girlish figure.

No. 3.—We give here the back of a pretty yachting or walking costume, for a young girl

No. 4.

of twelve to fourteen years. It is made of marine-blue serge, camel's-hair, or flannel. The blouse and band on skirt and bordering for the overskirt are all of striped blue-and-white flannel to match. The skirt is in double box-plaits all around, except upon one side, where it is trimmed with the stripe, as seen. Cuffs, waist-band, and deep sailor-collar, all of the plain material. The collar forms a yoke in the back, and the fullness of the waist is fitted to it. Sleeves full at shoulders and wrists. Hat of white felt, trimmed with blue and white ribbon to match.

No. 4—Is a pretty model for a little girl of four to six years. It is made of cashmere.



No. 5.

The band on the skirt, sash, shoulder-yoke, collar, and cuffs are all of pin-striped velvet and silk to match.

No. 5—Represents an Irish wrap or shawl-cloak, such as has been introduced, this winter, as a comfortable and useful wrap-cloak. It is very easy to make, and, if the material selected is thick enough, will need no lining; but the hem and seams, as well as the collar, must be bound with ribbon to match. The seam in the back is a bias one, in which way the edges of the front are made to hang straight. This cloak may be made from a plaid blanket or camel's-

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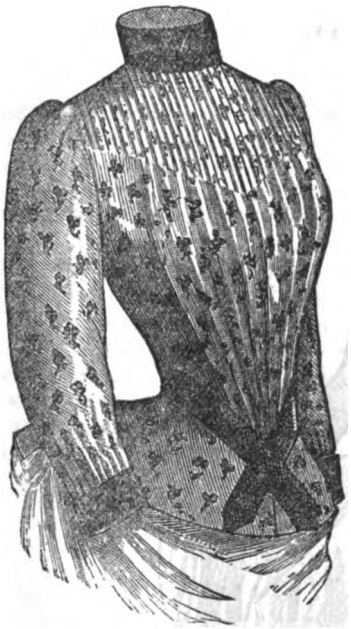
hair shawl. For a very elegant and warm one we have just seen, a traveling-rug had been used,



No. 6.

and the fringe left at the edge. If made of plaid

No. 7.

cloth fifty inches wide, three and a half yards will be enough. The cloak has some plaits at the neck, to allow for the fullness required at the shoulders. These should be laid evenly all around, and the collar sewed on to the cloak and hood at once. The hood may be lined with plain surah to match.

No. 6—Is a house-bodice, of sprigged Pompadour flannel, with neckband, belt, and cuffs in velvet to match the darkest shade in the pattern. The pointed yoke is made by tucking the flannel in quarter-inch tucks; this provides the fullness for the bodice. A very useful bodice for wearing out an old skirt at home.

No. 7.—Blouse-dress, for either girl or boy of four years. It is made of figured printed

No. 8.

French flannel. The yoke, band on skirt, and cuffs are all of plain serge to match the ground of the printed flannel.

No. 8.—Walking-coat, for an infant of two to three years. It is made of fine camel's-hair or lady's-cloth in a light-gray or drab. The trimming in front, collar, and cuffs are of plaid velvet in fancy colors to correspond. Girdle of worsted plaited braid. Toboggan-cap, crocheted and trimmed with pompons of the wool.

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BOY'S SUIT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give the complete pattern for a boy's suit, age six to eight years. Half of vest, half of front of jacket, which is the same as vest, except down the front and in the length. It is indicated by a solid line. Half of back of jacket, half of side-back. The pocket and collar are indicated by a solid line. Sleeve, upper and under part. One leg of knickerbocker pants. The lettering and dots show how the pieces are joined. Allow seams for all the pieces. Cap of the same material as the suit. In our model, the vest and collar are of velveteen, the suit in corduroy or tweed.

WINDOW-BLIND IN TULLE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design for a window-blind. A piece of strong Brussels net of the required length and width is embroidered with stripes in darning and cross-stitch, following the design given on opposite page for the border, only omitting the points. For the darning, use linen floss. A less elaborate design may be originated.

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NEWSPAPER-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

An ordinary wire toaster or broiler is used for the foundation of this pocket. It is then painted with gold liquid paint, and wide ribbon in two shades—arranged to alternate—is run in and out through the wires, each strip of ribbon being in one continuous piece all round, thus banking the sides. The ends are neatly joined at the back. A ribbon bow is fastened to the top at the sides, and the ribbon is also tied in a bow near the top of the longest handle, by which the pocket is suspended. The ribbon may be in two shades of one color or in two contrasting colors. Care must be taken to procure a pleasing harmony.

SCRAP-PAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a pretty receptacle for scraps, in shape of a pail. A small wooden pail cannot be easily upset, and, when prettily decorated, it is quite an ornament to the sewing-room. The outside should be painted with liquid gold or bronze. It then should be lined with silesia of a bright color. The material must be turned in about an inch at the top, laid in plaits, each one fastened with a brass-headed nail. Pretty scrap-pictures may be pasted on the outside, or a spray of flowers can be painted on. The handle must be gilded or bronzed to match the outside of the pail. A bow of ribbon ornaments the handle.

CROSS-STITCH ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of number, a simple and effective design in cross-stitch upon Java canvas. It is done in two shades of crimson filoselle. Thick strands of filoselle are required to make the work effective. This design will also be suitable for working borders of towels, etc., in red and blue French cottons, basting a piece of canvas on the towel to work upon.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In front of number, we give a new design for a wall-pocket. The back is made of plush, ornamented with a spray of flowers, either painted or embroidered. The pocket is of silk to match, tied with a bow of ribbon at the bottom. The back piece is finished with a thick silk cord. Ribbon-strings tied in a large bow. Suspend the pocket.

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WORK-CASE.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

Our design shows the case fully spread out. It closes as an envelope. The centre panel is for the outside. The decoration is worked in silk upon linen scrim, the powdering-stars in gold-thread, the spray in natural colors of flowers and leaves. The edges are buttonholed. These pieces are laid upon a satin foundation, which is lined and sprinkled with sachet-powder. The pinked-out border is in gros-grain ribbon. Pockets and straps for needles are to be added.

EMBROIDERY IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design of oak-leaves and acorns for a linen scarf or curtain-border, in outline. This graceful pattern may be employed for many purposes, such as for wrapping-towels, small table-covers, etc. It can also be worked in Kensington-stitch.

EDGING FOR WINDOW-BLIND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design for edge of window-blind we give in front of number, in full working size. The description of mode of working, the same as for the blind.

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SACHET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This sachet is made of satin, nine inches wide by eighteen inches long, so that, when folded, it makes a square. The spray of flowers may be either painted or embroidered in filoselle. The sachet is lined with quilted satin, which is well sprinkled with sachet-powder. The edge is finished by a cord. A bow of ribbon ornaments one corner.

BABY'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little boot for baby is made of cashmere, white or blue, and embroidered all over in tiny sprays of forget-me-nots. The front of the boot is covered with quilted satin, edged with a silk cord. A bow of ribbon ornaments the toe. The boot laces at the side with a silk braid. The boot is lined with flannel, and bound all around with silk braid.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Independence in Babyhood.—Compare the year-old child of an ever-watchful and tender mother with that of a busy woman who has not much time to spare for the little one, and it will be seen that, while the former is fretful if not fondled, noticed, and played with, the latter will sit contentedly on the floor playing with anything that may come to hand—such as a piece of paper, a reel of cotton, or its own shoes—or will crawl about the room investigating the different pieces of furniture, and crowing with delight if any object happens especially to take its fancy. The former is acquiring habits of dependence on others which will prove a serious drawback both to its mental and social progress in later life, while the latter is acquiring for itself useful knowledge and habits of self-reliance and observation which will afterward prove of the greatest possible advantage.

It is, then, a most desirable thing not to be constantly looking after the baby, but simply to see that it is not in a position in which it can get into danger, and to remove any dangerous objects—such as pins, needles, knives, scissors, and loose buttons—which may be swallowed, and then leave the youngster to occupy itself with such things as may lie within reach. While the mother reads, writes, or sews, it will play for hours happily enough on the floor, if allowed the free use of its limbs and given now and then some new plaything—such as a piece of rag, a little box that opens and shuts or unscrews, or a number of beads or bright buttons threaded on a string. The little one wants variety in its playthings, and this craving for novelty is a most powerful agent in its self-education: for from every new object it learns some facts of useful knowledge, and the very destructiveness which thoughtless people condemn is a means of increasing that knowledge of the external world and of the nature and combinations of things which it is most important for the child early to acquire. The most lavish purchase of toys from shops will not be so satisfactory, either in its present or future result for the child, as the permission for it to handle such objects of daily life as may not be dangerous or too costly to risk breakage. A number of scraps of bright-colored silk, which it can arrange as it likes, are more amusing to a young child, and for a longer period, than a clock-work railway-engine that may be looked at but not touched; an old wooden or rag doll that may be handled "anyhow" is preferred to the dainty waxen image which needs tender treatment.

Send a Child joyful to bed; do not, if you can possibly help it, let him go to bed crying. Let his last thought—or, in the case of an infant, his last impression—be of his happy home, his loving father and mother; let his last thought be of joy and gladness. He will sleep all the sounder, if he is sent to bed in such a frame of mind, and will be more refreshed and nourished by his sleep. Soothe him, calm him, fondle him in your arms; let him feel he has someone to rest upon, to defend and protect him.

"I Must Have It."—Mrs. W. T., in renewing her subscription, says: "I commenced taking 'Peterson' in 1845, and have had it nearly all the years since. This year, I thought we had so many other publications, that I must do without it; but I found I must have it."

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Importance of Trifles.—Among the many words of wisdom which she has spoken, George Eliot never said anything truer than when she tells us that "we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character." This axiom holds good from great things to little, and, when earnestly considered, is fraught with a depth of meaning that may well make us pause before we indulge in some failing so small, some fault so venial, that it seems scarcely worth while to think of it seriously. Yet the yielding to what we term trifling errors makes a deep-seated impression on our characters, and the career of many a man which has culminated in some violent act has had its foundation laid in the habitual indulgence of irritability and ill-temper. Many a woman's life has been wrecked from the habit of dissimulation and falsehood which began with prevarication or the white lies told, perhaps from sheer cowardice, in order to escape reproof—or, more fatal still, the lies springing from a desire to gratify vanity or to prevent self-love from being mortified.

The R. F. S. & Co. Paris All-Wool Dress-Fabrics.—Recently, the competition in woolen dress-fabrics has become so keen, that many manufacturers have cheapened the cost of producing their goods by carding-in with the wool nothing more or less than cotton, thus reducing the cost of production, but also reducing the beauty of the fabric and with injury to its wearing-quality and warmth. It is difficult for anyone not an expert to tell by a casual examination when cotton is intermingled with wool; but, when the goods are made up and worn, the lack of softness in touch, poor wearing-quality, and want of warmth will soon be experienced. The R. F. S. Co., Paris, produce only goods made of purest Australian wool; and, as a guarantee that such is the case, their trade-mark can be seen on the end of each board as the pieces lie on the shelf of the shopkeeper.

The Demand for "Anchor Stone" building-blocks so far exceeded the anticipation of the manufacturers, Messrs. F. Ad. Richter & Co., of New York, that they were obliged to issue a circular to their customers stating that their stock had been exhausted, and that they were obliged to ask the indulgence of purchasers until they had received another shipment. Messrs. Richter & Co. have now a full and complete stock on hand, and all orders for these beautiful blocks can be filled.

The Latest Style of Hair-Dressing is a decided improvement. Rolls and puffs are again fashionable and are exceedingly becoming, as they allow a much more tasteful arrangement of the hair. To meet this style of head-dressing, the Weston & Wells Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, are making light braided-wire hair-rolls of all shades, covered with a fine network. These rolls are extremely light and are invisible. Ladies should try them.

Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co's new seed-annual is a magnificent catalogue, and, for twentyfive cents, they send a choice packet of seeds and one of their annuals, which are worth the money alone. Everyone interested in farming or gardening should send for it.

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CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"AN OLD FRIEND."—The following extract is from a letter lately sent us by the author of the touching little poem, "Thou, God, Seest Me," in this month's issue: "'Peterson's Magazine' comes to me as an old and valued friend, and, at seventyone years of age, I find it affords me many a pleasant hour."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 9.—WHAT SHALL WE GIVE OUR CHILDREN TO EAT? A FEW REMARKS ON DIET.

This is a query of the greatest importance to mothers who have a real concern for the welfare of their children. Anthropology teaches us that man's nature—mental and physical—is developed, maintained, altered, or changed by the food which he partakes; while physiology informs us that our frail bodies, brain, and nervous system are made up from the food we daily eat. But to the query. This we can answer best, Yankee-fashion, by telling mothers what their children should not eat or what should not be given them. The use of pork in any form is one of the most frequent sources of blood-impurities, a rife promoter of cutaneous, cancerous, and ulcerous affections—an article of diet which exerts a pernicious influence upon the blood by loading it with carbonic-acid gas and impregnating it with the seeds of scrofula. Every mother, in the country at least, knows that the hog eats filth, wallows in filth, and is hence a living moving mass of filth itself; and hence the inveterate pork-eater, according to sound physiological teaching, becomes part hog.

And yet the writer, during a period of fortyfive years' observation, has seen a fat piece of bacon, ham, or pork in the hands of a vast majority of infants as soon as they can sit in their high chairs at the table.

Now, dear mothers, please remember that, as the minds of your children are cultivated, so will be the formation of their characters in adult-life, as a rule; and, as children are fed in the early years of their existence, so will be their dispositions in after-life. Gross feeding makes them coarse. Parents who give their children, under seven years of age or before they possess their second teeth, largely of a meat-diet commit a grave error and send many innocents to the grave. It not only adds greatly to their mortality, but it unwisely hastens maturity, with lustful feelings, and makes them coarse, unamiable, animal-like, both in their propensities and dispositions. A free indulgence in hot rolls or fresh bread, preserved fruit, sweetmeats, etc., etc., are prone to pass at once into a fermentative state and become a source of disquiet, producing flatulency, distress of stomach, and other unpleasant symptoms of indigestion. Mothers should early teach their children to eat slowly, and that all hog-meat, salted meat, and much meat of any kind, rich pastry, cakes, cheese, nuts, and unripe fruit are positively injurious, and that these articles must be withheld from children, if we would have them to maintain good digestion and good health. These are the agents which so frequently produce colic, cramps, and convulsions in children, and which prove fatal oftimes when they cannot be promptly removed by emetics or purgatives.

Milk from its human source possesses all the essentials for the proper sustenance of the child, and hence the rapid and beautiful growth of the infant when nourished from its mother's breast. A child fed on starchy food alone—as potatoes, rice, etc., etc.—will, sooner or later, emaciate. Hence, it is highly improper to feed infants on arrowroot exclusively—as mothers often do—for they will soon cease to thrive. Bread-and-milk, wheat and oat grits are the great essentials, with soup or broth—without fat—and animal-juices in moderation.

The habit formed by many children to drink cold water frequently and excessively should be checked, as the injurious effect of such habit is soon apparent in a laxity of muscular fibre, thinness of blood, more or less pallor, dullness of expression, and impaired digestion.

There are numbers of persons of both sexes who partake of too large quantity of both food and drink, causing an unsightly enlargement of the abdomen, their bowels becoming distended with large volumes of gas, while they are sufferers to a greater or less degree with dyspeptic symptoms and much discomfort generally.

If a very young child is deprived of its mother's milk from any cause, some predigested food should be used in preference to cow's-milk—as the Lactated Food, Carnrick's Soluble Food, with beef-peptonoids, etc., etc.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Gaverocks. By S. Baring-Gould. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A book to add to the enviable reputation which this writer has already acquired. The scene is laid on the Cornish coast, in the beginning of this century. The local coloring is rendered with wonderful fidelity, and the plot is worked out with true artistic skill. The novel belongs to the dramatic rather than the analytical school, but the characterization is distinct and individual, and at least two of the leading personages—Squire Gaverock and Rose Trewhella—are types whose delineation displays actual creative ability of a high order. A vein of the supernatural lends a weird interest to the story, and, in certain portions, lifts it above the track of the ordinary novel into the realm of romance.

Poems by David Atwood Wasson. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—Mr. Wasson's poetry belongs to the school of Emerson and Whittier, and, in these pages, he proves himself an equal rather than a disciple. The optimistic beat of his mind, uninfluenced by the physical suffering which was for years his portion, kept his belief in the progress of humanity as strong and unswerving as his religious faith. His poetical works are not so widely known as their exceptional merit deserves; and, now that he has passed away from this busy world, it is to be hoped that a fuller recognition of his claims will grow among the reading-public.

My Journal in Foreign Lands. By Florence Trail. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Books of European travel used to fall from the press "as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," but of late they have become somewhat of a rarity. The journal before us is one of the pleasantest of those records that we have read for a long time. The writer has unusual powers of description, possesses an ardent love of nature, and a cultivated taste which makes her art-criticisms just and interesting. She adds to these attractions the happy faculty of seeing the humorous side of men and things, which always lends a charm to the traveler's experience.

Snatched from the Poorhouse: A Young Girl's Life-History. By N. J. Clodfelter. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is an intensely realistic and powerfully written story, offering strong arguments in favor of the life-insurance system, and exposing with an unsparing hand the too-frequent abuses of public charitable institutions. The style

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is clear and terse, the characterization remarkably good. The main interest centres in the heroine; but the characters grouped about her are all drawn with force and individuality, and the plot of the book is really of absorbing interest.

Doctor and Patient. By S. Weir Mitchell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This series of essays by the eminent specialist might well receive the title of "Lay Sermons"—which he tells us, in his preface, he was tempted to give it. The names of the different papers are suggestive of their contents. "Convalescence," "Pain and its Consequences," and "The Moral Management of Sick or Invalid Children" occupy the greater portion of the book, which is written in a style so charming that it is as interesting as it is instructive and useful.

Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race. By Lorenzo Burge. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A history of the Aryan race from its earliest beginnings, founded on an allegorical interpretation of the book of Genesis, in the light of recent historical and geological discoveries. The work shows great research and learning, and is one of the most interesting of the many efforts by Christian scholars to reconcile the Mosaic account of the creation with the teachings of modern science.

Rondah; or, Thirtythree Years in a Star. By Florence Carpenter Dieudonné. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bro.—This story belongs to the class of fanciful romances so popular of late years, and, in mysterious interest and fertility of invention, is equal to the best among them. The plot is strange and weird, the incidents strikingly original, and the whole developed in a thoroughly artistic manner.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Roast Sirloin of Beef.—To roast well, a fire should be made up early enough to get perfectly clear, and large enough to cook the joint without additional coals. A piece of sirloin weighing eight pounds will take two hours. Place it near the fire, and baste with its own dripping frequently. A few minutes before it is done, dredge with flour, and take care and send to table nicely and equally browned. Put the beef on a hot dish, over it a hot cover. Pour the dripping from the pan, and to the brown gravy under it add a pinch of salt and a little boiling water. Skim off the fat and pour this gravy round the beef, not over it, that would take away the crispness. Garnish with small bunches of scraped horse-radish. Horse-radish sauce may also be served in a sauceboat.

Mutton-Stew for Two.—Two mutton-chops, cut from near the shoulder. Put them in a shallow pan having a tight cover. Pour on boiling water to the depth of one inch; cover and simmer one hour; add more water as it boils away, using only enough to keep the meat from burning. Add two slices of French turnip, two small onions whole, and, when the meat and turnip are nearly tender, add two common-sized potatoes, having first soaked and scalded them. Add one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Remove the vegetables without breaking; let the water boil nearly away, leaving enough for a gravy. Remove the fat, thicken the gravy with flour, and, if needed, add salt and tomato-catsup. Pour it over the meat.

CAKES.

Tea-Cakes.—One-half pound of flour, one ounce of butter, two ounces of lard, and a pinch of salt; mix the ingredients into a dough with a little milk, after which roll it out quite thin and cut it to the sizes and shapes required with a tin cutter. Bake on a girdle till they are a light brown, when butter, and send up hot. The following is also a good north-country recipe for tea-cakes: One pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one ounce of lard, one ounce of sugar, one cent's worth of yeast, and some lemon-peel; mix the ingredients with a little water to a dough, and place it on a tin before a fire for three hours, when it should gently rise. After this, cut into shapes and let them rise again before the fire for another twenty minutes; bake for twenty minutes, cut in half, butter, and send up hot.

Cracknels.—Take four ounces of fresh butter, one-quarter of an ounce of salt, and eight fresh eggs; add as much flour into these as will make a stiff paste, and knead it thoroughly well; wrap it up in a cloth and let it rest for one night. Have ready a large pan full of boiling water, roll out the paste an inch thick, cut it out in squares or triangles with a sharp knife, and throw the cracknels in the boiling water—they will at first sink; keep the water boiling, and, when they have all risen to the surface, take them up with a skimmer and throw them into a pan full of cold water; let them remain a couple of hours, then lay them out on a cloth to dry for an hour; and, lastly, put them in a moderately quick oven to bake for about half an hour.

Jam-Rolls.—Well butter a paper and put it on a flat baking-tin; pour the cake-mixture on to the paper very thin, and bake it in a hot oven not longer than seven minutes. Turn it out quickly on to a well-sugared paper; spread it with jam at once; roll up immediately. This plan can hardly fail.

DESSERTS.

Marmalade Pudding.—One tablespoonful of marmalade, five ounces of breadcrumb, one ounce of butter, two ounces of moist sugar. Melt the butter over a basin of hot water and mix it with the above ingredients; then add two well-beaten eggs, mixed with half a pint of milk. Butter a mold that will just hold it, tie a floured cloth over it, and boil it an hour and a half.

TOILET AND SANITARY.

Unhealthy Gums.—A lotion made from the following recipe will be found valuable in restoring unhealthy gums to a healthy condition: Carbolic acid, twenty drops; spirits of wine, two drachms; distilled water, six ounces. Use first a soft toothbrush with water, after which pour on to a second toothbrush, slightly damped, a little of the above lotion. After using this for a short time, the gums become less tender, and the impurity of the breath, which is commonly caused by bad teeth, will be removed.

To Clean Leather Gloves.—The best way to clean wash-leather gloves is to wash them with nearly cold soap and water on the hands, and rinse well. When half dry, stretch them and pull them till they become quite soft. They require constant attention from the commencement of the washing till they are dry.

Preserving Silks and Ribbons.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper. The chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewed together at the edges.

Hair-Invigorator.—Bay rum, one pint; alcohol, half a pint; castor-oil, one-half ounce; carbonate of ammonia, one-quarter of an ounce; tincture of cantharides, one-half ounce; mix them well. This mixture will promote the growth of the hair and prevent it from falling out.

Rice Glue.—Mix rice-flour smoothly with cold water, and simmer it over a slow fire, when it will form a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but well adapted for joining paper and card-board ornamental work.

Rice Gruel.—One ounce each of rice, sago, and pearl-barley, boiled in three pints of water, which, in two hours, generally reduces it to a quart. Strain and flavor to taste. This forms a good nourishing diet, especially with the addition of a little isinglass.

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Essence of Beef.—Cut one pound of lean beef into small pieces; put into a covered jar without any water. Set the jar in a saucepan of water, to simmer for six hours; take it out, and there will be about a teacupful of the strongest beef-juice.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—PROMENADE-DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The skirt is plain, the front trimmed with worsted braid put on in points. The overdress is a polonaise, opening in front over a full surah vest. The fronts of the polonaise, from shoulders to hem, are trimmed with braid. The back is fulled into the point of bodice just below the waist-line, and the drapery held in long loops. Coat-sleeves. Hat of felt to match, faced with brown velvet, trimmed with the same and scarlet wings.

FIG. II.—VISITING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF PLAID CAMEL'S-HAIR AND VELVET. The underskirt, of plaid, is cut on the bias, edged with a narrow plaiting of black. The overdress falls in a long point in front, laid in large plaits at the waist to give the full effect, looped with bands of black velvet and buttons. Bodice of black velvet, opening over a draped vest of the plaid. Hat of tan-colored felt, trimmed with standing loops made of the plaid material of the costume.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR AND POPPY-COLORED OTTOMAN SILK. The underskirt, on front and sides, has a kilting of camel's-hair facing the bottom. The soft silk front is made of ottoman silk to match. The polonaise is of camel's-hair, opening over a full vest of the silk. The deep revers-collar, cuffs, and lining of the front tabs of the polonaise are all of the crimson silk. The back-drapery hangs straight in deep plaits from waist to hem. Full sleeves. Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with loops of crimson gros-grain ribbon and gray bird.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF COACHMAN'S-DRAB CAMEL'S-HAIR. The plain skirt is ornamented on the hem by seven or eight rows of machine-stitching or narrow braid. The overdress forms a long point in front and turns up on the right side to the waist. The back-drapery is slightly looped. The round waist is gathered into a belt, back and front. Three deep collars finish the neck and give the style to the otherwise severely plain costume. Sleeves full at the shoulders. Small turban, of crimson velvet, trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. V.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF PEACOCK-BLUE VELVET AND STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The velvet skirt is plain—one side of velvet, the other of the striped material. The overdress forms a long point in front, looped high on the velvet panel, and much puffed at the back. The bodice is a short basque with postillion-back. The visite is of black velvet, trimmed with steel passementerie and steel lace, beaded. Bonnet of peacock-blue velvet, trimmed with loops of gray velvet ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MOSS-GREEN SERGE. The skirt is trimmed with a wide band of dark-red plush or velvet, and then kilted in wide plaits. The overdrapery is without trimming, forms a long point in front, and is slightly puffed at the back. The jacket, lined with red flannel, is stitched with red silk and ornamented with metallic buttons. The red plush is employed for cuffs and lining of the pointed hood, which is finished off with a tassel. Hat of moss-green felt, faced with red velvet and trimmed with velvet and dark-green ostrich-tips.

FIG. VII.—MATINÉE, OF STRIPED FRENCH FLANNEL OR CHINA-SILK. We give the back and front view. The front is tucked, to form a yoke. Sleeves fulled into cuffs cut on the crossway of the stripe. Collar to match. A two-inch-wide ribbon ties around the waist.

FIG. VIII.—TRICYCLE-DRESS. Our model shows the present style of making these useful gowns. The best skirt to use for a dress of this kind seems to be the one with rather wide kilts, which gives room to move the limbs without restraint. The bodice or jacket must be cut loose enough to give freedom to the arms. The hat is of the same material as the dress, and has a double looped bow of matched ribbon in front. The best material for the dress is flannel or serge.

FIG. IX.—JACKET AND DRESS, IN DRAB-COLORED CHEVIOT CLOTH, heavily braided with a darker shade of worsted braid. The jacket has a plaited front, made of dark-brown silk. Collar, cuffs, pocket, and clasp for waist, all braided on the cloth to match the skirt.

FIG. X.—BONNET, OF FELT. The edge of this bonnet is pinked-out by machine—a style very popular, this season. The trimming is nearly all massed at the back, and consists of flowers and loops of picot-edged ribbon.

FIG. XI.—GARIBALDI JERSEY, made of dotted flannel or China-silk. Cuffs and collar of velvet; waistband of the material, with cut-steel buckle.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF RED FRENCH POPLIN and brown poplin striped with old-gold, red, and brown silk. The plain skirt is in the striped poplin. The redingote-tunic is in the red poplin, with wide plaits at the sides and small basque in front. The bodice opens over a vest of the stripe; sleeves of the same. Cuffs of the red. A brown silk fichu ties above the vest. Brown sash to match.

FIG. XIII.—HIGHLAND HAT, of red, blue, or dark-green felt, trimmed with six rows of white worsted braid and stiff white and gray plumes.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE for soft woolen or silk material. Buttons and silk cord for ornament.

FIG. XV.—LACE FICHU, with high velvet collar—pretty to wear over any high-necked dress.

FIG. XVI.—WOOLEN COSTUME, IN PLAIN GRAY AND GRAY CHECKED WITH WHITE. The checked skirt is bordered with a silk kilting. The checked tablier is draped at each side, and the back, which is of the plain material, is Princess. The jacket-bodice opens over a plaited vest of the check, and has the revers of check; collar and cuffs of same. The pointed waistband is cut on to the jacket.

FIG. XVII.—BRAIDED SHOULDER-CAPE, made of cloth and heavily braided in worsted braid. To be worn over a coat or jacket of cloth, and of the same color. Adjustable, so being very useful for cold weather over the coat, or, without the coat, for mild days in the coming spring.

FIG. XVIII.—SMALL WRAP FOR DEMI-SEASON, made of gray striped cheviot, lined with silk, the pointed hood being faced with checked silk. The bow in front is in gray ribbon. High collar, faced with silk.

FIG. XIX.—ULSTER, OF CHECKED WATERPROOF TWEED. In this figure, we give the front of the ulster with the sling-sleeves, which are lined with silk. Derby hat of felt.

FIG. XX.—ULSTER, OF STRIPED TWEED. In this figure, we give the back of ulster, the front being the same as FIG. XIX. Hat of material.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The polonaise will be the most popular style for spring walking-costumes. It is alike becoming to both stout and slender figures. Woolen fabrics, such as cloth, camel's-hair, cashmere, or Chudda, are preferred for these overdresses. In woolen, two harmonizing colors will be used, such as a Suède-colored cashmere for skirt, with dark-blue, brown, or green for the polonaise. Some will have a vest to match the skirt. For more dressy toilettes, the polonaise will be worn over watered or moiré silk skirts.

Blondes will wear light Suède-colored cloth or camel's-hair costumes, for the street. A cream-white moiré vest is added either to the basque or polonaise. A camel's-hair costume of light tan-color, for the overdress, is worn over a blue-gray skirt of the same material.

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Dress-skirts, it is predicted, will be trimmed with plaited flounces, the flounces either forming a panel for the front, with plain side-breadths, or else several flounces forming a side-panel for the left side, with long drapery. These plaited flounces will be good style for nun's-veiling, India-silk, or black net.

Black lace dresses are more popular than ever, from the simple fact that they are suitable for so many occasions and for all seasons. They are made over satin Rhadames or surah, either black or colored. If over a colored silk, a plaited panel of the silk ought to show, also long loops-and-ends of ribbon to match. For the waists of these lace dresses, full gathered bodices with belts or sashes are preferred for young girls, while for married and elderly ladies the short basque with full garniture of trimming-lace for neck and sleeves is more becoming.

For demi-toilettes, much lace will be worn, and the black and white lace fichus are again coming into use for neck-garniture. Gauze, net, silk-muslin, both black and white, with ribbons, are being made into jabots, plastrons, vests, etc., etc.

Yoked blouses are in great favor. The plaited Norfolk-blouse is made in two ways: either the plaits for the yoke for country or tennis use or else they are fastened all the way down to the waist, where a belt confines the blouse. Some of the prettiest of the new blouses are made of the soft India or China silks. These may be of colored silk worn over black silk skirts.

In bonnets, in order to lower the height of the trimming, the milliners are using side bows and rosettes. One side may have a bow of loops-and-ends, while the other has a rosette of narrower ribbon than that of the bow. For tulle bonnets, the rosette is of plaited tulle. Bonnets are mostly trimmed with contrasting colors, as olive-green and gray-blue, terra-cotta and moss-green, or black and coquelicot-red.

Cap-shaped bonnets with soft crowns are now finished with fine knife-plaited brims or else two crimped puffs of lisse or crêpe in light colors. These are placed inside the brim, and are very becoming.

In hats, sailor-hats have soft crowns of velvet put over the low felt crown, confined by a band of watered ribbon, adding some loops up the back. Some quills or wings may be added. All the trimming is at the back.

A new fashion for coiffure is to tie some peacock-plumes with narrow ribbon. If arranged with taste, they are very pretty and certainly new.

Tea-gowns are made with the Watteau-back, with the front opening over a petticoat profusely trimmed with lace.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Walking-dresses in cashmere or in vigogne are much in favor made with the skirt laid in large flat plaits, and having a panel of velvet or silk set at one side and elaborately braided. The cuffs, collar, and ceinture of the corsage are also in the braided velvet, and so, too, is the long narrow vest which is employed when the corsage is made without a girdle. This style in black cashmere, black velvet, and gold braid is especially elegant, and it is very tasteful in gray with the braiding in dull-silver. A very pretty and novel toilette for a young girl is in soft silk, such as surah or bengaline, in a delicate shade of pink. The skirt is made very full, and is drawn one-third of the length from the waist in three shirrings, caught up slightly at the sides to form puffed paniers. It parts in front, to show a wide band of pink faille embroidered with large rosettes in moss-green. The round waist is encircled with a moss-green belt, closed with a buckle in Rhine-stones or in gilt at the left side. The corsage is plaited in front, and the plaits are slightly parted, to form a narrow opening at the neck. Over each shoulder passes a band of pink faille, embroidered with moss-green like that of the skirt-front and cut in deep swallowtail points. The sleeves are short and full, and are gathered at the elbow, to leave a wide ruffle shading the arm. A moss-green ribbon is tied around the throat, and is closed with a large bow at the left side.

A very stylish walking-costume is in dark-green cloth, with full plain underskirt bordered with two rows of stitching, the overskirt draped high in a puff and falling in two points at the back, and forming a round full drapery in front. The corsage is cut with a round waist, and has a ceinture with a deep point in front, made in dark-red velvet braided with silver. It opens over the bust, over a plastron of plain velvet, and has an officer's-collar of the braided velvet. The sleeves start at the shoulders from deep gathered caps of cloth, and are slightly fulled at the wrists into cuffs of the braided velvet. This toilette is very handsome in Havana-brown serge, trimmed with chestnut-brown velvet and silver braid. Worth has just finished a severely simple but elegant costume, as a traveling-dress for a Parisian bride. It is in dark-green serge, made with a plain plaited skirt, over which is worn a polonaise, draped at the back and opening very wide in front, to show a long Louis-XV waistcoat in pale-gray satin embroidered with beige silk in a small pattern, and bordered with rosettes in the same embroidery. With this dress is to be worn a black Gainsborough hat, trimmed with dark-green velvet.

For evening-dress, tulle and crape maintain their supremacy, especially the former, which is the preferred material for dresses for young girls. One tulle dress was in maize-yellow, the skirt-front being adorned with a large wreath of white daisies, put on in a deep curve, the lower edge coming just below the knee, and attached at the left side with a bow and very long ends in finger-wide white watered ribbon. A very beautiful dinner-dress in pale-blue crape had the underskirt, in pale-blue satin, covered with magnificent Oriental embroidery representing birds and flowers in brilliant colors, a peacock sweeping his gorgeous train along one side of the skirt-front. The crape overskirt was very long and slightly draped, falling in a point at the back. The corsage was in plain pale-blue satin, cut in a square opening in front and in a V-shape at the back. Over each shoulder fell a flat plaited scarf in pale-blue crape, extending below the waist. High standing loops of pale-blue satin were set on the shoulders.

Worth is attempting to introduce the short waists of the Restoration and the First Empire; but the style is very unbecoming to any figure that is not of statuesque perfection.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S WALKING-COSTUME. The coat is made of a fine-checked tweed, braided with worsted braid. The back is in two box-plaits from neck to hem. Hat of felt, trimmed with loops of ribbon and quills.

FIG. II.—SAILOR-SUIT, for a boy of three to four years, made of navy-blue or white flannel and trimmed with black or white braid on the blue, or blue braid upon a white suit.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S HOUSE-DRESS, OF CASHMERE. Skirt tucked, waist fulled back and front into yoke, which is trimmed with a dotted velvet ribbon. Full sleeves, each gathered into a band at wrist, trimmed to match. Sash of surah, fringed at the ends.

FIG. IV.—CORDED FELT HAT, trimmed with loops of ribbon and two white quills.

FIG. V.—HAT, OF LIGHT-GRAY FELT, faced with velvet, trimmed with velvet and white-and-gray wing.

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Painted by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. Engraved & Printed by [illegible]man Brothers

A RAINY SABBATH.

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FA-PILLOW OR PORTFOLIO

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AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. SLEEVE.

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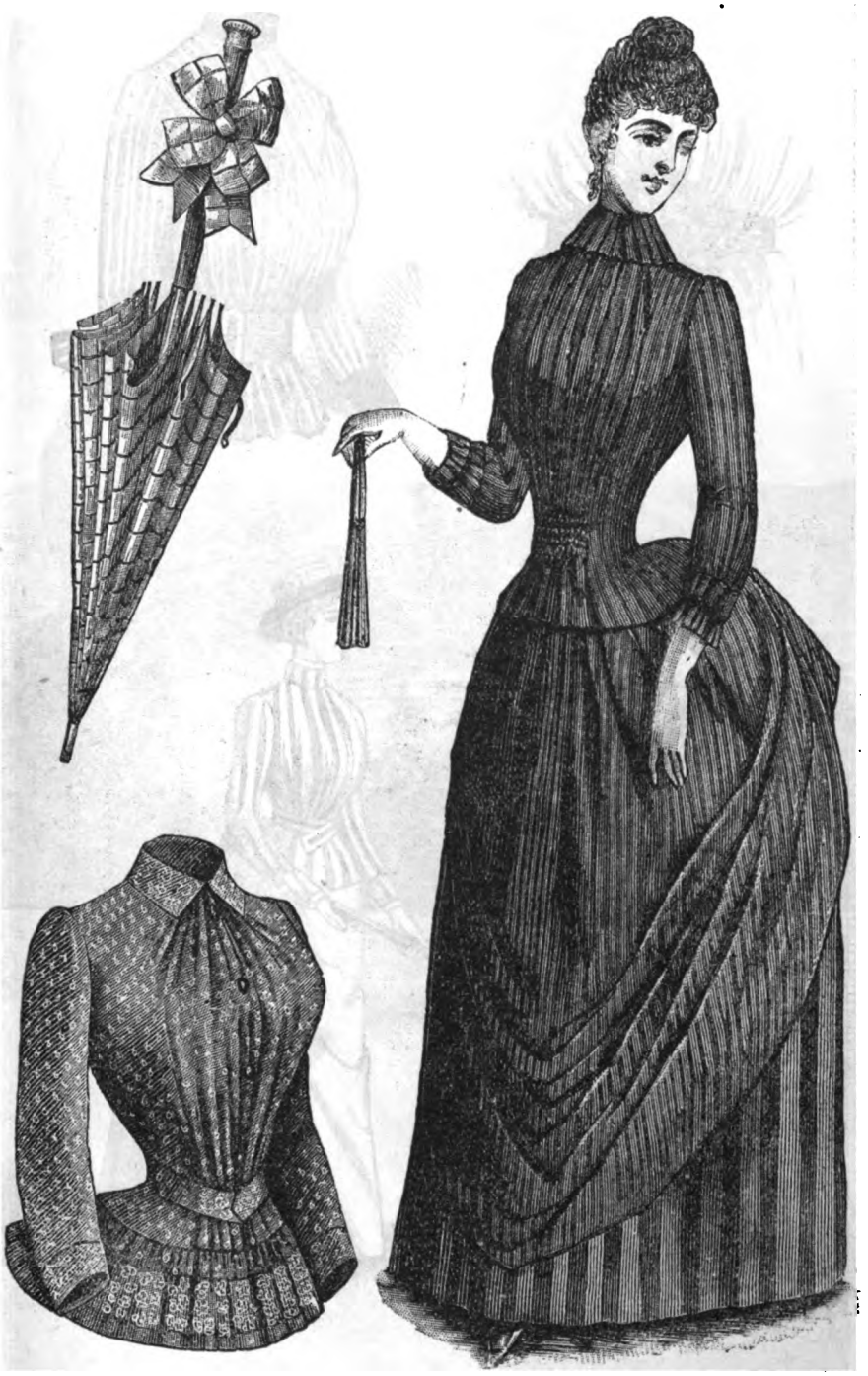

HOUSE-DRESS. PARASOL. BODICE.

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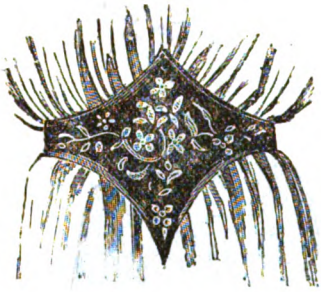

LAWN-TENNIS GOWNS. SWISS BELT. YOKE JERSEY.

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TAILOR-MADE JACKET. CORSAGE. HATS.

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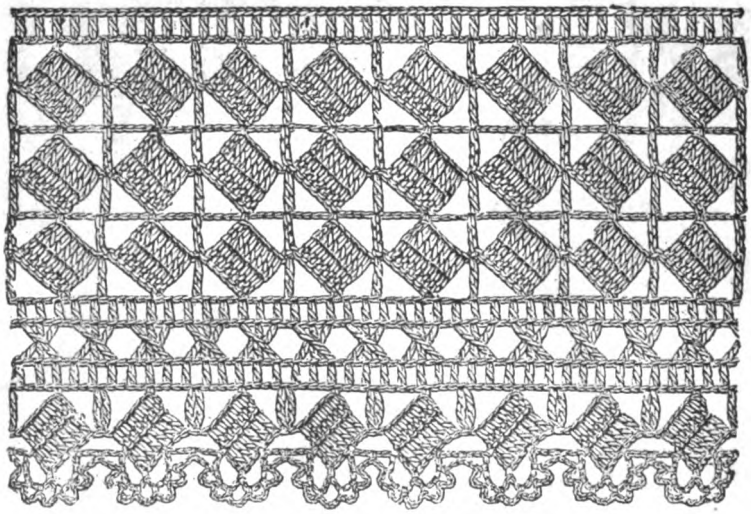

CROCHET-LACE. NURSERY TIDY.

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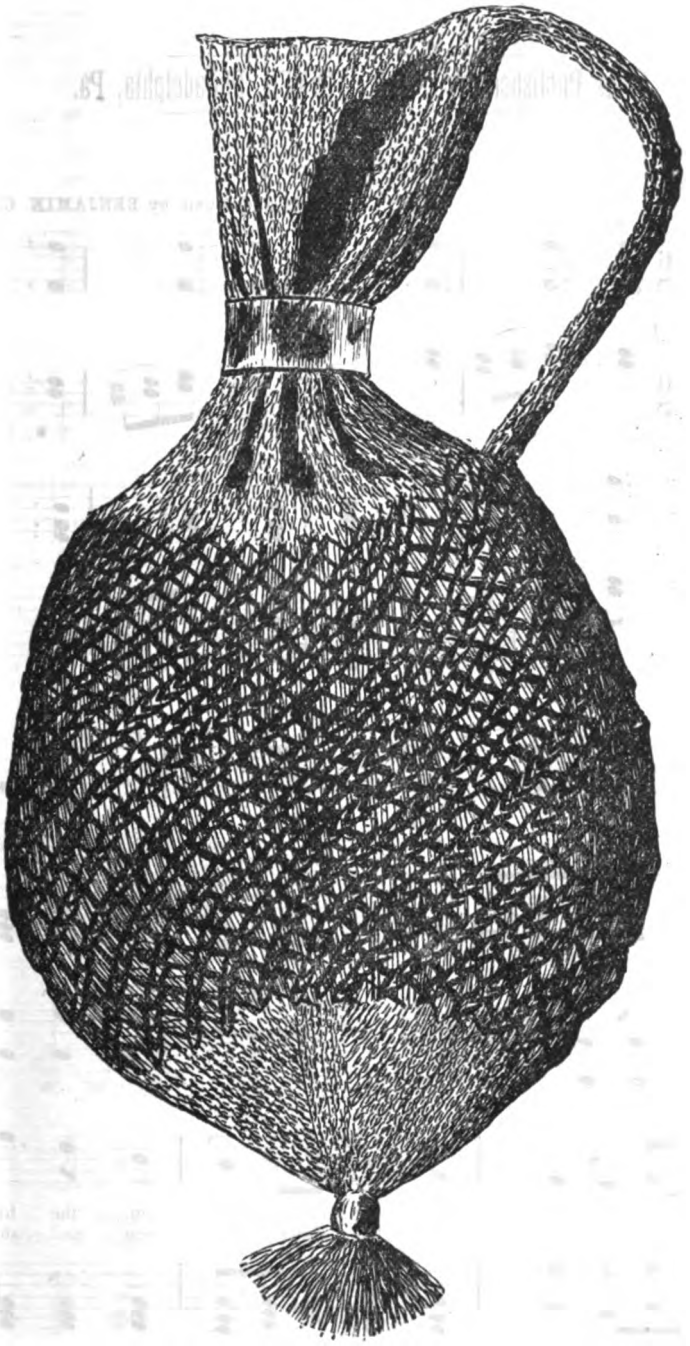

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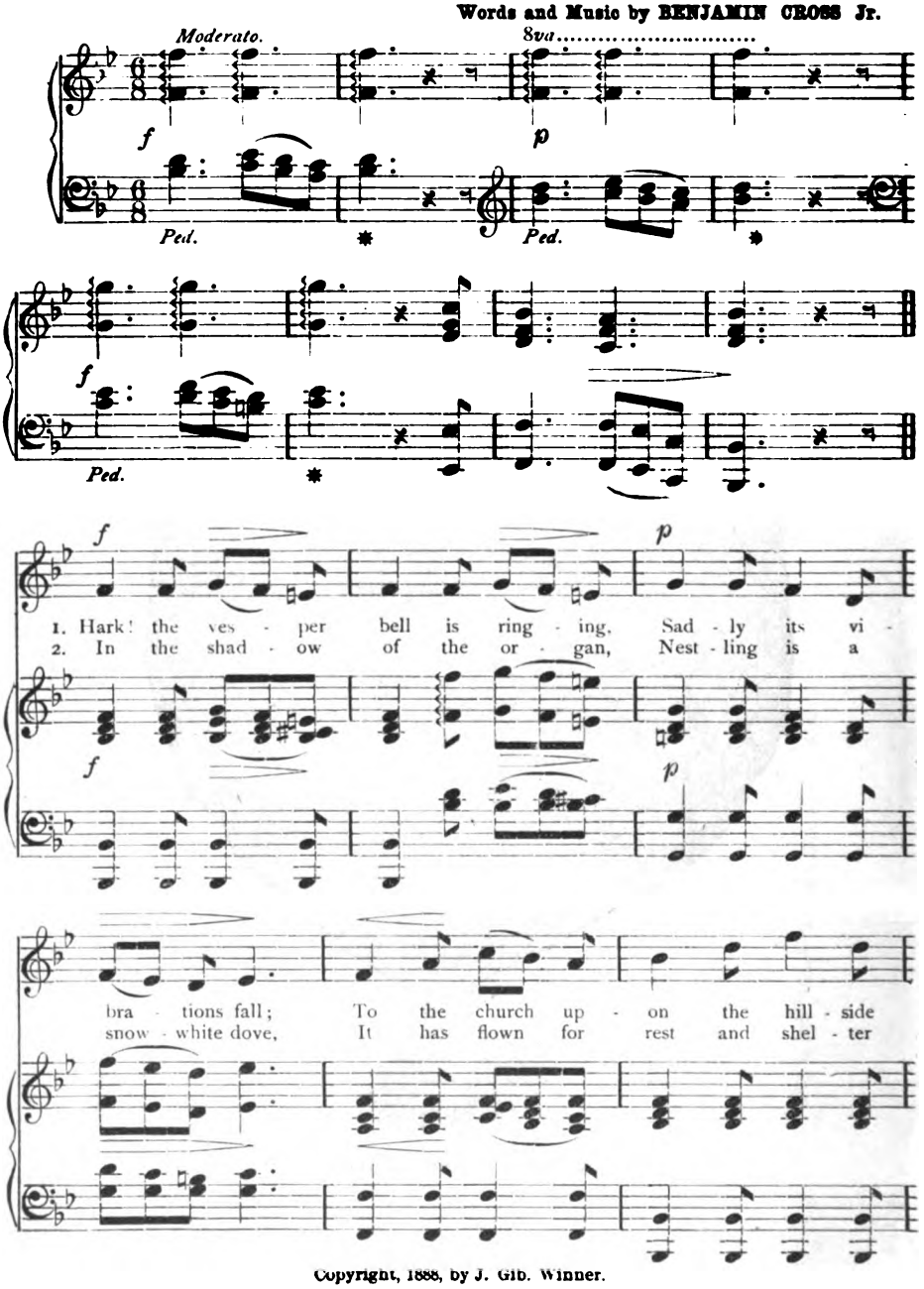
THE STRAY DOVE.

As Published by J. GIB. WINNER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Words and Music by BENJAMIN CROSS Jr.



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Come the sup - pliants at its call. Now the bell has
To this ha - ven far a - bove. "Ho - ly spir - it

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ceased its toll - ing And the or - gan's sol - emn peal
Heav-en - ly dove" As the cho - ir sweet - ly sings

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Ming - ling with the fra - grant in - cense O'er the sen - ses
T'ward the stars through o - pen win - dow Flies the bird with

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faint - ly steal.
Out-stretched wings.

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DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead—
  Come and sigh, come and weep;
Merry hours, smile instead,
  For the year is but asleep.
See: it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As the wild air stirs and sways
  The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
  Rocks the year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling hours—she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
  Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
  March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but oh, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1888. No. 4.

THE LINDENS.

BY ALICE WATTS M'VEY.

IT was an old gabled and timbered house, set behind a solid wall, with great stone balls surmounting the posts of the gateway which led up to the front door. It would have been picturesque, were it not for the air of desolation which hung like a pall over its vine-covered walls and silent surroundings.

Yet there was something human, now and then, in the appearance of this shadowed house. It was when occasional glimpses of lamp-light could be caught through the many-paned windows. But the great door had never unclosed since the gaunt shadow of woe had trailed its black robes across the polished marble threshold.

They called it "The Lindens," though why I never knew, for never a linden-tree threw its graceful shadow across it. It lay, in sunshine or in storm, year after year, a hushed lifeless thing, from which no ripple of laughter or burst of childish glee was ever heard. The old stones grew grayer and grayer; lichens covered the walls; and rank weeds and matted grasses smothered the abandoned flowers and untrodden pathways.

There was a dark tale, still repeated in whispers, of a time, years ago, when a dusk-eyed girl made it ring all day long with glad laughter. She was winsome, sweet, and fair, it was said: the idol of fond parents; the toast of society for miles around. But they told how, one wild wintry morning, she had gone out from the old house, never to return again; how, after that, the old house was shut up, and the sad-faced parents went away for years. At last, the tale went, they came back, two broken and burdened old people, sad and humbled and still.

There were rooms at the back of the house into which the sun never shone, rooms that were now close-barred, even from the light of day; and into this little lonely corner they two crept away, growing further and further from the curious world, that would fain have known their sorrowful story; cared for only by an old servant, close of mouth and uncommunicative as they. At length the meddlesome world grew weary of conjecture, and consigned them to the oblivion they coveted.

As a child, when I was out hunting for wild flowers, I used to go slowly up and down the road before it, marveling, as children will, if there ever had been a bright breakfast-room, a sunny kitchen, or a cool, sweet sitting-room;

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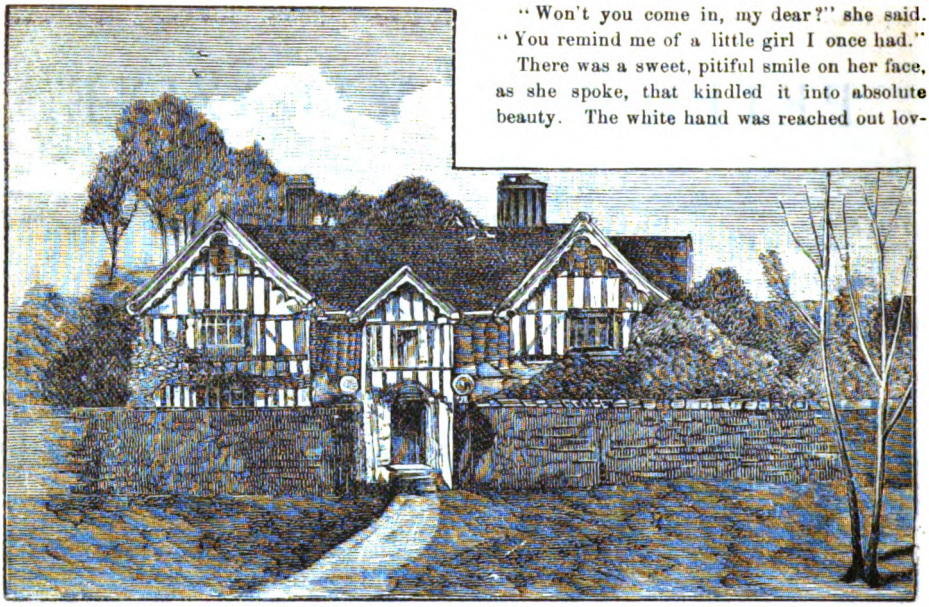

"Won't you come in, my dear?" she said. "You remind me of a little girl I once had."

There was a sweet, pitiful smile on her face, as she spoke, that kindled it into absolute beauty. The white hand was reached out lovingly, to draw me to her side. It was in this way I first came to enter the rooms I had so often dreamed about. They were all so beautiful! Whatever the desolation without, there was none within. Carpets, whose soft velvety thickness gave back no sound to the heaviest tread, were there; warm, bright draperies, easy, inviting chairs, cozy little sofas; pictures, rare and beautiful; brackets, laden with costly books and works of art; and flowers—flowers everywhere! The whole house abounded in surprises.

looking up at the high, quaint gables, wondering what wonderful things were stored away in its musty garrets; wondering, too, with a sort of childish pity for the lonely lives of those who lived there, how and where the two faded old people kept their vigils over the past; and if the scent of the roses ever awakened memories of the scarlet-lipped girl who had left its sheltering eaves for the perils of the broad, bright world beyond. It was the romance of my childhood.

One morning, I made bold to go up to the gate, which I saw open for the first time in my memory. I was gazing covetously at the great masses of nodding red roses within and scarlet trumpet-flowers, weaving wild bright fancies, and wishing, oh, so much, to enter the forbidden grounds, when I was surprised by a sweet tremulous voice, for all the world like the notes of a wind-harp, calling me from the doorway. Starting, I looked up to see a slender white hand, scarcely larger than my own, pushing open the door, while a sweet, withered face, in a setting of snowy hair—it might have been a ghost, so pale and colorless it was—gazed forth. I stood still, paralyzed with fright, until the call was repeated, and then I knew it was the face of the poor sorrowing mother whose idol had deserted her. There was a pleading pathos in the low-voiced bidding that checked my fears and forced me to go in. But I entered much as I would have entered a tomb, in awe and silence. Yet, in spite of this, the look of patient pain in the gentle, faded eyes won me to her side.

When I had told her my name, and had kissed the soft, pensive lips at parting, it was with a promise that I would soon come again. She held me in her arms a little moment, and I saw tears on her cheeks. She could not speak to me, as she filled my hands with beautiful flowers, and I wondered vaguely why she had kissed me and cried. Was she really glad I had come to her? And then the little gateway closed, and my feet flew adown the dusty roadway to my own home in the heart of the village.

Home to my mamma—to the loving eyes that I knew would be watching for the little girl so unaccountably long away, so impatient to tell her of my wonderful visit.

"Mamma," I cried, bursting in upon her quiet, "I have been to fairyland."

"Indeed?" she said, smiling. "And where did you find it?"

"I have been to The Lindens, mamma—actually inside the great old house," I said, solemnly.

"My child," she said, reprovingly, pointing

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to my apronful of flowers, "you surely did not go inside the grounds to gather these?"

And then, throwing my arms about her neck, I told her all, and she asked in amazement:

"Were you really in the house with the dear old lady?"

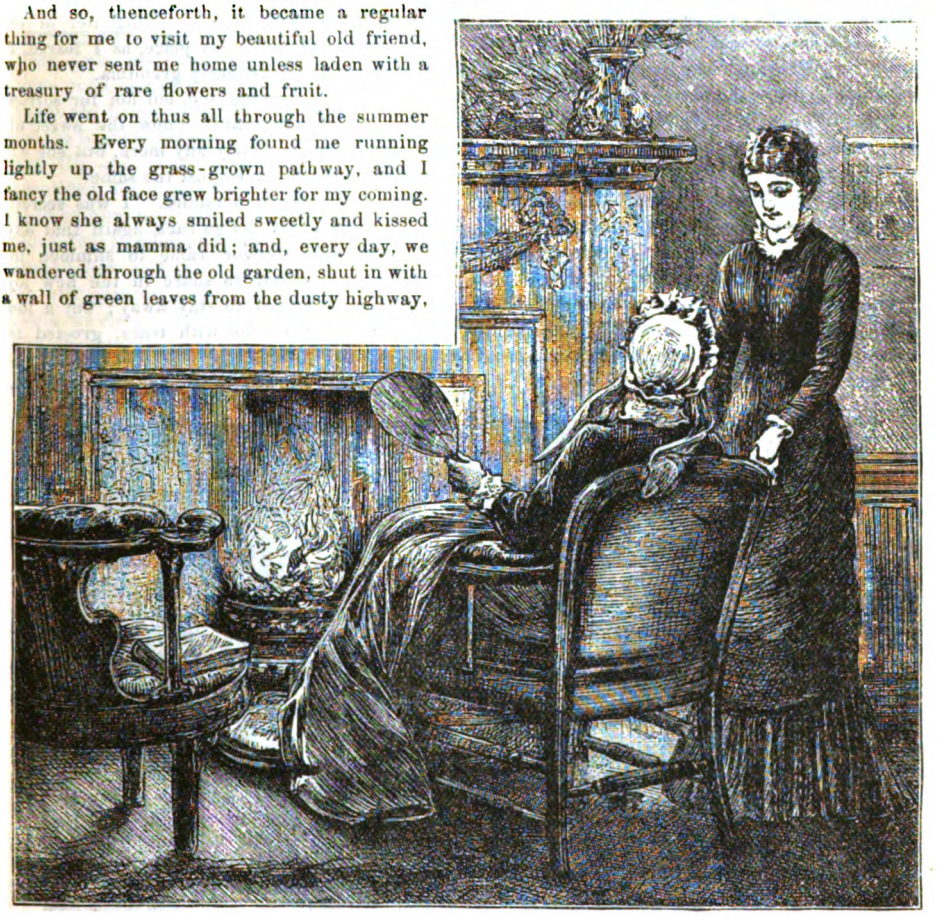
"Yes, mamma; and I must go back to her often She has no little girl to love her, and she is so lonely."

"Very well, dear," said my gentle mother.

And so, thenceforth, it became a regular thing for me to visit my beautiful old friend, who never sent me home unless laden with a treasury of rare flowers and fruit.

Life went on thus all through the summer months. Every morning found me running lightly up the grass-grown pathway, and I fancy the old face grew brighter for my coming. I know she always smiled sweetly and kissed me, just as mamma did; and, every day, we wandered through the old garden, shut in with a wall of green leaves from the dusty highway, her quiet love filling my apron with flowers and my heart with happiness. Sometimes, we roamed through the old house, but not often—for the dear old lady grew weary of the long stairways, and the rooms were dark and dusty—so we lingered longest in the lovely little south room, where she told me marvelous tales of other lands and other lives.

So it went on for years. When the winters came and out-of-doors all was frost and blight,



the lovely rooms grew lovelier still, especially the old paneled parlor. Warm and bright and cheerful it always was there, and the removal of a great stand of rare plants opened up a broad shining fireplace and a glowing grate.

At last, one day, when I was nearly seventeen, as she sat before the fire and I stood at the side of her chair, she spoke to me of the stately gentleman whose picture, large as life, hung over the fireplace, and told me he had gone away—on a mission of love, she said, to someone; and, a few days after, with tears in the dear, faded eyes, she said perhaps he might find a daughter like me, who would be to her what I was to my own mother.

And so it proved. For, when the early spring came, there came also a change in the usual quiet of the old house. Shutters were opened, and the sunshine flooded rooms long given over to gloom and decay. Strange people bustled about the premises; the ring of the hammer and the buzz of the saw broke the slumber of years, and every-

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where sturdy workmen were seen repairing. Inside and out, the toil went on; the old trees were trimmed, the rioting vines trained and trellised, the neglected garden pruned and weeded and beautified; and, under the many strong deft hands, the old place grew to be a fairyland indeed; and when, with wondering eyes, I had said: "And where is the fairy queen, grandma?" she kissed me with a sweet happy little laugh and said: "Wait and see, darling; some day soon grandma will tell you all about it."

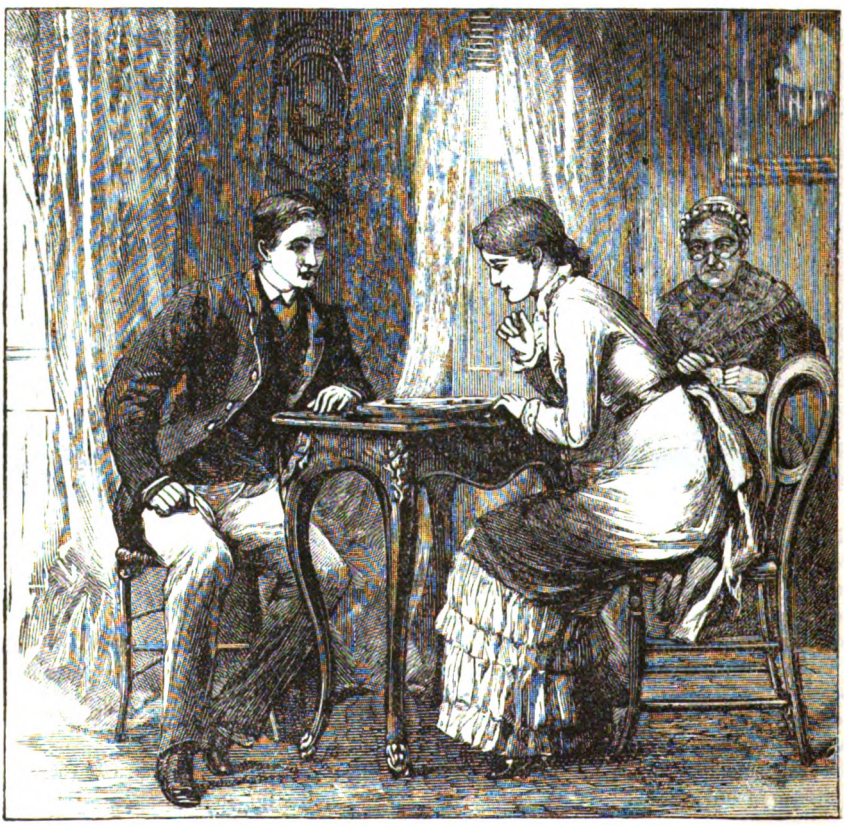
And at last it was all finished; a fairyland, truly, and the old, gloomy rooms were bright with sunshine that mocked the shadows.

One morning in early May, I ran up the old gray walk and tapped lightly at the door. It did not open, so I lifted the latch myself and entered, as I often did when grandma did not hear my knock. And there, sitting in a great easychair before the open grate, was my beautiful old friend. On a hassock at her feet sat a handsome lad, a year or two older than myself, holding her hand in his, stroking it fondly and smiling tenderly up into the pleasant face, while close by her knelt a dark-haired woman, gazing dreamily into the fire. On the other side of the fireplace sat the stately old gentleman who had gone on the errand, snowy-haired and handsome, and happier-looking than I had ever seen him before; while on his shoulder rested a little dusky head, that of a girl about a year younger than myself. So silently happy were they that they had not noticed my entrance, and I slipped softly away, running home, and there I hid my face in mamma's lap, weeping bitterly; and at last, through broken sobs, telling her of the others who had taken my place, as I feared, in the heart of the dear lonely grandma.

Mamma was weeping, too, but not for sorrow. "Dear child," she said, "now the sweet old lady will never be lonely any more, but she will love you just the same—just the same."

But I could not understand. I was secretly jealous. So I did not go back again that day, nor until a messenger came to summon my mamma and myself to share in the new joy. Even then, I longed to stay away; but a low, sweet voice, tremulous with tears, greeted me the moment I entered.

"My darling, I have missed you so!" said the



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dear grandmother, and she caught me in her arms and held me until I had sobbed out all my heartache on her bosom. Then she told me of the two who had come to bless her old age; of their mother, her own wayward little girl, who had gone away years ago, with a husband they had disapproved of, and whose cruelty had broken her heart. And how she had been lost to them for years, deserted, and left to poverty. How my visit had set their hearts to longing for their own, and how grandpa had sought for them until he had found and brought them back to the old home. Not only the sad-eyed mother, but the brave young son and the dove-eyed sister, and the old house had been brightened and beautified for their dear sakes. And then she drew us into the sunny familiar room, where we found the wanderers laughing merrily with the grandfather, and she told them of my ministry to their hearts, and that each and all must thank me for any good which had befallen them. And the kindly-faced gentleman took me in his arms. And the sad-eyed lady, so like her mother, whispered that, instead of only one to love me, I had five friends now in the old shadowy house. When mamma came for me, half an hour later, I think I was the happiest of them all.

Well, that was years ago. The old home grew to be very beautiful. Oh, the happy days I spent there! I became, as it were, a daughter of the place. Alice and I grew to be inseparable. Her brother became even more to me.

In the evening, while grandma sat near, the grandson and I would sing duets, or sketch together, or play at draughts. And so it came to pass that I went finally to live at "The Lindens," as the bride of its handsome heir.

The beautiful withered face grew radiant with joy, as she welcomed me when we came home from the ceremony. "Now I am ready to go. My life has had its fill of joy," she said. "It was this little hand that first lifted the cloud away from my sleeping heart, and opened my eyes to my sinful selfishness. God is good."

THE SOUL.

BY MINNA IRVING.

"I AM weary of life," said the rose,
As she leaned to look over the wall;
"I am tired of the garden close
And the birds, and the bees, and all."
She was plucked with a careless smile
As the beautiful dame went by,
And lived in her locks awhile,
And was cast in the dust to die.

"I am tired of the tree," said the bird,
"Of the wind, and the sun, and the rain,
Of the glees and the trills I have heard
And warbled again and again."
He was shut from the sky and the stars,
In a cage, like a savage thing,
And he bruised his breast on the bars,
And died with a broken wing.

"I would go to the war," said the boy,
"I am weary of clover in bloom.
In the rush of the battle is joy,
And I sigh for a sword and a plume."
In the teeth of the cannon he led;
To the wail of the wounded, the moan
Of the dying, and over the dead
He mounted the steps of a throne.

For the soul is a thing that grows,
The soul is a deathless flame.
In the king, and the bird, and the rose
It was ever the one and the same.
It was born of a beam of the sun,
From the heart of the blossom it passed
To the bird, and the boy, where it won
Perfection and glory at last.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

BY MRS. G. W. TATRO.

Do you remember the night we met?
I can hear the music and laughter yet;
How we glided and swayed to the perfect time,
And the world to us then was a beautiful rhyme.

The memory sweet of that night in June
Floats back to me now like some wordless tune;
It was not the music and laughter gay,
But what you said when you went away,

That filled my heart with such perfect bliss;
And, if I haven't forgotten, you stole a kiss.

You said 'twas the proper thing to do
To bind the bargain; I thought so, too.

And now, as I sit in the twilight gray,
And you such weary leagues away,
I am thinking of you and that night in June,
When the whole great world seemed in perfect tune.

But the happiest moments speed away.
"I came, I saw, I conquered," you say.
Then come back, dear one, and forget the years
That have rolled between, with joys and tears.

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THE MYSTERY OF STIRLING HOUSE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

THE following letters tell a story so remarkable, so tragic in many aspects, that I should hesitate to give them to the public if I did not know that, often, "truth is stranger than fiction." With this preface, I leave them to speak for themselves:

To COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY VIEW:

Mamma is bent upon my going to Stirling House. You remember Everard King Stirling—what a bright handsome fellow he was. 'King' seemed the very name for him, his bearing was so regal. I am looking at his photograph now, which hangs on the side of my pink dressing-table. By the way, I have discarded blue for pink hangings in my pretty room, and you can't think how beautiful they look.

King and I, you know, used to be the best of friends. He was the only boy I could ever endure to be near me when I was younger than I am now. I think, on looking back, that it was something else than friendship on his side; and I don't know but, if I had seen him more or had met him again, it would have been a warmer feeling than friendship on my part. This little photograph, just here, tells the story.

How terrible that he should have died abroad! And such a death—killed by a lion! Can you imagine that beautiful face disfigured, that regal head— But there—enough of this. I suppose I shall go to the old homestead. Mother seems determined that I shall make a conquest. She has bought me such beautiful dresses, and—how can I tell you?—sold our lovely Alderney, in order to "rig" me out, as June, our old cook, says. I could have cried my eyes blind when I learned that Bessy had gone. I hurried off to Farmer Skiffling's, who bought her—a young man and very handsome—and begged him to keep her for me, and he said upon his honor he would—one, two, or three years—and I could have her back at the same price, perhaps for less, and he looked so queer when he said it. I declare, it brought the color into my face. But how foolish of me!

Lionel Stirling is the heir now, of course, and the Stirling property is—well, in papa's language, "immense." They all think, here, that I ought to do something wonderful, with my face—you know they will persist in calling me the beauty of the family—and, since papa's failure, I suppose I am to be the lamb prepared for sacrifice. I have never seen this Lionel, who they say is larger and handsomer than his brother—not even a picture of him. King used to talk of him in rather a singular way, I remember, as if he had some peculiar qualities—were rash, headlong, and domineering; but he appeared to be proud of him, too. Well, I shall soon see my gentleman, and judge whether he is worthy the high honor of being impressed by your humble servant. The trunks are packed, and sometime I will tell you something of their contents. I assure you they have fitted me out royally. Miss Snips has been here with her appalling shears for three weeks, and is not quite done now taking the last stitch in my traveling-dress, which is precisely the color of a dead oak-leaf before the sun has burned it red.

I forgot to tell you that the invitation I had to Stirling House was very pressing, or of course I should not go. Lionel and his three maiden sisters all sent a cordial greeting, and I must come in order to be there in time for the mask-ball which is to be on Lionel's birthday. He will be twentythree the tenth of next month. If I tell you my ball-dress is like moonlight on the water or use any other extravagant simile, I cannot give you an idea of its shimmering beauty. And it becomes me, too. I haven't had my head so turned since my last birthnight-ball. Do you remember it? And how the failure came, two weeks after, and Ainsly Fitz James, to whom I was engaged, broke with me—could not marry a poor girl. Ah, that was hard—that terrible year. But I do not care for Ainsly now—no, on my honor, not one farthing. I have learned to know him as he is, and despise him. Well, as I must take my farewell to-night—I start in the eleven-twenty—I close just here, but will tell you about my journey.

CLARA POMFRET.

To COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

Here I am at a little country-hotel, twentyfive miles from Stirling. Papa put me in the care of a prosy old man; but, on the whole, he was rather entertaining. The reason I am here is because of an accident; there was a collision, and, in the next car to ours, several persons

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were killed. Papa's old friend brought me here, bag and baggage, as the saying is. The quaintest of quaint old houses is this same inn. I wish you could see the queer old furniture. There is a stand of drawers in my room whose top I cannot reach. I fancy there were giants when it was made—it certainly looks as old as the flood. The landlord is just as curious—wears his gray hair all combed back and tied behind, a leather apron, and buff-colored shoes. The madam is quite as peculiar, in her way. Her working-apron is made with sleeves, and, as she is dumpy, has no waist, and a bald spot on top of her head, you can imagine that, with her toothless mouth, she is not altogether "a thing of beauty." I have sent news of the accident to Stirling, and they tell me that a stage-coach passes to-day, and will leave me and my belongings at the entrance of Stirling House, which stands on the old county-road; so I shall start at twelve o'clock, with papa's old friend for an escort.

Last night, I had one of my odd visions—I can hardly call them dreams: I fancied that I went to Stirling House, and that King came out to greet me, at his brother's side. I was so astonished, and yet I asked no question. So it was throughout: wherever Lionel went, his brother was at his side, and yet no one seemed to see him but me. Twenty times, I was on the point of speaking to them about it, and as often King shook his head—with such a look, partly fear, partly pleasure.

Of course, I can account for that, in my then excited state of mind, and with the shrieks of the wounded still ringing in my ears. But still it was like my old trance-state—if that is what you might call it. I thought I was rid of it, years ago.

I took the coach, and had a delightful journey here. There were three persons beside my friend and myself, the rector of St. Paul's, whom I am sure I shall like very much. Imagine a tall, sallow, yet handsome young man, as straight as an arrow, with beautiful hair and eyes. He knows the Stirlings well, but says very little about them. I am glad he visits there. It will vary the monotony—if, as he says, they have very little company and go out very seldom themselves. It was nearly evening when we reached the— I had almost said "castle." Nor should I be far wrong, as appearances go. It is built after the model of one of the English homes of a nobleman. The Stirling who first came over, after forfeiting in some way the regard of the Crown, brought enough money to establish himself very comfortably here; and this house is the exact copy of the one he was born in, across the sea, only perhaps not so massive. There is a bell-tower, with a bell in it that is rung at certain times.

CLARA POMFRET.

CHAPTER II.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

I know you are dying to hear of the inmates. Here they are:

Lionel Stirling—a grand, tall, powerful-looking man, with gloomy eyes and a romantic face that remind me very much of the pictures of the mad king. I did not quite lose my heart to him, because a certain young clergyman was in my mind's-eye still, and there was something in his manner that impressed me as—what shall I say?—uncanny. I never had such a peculiar feeling; it seemed to be dread mixed with a certain fascination, as I took his arm.

Next came Miss Jenny—or "Jinny," as she is called—tall and shrewd and "skinny." She might, in her youth, have been handsome—so say her great brown eyes and still beautiful mouth; but she has lost the divine grace of youth, and is just verging toward old-age.

Next, Alice—a really lovely girl, but with restless manners and a habit of looking at her lordly brother as if to see if he approves of what she says or does.

In her wake, a stout, bright-eyed, talkative woman, who has charge of the house, servants, and entire family. I like her, the more I see of her, better than any of them. A very sweet, sociable, gentle-mannered woman is sister Mary. Now, you will laugh at me: I felt the impression almost as vividly as I had in my dream or vision—that King was there, that he stood and walked with his brother, and even that he looked at me with a warning glance whenever I spoke. Curious, is it not? I was welcomed warmly. Each of the sisters kissed me, and all went upstairs to my bed-room with me, and, later, sent a very charming little girl for my maid.

I was very glad of her company, for the room was so large and unsocial-looking that I felt lost in it. The bedstead stood in the middle of the floor, and looked like a catafalque, only that it had white hangings instead of black. The fire-place was large, and a cheerful blaze threw out a certain amount of heat. There were four windows in front, all hung with heavy satin brocade curtains, and all looking upon a rather dismal garden, in which are two yew-trees, close to the house.

I have been busy all the time since, undoing my trunk, boxes, and baskets; and my little maid helped me, while her tongue ran on like

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a mill-stream. She seemed to know the habits of each person in the house—assured me that I should like Miss Mary most of all, though the others were kind-hearted but very formal, and all of them looked up with a sort of awe to the brother, Lionel Stirling.

"You've no idea, miss—he's just like a prince. And, my! isn't he handsome? But everything about him must be like clockwork, and just so much brought into the house and no more; just so much cooked, and, if he finds any waste, there's an awful fuss. But he seldom does—the ladies look out for that. It keeps them in hot water, though, I think."

I asked my little maid—her name is Becky—if there were such a thing as a screen in the house. She said there was one in the housekeeper's room that was never used, and I begged her to get it. It proved a really valuable adjunct to heat and sociability. Within it on the broad hearth I arranged the smallest table I could find and the easiest chair. Strange to say, I wanted to shut out the four windows and the yew-trees and the blank wall to the left, that looked like a prison, so stained and broken and moldy, as if there could be no light or companionship in that part of the place.

Then I brought my basket of wools, my canvas, the few books that had been my companions for years, and tried to make myself comfortable.

CLARA POMFRET.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

It was all very well during the day. As I wrote in my last, I could make myself comfortable there, with my books and my canvas; but I dreaded the night. Could I sleep in that solemn funereal bed, canopied and curtained? I wondered. I had never slept alone in my life; and if in the day I had those old strange creepy feelings that seem to be my heritage, how would it be in the dark?

"The house must be shut up, a great part of it," I said to the little maid.

"Oh, yes, miss. There's thirty rooms in this house, and only half used in all, even with the servants. Indeed, I wouldn't want to walk over some parts of this old place, let alone sleep in them. There's dreadful ghosts there. Are you afraid of ghosts, miss?"

"I never have been," I said, laughing. "I'm much more afraid of living people. But who and what are the ghosts?"

"I don't know, miss. I wouldn't know for the world. I stay with my aunt, who's been housekeeper, she and her mother before her, to the Stirlings more than fifty years. She has a very nice little room with a fire in it, and she keeps a light all night, so I'm not afraid. But Mr. Lionel, miss, he sees 'em. Folks with them deep eyes mostly does, my aunt says."

"I hope they are not in this suite," I said.

"Ma'm?" And her eyes opened wider.

"I mean I hope they are not on this floor."

"Oh, no, miss, in that part of the house," pointing to the blank wall outside. "Nobody else has all them rooms—nobody ever goes there. Why, you couldn't hire one of the servants, except perhaps old Goose, to go there day or night."

"Who is old Goose?" I asked.

"He's Mr. Lionel's man; waits on him at dinner, waits on him everywhere. The rest of us says that he moves and speaks and thinks exactly as Mr. Lionel tells him to. Anyway, he hasn't got a word for nobody else. His name is Goosable, and everybody here calls him 'Old Goose.' I think he's shrewd enough, though. He looks to me as if he was always frightened; that's how he looks to me."

All this as she was running to and fro, bringing me my things from closet and drawer, while I arranged my hair. That is a matter, you know of old, I always attend to myself.

I could hardly decide what to put on; but, being company, I selected a pretty plum-colored suit with velvet trimming, a dress that mamma declared looked almost nice enough for one of Worth's.

CLARA POMFRET.

CHAPTER III.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

The sisters were all standing round the fire when I entered the stately room, where the table looked like playing at dinner, so vast and bare was the room and so small the table. It was exquisitely furnished, however, and the silver and glass were wonders of brightness and beauty. Lionel was at the further end of the great apartment, and came walking up to greet me and offer his arm. Of course, I acted the grand lady as well as my inches would allow, for, you must know, I scarcely reached the young man's shoulder; and if ever I longed in my life to upset the dignity, and disgrace the formality, of a gathering, it was on that occasion.

Old Goose was master of ceremonies. He was a large man, loosely built, and looked as if at some time he had been thoroughly frightened and never got over it. Every hair on his head seemed to rise whenever he looked at his master.

As for Lionel, it was curious to see the lordly way with which he dominated everybody; how his sisters watched him as well as his man; how they seemed to appeal to him whether they

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might speak, move, or have their being in his presence. I rebelled, answered him in his own vein, dared to question his opinion, and tried to make him afraid of me.

I own that he was sufficiently agreeable, and very, very handsome—I could not but notice this; and I must allow he made a great deal of me in his unique way, so full of dignity and self-assertion.

"Goose, bring Miss Clara some of the champagne over there—attend to Miss Clara's plate," he was saying, from one end of the dinner to the other. And, if you will believe me, there was the queer feeling that King stood at his elbow; that King echoed his words; that King was there bodily. This impression was startlingly disturbing, the whole evening through. When Lionel led me to the piano, King was on the other side. King seemed to select the music, turn the pages, and look so happy while I was singing. I shall never forget the sensation and never understand it.

"My brother likes you very much, Miss Clara," said Miss Jenny, as she gave me my candle at bedtime. "I hardly ever knew him to be so wide-awake and well pleased as he has been to-night. It really makes us all happy."

"Why—why should it?" I asked, in my simplicity.

Her faded cheeks reddened, and she looked curiously at me, like one who has something to say, but dare not say it. We went up the stately stairs, and my heart began to fail me. Why would she not ask me if I disliked sleeping alone? Mentally, I begged her to do so; but my magic failed. We reached the door.

"I hope you will sleep well," she said; "the bed is of down, and, if I were you, I would open the window opposite the fireplace. It will air the room."

I went in without speaking. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth as she kissed me good-night and I entered that awesome chamber. Not that I was exactly afraid; in all my life, I had scarcely known what fear was. I had gloried, as you know, in doing daring and out-of-the-way things. Three times I had walked from one end to the other of St. Paul's churchyard, so full of pillars and crosses and white stone angels. At dead of night, I had gone into far-away lonely rooms, to see if I could find a ghost, for, to tell the truth, I had always longed to possess that experience; but nothing had come to me, out of the common, as yet. Nothing but my dreams, visions, or what not, and that was the same old story.

CLARA POMFRET.

To COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

I went, looking straight ahead, to the other side of the screen, when I had entered the room, as I told you in my last. A few coals brightened the hearth, and I piled on the wood, determined, for a time at least, that it should illuminate that room to its utmost corner. It did. The cheer of the firelight heartened me, only I wished many times that the little maid could have been my bed-fellow. Doubtless she would have refused, accustomed as she was to the light and the society of her aunt. I could never sleep with a light. I must either deny myself that luxury, or lie winking and blinking all through the night. Not a little angry with myself that I had for once allowed my nerves to get the upper hand of me, I undressed at a late hour, freshened the fire so that I might hear its blaze and crackle, and went to bed. Sleep came almost as soon as I touched my pillow, for I was thoroughly wearied out; but such sleep! All night I was wandering through the house with its master, who had not the wild gloomy eyes of Lionel Stirling, but the soft, tender, loving orbs of the dead and gone King. How happy I was! For he talked to me as the future mistress of Stirling, and I seemed quite glad and happy to have it so.

At twelve I waked, hearing the strong mellow tones of the great clock in the hall. How still it was! And yet in the silence I seemed to hear footsteps and voices. I rubbed my eyes, I sat up in the gloom, I tried to penetrate the darkness with my glance.

"If there is anything here, let me see it," I said, over and over again; but only the darkness answered me from its impenetrable wall, and I sank back on my pillow, disappointed.

Then I had what I call one of my visions. I was lying very still, hands and feet crossed, and trying to recall the verses of a poem by Mrs. Browning, when I seemed to fall into a gentle sleep. I thought I was in the same room, sitting at the window and looking out upon the staid garden and the dismal yew-trees, when suddenly a bright light shone near the door. It was about the size of a man's body, and, as I gazed curiously upon it, there developed the form and features of King Stirling. He looked pale and careworn, and, when I joyfully asked him to come in, forgetful of the proprieties or entirely oblivious of my surroundings, he answered only by a mournful shake of the head.

As I still gazed at him, not feeling at all inclined to go near him, I saw that he held in his right hand a curious little Egyptian light, which he lifted now and then, as if looking for something.

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"What do you wish to find?" I asked. He beckoned me toward him, and I went.

"Do you see?" he asked, holding up the lamp, which had a pure white flame.

"I see nothing but the side of the door," I said.

"But do you not see?" And again he held the light up where there appeared to be a metal button, which I saw, distinctly. He stood by my side and threw the white light on the recess made by the door. Then I saw what I had not noticed before. The wall on the left side, as one entered, was thicker by two feet than that on the right.

"It must be," I said to myself, "that the wall outside is let into this space. I will look and see, to-morrow. But," I added, aloud, "how do you come here, when you are dead and eaten by a Numidian lion?"

"Not a Numidian lion," he said, and smiled and vanished.

Then I came out of the trance, if trance it was, and wondered what it could mean. Why did this dead man, this uneasy spirit, whom I could have loved in the flesh, thus follow me? I had done him no harm, and yet I saw his shadow everywhere.

No more sleep for me that night. I got up, lighted my candle, threw on my dressing-gown, rekindled the fire, and sat down in the easy-chair. Still the face of the dead man haunted me. I lifted my lamp and went to the door, inspected the panels and the sides that formed the recess, and, to my astonishment, saw that the wall at my left hand was fully three feet in thickness, while that at my right was only one, and barely that.

CLARA POMFRET.

CHAPTER IV.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, OF HOLLY LODGE:

When I had inspected the panel, as I told you in my last, and found that the wall was thicker in one place than another, I determined, late as it was, to investigate still further. Accordingly, I set my candle down and unlocked the door, expecting to see darkness: but, to my surprise, there was a faint but distinct illumination which, when I looked further, proceeded, as I saw, from a large lamp hung in the hall below.

"I wonder if they forgot to put it out," I said to myself. "Or perhaps it was left burning as a security against thieves." Then I lifted my own light and found the wall plumb with the door the whole length of the hall. It could not be that the wall in that particular place was two or three feet thick—what, then, was the surplus space? Calling to mind every movement of my spirit-visitor, I tried to find the button which I had so plainly seen in my dream or vision. In that, the door was of the color of maple, whereas it was now a clever imitation of mahogany, and I could see no sign of a metal button or of anything unusual in the wall. For hours I wandered round, going the length of the hall and looking at the old pictures that had hung there for generations, and it was morning when I entered my room and put on the last of the wood, making a fire that was all the more cheerful because of the rain which now fell heavily.

It is a week since I wrote the above, and life has gone on with the same monotonous regularity, except on two evenings, Wednesday and Saturday, when the rector of St. Paul's called, looking much handsomer than when I had first seen him. His presence seemed to have a depressing effect upon the master of the house. Heretofore Lionel had been all vivacity during the evening, devoting himself to me, while the three sisters sat each in her favorite place, with knitting, crocheting, and Kensington-work, expressing their approval and general delight by nodding toward each other with smiles and looks of satisfaction.

But, when Mr. Benning came, this was altered. The good clergyman gave all his attention to myself after duly visiting the three fair spinsters. He asked me to play and sing, turned over my music-pages, selected songs, talked upon art and talked well, while Lion sat glowering at a distance, and the three sisters looked at each other with sorrowful glances. Of course, I treated him well; it might be thought a trifle more than well, for he was very handsome and very delightful. But, when I saw that it changed the entire household, that on the following day Lion was more dignified than a judge on the bench and colder than an icicle, and that the frigid atmosphere extended around the entire circle, I began to wish I had not come—to long for the cozy little home and the loved ones I had left.

CLARA POMFRET.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

I have something now to write, in addition to what I told you in my last, so strange, so altogether out of the way of ordinary events, that I scarcely know in what form to fashion it.

I awoke, this morning, to find the weather heavy; but it cleared, toward noon, in time to go to church, for I was anxious to hear Mr. Benning preach. I went with Miss Mary, Lionel having elected to stay at home.

The sermon was delightful—Mr. Benning, in his gown, handsome as an angel—I suppose there are angels with dark complexions—and I came very near losing my heart to him.

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The dinner was very quiet and stately. Lion had not forgiven me for going to church, and regarded me with such a mixture of dislike and passion in his eyes that I felt uneasy, and feared being left alone with him. For I knew now that he loved me. When I returned from church, I found such a rhapsody on the table in my room as, it seemed to me, none but a madman could write. He was evidently waiting for an opportunity to be alone with me; but, after addressing a note to him, carefully worded and to the intent that I would give him his answer on the night of the ball, I retired to my room with a bad headache. I had become quite accustomed to the size of this apartment, its shadows and its loneliness. To-night I was very uneasy. Something seemed to be calling me. I felt as if perhaps there were trouble at home, but my last letter from there had spoken of the good health of the family.

As I went in my room, I saw in the hall, opposite my door, a step-ladder that had been used probably to hang pictures. A thought struck me. I would thoroughly explore the panels on the left of my door, for even yet the peculiar appearance I had seen on the first night of my sojourn here haunted me. The presence had become dim. I no longer saw King in the companionship of his brother, or fancied I saw him, but there was something very peculiar in the construction of that wall, and it held me with a sort of fascination. I dragged the step-ladder inside my room, and, climbing to the top-step, I commenced feeling round for something, I hardly knew what, only I was impressed that there was a spring there. Instead of a metal button, as I had expected, there was a depression, not at all perceptible to the sight. The moment I pressed it with all my strength, the lower panel flew up, and a cold, damp, earthy smell, such as one notices in unused rooms, greeted my senses.

I lighted another candle, and then, armed with both, peered into the interior of the panel, expecting to find a closet. Instead of that, I saw a passageway carefully finished, and, at the distance of a few yards, a door. Curiosity led me on. I have stated once before that fear was no part of my nature, and the idea of an adventure the most fascinating that could present itself to me. I always carried with me, as part and parcel of my baggage, a neat little bull's-eye lantern, to be used in an emergency. This I lighted, and, fortified with a desire to distinguish myself as being the first one to find this passage, at least in the present century, I went to the door and opened it. A flight of steps led up, winding about, having, as I supposed, for their terminus, the bell-tower. At any rate, I would find out. The stairs led into a gallery with small rooms, scarcely larger than prison-cells, on either side. At the end of these, I came to a small door, bolted, and, after considerable exertion, I drew the bolt and the door flew open, disclosing another and broader hall. Still I went on, conscious that I was in the unused part of the house where the ghosts walked. The rooms were furnished in very ancient style, and clouds of dust went up from the moth-eaten carpets whenever I ventured to step on them. At last I was startled to see, through the transom of a door opposite to that which I entered, a light—quite a bright light. For some moments I was undecided. Who could be in this forsaken wing? I had never seen a light on the other side, and it was spoken of as unoccupied. Again I heard the rustling of paper, then a movement as of someone rising, walking a few steps, then sitting down again. I distinctly distinguished every sound. CLARA POMFRET.

CHAPTER V.

To COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

Something outside of myself, an impulse prompted not alone by curiosity, impelled me to rise and knock at the door.

"Who's there?" exclaimed a startled voice. Then there was a subdued exclamation, the key turned in the lock, and I stood face to face with King Stirling!

Haggard, unshaved, thin almost to emaciation, but still the same glorious countenance that had enthralled my youthful imagination—he stood there, with an expression of blended fear and rapture.

"Great heaven! how did you get here? Are you Clara Pomfret or her spirit? In God's name, tell me!"

"I am Clara—the same Clara you walked with in the rose-garden at Holly View. Do you remember?"

"Do I remember?" he replied, in a deep voice and with agitation. "How can I help remembering? How often have I thought of it the past twelve months, since I have been incarcerated here in a living tomb."

"But how came you here?" I asked, still almost breathless with the surprise. "It was given out that you had gone away—that you were killed in a lion-hunt. It cannot be possible that you have been here all this time!"

I had entered his room and seated myself on a divan. He had evidently provided this apartment with the best he could find in the other furnished rooms, and it was, on the whole, lux-

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urious as well as comfortable, save that there was not a mirror to be seen.

"It is certain," he said, "that I am a prisoner in my own house, a victim to the greed, or possibly insanity, of my brother Lionel. How he managed to get me here, I know not; but of course I was drugged. I had intended to go on a long journey, as all my friends and my family knew, and had sent on my baggage the night before, that I might start unencumbered early in the morning. When I came to consciousness in this prison, I found all my effects, that I supposed forwarded, here to my hand. I can tell you nothing more, except that he compassed it with the most fiendish ingenuity, assisted by his slave and tool, old Goose. My sisters mourn my death, and the world at large believes that I am no longer among the living. Strangely enough, there was a young man by the name of King Sterling, only one letter different from my name, who was killed while lion-hunting in Africa, and my brother took advantage of the incident to spread the report that it was I. But, thank God, He has sent you to me in the hour of my need. How did you find your way here? And tell me: is there an opportunity for me to escape? By the way you have come, I think there must be another secret passage."

I related to him the manner in which I had found the sliding panel.

"Strange," he said, "for I never knew of its existence. A merciful Providence has sent you here. I could not have lived another year. I should have killed myself."

"But was it not possible for you to make your escape?" I asked.

"You would not think so, if you could see the precautions that have been taken to prevent my leaving this part of the house. Bars and bolts and iron doors are lavishly scattered through all this floor. The most refined ingenuity could not have planned my retirement from society, and indeed from the world, with more success in all the details. I have my books, as you see, paper, pen, and ink, which I have bribed old Goose to bring me. But I am caged, and have been helpless until this blessed night, when your courage led you hither. I am fed, not too bounteously, twice a day, like a caged animal. I am allowed to exercise in this side of the house, which is as effectually barricaded as the other. In fact, I am the helpless victim of an exacting and determined madman. No one dares come here, for it is reported that the place is haunted—as, indeed, it has been, by one poor lonely spirit—and the servants are afraid of the very shadow of the wing, avoiding even the ground it looks upon. Now, thank God, from the hands of the sweetest woman I ever knew, I receive my liberty."

But the bell has rung; I am interrupted. I will finish in another letter.

CLARA POMFRET.

To COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

I did not, for a moment, answer. At last I said: "We must think of the best way of escape. Your brother is undoubtedly insane, but he has spread the report of your death so cleverly that you might be considered an impostor, and he would dispute your right to the heirship."

"He could not; I have not altered so much," he said, in an agitated voice.

I was silent.

"What am I to do, then?" he asked.

"Wait. You are assured of liberty. You can afford to be a prisoner a little while longer. Be as patient as you can. I will devise a plan, and, meantime, share your solitude often."

"You are an angel!" he said, the tears in his eyes. "You have saved my life—my reason—everything! Clara, I dare to ask it, now—give me the right to make your days as full of hope and happiness as you have made this short hour. Great heaven! What would I not do to repay you?"

I was taken too utterly by surprise to call to my aid what little dignity I possess. Memories of the past surged over me—that photograph I had cherished, the suffering he had endured—and, before I knew it, he had me in his arms, and I, forgetting everything, was his promised wife.

CLARA POMFRET.

CHAPTER VI.

To COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

When I went away, after the startling events narrated in my last, drawing the bolt of the small heavy door behind me, and entered my room, I was like one in a dream. I never thought of going to bed. My watch said quarter to ten. I replenished the fire and walked the floor for an hour steadily, trying to think. Then I sat down and wrote—letters, diary, emotions. Not once did I think of sleep; it never occurred to me that I needed rest. The pale beams of the morning, looking in the high narrow windows, found me still up. I threw myself on the bed for a few moments repose, then let in my little maid, and finished my toilet. We talked of the coming ball, and I found the girl knew how to dance.

"I would give—oh, I dare not say what—to be one of the guests," she said; "but that is impossible. Though I have been taught to dance,

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I am only the housekeeper's niece. I never went to a grand mask-ball."

"You are just my size," I said, thinking of my scheme. "I tell you what I will do. We don't unmask till midnight. At ten o'clock, you shall change dresses with me and go in the ball-room, where you can dance to your heart's content till twelve."

"You don't mean it!" And her pretty eyes opened wide.

"I do mean it. I have had enough of such pleasure, and you have had none. Just before twelve—well, you can come up here, and, if you find me, we will change back; if not—I may take a fancy to wander over the grounds—just leave the dress and mask here. It will afford me more pleasure than it will you. Believe me—I mean it."

She consented with a pleasure that showed how much she valued the privilege, and I was content.

That day, Lionel was gracious, but his sisters looked anxious and unhappy, and each one tried to get me alone with her, but I avoided them all. Something told me that they wanted to plead their brother's cause.

At noon, I needed a book which was in a small room at the east end of the house, leading into the garden. It was seldom frequented, so I often took my work there, and, so far, had never been disturbed. I found the book, one that I had brought, and, turning to leave, faced Lionel Stirling. For a moment, I was almost paralyzed with fear. Had he learned that I had found his brother? If so, I felt that King Stirling's fate was sealed. There was that in his face that frightened me; there was, in all he said, a wild fervor born of insanity. He declared his love for me in the most passionate terms, and demanded an answer then and there.

I told him I had reserved my decision till the night of the ball, and nothing he could say would change my resolution.

"If," I added, "when the time comes for unmasking, you see on my left shoulder a knot of blue ribbon, you may claim me for your wife."

"And if not—" he muttered, with terrible emphasis.

"Then it may not be," I said, smiling.

After another wild rhapsody, he left me, and I hurried to my room, there to ponder over the scheme which, it seemed to my sanguine nature, needed only the putting it in action to secure success. My little maid would personate me. I had provided a plain domino and black mask for King. The time of our flight would be an hour before midnight, when doubtless some of the maskers would be in the garden. We were to catch the eleven-ten train, which we could do easily by riding or driving to the depot, and I calculated to reach home by noon of the next day. Twice I had been up in the dreary prison where the true head of the house dragged out the weary days of bondage.

CLARA POMFRET.

To COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

Our plan succeeded to perfection. At the opening of the ball, I showed myself to each of the sisters, who separately went into raptures over my toilet. At a little after ten, I complained of weariness and went up to my room, where my little maid, in a happy flutter of expectation, awaited me. The transfer was soon made. The child looked a lady to her finger-tips.

"Say but little," I said, "especially to Mr. Lionel; indeed, avoid him if you can. He has already danced with me twice, and I gave him to understand I was engaged for the rest of the evening. Take my card. I dare say you will enjoy it all. Before they unmask, come up here, change for your own clothes—I will leave them for you—and go to your room."

She promised everything, and went downstairs radiant.

I turned the key in the lock and hurried up to King, who was waiting, pale as death, but quite calm. With my help, his hair and beard had been trimmed since the visit of his jailer, old Goose. Everything was in readiness. We both attired ourselves in plain dominoes. Mine was blue, his was black. A cab was in waiting at the turn of the road. As there were many vehicles at the grounds, the driving away of any of the participants would scarcely be noticed at the time, though it might afterward be recalled.

All went well. We chose our time, moved with deliberation, went separate ways from the house to meet again, and, by great good-luck, caught the train, which was exactly on time.

CLARA POMFRET.

To COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

This was what happened afterward, as I learned from the three sisters:

My little maid personated me so well that everybody was deceived. She danced up to the time stipulated upon, and was met by old Goose at the foot of the stairs, who exclaimed, in accents of horror:

"Oh, miss, if you don't wear the blue, there's an end of it. Master will kill you and maybe kill all of us. I've done my duty to an extent—I can't see bloodshed; I can't see murder done; and, if I could git you out of this house, I would."

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The girl ran in great terror to my room, changed her attire, and then sought her aunt, in whose apartment she felt sure of protection. Twelve o'clock came, and the dancers unmasked. The master of the ceremonies looked round the throng, moved hither and thither, then spoke aside to his sisters. One went up to my room and found the bird flown. The door or panel leading to King's prison was open; probably, in our agitation and dread, we had both forgotten to close it. In less time than I can tell it, the place had been searched and all was discovered.

They told us that Lionel raved all night long through the house; that no one stirred out but poor faithful old Goose, who was shot dead for his fidelity; that all the next day it was terrible to hear the raving of the now thoroughly mad man.

It was not till the second night that a few courageous men dared to beard the lion in his den, and, by some skillful maneuvering, capture him. Meantime we waited, in the silence and sanctity of home, for news, and, when we learned that the desperate man was at last taken and conveyed to the nearest insane-asylum, we breathed more freely. CLARA POMFRET.

TO COUSIN RACHEL, AT HOLLY LODGE:

I address you now, dear, under a different name. I am Clara Pomfret no longer, but Clara Pomfret Stirling. King and I were married at my father's house by the Rev. Mr. Benning, for whom King sent to perform the ceremony. When we returned to Stirling House to take possession as the master and mistress of the old place, there was great rejoicing. Little Beck was the first one to welcome me. The three sad-faced spinsters protested they had wished me to marry Lion, thinking that it might make a changed man of him, as they had thought him only a little singular, since a terrible fall from his horse five years before, and, as he had always been amenable to the influence of a woman, they had great hope in the success of the experiment.

They are still with us, calm sedate women, living together and very much happier under King's rule.

We have had the secret partition removed. King says he wants no traps in his home. The west wing has been turned into a spacious nursery. My own parents are with us; and, altogether, a happier household could not be found in the whole country round.

CLARA POMFRET STIRLING.

These are the letters. Could I have told the story better, or even as well, if I had told it myself? I think not, and I believe the reader will agree with me. At any rate, they explain the MYSTERY OF STIRLING HOUSE.

TIME'S MARCH.

BY BELLE BREMER.

WHEN chill December's wintry wind is blowing
Its drifting snow,
We tell each other that the year is going.
Where does it go?

Since that first morn when all things were created,
The tireless years
Have made their never-ending journey, freighted
With joy and tears,
Forever on, in serried swift progression;
When one is gone,
Another takes its place in quick succession
And follows on.

Soundless they go, as some strong eagle flying
In dim mid-air
To a mysterious twilight country lying
Somewhere, somewhere—
An unknown awesome land, the still forever,
Where shadows meet
With shadows—phantom-years that never
Each other greet:

A wreck-strewn land of captives, ever noiseless.
What hopes and fears
Are lying in its shadows, cold and voiceless;
What seas of tears—
Tears, bitter tears, dumb sorrow's words unspoken—
Wept by dim eyes
In every clime since Eve's sad heart was broken
In Paradise.

There's naught can stay the greedy years from pillage—
Marauding band:
They sack a city and destroy a village
With ruthless hand,
And fasten on the glowing form of beauty
Their rapine hold;
But all are captives, all are lawful booty—
The young, the old.

Insatiate Time! he bears away our pleasures,
Nor heeds our call.
Youth, beauty, strength, our hearts' most cherished treasures,
He takes them all.
Or if, from his strong hand, awhile we've won them,
The years in line
Will mark them his, and boldly set upon them
His signet-sign.

'Tis strange to us as 'twas to hoary sages,
This ceaseless round,
This march of time, this tramp of viewless ages,
That makes no sound,
But, with light muffled feet that never weary,
Forevermore
Goes marching on to that strange land and dreary,
The unknown shore.

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LOVE UNFAILING.

BY JENNIE PORTER ARNOLD.

In the early twilight of a day in September, Mrs. Barton was stepping briskly to and fro preparing supper in great haste, for a thoughtless caller had delayed her work beyond the usual hour. Her two boys, Ralph and Edwin, lads of the respective ages of thirteen and eleven years, with all the masculine impatience of hunger, were adding to her nervous irritability by their fretful complaining.

"Here, Mary," she said, hurriedly, to her little twelve-year-old handmaiden: "run down cellar, quick, and get the butter. No, don't stop for a light," as the girl started for a lamp; "I'm in too much of a hurry to wait for that. You know just where it is, and can find it in the dark."

Half reluctantly, Mary started to obey. She dared urge no remonstrance against Mrs. Barton's commands, although there was only one thing in the world she dreaded so much as going into the cellar in this way: she had a horror of entering the place after nightfall even with a lamp, and, in the dark, it was something terrible to her. Years before, thoughtless companions had frightened her by telling all sorts of stories of ghosts and wild animals lurking in such places; and ever since then, reason with her who might, she could never enter a cellar after dusk without peopling it with all imaginable horrors.

But what she dreaded quite as much were Mrs. Barton's sharp reprimand and the ridicule she knew she would meet from the boys of the family if she betrayed her fear; so she went resolutely down the stairs, stepping softly, her eyes glancing in every direction, and her ears strained to catch the first sound of the dreadful creatures which might be hiding there. She reached the butter, and was stooping to lift the pan which covered it on the cellar-bottom, when her quick ears detected a slight sound in a distant corner. She turned quickly, her heart beating fast with terror, and saw two fiery eyeballs glaring at her, not a dozen feet distant. Her flesh seemed to creep and her heart to stand suddenly still. There was a slight rustling movement, and the eyes—which, in the darkness, looked like balls of fire—advanced slowly toward her. With a wild shriek, she dropped the pan and rushed upstairs, falling, half fainting, on the kitchen-floor.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" Mrs. Barton exclaimed, in astonishment, while the two boys rushed up with eager curiosity as their mother raised Mary to a sitting position.

The girl's face was blanched to a deathly whiteness and her eyes dilated with terror.

"I don't know," she gasped, shuddering, as she glanced at the open cellar-door; "there was some dreadful creature there, with eyes of fire."

"Nonsense! How can you be such a simpleton?" And Mrs. Barton impatiently gave her a rough jerk to her feet, while Ralph laughed derisively.

At that moment, a huge black cat came up the stairs, and, entering the kitchen, came over to Mary and rubbed against her feet.

"Oh, ho! ho!" laughed Ralph, "here's Mary's hobgoblin! Poor old Tom! Oh, what a girl—scared to death by a tom-cat!"

The blood rushed back into Mary's face, making ears and cheeks tingle with shame. To be frightened like that by poor innocent Tom! It was sufficiently humiliating without Ralph's ridicule.

"Oh, do hush your noise," his mother said, impatiently, "and let her alone; we shan't have supper to-night. Now the cat is up here, Mary, go down and see if you can get that butter without losing your wits again."

Though still trembling, Mary started to obey, shrinking even more than before from the trying ordeal. As she stepped on the first stair, Ralph leaned down and gave a loud cat-call in her ear: "Me-ow! me-ow!" then calling tauntingly: "Oh, you little coward! you little coward!"

The word "coward" nerved her as nothing else could have done; after that, she would have gone unflinchingly, even if all the horrors she dreaded stood in her way.

She returned safely with the butter this time, and, in a few moments, Mr. Barton entered, and the family gathered about the supper-table.

Ralph gave his father a humorous account of Mary's fright, while the poor child shrank back, almost wishing the floor would open and land her out of sight in the much-dreaded cellar.

Mrs. Barton interrupted the merriment by handing Mary the baby—a fine six-months-old

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boy—with orders to take him upstairs and put him to sleep.

Mary took the baby tenderly, only too glad to get away from Ralph's teasing. Besides, the greatest pleasure of her hard and lonely life was the care of the bright winsome little pet, whom she loved as if he were her own flesh and blood.

Mary was an orphan, whom Mrs. Barton had taken to save from a home in the almshouse; and, although the really kind-hearted woman intended to be as just and considerate to her as toward her own children, yet her busy life and the care of a large family made her frequently more exacting and less thoughtful of Mary's happiness than she otherwise would have been. Hardest of all to bear was the unmerciful teasing of the boys over the slightest mistake. To do Mrs. Barton justice, she was so destitute of imagination that she never realized the sensitive nature of her quiet little handmaiden, or she would have exercised more authority over her thoughtless and mischievous boys. Shrinking, as she did, from their rudeness, Mary found her greatest happiness in the quiet hour spent alone with baby, who seemed to return her love and care with most ardent affection, and would stretch out his little arms to go to her as eagerly as to his mother.

When on this evening she reached the chamber, she undressed the plump little body, kissing and caressing the dimpled shoulders, the chubby little fists, and beautifully-molded feet, saying over to each rosy little toe the old story of "This little pig went to market, and this little pig staid at home," etc.; while baby laughed and crowed in her lap, caressing her cheeks with his tiny hands.

"Oh, you darling, darling little precious!" she cried, hugging him close, after putting on his long night-dress. "Oh, I love you so, baby—I do love you so! What should I do without you?" And baby returned her caresses by his pretty gurgling attempts at speech and his repeated patting of the loving face bent over him.

Having wrapped him closely in his little blanket, Mary nestled his head down on her shoulder, his soft cheek resting lovingly against her own, as she rocked and sang to him. In these moments of delight, when alone with baby, she had gradually become accustomed to "thinking out loud," and all her simple joys and sorrows were confided to the unconscious child.

To-night she was smarting under the humiliation of Ralph's taunt, and out of the abundance of her heart her lips could not refrain from speaking.

"I was so scared, baby," she repeated, in a soft half-singing tone, her cheek pressing more tenderly the dear little head resting against her shoulder. "Oh, I was so scared, and then I was so ashamed when I knew it was only old Tom; and Ralph called me a coward. Oh, dear, dear! A coward, baby; and I was a coward. I know it, and I'm so ashamed of it. But I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't; the eyes did look so dreadful, and it was only old Tom, after all; and they'll never forget it. They'll call me a coward as long as I live. Oh, dear; oh, dear! If I only could have helped it!" And her tears fell softly on the fair golden hair. "If you'd been there, baby," holding him closer and pressing a kiss on the pretty flushed cheek, "if you'd been there, over in that dark corner, and I'd known the eyes were a lion's, I think I'd gone straight there to save you from him, even if I'd known he'd eaten me up. I would; indeed, I know I would. I don't believe I ever could be a coward if you were in danger, baby."

It helped so much to comfort her, in her sore humiliation, to think how brave her love would have made her, had the necessity arisen.

But baby was past sympathizing with her wounded self-respect, or of appreciating the would-be self-sacrifice, for his soft regular breathing assured Mary that her charge was safe in slumber-land. Very gently she laid the dear little fellow in his low old-fashioned cradle, and waited a moment to see if the movement would awaken him; but he only turned a little on his pillow and fell off into deeper slumber, and Mary went back to her supper and the tiresome dish-washing.

Mrs. Barton was busy in the pantry over her preparations for breakfast, the two boys had taken their books to the sitting-room table to study their lessons for the morrow, and Mr. Barton had gone to a neighbor's on some business; so Mary was left alone in the kitchen over her dishes. The sound of loud angry words came from the sitting-room, but it was too common an occurrence for the boys to quarrel to occasion her any surprise, so she went on with her work without paying any attention to it until there was, suddenly, a sound as of some heavy body falling, a crash of glass, and a quick cry of alarm.

Mrs. Barton hurried out of the pantry just as the boys rushed affrighted into the kitchen.

"Ed has knocked over the table and broken the lamp, and it's all afire in there," Ralph cried, excitedly.

"But Ralph pushed me against the table," Ed tried to explain, crying from fright.

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Mrs. Barton hurried into the sitting-room, and found the boys' story only too true. The large lamp had been broken, deluging carpet and furniture with oil, which, igniting, had spread the fire rapidly, and already a large part of the room was in flames.

"Run for your father, Ed!" Mrs. Barton said, in alarm, as she saw the extent of the mischief. Then her first thought was for her children.

"Run upstairs quick, Ralph, and get baby and take him over to Mrs. Dearborn's."

At that moment, the two younger children, aroused by the noise, came rushing down from the chamber where they had been put to bed a short time before.

"Here, Mary, take them over to Mrs. Dearborn's as quick as you can," Mrs. Barton said, hastily wrapping the little white-robed figures in the first garments that came to hand; "then hurry back—we must work lively, or the whole house will go before we can do anything."

She ran for the pail and dashed on a quantity of water, but the flames were under too great headway for her to be able to make more than a very slight local impression. By the time Mary returned, the neighbors had come to their assistance and were trying to save the furniture from the rooms not yet on fire; but the hall and staircases were in flames, and no one could reach the chambers. In less than half an hour from the time of the accident, the flames had burst out the front door and windows and driven everyone from the house.

In the country, where there are no engines or any means of extinguishing a fire except by hand, very little can be done, and Mr. Barton could only stand and look on helplessly while his house was being consumed.

"Are the children safe, Rachel?" was his anxious inquiry, as at last he found his wife after a long search.

"I sent them to Mrs. Dearborn's the first thing," was the reply.

A moment later, he found Mrs. Dearborn in the crowd.

"Are the children all at your house?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Nellie and Annie are there; I've seen nothing of the baby. Isn't he with your wife?"

"But surely, Mrs. Dearborn, Ralph brought him over there the first thing," Mrs. Barton exclaimed, in the most intense anxiety.

"No; Ralph has not been near the house."

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph!" the mother cried, in an agony of terror, rushing over to where the lad stood in a crowd of men and boys.

Ralph turned quickly to meet his mother's frantic appeal:

"Where is my baby?"

"I don't know where he is; I haven't seen him!" And his boyish face grew white, even in the ruddy glow of the fire. It was a terrible thought that entered the minds of the four at that instant.

"But I told you, the first thing, to take him over to Mrs. Dearborn's!" And she caught him by the arm with a grasp that made him wince.

"I didn't hear you. I only heard you say 'Run for father,' and—"

She never stopped to hear the conclusion of the sentence, but, with a shriek of "Oh, my baby! my baby!" rushed frantically toward the burning building. A dozen hands were outstretched to grasp her and hold her back from certain death.

For a moment, she fought and struggled like a mad creature; then, as the conviction was forced upon her that all her efforts were useless, she fell fainting into the arms of those who had restrained her.

The word went through the crowd like wildfire: "The baby is in the house!" And women sobbed and men grew faint and sick with horror as they thought of their own little ones at home.

"Oh, for God's sake, men, is there no hope? Can no one get there?" the poor father cried, in his agony.

The flames were pouring out of all the doors and windows on the front and west side of the house, but as yet only smoke came from the room in which the baby had been left; but both staircases were on fire, and no man could live for a moment in the lower part of the house.

There was no ladder nearer than the carpenter's shop, half a mile away; but, at the father's frantic appeal, half a dozen of the fleetest runners started for it, although all felt that it would be useless.

"It is a terrible thing," a kindhearted neighbor said, grasping Mr. Barton's hand sympathizingly; "but the poor child, if not already suffocated by the smoke, is past all human aid. Even if we could reach the windows, it might take some moments to find the child in this blinding smoke, and the floor is liable to give way at any instant from the flames beneath. No one can enter the house except at risk of his life."

Just at that minute, as all eyes were watching with intense anxiety and horror the room where the doomed infant lay, expecting every moment to see the flames burst through, they were startled by the sudden appearance of a child's form on the roof of a shed which ran under the win-

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dows of a room adjoining the one they had been watching.

A thrill of superstitious terror for an instant ran through the crowd, for there seemed something supernatural in the sudden appearance of that childish form in so strange a place.

The next instant, Ralph called out excitedly: "Oh, father, it is Mary. She is trying to reach baby. But how did she get there?" More than one echoed the question "How did she get there?"

Her intense love and childish ingenuity had found a way to accomplish what older heads had declared impossible.

When she first learned the terrible fate of her idolized charge, she had stood for a moment like one paralyzed with horror, then a sudden idea like inspiration entered her mind. There was a low woodshed whose roof ran directly under the windows of the room in which she had slept, and which was next the one where the baby lay. At the angle of the shed and house grew a large grapevine, and many times, years before, in childish sport, Mary had climbed to her room by this vine; now it seemed to her the one only chance of saving her darling from a fearful death.

Without one thought that she was risking her own life in the attempt, she stopped only long enough to wrap the light woolen shawl she wore over her mouth and nostrils to protect her from the smoke, then began the ascent of this frail ladder. The vine dragged downward at every step, and frequently broke from some of its many fastenings; but, by great effort, she at last reached the roof and threw her arms over it just at the moment the vine gave way beneath her feet. She caught at the eaves-trough, which bent beneath her weight and began to break away; but, by bracing her feet firmly against the sides of the shed and house, she steadied herself for a moment, then, with torn and bleeding hands, slowly and painfully worked her body upon the roof. In her great eagerness to reach the baby before it should be too late, it seemed to her as if she had been half an hour in making the ascent; but, in reality, it was but two or three minutes, and, just as those older and wiser had declared the feat impossible, Mary had accomplished it, and stood revealed to the astonished crowd below.

She looked so small and frail, standing there in the full glare of the flames, that, for an instant, amazement at her courage held all tongues silent. Then a dozen voices shouted: "Come back! come back! You will die if you attempt to enter the house!"

She paid no heed to the call. Was not the one, dearest of all on earth to her, left there to perish in the flames? Even had she known that certain death awaited her, she would not have hesitated. Without even turning to look at the shouting crowd below, she ran quickly across the roof and disappeared in the open window.

The anxious throng almost held their breaths as they waited the result in agonizing suspense. In a moment more, she reappeared with a bundle in her arms. Low sobbing cries of "Thank God!" burst from the women, and the men rent the air with shouts of "Bravo!" "Brave girl!" But suddenly their cheers were changed to cries of horror. Poor child! she was just one moment too late. As she cleared the window, the flames burst through from the other rooms and swept furiously toward her, as if enraged at losing their victim. The light cotton dress she wore caught instantly, and her quick rush across the roof fanned the flames into the wildest fury. A dozen arms were outstretched as she reached the edge of the shed, and she hurriedly but carefully dropped into the hands of those nearest her her precious charge, wrapped in a woolen blanket to protect it from the flames; then, springing the other way so that her burning garments might not touch the babe, she struck the ground heavily and lay still, stunned and blazing, in the midst of the crowd.

Quick as thought, one of the men stripped off his coat, and, wrapping it about her, rolled her rapidly on the ground until the flames were extinguished.

In an instant, all was over, and strong arms bore the apparently lifeless child to the nearest house, while the fastest horse and most reckless rider were dispatched for a physician. They laid her upon a sofa and threw off the coat wrapped about her.

Some of the women nearest her fainted, and men drew back in sickening horror at the sight. Nearly all her clothing was consumed, and the greater portion of body and limbs so burned that they bore no resemblance to the delicate flesh of a child.

In pitying horror, they covered the disfigured body with a sheet and waited anxiously the coming of the doctor.

Her face, protected as it had been by the shawl, bore no marks of the flames, and she lay with closed eyes, distended nostrils, and lips tightly drawn back, disclosing the set teeth, through which the breath came in short gasps. Every muscle of face and body seemed contracted, and the labored breath only filled the upper part of the chest.

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The crowd around the little sufferer moved aside as the doctor entered. He drew back the sheet and gave but one glance at the sad sight, then, carefully re-covering her, laid his hand upon her wrist. Every eye followed his movements and watched his face with the most intense eagerness.

"Can she live?" Mrs. Barton asked, anxiously, the tears falling silently down her face, dropping upon the head of her recovered treasure, whom she held clasped closely to her breast.

"It is impossible to tell," was the grave response. "She is very seriously burned; besides, there are some internal injuries caused by her fall."

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" Mrs. Barton cried, falling on her knees beside the sofa. "You poor child, you poor child!"

The heavy lids of the girl lifted a moment, and a look of anxiety came into the glazed eyes.

"Is the baby hurt?" she asked, faintly.

"No; he is safe and unharmed," was the quick reply. His low old-fashioned cradle had given him the benefit of the draught near the floor and saved him from suffocation until Mary had reached him; and he now lay quiet upon his mother's knee, looking with baby curiosity at the strange faces around him. At the sound of Mary's voice, he turned toward her and stretched out his little arms, with an eager cry to be taken. A look of intense love flashed into the dull eyes and a quick smile came to her lips, as Mary tried feebly to raise her arms for him.

The mother laid him tenderly beside her, and instantly the little dimpled hands were raised caressingly to Mary's face, and his sweet baby voice prattled a glad welcome.

"Oh, baby, darling! I'm so glad—so glad you're safe," Mary whispered, faintly, in accents of deepest tenderness.

Mr. Barton stood at the head of the sofa, with Ralph, white and trembling, beside him. Bending over her, the father laid his hand tenderly on Mary's head.

"My brave, brave girl!" he said, huskily, his voice trembling with emotion. "A lifetime of devotion can never repay you for all you have done for us."

"Then I wasn't a coward?" she said, feebly, her mind reverting, even in that extremity, to the humiliation of the early evening.

"Oh, Mary, can you ever forgive me?" Ralph cried, coming around to her side, his form shaking with the sobs he could not restrain. "You are the bravest girl I ever knew. Not a man in the crowd would have dared to do what you did."

For a moment, the eyes lighted up joyfully, then she drew the dear little head closer to her face and pressed her lips with ineffable tenderness to the fair soft cheek. "I'm so glad I saved you, baby," she said, brokenly; "so glad I wasn't a coward." The eyes closed, a quick quivering sigh escaped her lips, and the brave spirit had left empty its poor disfigured tenement of clay.

APRIL.

BY ROSE ELDERTON.

April has come!
And through the woodlands, late so dank and bare
And lone and dumb,
And in the vales and uplands, everywhere,
Breathes the soft zephyr, blows a warmer air—
Bringer of beauty and of radiant mirth
And full-eyed hope, throughout the vernal earth;
And these sweet airy thoughts, that come and go,
Changing my sober mood to frolicsome
And gracious sympathies that lively flow.

By every door
And path again belovèd forms arise;
No more, no more,
Whistle the icy winds 'neath ruthless skies.
From favored slopes, I hear frail bleating cries
And quick short starts of song and twitterings,
And loud the woodland-glade with clangor rings
In joyous welcome to the April sun;
There falls a warmer ray across the floor,
And all is hast'ning unto summer noon.

And that pure green—
The daintiest green—that comes but once a year,
Around is seen
In budding grove and hedgerow, glist'ning clear,
And in the dewy-tender grassy spear;
While the earliest flow'rs—our childhood's flow'rs—
Wooed by the passion of the genial hours,
Put forth their fragile blossoms, soft and pale,
To scent the western wind which drives serene
The gorgeous-tinted clouds o'er hill and vale.

From shore to shore,
The glancing arrows of the western rain
Sweep lightly o'er
A hundred fields and through the dusty lane
And city-street—and lo! o'er hill and plain,
Far-stretching, spans the rainbow, gleaming grand.
As when the patriarch saw it in the land,
Vision and sign celestial; and o'er all
Bound the bright shadows, over mount and moor
Joy holding everywhere high festival.

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PUT TO THE TEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

BURT NEWTON was only a few months past three and twenty when he left America to begin a European tour which he proposed should occupy at least two years.

Assuredly, no young man ever set forth on a foreign journey under more favorable auspices or more ready to enter enthusiastically into its enjoyments, with a reasonable willingness added to accept such mental profit therefrom as could be gained without too much trouble. He was his own master, wealthy, and blessed in a high degree with that happy gift which is in itself a possession almost as valuable as the purse of Fortunatus—the faculty of winning friends wherever he went.

Unafflicted by the curse of precocity, the full strength of his mind was not yet developed; but there appeared sufficient evidence to justify a hope that its later fructifying would prove satisfactory. As a rule, too great a luxuriance in blossoms is not a good sign for the future, either in young fruit-trees or young men.

Physically, he was a great splendid creature, so handsome that it was a pleasure to look at him; with a smile that would have won the confidence of a cynic, and a pair of wonderful violet eyes as honest and truthful as those of a baby.

It was late summer when he landed at Liverpool. He spent a few weeks visiting English and Scotch acquaintances, then crossed the channel and divided the winter between Paris and Nice, keeping freer from outrageous follies than one young fellow out of twenty would have done under similar circumstances.

There was enough latent poetry and estheticism in his composition to give him yearnings toward Italy; and, when the last of the Lenten weeks rendered even Nice a little dull, these yearnings had space to awake, so he wandered down to Rome for Easter, and there he encountered Angela Fanshawe, who had gone thither from Florence to visit a relative.

Some friend had given Burt a letter of introduction to the Fanshawes, and Angela had heard a great deal about him in advance from this same reliable source, while her father knew as well, if not better than careless Burt himself, the exact amount of the young gentleman's fortune, just how and where it was invested, and the absolute certainty that the course of the next decade would nearly double his present enviable income.

When the family learned that Burt Newton was in Rome and that Angela had met him, they piously regarded it as a special dispensation of Providence, and the young lady herself was fully determined that, from whatever quarter it might come, a blessing of such magnitude should not be allowed to escape.

From the first, she flung herself directly at Burt's head, but in no coarse or open fashion, for Angela Fanshawe was an exceedingly clever woman, with great faith in her own powers, yet never blinded by personal vanity nor made dizzy by the most brilliant hope.

She was a showy creature, not much older-looking than the age she claimed, and her hair was not too golden, nor the shadows under her handsome eyes too dark to be confidently accepted as nature's handiwork, at least by the generality of men. She talked almost as well as an American girl, and in that exquisitely modulated voice which is so often the happiest attribute of an English gentlewoman. Even if her conversation was occasionally rather precipitous, that voice made the fact pardonable to masculine ears, and, for that matter, in our day the young ladies of both countries have too thoroughly accustomed everybody to that sort of talk for it to be remarkable. Then, Angela had style—whatever she put on became her—a positive genius for understanding and adapting herself to people, and a quickness of brain which enabled her to appear a much more thoroughly informed person on a wide round of topics than many a diligent student.

It required a very short time for her to take Burt Newton's mental measure, to do full justice to his impulsive affectionate nature, even though in secret she might smile thereat, half

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cynically, half enviously, and they were soon on terms of frank and enjoyable intimacy. From the outset, she adopted the rôle of friendship in her intercourse with the unwary Burt, and her carrying-out of the part was as unerring as her original conception had been brilliant.

"We are the same age exactly," she said, "only, a couple of years from now, you must forget that I have owned myself twentythree!"

"You won't need in ten years to be afraid of anybody's remembering it," Burt answered, readily.

"Now, never mind compliments—you put me out. I want to talk seriously. Where was I?"

"Just ready to admit me a tolerable sort of chap and worth liking, I hope," suggested Burt.

"I have told you so outright; you are ever and ever so nice. Didn't I perceive it at once?" cried Angela. "Oh, I know what it was—about our being the same age! But, as I am a woman, that makes me a hundred years the oldest—stop laughing, this is a serious conversation, sir—yes, fully a hundred! So remember, we are to be friends—chums—just as if I were my own brother. Is it agreed? Do you promise, sacredly?"

"Of course; it will be delightful!" rejoined Burt, with faith as simple as that of the historical fly when it accepted the spider's hospitable invitation.

"You will tell me all your secrets," pursued Angela, "and I shall pretend to tell you mine. You shall flirt with the other women, but ours is to be a genuine friendship, without a particle of humbug."

"I shan't want to flirt," Burt averred.

"Then I'll help you choose a wife," said Angela, "and hate her forever afterward for making you miserable, as she will, though I shan't be there to see it."

"What do you mean by that?" Burt asked. "Do you propose to deliver me, bound hand and foot, to the female dragon, and then basely desert me?"

"Ah," sighed Angela, "to answer that question, I must disclose my one—one real secret—but I can trust you! The truth is, I'm sick of this dreary old world, Burt—I'm to call you Burt, of course?"

"Of course," he echoed. "Well, what are you going to do about this world, though I don't know why you call it dreary—"

"It's pleasant enough to you because you're a man," interrupted Angela; "but, if you were a woman, you'd soon find out how horrid it is! I can assure you I have, and—mind, not a word to anybody—I'm going to leave it!"

"Good gracious!" cried Burt.

"Of course, I don't mean that I intend to commit suicide, you stupid boy!" returned Angela.

"Well, I don't see any other way, unless you charter a balloon," suggested Burt, with a laugh.

Angela laughed too, then sighed again, laid her hand gently on his arm, and said in a pathetic tone: "I am going to enter a Sisterhood next year; I have promised mamma to wait till then—"

"Oh, you'll have plenty of time to change your mind," Burt broke in, cheerfully.

"So mamma hopes, but I know better. I have considered the matter well; the future is clear to me," Angela replied, striking a very picturesque attitude, while her fine dark eyes really looked quite prophetic and sybilline. Burt was momentarily awed out of his disposition to laugh, and exclaimed involuntarily:

"Bless me, you ought to be photographed with that expression!"

"You absurd boy!" smiled Angela. "But I am thoroughly in earnest. Nobody else knows yet. Poor papa would be heart-broken at the idea! You may be surprised, but he is awfully fond of me, and so are the boys. They say they have only one real, real sister, though I can't imagine why, for the other girls are ever so much nicer, only maybe just a little thoughtless."

Burt, though he had not yet seen the other girls, boldly pronounced the boys' preference easy enough to understand. He argued against the idea of the Sisterhood, at first rather jestingly; but she was so quietly earnest that he ended by believing she really had intentions that way, and considered it his duty to do what might lie in his power to show her that the ordinary walks of life could be rendered a very pleasant place for an indefinitely prolonged promenade.

Angela rode magnificently, and, in these days, a horse of Burt's providing, though of course nobody but themselves knew that. Then, too, she could smoke a cigarette in private, and, besides her rapid talk, had a good deal of poetical imagery at her tongue's end, when such could be effectively employed, and was altogether an unusually successful specimen of a very considerable class.

Burt had no idea that nature had bestowed on him many of the most dangerous attributes of a predestined flirt. He would not for the universe intentionally have caused a woman pain, but he could no more help saying pretty complimentary things than he could help breathing, and,

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unfortunately, the earnestness of his beautiful eyes and his coaxing interested manner invested the veriest trifle with an apparent significance of which he was utterly unconscious.

Numbers of her sex had deceived themselves in regard to such meaning, but Miss Fanshawe never for one instant indulged in any similar delusion. She read his character—at least sufficiently for safe guidance—with great ease. She saw that he was a happy-go-lucky rattle-brain who would probably not fall into absolute love before thirty; but she meant to marry him, all the same. She had borne failures enough. This time it was a hand-to-hand fight between her and destiny, in which Burt's inclination or intention counted for little.

In April, Angela returned to Florence. Burt went there too, and was received by her relatives like an old friend. The family was as large, and, if not so generally amiable, as one of Miss Yonge's, at least its grown-up members could be very agreeable. There was a son in the army, a son in the navy, a son in the church, and at home there remained five daughters, beginning with Angela and ending with the twins, with Graham, an obnoxious youth of eighteen, sandwiched in between, the only unendurable fledgling in the flock, slangy, turfy, and conceited as only an English youth can be, with a stock of impudent assurance added, which even an American boy could not have surpassed. This was the family, yet the Fanshawe father and mother, heaven forgive them, were by no means old people.

They were well-connected, but straightened in circumstances, though they managed, by living in that refuge of narrow purses, Dante's native city, to keep up a tolerable show, and the girls were reared to regard the achievement of matrimony as much a woman's duty as decency and virtue.

One of the daughters had married, another was engaged, but Angela had not yet fulfilled her mission, a failure for which she deserved pity rather than blame, as she had certainly tried hard enough to succeed.

On this occasion, the clear-headed young woman spoke out plainly and decidedly to her solicitous parents.

"I have lost three chances," said she: "the first was my own fault; the second you ruined, mamma, by angling too openly; the third opportunity, papa, you upset by growing anxious about the money. Now this time, if you want to get rid of me, don't meddle! Be nice to him, but don't show that you have an article for sale which you mean him to buy. Stick to the Sisterhood dodge, mamma; confide in him, and, later, papa must find out and tear his hair and do melodrama! But mind, I am to be left to manage matters in my own way—if that's done, I shall infallibly succeed."

This brutal frankness was terrible, to the father and mother; for they had always been careful, even in private colloquies, to veneer their coarse intentions with delicate words. But they had grown somewhat afraid of Angela's recklessness, and were forced to submit, the father attempting a poor pretense of considering her outburst a jest, while the mother secretly envied the girl's courage.

Of course, it was horrible to hear her talk in this bald naked fashion; still, there was a sense of relief in getting rid for a little of the shams, the makeshifts, the lies told even to oneself, and to speak boldly out, calling a spade a spade, although it made the maternal blood run cold to listen.

The parents were content to remain quiescent, and fate saw fit to assist Angela.

Burt broke his arm, committed a score of imprudences before the wounded member healed, and finally caught a cold which resulted in a severe rheumatic attack; so that, instead of going north, as he had intended, he was sentenced by the doctors to spend July and August at the baths of Lucca.

Angela learned the medical verdict before Burt heard it, so he had already been informed that her mother was ordered to the lovely health-giving spot, and the affectionate daughter was to accompany her, while the father guarded the rest of the flock in the great villa on the hillside of Fiesole.

When Burt was made acquainted with the decision in his own case, he went at once to communicate it to Angela.

"It is lucky for me that your mother is ailing. By the way, she doesn't look it—does she?" said he, innocently. "Well, I don't mind losing my Norway trip, if you will promise to be good to me."

If Burt's judgment in regard to her had been put into words, it would have formulated itself after this fashion:

"She's about as jolly as they make them. One wouldn't exactly want a sister built on that model, but somehow she knows just where to pull up. She's no end of a flirt, yet there isn't a bit of danger of her getting in earnest—such a comfort. And she's great fun—always up to the occasion—ready to 'spoon' if one happens to feel sentimental, and just as ready to laugh about it afterward. Awfully clever, too, and downright fascinating, and as honest as steel. What she says, she means—no discount there."

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CHAPTER II.

The weeks passed and September came; Mr. Fanshawe had taken a house at Viareggio for the month, Angela and her mother were to join the rest of the family, and Burt, having no definite plan to offer, was easily persuaded to try the quiet seaside-haunt for a little. He was well-disposed toward all the Fanshawes; numerous letters which Angela had read to him from the various members of the flock convinced him that he had somewhat underrated their talents and their affection for one another, and, with his customary generosity, he was ready to rush into an enthusiasm as an amend for his former slighting opinion.

More than a fortnight had elapsed since the accomplishment of the hegira. Burt and Angela remained as intimate as ever, but on precisely the same terms. In candidly reviewing the past summer, the young lady could not flatter herself that she had for a long time gained one perceptible inch of ground.

The father and mother began to grow anxious and fretful; to remind her of the expense she had put them to, during the last six months; everything, with reason or without, was laid on her shoulders.

Graham irritated her by his coarse jokes, the grown-up sisters taunted her with her age, sneered at her lack of success, and declared it a shame that they should be forced to wear old gowns made over, while she flaunted in new ones to no avail whatever. Even the twins tormented her with questions as to when Burt was to become a promised brother and consequently their legitimate prey, though the unconscionable little wretches extracted innumerable presents from him as it was.

Each day, matters at home grew worse; and, strong as were Angela's spirit and will, there came moments when she broke down utterly, though not even her mother knew that.

"I warned you from the first that I must be let alone," she said, over and over. "I know what I am about; everything will end right, if only papa does not cut the ground from under my feet by blundering and meddling."

These somewhat unfilial speeches, Mrs. Fanshawe translated into as hopeful promises for the soothing of her lord as her imagination could invent; but he grew more and more difficult to manage, and, in spite of her brave front, Angela's fears increased in the same ratio as her father's ill-humor.

But fate, hitherto so amiably disposed toward Burt Newton, had decided that it was time he should have his season of trial, like other mortals; and old Fanshawe's abominable temper, so far from causing the ruin to her plans which his daughter predicted, helped on the crisis.

While Angela and her mother were quarreling, one evening, in the dining-room, the head of the household descended on them with a virulence to which even their long experience of him offered no parallel.

Some bills of which he had been kept in ignorance had arrived by the last post, and proved the drop that filled his cup to overflowing.

Angela was no coward, and, when he bore too hard on her mother, she turned valiantly upon him. Then he did indeed imitate her in her own plain-speaking on a former occasion and call a spade a spade. The personal epithets he applied to the wife of his bosom and the child of his loins waxed figurative and impressive, till at length Angela, having gone in reply to the furthest extreme of insolence which she dared touch, was preparing to join in her mother's pathetic sobs. Suddenly, the door opened and Graham appeared, exclaiming in loud eager tones:

"Here's a go! You're in a nice box, Miss Angel—you are! Guess, if you can, what has happened: I'll give it you in three—yes, in six—and then you can't, though you have been taking lessons of a Yankee."

By this time, he was fairly in the room and perceived his father. He was about beating a hasty retreat, but his irate parent ordered him to stop in tones which he dared not disobey.

"What do you mean by such manners, sir?" thundered the father. "And, pray, where have you been? I was looking for you, sir—we require to have a little conversation."

Graham's conscience was not sufficiently at ease for him to brave the parental wrath, and he hastened to avert the storm from his own head.

"I was only down at the beach," he said; "I came back to tell Angela—I thought you would all want to know: Burt Newton is off to Vienna next week."

Mrs. Fanshawe uttered a stifled shriek; her husband stood mute, partly because the blood rushed with such force to his head that he felt on the verge of apoplexy, partly because he could not decide which of his offspring to fall on first; but Angela, though the words had gone through her like a knife, found breath and strength to dispute her brother's assertion.

"It is not true; it is one of your wicked inventions," she exclaimed. "Oh, you little Judas, coming in on purpose to make a disturbance!"

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"Burt told me," retorted Graham: "I suppose he ought to know. But perhaps your ladyship understands his affairs better than he does himself; only—"

Before he could finish his sneering speech, the father swooped down on the graceless youth, seized his two shoulders in no gentle grasp, and pushed him out of the apartment.

"Go up to your chamber, sir, and don't stir till I come," he commanded, in an awful voice. "I have just received nice news in regard to you, sir. Bills, eh? You begin to have bills, do you, sir? You young serpent, the first account I settle shall be with you. Go to your room, I say!"

Graham mounted the stairs at a bound, his impudence for once completely frightened out of him and his soul filled with regret for his ill-nature toward Angela, who might otherwise have stood his friend.

"Going?" exclaimed Mr. Fanshawe, moving back into the room, his fiery eyes fixed on his unfortunate daughter. "So this is the end of your fine plans, young lady? This is the reward I receive for all the sacrifices I have made in your behalf!"

"He is not going, papa—he shall not go!" cried Angela, nearly out of her senses between fright and grief.

"Oh, I know what your assertions are worth," rejoined her father, fairly grinding his teeth. "You have deceived me—willfully, shamefully—you treacherous girl!"

"I have not," sobbed Angela. "I have been expecting him each day to propose; he has been on the verge of it twenty times—yes, fifty."

"Then he shall go over the verge," pronounced Mr. Fanshawe. "I will take the matter into my own hands. This young man shall learn that I am not to be trifled with—"

He was interrupted in his tirade by a quick ringing of the outer door-bell.

"It is Burt!" exclaimed Angela, springing to her feet. "Don't stir, papa—you shan't! Wait here—you can catch every word we say in the other room—you will know the moment to come in: the business shall be settled to-night. You have driven me desperate, among you; but I'll win, I'll win!"

She flung up her arms with a gesture that was half an appeal, half a menace, and darted away. Mr. Fanshawe and his wife exchanged a quick glance; each saw the shame in the other's face and felt it an added personal humiliation.

CHAPTER III.

In all their weary life of concealments, of makeshifts, of struggles, of dwarfing and blighting their own souls and the souls of their children by unworthy aims, false creeds, and degrading worship of the world—Christians though they called themselves—they had never fallen so low as this.

After that one fleeting glance, the wife buried her face anew in her handkerchief, while her husband turned his back and leaned against the mantel. Both were listening in breathless agitation. They heard the servant admit the visitor; heard Angela's eager greeting and Newton's voice in response; then the pair were in the adjoining room.

"I have been expecting you for the last hour, you bad, bad boy," cried Angela. "What makes you so late?"

"I had to answer some letters that must go by the early post," Burt replied. "I suppose Graham told you my news?"

"I have not seen Graham since dinner," said Angela; "I have been reading to poor Emily, who isn't well. But oh, Burt, how odd you look! What is the matter? I know something dreadful has happened—I've been racked all day by a terrible presentiment. Oh, I thought it meant one of the children: but it was for you. Burt, what is it—what is it? Don't keep me in suspense—speak!"

She talked so fast that he could not interrupt her; and now she stopped, with a gasping sob, catching both his hands in hers and staring wildly in his face.

"Why, Angela, you are nervous—ill," he rejoined, with a laugh; though, wanting to show his sympathy, he released his right hand and softly stroked her hair as he spoke. "There is nothing whatever the matter—"

"You said you had news," she moaned.

"Oh, yes; I am going away for awhile—that is all."

"Going? Going?" repeated Angela, in a strained unnatural voice, like a person speaking in sleep. "Say it again: I did not understand—I know I did not understand."

"Why, Angela, I told you last week I was expecting some relatives," said Burt, rather bewildered by her tragic outburst. "Don't you remember?"

She pressed her hand to her forehead, as if striving to collect her thoughts, then answered by a mute motion of her lips.

"Well," continued Burt, regarding her uneasily, afraid that she was seriously indisposed, "they arrived in London a few days since, and have gone straight on to Vienna. The daughter is married to an Austrian, you know—"

"Oh!" interrupted Angela, with a wild

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impatience, but still preserving her sleep-walking voice.

"Well, they want me to join them there, of course: they're among my nearest relations—"

"And you have promised—you have promised?" she broke in again.

"Why, of course," said Burt, in the matter-of-fact tone of a person announcing the most natural thing in the world. "They have always been very nice to me, and I'm exceedingly fond of the lot: you must remember—I have told you about them a hundred times."

"I remember—I remember," she gasped. "And you are going—actually going?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I couldn't refuse if I wished. And I've not seen Vienna, you know. It's a little early for the gayeties, to be sure—but never mind," said Burt, with the easy philosophy of a youth for whom life had always provided pleasures wherever he might chance to find himself, whether in season or out.

"Too early?" echoed Angela. "Too late, I think you mean—oh, much too late!"

"Good gracious, my dear girl—what is the matter?" cried honest Burt, utterly confounded by her wild looks and mysterious ejaculations, which he was as far from ascribing to their real cause as he was from indulging in any idea of making love to her.

"Oh, my presentiment—my awful presentiment!" exclaimed Angela, stretching out her arms in a really fine simulation of overpowering despair. "I never thought of myself—and it was for me—for me!"

Burt stood completely dumfounded, though even yet he did not in the least realize what her insane words and demeanor portended. Petted and sought after as he had been, Burt was so singularly free from that commonest of masculine weaknesses, excessive vanity, that it never entered his head women were in love with him, and least of all would he have supposed his good comrade, his self-elected chum—sensible and practical Angela Fanshawe—capable of such folly.

The actress put her hands before her face and watched him through the screen formed by her fingers. He looked disturbed and anxious, but she saw that even yet he was deaf and blind. The scene must be worked up to a higher climax—and now nervous excitement came to the aid of her great natural histrionic powers.

She flung up her arms again, rushed wildly twice across the room, and moaned:

"Oh, if I had only died yesterday! If the boat had upset when we were out sailing, and I had been drowned! Oh, to be at rest—at peace beneath the blue waters! Oh, my life—my wrecked and blighted life! How shall I endure it?"

"Good heavens, Angela—stop!" cried Burt, believing her actually delirious with fever. "You really must not go on in this fashion. Let me call your mother."

"Call no one!" she commanded, in a smothered voice. "Spare me that, at least. Oh, what have I said—what have I said?"

Then she sank into a chair, hid her face on the arm, and began to sob desperately.

"Angela! Angela!" pleaded Burt, half frightened out of his wits. But, as he approached her, she started up, moaning:

"Go, this instant—go! If you are a man—if you are not a fiend incarnate—leave me—leave me! I cannot bear it—I have betrayed my secret—I must die! Let me die!"

"What in the name of heaven ails you?" cried Burt, nearly as frantic as she appeared to be, and so alarmed by the wildness of her gestures and voice that he did not in the slightest degree take in the import of her words. "Try to quiet yourself, Angela. Tell me what really is the matter—perhaps I can help you. Angela, I beg—I entreat."

To see any human being suffer and not long to assist that person was as impossible to Burt as it would have been to the Good Samaritan himself, and he had the warmest friendly attachment for his ally of the past months. But Angela only sobbed more desperately and moaned in tones of deeper anguish:

"Go—leave me! Let me bear my burden alone. Oh, there is no mercy anywhere!"

"Why, you know I would do anything for you in my power—anything!" cried Burt, with a sudden wonder whether some pecuniary calamity could have befallen the family. "Now tell me, Angela, my dear, dear girl!"

"Am I?" she exclaimed. "Am I?"

"Why, of course—the dearest, darlingest girl in the world!" he answered, merely repeating words that he had used scores of times with no other effect than to cause her to laugh gayly or perhaps tap his fingers with her fan. The consequences of these rash assertions were very different now. Angela uttered a cry and tottered forward. Burt caught her in his arms just in time to prevent her falling.

As she sank on his breast, the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe appeared. Their daughter, lifting her eyes and clinging still more closely to Burt, called brokenly:

"Mamma—papa—he loves me—he has just told me—he—oh, I am so happy—so happy—I—"

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Here she apparently fainted dead away, and they laid her on a sofa. The mother, in mild hysterics, first kissed the thunderstruck Burt, then bade him fetch some water, while Mr. Fanshawe bent over the couch and adjured his child to come back to life.

By the time Burt, dizzy and blind, had found and brought the restoring beverage, Angela was able to sit up and to cry ecstatically, as she clung to the half-paralyzed youth like an ivy to a tree:

"Ah, it is not a dream! Burt, my own Burt! Papa, papa, don't stand there like a stone—speak—tell him he shall be your son!"

"He shall—he shall!" responded old Fanshawe, darting on Burt in his turn and actually embracing him. Burt retreated, but the father caught his hand, drew him toward the sofa, joined his fingers with Angela's, and said in a slow deep voice: "Bless you, my children!"

"B-bless you both!" echoed the mother, sobbing in real earnest between the reaction from the anxious misery of the last quarter of an hour and fervent gratitude that, at any cost, they had secured the great and coveted prize.

For the moment, she forgot that the prize belonged exclusively to Angela, as completely as the late awful humiliation was temporarily obliterated from her mind. There was no fear, however, but that her daughter would be able to assert her full right and supremacy in due season, and it was equally certain that, in spite of the indurating effects of her life, Mrs. Fanshawe still retained sensitiveness enough so that later she would sometimes be stung by the recollection of those terrible moments. But she forgot everything now save her joy and thankfulness, and sobbed to her heart's content, and her husband passed his arm affectionately about her waist and cried gayly:

"If this dear old goose isn't crying and—well, I believe I'm not much wiser myself!" Here he paused to pass his disengaged hand across his eyes, while Burt stood open-mouthed and Angela watched Burt with the intensity of a she-eagle. Then Mr. Fanshawe burst forth again in deep impressive tones: "Oh, Newton, Newton, what a weight is lifted from my mind! That sly puss of a girl—only last night she nearly broke my heart by telling me that she had fully decided to enter a Sisterhood—nothing could change her resolve."

"Burt had not told me then that—that he loved me!" said Angela, with an hysterical laugh, and then began to sob wildly.

Suddenly, Burt found himself standing with her head on his breast, and perceived that his arm was about her waist, but it did not seem his doing. However, he was so stunned that he could not tell what he might or might not have done.

He wanted to speak—to explain the mistake—but how could he at this moment? When Angela was again sufficiently recovered so that conversation could be renewed, there were further dramatic speeches from the father, and Burt was anew fervently kissed, blessed, and prayed over by the excited mother.

Then the elder girls were called in and each of them rapturously embraced Burt and welcomed him as their brother, promising that no fraternal treasure was ever more dearly loved than he should be. Then Graham entered and was horribly jocose and outrageously familiar, and the appearance of the twins was only prevented because mercifully they were asleep and their mother thought it would be a pity to wake them, though she assured Burt that they would not fail to visit him the next morning.

It was all like a dreadful dream to Burt. Everybody talked at once, except Angela, who still clung to him like an ivy to a tree, giving a warning sob whenever he attempted to stir; and altogether the excitement, the unreality, were enough to have overpowered and silenced a much more determined man than poor Burt Newton.

Into the midst of the hubbub stepped an acquaintance to inquire why Mr. Fanshawe had not kept an engagement to play whist.

The happy father advanced quickly as the guest was announced, and shook his hand with as much cordiality as if they had not met for three months: an outburst which naturally somewhat surprised the newcomer, as the lukewarm nature of their intercourse had not accustomed him to such enthusiasm, and, into the bargain, he had that day already met Mr. Fanshawe at least half a dozen times.

"Ah, Dempster, Dempster!" cried paterfamilias, with a ponderous playfulness he could exhibit when his "bosom's lord" sat with unusual lightness "on its throne," but which scarcely became him so well as his ordinary somewhat exaggerated stateliness of demeanor. "I owe you a thousand excuses, and it would be polite to invent them; but I am such a blunt man that I must out with the truth, uncivil as it sounds, and own that I quite forgot you and the whist-table, too."

Mr. Dempster, an obese person of lymphatic temperament, did not display the curiosity which he was expected to show, and only remarked that, if Mr. Fanshawe did not feel inclined for a game, he had no doubt his next-door neighbor would take his place.

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"Oh, you must go, papa; we insist on it—don't we, Burt?" cried Angela, lifting her eyes to the face of the hopelessly-dazed young gentleman, on whose arm she laid her hand with an air of modest proprietorship that, to feminine eyes, would have revealed the whole truth at a glance, but which evidently brought no perception thereof to the slow comprehension of the visitor.

"I have not told you why I forgot you," Mr. Fanshawe resumed, still ponderously playful. "We have spent an exciting half-hour here—I've been robbed, sir, robbed, and there stands the criminal." He pointed his finger toward Burt, and Dempster, in obedience to the sign, gazed vacantly at the young man, but still evinced no more curiosity or interest than if he had been a big wooden doll. "You know Newton. Now, you never suspected this dashing American of being a brigand, did you?" continued Mr. Fanshawe.

Dempster shook his head like a wooden doll when a skillful hand pulls some unseen string, and admitted that he never had: then added, apparently receiving the accusation as earnest: "But, in these days, you never could tell what any man might be up to."

"Ha, ha! Good, Dempster, very good," laughed Mr. Fanshawe, although inwardly objurgating the density of mind which deprived his attempt at playfulness of all point. "Yes, a bandit of the most daring sort. He has stolen one of my choicest treasures, though he has not yet carried it off; so give me your opinion as to what I'd better do."

The wave of his arm in the direction of Angela and Newton, joined to the smile which fairly illumined his whole face, would almost have made his meaning clear to a genuine puppet; but Dempster looked as helplessly stolid and hopelessly uncomprehending as before.

In this moment of exultation, Mr. Fanshawe could have forgiven an even worse crime than dullness; so, with unimpaired good-humor, he abruptly abandoned playfulness for dignity, and made a clear explanation of the matter, in language which might have befitted a diplomatist announcing a proposed royal marriage.

Burt heard himself presented as a future son-in-law, and listened in a daze, with Angela's hand in his.

Then, since good-luck had sent this unexpected witness, at a sign from Angela the heads of the Fanshawe family allowed their victim the relief of a temporary escape.

Burt got out of the house, still preserving a tolerable show of sanity, and made his way to his hotel, with sparks dancing before his eyes which shut out the placid beauty of the moonlight, and a whir in his ears which drowned the soft singing of the southern sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD LOVE.

BY ANNETTE HILLS.

ALAS! dear love, when words of thine
I faint to think of, pressing back the tears that start
Beneath my eyes, when these were mine,
I could not sing for very joy of song; my heart,
My lips were dumb; I could but kiss
Thy face, like one whose soul in bliss
Is lost, and mutely bless,
Dear love, thy tenderness.

But now, ah me, that love, sweet love,
Is dead, and you and I alive; I cannot choose
But sing: for know that, far above
All joy, our unavailing grief has power to loose
The spell. In broken words, I fain
Would for awhile the sense of pain
Forget, and only bless
Old love and tenderness.

BITTERSWEET.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

BRIGHT bittersweet-berries,
With light aflame,
Whence did you gather
Your queer quaint name?

Who was it called you
Bitter-and-sweet?
Who first thought
Extremes could meet

And cluster in quaintness
'Mid berries bright,
The very quintessence
Of glorious light?

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A FIRST-OF-APRIL ACQUAINTANCE.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

To Miss Jean Athol,
Fifth Avenue, New York.

Larchwood, March 5th, 1886.

My Dear Jean: Since it is Lent, and you are having a quiet time, even in New York, I venture to ask you to take pity on us, and come up to make me a visit. You write me that the city is dull, so perhaps you will not be struck by the difference. Several other people have consented to enliven our stupidity, so I can offer you a little more inducement than my own charming society.

The Winthrop girls and Colonel Davis, from Boston, will be here, besides Dr. Preston and some other New Yorkers whom I fancy you know. I also expect Tom Collins—Edith May's cousin and fiancé, whom I believe you have, oddly enough, never met. The elder brother, Frank, is probably coming, too. If Edith were not in Europe, she would be here. But I know she is anxious for you to meet her lover. I think you will like him.

We are having such bitter cold weather now that, building my hopes on traditional sayings, I flatter myself the latter part of the month will be pleasant. Papa predicts an early spring, so altogether I feel emboldened to urge my invitation. Come just as soon as you can, though I do not expect the others till the last week in March. I should like to have you all to myself for a while.

Give my kind regards to the rest of your family, and believe me, as ever,

Your loving friend,

May Gillingham.

To Miss May Gillingham,
Greenbush, New York.

New York, March 8th, 1886.

My Dear May: I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation. Nothing could have been more opportune, for New York is awfully dull, and my most devoted admirer is away on business. Lent came so late this year that we all exhausted our energies before it began. So we have hardly had spirit enough to get up the mild dissipations allowable now, such as teas and musicales.

The early spring is just the most delightful season to be in the country and the time when busy idle people like myself do not often have an opportunity of enjoying it. I congratulate you, my dear May, on the fact of having had, once in your life, a happy inspiration!

The only disaster that will ensue will be a dreadful dearth in my wardrobe. This is the time of year which, on account of so much unusual leisure, I always devote to ordering my new spring costumes. Thanks to you, I shall have to leave them to the tender mercies of Rosalie, whom I shall not bring with me.

I heartily join in your wish that Edith were here, but I dare say she is enjoying herself in Paris. The next thing to seeing her will be to meet Mr. Collins, whose acquaintance I have been anxious to make ever since the engagement was announced.

I will let you know when to expect me, which will be just as soon as I can furbish up my wardrobe a little. I believe I am tired out by the winter's campaign, so I feel sure the change will do me good.

Everybody joins me in kind messages which I hope soon to deliver in person. Till then, I am

Your affectionate

Jean.

About two weeks later, Miss Jean Athol, a beauty and heiress, just twentytwo, attired herself in a most becoming traveling-suit and took the morning train on the Hudson River road for Greenbush. Larchwood, the home of the Gillinghams, was one of the many lovely residences scattered along the banks of the Hudson, nearly opposite Albany.

As Miss Gillingham had anticipated, the weather was perfect. March was certainly going out in the orthodox lamb-like fashion.

Arrived at the station, Miss Athol found her friend waiting in her pony-phaeton. May was a merry laughing brunette, overflowing with fun and mischief. Petite in figure, she presented an entire contrast to Miss Athol, who was rather tall and stately.

"At last," cried May, enthusiastically. "So you condescended to come! I have been anxiously expecting you. The others will not be here till the first, so you will have to submit to being bored by the Gillingham family for a few days."

"With the exception of yourself, little chatterbox, I think I can endure them very well,"

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was the laughing reply. As she spoke, Jean seated herself in the phaeton, and they drove rapidly off. "Here I am," she continued, "safe and sound, though mamma was rather shocked at the idea of my traveling such a distance without Rosalie."

"I'm so glad you didn't bring her. Now I shall indulge in the pleasure of 'doing up' your hair," cried May, with an admiring glance at her friend's thick shining golden braids.

In such merry nonsense, the two-mile drive passed very quickly.

"Have you heard from Edith lately?" asked May, in the course of their conversation.

"Yes," replied Jean. "I had a letter only the other day. They are in Rome now. They left Paris in time for the carnival, and are having a delightful time. How I should like to see her."

"Yes, indeed; so should I," echoed May. "But at least you will have the satisfaction of seeing and judging of Mr. Collins. I think you will approve Edith's choice. How odd that you never happened to meet him," she continued, urging her pony into a little faster trot.

"Well, I don't know," responded her companion, her glance returning from the charming scenery over which it had been roving, to the pretty face beside her. "Mr. Collins never chanced to be in Boston when I was visiting there, and I seldom go to Philadelphia. Then Edith became engaged to him in October—and the last of November, you know, they went abroad—so I have had no opportunity since. She was anxious to have me pay her a visit in November, that I might make the young gentleman's acquaintance; but, owing to mamma's illness, I didn't go."

"At any rate, I shall be glad to have the pleasure of introducing you," said May. "I know the Collinses very well. I was delighted when I heard that Edith was engaged to Tom, and now I am waiting impatiently for your opinion of him."

"Oh, if you and Edith both like him, probably I shall not," laughed Jean: "I am apt to be perverse. I believe you said you expected the other brother also. Is he just as nice?"

"His coming is not at all certain," answered May; "business may detain him." Then, in reply to her friend's other query, she continued: "I like him; but whether you would is another thing. You are so difficult."

Jean laughed.

"Now tell me who else is coming," she said.

While May was describing the rest of the party, most of whom Jean knew, Larchwood appeared in sight.

Miss Athol gave an exclamation of delight. "It is lovely here at all seasons of the year," was her admiring comment. "I quite envy you."

May smiled, pleased with her friend's enthusiasm. "I prefer it to New York," she said. "And then Albany is so near."

As she finished speaking, they reached the house and alighted. In a few minutes, Jean was resting in her room.

Some days later, Miss Athol's horse and groom arrived, and the two girls had several pleasant rides together. The remainder of the week passed quietly but agreeably. A soft spring day ushered the new month in.

May was in a state of high delight and anticipation. During the course of the morning, she amused herself greatly by practicing all sorts of absurd jokes on her much-enduring family and friend.

"May is as fond of fun as ever—is she not?" laughingly inquired Jean, after one of these attempts at a hoax.

"Indeed she is," said Mrs. Gillingham, shaking her head and glancing indulgently at her only child. "I believe she is just as bad as when she was at boarding-school."

"Such pranks as she did play then." And Jean laughed merrily at the remembrance of them.

"But now," pouted May, "you are all so wide-awake, that I can't victimize you."

"Perhaps you'll have a chance yet," said her friend, smiling as she spoke.

Later in the afternoon, the expected visitors arrived, carriages having been sent to meet them.

In the midst of the merry confusion of greetings and introductions, May approached Jean, followed by a tall and rather good-looking man of about twenty-eight, who answered to her friend Edith's description.

"Let me introduce you, Mr. Collins, to my friend—Miss Athol," she said.

"I am delighted to meet you," was the young man's cordial response to Jean's graceful greeting. "I have often heard my cousin speak of you."

"Edith May and I are very dear friends." Jean spoke warmly.

"Please add," cried their hostess, gayly, "though of course it is not of so much importance, that I also have mentioned her to you."

"Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Jean, in mock dismay. "She would have been sure to say nothing good about me."

Mr. Collins laughed, then hastened to add:

"Let me reassure you, Miss Athol: I have

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heard your name from both these ladies, but only in such a way as to induce me to desire very much the pleasure I have just now had, though I don't doubt there was no lack of will to abuse you on Miss May's part."

"That's right," said the latter, in pretended indignation. "Take the privilege of long acquaintance and desert me for the last newcomer, if you choose: I shall be revenged later."

Just then, the warning-bell rang, and the party separated to dress for dinner. As they did so, Jean whispered in her friend's ear:

"I think I shall like Edith's lover. So the other brother didn't come?"

"No," answered May, as she turned toward her own room. "He went to Washington, to attend to some business."

Her place at the dinner-table being at some distance from Mr. Collins, Jean had a good opportunity of studying his face. At the close of the meal, she decided that she liked it. Yes, she was inclined to approve her friend's judgment. She must cultivate his acquaintance, and see whether time would confirm the first impression.

The gentleman himself seemed to have formed a similar resolve about his fiancée's friend, Jean concluded; for, soon after dinner, he came over and sat down on the sofa by her.

Glad of the chance, she was very agreeable—all the while making a mental study of him in the character of Edith's future husband.

"He isn't handsome exactly, but I believe I like his looks better than if he were," was her inward comment. "I don't care particularly for beauty in men. Then, too, he has a face you can trust, if I know anything about physiognomies. Besides, he talks very well."

"It is odd we have never met," he remarked, in the course of the conversation: "you are so intimate with my Cousin Edith."

"Yes," answered Jean; "it is a little strange. I have heard so much about you, that I feel as if I knew you quite well. Edith wanted me to visit her in November, in order to meet you and your brother, but unfortunately I was prevented from going."

"I remember Edith's regrets when I was in Boston then; now I can echo them in all sincerity," said the young man. And they continued to talk about various subjects.

"What do you think of Edith's pet cousin?" inquired May, as she bid her friend good-night. "You quite monopolized him," she added.

"I think I shall like him very much," announced Jean, gravely: "that is, if he continue to improve on acquaintance."

"I am very glad to hear it," was the hearty response. "I felt sure you would." And, with a smiling good-night, May turned away.

"I hope the favorable impression will last," she said to herself.

The next three or four days passed quickly and pleasantly in walking, driving, and various other amusements. No one else in the party, with the exception of the hostess, was acquainted with Edith May, so Jean thought it natural enough for Mr. Collins to prefer her society. They saw a good deal of each other.

One night, while Jean was preparing for bed, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"It is I—May," was the reply.

"Come in," answered Jean, without rising from her chair.

Immediately the door opened, revealing May in a most becoming dressing-gown.

"I came to have a little chat while you take down your hair. Shall I disturb you?"

"Not at all. I don't feel a bit sleepy, and shall be glad to talk—or, rather, listen to you, for you won't give me a chance, of course," answered Jean, smiling mischievously, as she began to unwind the thick coils of her hair.

"Oh, let me take Rosalie's place," cried the other, eagerly; and, while Jean submitted willingly to the operation, May chattered gayly.

"Well, your acquaintance with Mr. Collins seems to be progressing swimmingly," she remarked, presently. "Do you like him as well as ever?"

"Indeed, I do," was the ready response. "You know I can always get on so much better with a man when there is no danger of his falling in love with me. We are almost like old friends."

"I'm charmed, and so will Edith be. By the by, have you answered her last letter?"

"No, but I must, and tell her how much I like Mr. Collins," replied Jean.

"Do. I know she will be delighted. She owes me a letter, so you can remind her of that," said May, rising to go.

The days seemed to fly past. In the morning, they took long walks, watching the buds swelling and the leaves starting, in the woods which surrounded the Gillingham place. A carpet of green moss was under foot, sprinkled thick with young arbutus and the earliest wild flowers. These rambles were delightful to Jean, who was a real lover of nature. Generally, she and Mr. Collins strayed a little apart, investigating the woodland secrets, in which they took a greater interest than the rest. In the afternoons, lawn-

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tennis and driving occupied them. The evenings were usually spent indoors, in dancing or some such amusement, shared by the young people for several miles around.

Miss Athol was very fond of horseback-riding, and, with those of the party who shared her tastes, took long rides. Mr. Collins always joined in these expeditions, and, being an exceptionally good horseman, was the only one who could keep up with Jean in her spirited canters. She managed her restive mare perfectly, and, in a faultlessly-fitting riding-habit, appeared to great advantage.

About a week later, the two girls were sitting in May's dressing-room, before separating for the night.

"There is one thing I don't like about Mr. Collins," remarked Jean; "he doesn't seem enthusiastic enough Edith to suit me. Now, you know I am delighted to sing Edith's praises, for she is one of my dearest friends. You would think, knowing our intimacy, he would speak of nothing else. I don't mean that he doesn't like to hear me talk about her, for he does. He sits and listens eagerly, when I descant on her perfections. But, considering how confidential he is on other subjects, he doesn't talk about her as much as he might. I never think of it at the time, but it occurs to me afterward."

"Perhaps he is shy," suggested May, looking thoughtful.

"He may be, but I would never suppose so," laughed Jean.

"Or, possibly, you don't give him a chance," continued May, smiling mischievously; "that is very likely."

"Your last explanation seems more reasonable," was the amused reply. "I never thought of that." And the friends parted for the night.

The next day, Jean sat down and answered Edith's letter, telling her of the fortunate chance that had brought about the meeting she so much desired.

"I am quite as very pleased with Mr. Collins," she wrote, "as even you could wish. I really think you have shown yourself as sensible in your choice of a husband as in everything else, and I couldn't say more. I trust he appreciates the treasure he has won. I am trying to impress the fact on his mind."

It was now the middle of April, and an unexpected actor appeared on the scene—May's lover; at least, such he was supposed to be, though the engagement had not been acknowledged. May did not neglect her duties as hostess, but Jean fancied that she lost her interest in Edith's fiancé, in her absorption in the newcomer.

One morning, just after the distribution of the mail, Miss Athol looked up from the perusal of her own letters, a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"I suppose you haven't heard from Edith lately, Mr. Collins?" she asked.

"Yes, only the other day—"

"She owes me a letter. You may tell her so, when you write," she continued, not noticing that she was interrupting him.

He was about to reply, when May hurried up, saying:

"Surely, you have all exhausted your correspondence. Come and have a game of tennis."

The following day, Mr. Collins sauntered into the morning-room and asked:

"Who is going to ride, this lovely morning? There are not many more left us."

Of course, Jean's voice was among the number that answered in the affirmative; and, half an hour later, the riding-party was ready to start. Soon, Miss Athol and Mr. Collins were far ahead of the rest.

"Bess seems rather restive, this morning," he remarked, glancing gravely at the prancing horse on which she sat so well.

"I think there must be something in the air, then," laughed Jean; "for I believe I share in Bess's feelings—a restlessness of restraint or control seems to possess me."

"I advise you not to give way," was the more serious rejoinder, "or you may have trouble with her."

"Nonsense!" cried Jean. forgetting ceremony. "I can manage her any time." And she started forward at a brisk gallop.

Instantly, he was almost up to her; but, just as he reached her side, Bess gave one leap which would probably have thrown her rider had it not been for Mr. Collins. Quick as lightning, he made a sudden wild dash and seized the bridle. He did not utter a word; but one side-glance at his face turned Jean paler than the fright had.

Just at that moment, the others rode up. To save her life, she could not have told why she was so glad. Of course, everybody exclaimed and inquired; but Mr. Collins made as light of the matter as possible, for which Jean was very thankful.

They rode more slowly homeward, all together. Bess was very quiet, and so was her mistress. For some reason—she could not tell what—Miss Athol felt thoroughly uncomfortable.

It was almost time for the party to break up. In three days, it would be the first of May, and

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the ladies declared that they ought to be at home preparing for the summer's round of watering-places. The idea of departure was welcome to Jean, though she did not admit the reason for this, even in the deepest corner of her consciousness. Perhaps she dared not.

It was the thirtieth of April, the last day of the visit. One of their favorite walks was agreed on, as a farewell. They started all together, an arrangement which Jean devoutly prayed would be continued. For the last two days, she had managed to avoid all tête-à-têtes with her friend's betrothed by keeping with the whole party. She hoped Mr. Collins had not noticed this, though of that she could not be certain. Glancing up, she was startled from her reflection by seeing the object of it at her side.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Athol," he said. "You seem unusually quiet."

"Only because I am generally too noisy, one must infer, I suppose," she answered, rousing herself with an effort.

"Not at all—your inference is unwarranted," he replied. "But you are not inclined to place your intellectual wares in the market at such a low rate, I perceive. Perhaps, if I were to offer you a silver penny, as somebody in one of Mrs. Burney's novels does, you might be tempted."

"No. Like most of the people who live in the latter half of the nineteenth century, I am too mercenary," she said, laughing a little.

The conversation seemed to flag somewhat, in spite of Mr. Collins's endeavor to keep it up.

When they had gone some distance into the wood, he turned to her and said:

"Let me show you where those mayflowers are that I was speaking of, the other day. They must be in bloom by this time, I think."

"Thank you—but I'm afraid I hardly have energy enough for such a long walk," she answered, rather languidly.

"If you feel tired, you can sit down on this rock a few minutes," he replied. "Give me your shawl, please."

As he spoke, Mr. Collins possessed himself of the scarlet wrap and spread it on the mossy boulder, which afforded quite a comfortable resting-place. By this time, their companions were considerably in advance, and, astonished at her own weakness in doing just what she had determined not to do, Jean took the proffered seat.

For a few moments, they chatted cheerfully—on her part, at least, with an effort. Just as she was about to rise and propose continuing their walk, Mr. Collins spoke.

"Pardon me, Miss Athol," he said: "but, unless I am very much mistaken, for the last two days—ever since our horseback-ride—you have tried to avoid me. Am I wrong?"

Jean was silent; but he persisted:

"I flattered myself, up to that time, that we were very good friends—"

"So we were—and are still, I hope," interrupted Jean, a little impatiently. "For Edith's sake," she added. But he did not notice the final words.

"Have I done anything to alter your opinion of me?" he continued, standing facing her.

"No-o." Jean dragged the word out slowly. She could not truthfully say that he had done anything. She could hardly arraign him for a look.

"Then why do you treat me differently?" he went on, rapidly.

"Really—Mr. Collins," began Jean, "I—was not aware that I did: it must have been—unintentional."

Here her conscience gave an awful twinge; but she did not heed it.

"And, after all," she continued, trying to speak in her most careless tone, "this seems, to me, to be 'much ado about nothing.' Let us go on and find the others—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted: "but it does make a difference." There was sudden passion in his voice. "I had not meant to speak—"

Jean had risen by this time, deadly pale.

"Then for heaven's sake don't!" she cried, hastily.

"But I must, now. Don't you understand what all this means, to me? Surely you must have seen: I love you."

"Don't! How dare you?" She spoke vehemently. "I will not listen to another word. Heaven knows I meant to treat you as a friend only, and I never dreamed of this till—the other day. Since then, I have done my best to avoid you. What would Edith think?" The last words died away in an inaudible groan.

"Do you mean that you do not love me—" the young man went on, passionately; but Jean interrupted him.

"I tell you—go!" she said, in tones of quietly concentrated fury. Her eyes blazed. She could not speak another word.

"Jean!" someone called, just at that moment. It was May's voice. The rest of the party were coming toward them, though still in the distance.

"Why, where have you people been?" cried everybody, in surprise.

By this time, the pair, with a mighty effort, had recovered themselves somewhat. The girl, of course, was the more composed of the two.

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"I was rather tired, and sat down to rest," she answered, smilingly. "We were talking, and, as I was lazy, we concluded to wait for you here."

Mr. Collins looked at the young lady so graciously giving the explanation, but she flashed him one glance in return that answered his unspoken question. They exchanged no further remarks on the way home.

Lingering a moment alone in the hall before going to her room, Jean caught the sound of her own name.

"I call it a desperate flirtation," were the next words she heard, in Miss Winthrop's voice.

She waited to hear no more, but fled to her room, as wretched a girl as ever lived. It was growing late, however, and she was obliged to indulge her miserable reflections while packing her trunk. May sent her maid to help her, but Jean declined the proffered assistance, feeling that the presence of anyone would be simply intolerable.

Presently, the dinner-bell rang, and, dreading the ordeal, Jean slowly obeyed the summons. Everybody was there, including Mr. Collins, looking wretched enough, Jean thought, but the sight did not soften her.

The evening passed off gayly. In addition to the house-party, a number of guests from the neighborhood were present. There was no time for private conversation with anyone, for which Jean was not sorry. It was so late when they separated that May did not linger with her friend as she often did, but bade her a sleepy good-night with the rest.

Jean lay awake until nearly daylight, when she fell into a heavy slumber, from which she was soon awakened by the dressing-bell. Looking out, she saw the rain pouring steadily from a dull leaden sky.

The party separated rather early, somewhat depressed by the weather and the thought of leaving. Jean was the liveliest of them all. She parted from Mr. Collins with a stately good-bye, managing, in the general confusion of leave-taking, to avoid giving him her hand. His manner was as cold as her own. During the trip to New York, Jean was the gayest of the gay.

The carriage met her at the depot, and she was soon whirled toward home. At last, when the family greetings were all over, Jean found herself alone in her own room, to her unspeakable relief. She could indulge in the luxury of giving way to her misery, undisturbed.

Poor Jean! She had never been so unhappy in her life! She who had always prided herself on her honor and fidelity, to prove false to her dearest friend! For, blame him as she might, she knew that she had been in fault, too. Yes, unwittingly enough, heaven knew, she had encouraged him. Mingled with her anger at his conduct was a still greater disgust with herself.

As if this were not enough to make her wretched, she knew now—she was obliged to admit it to herself—that she cared. She had wrecked her own life in her mad folly—at least it was nothing more—she had never meant to be wicked!

One week passed, the dreariest in all her gay care-free existence. At the end of that time, the family were seated at the breakfast-table, lingering over their coffee, when the morning mail was brought in. Jean took the two letters that were handed to her, and glanced at their superscriptions. She recognized the handwriting of both. One was from May, the other from Edith. She laid them by her plate, and made a pretense of finishing her breakfast.

Alone in her room, she slowly broke the seal of each, and hesitated which to open first. If only she did not need to read Edith's letter—but it must be done. She opened it and looked at the first page. It was in the writer's usual style, bright and interesting, just as she had expected. Suddenly she stopped, her attention arrested by the following words:

"You speak of meeting Tom at May Gillingham's. My dear, you must be mistaken. He is in Washington, attending to some law-business. He expected fully to come, but was prevented at the last moment. His brother Frank, who resembles him, was there."

The letter dropped from Jean's fingers.

What did it all mean? What was this strange mistake? She could not understand. Perhaps May's letter would explain. She seized and opened it eagerly, glancing over it until she came to the following words:

"You went off so early and in such confusion that I didn't have an opportunity of explaining the foolish little joke I played on you and Mr. Collins. I hope you will forgive me. I thought perhaps you might discover the mistake between you, but I see you haven't. It was the first of April, you remember, when Mr. Collins arrived, and I told you—or rather allowed you to think—that he was Edith's fiancé. Tom Collins—the one to whom she is engaged—was called unexpectedly to Washington, but his brother came. I intended, of course, to undeceive you in a day or two, but you were so convinced of his identity that I couldn't bear to tell you. Besides, it was such a good first-of-April joke, and you know my propensity. I feel sure you will forgive me and

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appreciate it. I fancied he rather admired you. If so, you need feel no compunctions about appropriating him." Jean read no further.

She understood now, when it was too late. He could not comprehend her conduct, and how could she explain? When should she ever have the opportunity? May's explanation had come too late.

Two days later, glancing over the newspaper, Jean saw, in the list of passengers on a European steamer, the name "Frank Collins, Philadelphia."

Was this the end?

Frequently she heard from Edith, in Germany by this time. In one of her letters, she spoke of her fiancé's brother.

"He is traveling everywhere," she wrote; "but we have happened to miss him two or three times. He has been following in the wake of a certain charming widow, of whom I have heard a great deal, though I have never met her. They say Frank is really captured at length."

Just one year after her last visit to Larchwood, Jean stood in the Grand Central Depot, waiting for the train. It was the first of April, and, on the eighth of the month, May was to be married. After considerable persuasion, Jean had consented to be bridesmaid for her friend.

"Last year's party will all be here, as far as possible," May had informed her. "Frank Collins is in Europe, so I suppose we must dispense with the pleasure of his society; but Tom is certainly coming."

The Jean who stood in the station this bright April morning was altered from the Jean of one short year ago. That foolish mistake had spoiled her life, and it was so far in the past that she had given up all hope of setting it right. Besides, it would not make any difference now. He was like all men—he had forgotten; but she, alas! remembered.

Morning express trains were coming in, and the crowd jostled her. Starting from her reverie, she looked up and saw a familiar face—her first-of-April acquaintance stood by her side. He sprang eagerly forward and took possession of her disengaged hand.

"Jean," he whispered, so low that she alone heard him; and, looking up into his face, she saw he understood.

Five minutes later, Jean had managed to explain that she must take the eleven-twentyfive train for Greenbush, and they were comfortably seated therein.

"We arrived in New York at seven o'clock this morning, on the steamer," he said, reading the answer to his unspoken question in her eyes.

"I drove straight to the house as soon as I dared, and they told me where you had gone. I hurried after you, hoping to overtake you," he went on, rapidly. "Just two weeks ago, I met Edith in Paris, after missing her several times. I little knew what I missed. She explained, never dreaming what her explanation meant to me—and here I am."

"You have never told me yet that you were glad to see me, that you loved me, or anything else," he said, presently.

"How could I, in a railway-station?" she murmured, smiling.

"What a wretch you must have thought me. No wonder you behaved so cruelly," he continued, mischievously.

"Did I behave cruelly? I was sufficiently punished," Jean answered. "After all, I should never have become so well acquainted with you if I hadn't mistaken you for your brother: so I believe I am much obliged to May for her first-of-April joke."

DREAMS.

BY M. A. O'NEILL.

Give me dreams, sweet dreams, of other days,
When life was young and the world seemed true—
Then earth was bright with its varied flowers
And the sky with its dazzling hue.
Then spring's sweet face with its promise bright,
And the summer's opened flowers,
And the autumn with its garnered sheaf,
Made up life's happy hours.

Give me dreams—they bring back far-off days,
With the suns that long have faded;
For the dear dead lips then smile on me
Which the grave has long since shaded.

They bring the paths I trod in youth
Once gayly, full of pleasure,
But now so weary, worn, and old,
They count but sorrow's measure.

Yes: dreams bring back the loved and lost—
The eyes long closed in sleeping
Gaze back on us, from heaven above,
To woo us from our weeping.
They come in dreams; our empty arms
Would clasp them in caressing:
The opening of the pearly gates
Left mortals still a blessing.

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A VISION OF NIGHT.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

It was many years ago—though the events described in this story are none the less terribly vivid in my memory because of that—more than twenty years ago, that I found myself, one gloomy autumn evening, a weary pedestrian traveler, out of my way, belated and alone, in a wild and lonely part of the German Rhineland.

I had been loitering away part of the afternoon amid the ruins of Ericsfell Castle, one of the most ancient and extensive in that region, and now found, about sunset, with a dark cloudy night hastening upon me, that I had unaccountably missed my way to the inn that ought to be nestling somewhere hidden among these woods or hills. I tried in vain several roads, that seemed to lead to nothing but scrubby oak-thickets or stretches of waste desolate upland—not even a peasant's-hut in sight. Fruitless was the search—or, rather, houseless—and I at last decided to go back to the castle-ruins and there pass the night.

Ericsfell Castle is an immense stone structure, mocking even in this its last decay the puny efforts of our modern architecture, its huge square towers, vast parapets and outlying walls, broken but still massive gateways, all most fitly crowning the hill whereon it stood.

One side of this hill fell precipitously to the stream below—a wild mountain-torrent racing on to the Rhine, not far off; the other three sides sank away in rocky, jagged, half-wooded terraces to the more level ground, from whence I toiled wearily up by a scarce discernible path and re-entered this not very inviting place of lodgment.

I had noticed, that afternoon, a small chamber—one of the few with walls still intact and a roof overhead—rather high up in a tower at the southwest and most sheltered corner. In that chamber, I now planned to pass the night, as a rainstorm seemed more than probable, and shelter, even of a somewhat depressing, bare, stony kind, was to be desired. So, after some stumbling and some perhaps not very decorous grumbling besides, I got up the narrow stair built in the wall of solid stone masonry and into my night-quarters.

Now, I am not a nervous—nor yet, I flatter myself, a timid—man; I have slept out-of-doors many a time and in some by no means cheerful houses; yet I own that, when I lighted a match and looked about, I felt a strong impulse to seek some other lodging or tramp around under the open sky all night, in preference to this.

The room was quite small, with low vaulted ceiling and one narrow slit of a window, through which, so thick was the wall, the outside twilight utterly failed to struggle. This window was still iron-barred across, though surely egress or entrance of grown person or child would have been impossible, the bars eaten with red rust yet still in place, as also were the huge iron door-hinges, from which the door had been wrenched—who knows how long before? Just opposite the window was a narrow stone bench, built close to, and indeed into, the wall. Near to this seat was a massive iron ring—rust-eaten, like the window-bars—turning in a staple let into the masonry.

Snug enough in size, high up, and certainly dry; but somehow the air seemed to me heavy, stifling with the dust, the decaying exhalations of dead and gone centuries—death-like as one of those stone coffins of old. The place was the very abode—nay, the petrified stony embodiment—of feudal darkness, cruelty, hard, brutal, narrow ignorance of life's comfort and grace. What tale of captivity, suffering, perhaps lingering death, did that barred window, that cold stone seat, that iron ring, whose use was apparent—what did all this suggest? However, I laughed at these fancies sleep disturbing—or tried to, at any rate—ate a supper of bread and cheese from my traveler's-wallet, smoked two or three cigars, and then, having no light to read by, though I had a tempting "Revue des Deux Mondes" in my pocket, I wrapped my long waterproof cloak around me, and, lying down close under the window, fell fast asleep.

The bed was a hard one; but, being a sound sleeper and now tired out, I slept none the less profoundly for that. Had I dreamed at all, I might have believed what I saw and heard later on to be a continuation of such dreams. But I did not dream; nor was my waking, when it happened, a matter of any doubt. My slumber was broken by a loud, and for this place most astonishing, sound, seemingly just overhead—something like the striking of an immense clock—a slow, harsh, discordant noise, as of the

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grating of rusty iron. Wide-awake at the first clang, though doubting its reality, I listened with breathless attention as it went on—two, three, four, five, on to the twelfth stroke—and then, amid strange weird echoes, stopped.

What was it? Could it be? What ancient perpetual machinery, marking yet through centuries of ruin and neglect the time that had swept its makers into oblivion? A bell, a clock, striking the midnight-hour mechanically in this long-deserted place? Impossible! I opened my eyes wide and started up at the thought, and then straightway became conscious of a strange state of things in the chamber: there was a light in the room, all over it—a sort of even shadowless light, not as of dawn coming through the window, nor yet emanating from any visible source within, but a wan, sickly, unnatural glare, such as sometimes precedes great atmospheric danger and tumult; and, by this light, I saw, sitting on the stone bench—saw with a wild sense of unreality, though my eyes never took in more vivid impression—the figure of a man.

It was that of a man of huge frame and perhaps once noble commanding shape, now hideously emaciated and shrunken, as could be seen through a loose and tattered gray garment which he wore, of rude antique fashion and coarsest texture. His hair and beard were black streaked with gray, long and uncombed, hanging in matted wisps; his eyes were deeply sunken, dark, and ghastly; his skin the color of the grave. Around his middle was an iron band or girdle, fastened by a chain to the ring in the wall, in his hands a crucifix held tightly gripped to his breast.

The haggard fearful eyes were staring up and out of the window, right there above me; the bluish lips seemed to move continually; but no hint of my presence being noted did eyes or lips give. There he sat, and there sat I upon the floor as I had started up, for the moment all activity, all emotion suspended in a wondering stupor.

Who was he? How had he come there, during those my sleeping hours? It was impossible, but seemingly true—there he was. And, as I looked upon his face, it seemed impressed on my mind, revealed through the abysmal horror of those eyes, that he was slowly starving to death, and that of his own free will and accord. There was anguish, fear, remorse, a kind of lurid flickering hope, fierce gnawing hunger, all feebly glaring by turns from those deep hollow orbs, but, dominating each and all, an indescribable voluntary resignation.

I looked toward the entrance, open when I went to sleep, blank and black with the gloom of the descending outside stairway; but there I saw now distinctly a heavy oaken door, studded with huge nails, fast on its iron hinges, and tightly shut as from without.

Good heavens! what was this—reality, nightmare, or something more fearful than either? How had this come about? I am not a superstitious man—or, rather, was not before the time whereof I write—but now the gazing stupor of my first awakening changed to that strange, nature-planted, shuddering fear which causes the hair to rise on one's head and the flesh of one's body to creep.

But I made a tremendous effort to shake off this growing feeling.

"Who are you? And how do you come here?" I asked, in a voice that I meant to be loud and bold; yet, though my lungs gave forth, my lips uttered the words—not a sound reached my ears, or apparently those of the strange figure yonder. I spoke again; I shouted aloud, or at least made the effort as never before; not one whisper broke the vault-like stillness, naught but the feebly-struggling breath of my fellow-inmate.

I started to rise upright, and could not; the lower portion of my body felt impotent, dead; and, when I looked down upon it, it was, to my eyes, invisible. I could see no part of myself. I held my hand, both hands, before my face; they made not the faintest shadowy barrier against this fearful, sourceless, unnatural light. And yet they were still my hands; I felt them—cold, numbed, and as if shrunken in size, but still living, still my own. I was conscious of their motion, but they were none the less invisible to my sight.

Merciful God! what had come over me? What was I—a bodiless identity, a viewless looker-on? Was it at a reflection of some long past or distant future scene, some glimpse out of eternity, lost to common fleshly sight amid ages of intervening time and change? Was my life-thread—immortal, without beginning as without end, as some philosophy has taught—ever interwoven, would it ever be, with that of this man or semblance of a man before me? Or was I merely an accident, a chance intruder into this another sphere? Had my spirit left the body by that strange transition called death? And, if so, where was its freedom, and where the deserted relics of mortality?

With these questions, the ghostly fear departed from me—my first wonder returned, only deeper, more solemn. I held still, the only thing possible in my strange case, and waited for what should come next.

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I held still—my very heart, perhaps—for I heard not its beating, even in that deathly silence. I waited, heaven knows how many seconds, minutes, hours—till, as in fever-sickness or sleepless morbid unrest, the sense of tumult—tremendous, convulsive, even amid recognized utter silence—fell upon me. It was the ghost of echo, appealing at first to hearing finer than the flesh-and-blood ear; the weird wraiths of sounds—embodying presently into the audible, far-distant, yet approaching cries, blood-curdling demoniacal groans, laughter, curses—coming louder, nearer, up the stairway outside to the very door.

Then, looking at the chained man upon the bench, I saw that the mingled fear of his expression asserted itself, deepened, grew into abject terror, horrified despair. The crucifix shook in his hands; the lips, before inaudibly muttering, I could hear shaping now, in agonized repetition: "Mercy! mercy! mercy!" as the door swung slowly open, without sound of lock or bolt withdrawn, and a woman's form appeared, advanced, stood before him.

Never had I looked on such marvelous, such superhuman, beauty; such beauty of form and feature, such blended grandeur and perfection of womanly development. But it was the beauty of a fallen angel, the queenliness as of the very queen of hell. It was the evil fascination of a Messalina or a Jezebel.

I noted the strange deadly color of her skin, the greenish livid hue of oval cheek and swelling throat, suggestive of incipient decay.

This I saw; and also behind her—good heavens! was it not through her, too, that I looked? I saw also strange fearful shapes, darkly vague, yet of goblin hideousness, apparent enough to haunt a lifetime—a ghastly retinue, attendant, tormenting. And each right hand was uplifted, each holding in its grasp a scourge. On that shapely back were marks of their use. Cut and seamed it was, and the blood—oh, horror of horrors! Was it blood, red, human, life-feeding, that dripped so blackly down? Was that thin dark fluid blood, or was it not rather indeed the very essence, the poisonous ichor, of corruption?

Somewhere once, when I was a boy, I had seen a picture, one of the early Christian martyrs so half-naked, driven, scourged through the streets of Rome. But on the saint's face were fortitude, resignation—aye, even hope and gladness; on this, the despair, the loathing horror of the damned.

The figure on the bench shrank, cowered back against the wall behind, his lank hair bristling on his head, his hands still clutching the crucifix upraised to shut out the sight. "Sorceress, fiend!" he moaned. "Avaunt, thou spectre of hell! Thou canst not hurt me! Thou art dead these twenty years! I saw thee die. I heard thy latest groan. Thou hast gone to dust and ashes, I tell thee. Get thee away, shade from the pit! I have made my peace with heaven."

The other laughed, a low blood-curdling laugh, echoed weirdly from that grisly shadow-throng within the doorway; and, looking thence, I saw the grin of hideous goblin fangs, the waving of long knotty arms, as in gleeful anticipation. The woman raised her hands, which, I now perceived, were tied together around the wrists with a snake-like thong, and pointed toward the cowering wretch.

"Vengeance!" she cried aloud, in a tone I can never think of without a shudder. "Vengeance! I, Hildegunda, call down upon the head of Wolfgarn of Ericsfell. False traitor to friendship and love! robber of shrines! betrayer of innocence! liar, murderer! thy time is come. Vengeance upon thee! It is twenty years, this night, that have I wandered, unresting, tormented; my body dead, yet alive to gnawing pain, scourge-torn without, conscience-lashed within, for my sin and thine. Come, for our demon-guests await thee, our bridal-feast is spread."

"No, no, no!" was the gasping cry, in answer. "Jesu Maria! Let them away, and thou likewise begone. I had repented, confessed, fasted, worn the shrift. Hell cannot touch me, with all its accursed mocking shapes. I have paid my price for heaven. Houses and lands, honors and pleasures have I given—aye, even my life, by hunger's gnawing tooth well-nigh ended. I have repented, with priestly counsel, with candle, book, and bell, and beads duly told. Demons, avaunt! Miserere Domine!"

"Repented! Thou hast repented!" cried the woman—or the thing that had been a woman—with another horrible mirthless laugh. "Didst thou ever give thy victims time for one prayer? Had I time or warning when thy dagger sent me straight to this fearful doom? Furies, behold your prey—the bridegroom ready for our marriage-revel!"

All my ghostly fear, my shuddering horror, had merged ere this into wonder—a wondering awe that stayed my heart-beats, froze my blood, dulled my sight and hearing. I felt the growing sense of unconsciousness and struggled against it, as I saw less and less clearly—though all too horribly distinct, nevertheless—the hideous response to Hildegunda's command, the gleeful

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gnashing of demon-fangs, the waving of weird hands aloft. I heard the yell of fiendish triumph, the shrill menacing demoniac laughter; saw the chained wretch, Wolfgarn of Ericsfell, overcome by fear at last realized, fling down the crucifix—writhing, screaming, tugging at the chain.

I saw them close around him; I saw, or thought I saw, the fierce seizure, the quivering anguish of limb torn from limb, and then sudden abysmal darkness, silence, as I fell on my face in a swoon.

It was broad daylight, and the sun was shining in through the slit window in one bright-yellow streak full on the bench—empty of human shape, dust-covered, as I had last seen it in sober waking moments. There were the open doorway, the iron ring, the rust-eaten window-bars—all as before. And there was I myself, feeling as if aroused from a deep exhausted sleep, my brain dully throbbing, my body sore and heavy, my eyes still tortured with that hideously-recurring scene of the night-watches.

Was it a dream—one of the many which nightly beckon our souls from fleshly limits across the invisible bounds of that world between earth and heaven and hell? Was it, after all, only this? But no: it was too vivid, too luridly burned into my memory, too fearfully distinct, for any dream.

I felt then what is still my conviction: that I had been looking on the ghastly expiatory repetition of some long-buried, forgotten-by-men, yet ever-living crime, casting its shadow still behind athwart the yearly-recurring season of its earthly chance.

Even now, in morning light and sunshine, I felt a strange horror and fear of this place, and yet withal a fascination that kept me wandering, searching, about the ruins for more than an hour. But nothing did I find to throw light on that mystery—on Wolfgarn of Ericsfell or Hildegunda the Fair: by him loved and murdered—no trace of that bell that had clanged midnight upon my broken slumber.

Ruinous, desolate, silence over all—open to sun and wind, to creeping and flying things, the unresponsive stones bore no inscriptions, told naught to questioning eye or ear of what they might once have witnessed.

Sometime later in the day, when I had found the missing inn, about a mile or so from the castle, and, eating my much-needed breakfast there, told the portly garrulous landlord where I had spent the night and the singular dream, as I chose to call it, which I had had—when I told all this, he looked grave.

"Ach Gott!" he said; it was a dismal place and dreams were curious things. Now, that dream reminded him of something he had heard about that very old owls'-den up yonder.

He had never read it in a book: it was just one of the castle-echoes, so to speak, and had come down from father to son, goodness knew how many hundred years. It told how, in the old, old times, one of the Barons of Ericsfell—lords of the castle—had been a fearfully bad man, a very incarnation of pride, lust, and cruelty: to repent even more fearfully at last. For he shut himself up in a room of his castle, resolved upon a death by starvation, thus giving his body to mortal torment, and hoping to free thereby his soul.

"It wouldn't suit my mind, that sort of end," chuckled the fat landlord, slyly; and went on to tell how—as the legend went—there were heard, one midnight, a great clamor and screeching, the most unearthly noise, in that room; and, when at last the terrified menials went in, against their lord's aforegiven stern command, they found him not there, nor any trace of him, alive or dead, forever after. The fiend had claimed his own, men said, in spite of that tardy repentance, that hideous expiation.

'Twas also said that, one night in the year, there was a sound as of a great bell clanging the stroke of midnight; only the sound, for no bell was in the castle, nor had been for generations. His grandfather had once heard this sound, and he said it made his blood run cold. What! I had heard it too? Blessed Mary! it was a strange thing. I might thank my stars that I had come out of that devil-haunted place alive and with my senses.

He crossed himself, muttering a prayer; while, as for me, listening with a shiver to this old, old tale, I did thank God that I had come off with reason unwarped by the sights and sounds that tried it so sorely, this night, in the castle of Ericsfell.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE "SONG OF VALA."

He shall judge and He shall sever
Shame from glory, ill from good;
These shall live in light forever,
Those shall wade the chilling flood.

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THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a perfect morning in June, a day glorious with sunshine and fragrance and song. Nature is in one of her happiest moods, and scatters her treasures broadcast with a liberal hand. No one could be utterly miserable, utterly weary of life, with this glad sunshine, this delicious perfume, flooding the air.

The sky above is of the purest turquoise blue, checkered and crossed by a web of fairy cloudlets, white as snow, that drift like feathers over the azure plain. The fitful breezes are heavy with the scent of roses, and the distant hills that break the horizon stand out against the stainless blue, an amethyst purple.

It is the month of roses, and here, in a quaint old-fashioned garden, they are holding high carnival. No gardener's-knife has pruned them or restrained their luxurious exuberance, but they blossom in glowing masses, unfolding their fragrant petals that the sunbeams may nestle in their very hearts.

Velvety crimson roses, of so intense and deep a hue that they seem to burn in their own soft fire, creamy yellow roses with golden hearts, roses set in feathery emerald moss, pink roses melting in exquisitely tinted gradations to waxen white, even the old-fashioned cabbage-roses are here, heavy with perfume.

A pleasant old house stands in the midst of this garden, covered with creepers of every sort. Wistaria with its drooping clusters of pale-lilac, climbing roses, red and white, ivy with its evergreen foliage, and clematis with its feathery white blossoms. Over the pretty porch, honeysuckle hangs out its coral and amber tusks and mingles its intoxicating fragrance with the scent of the roses climbing up ambitiously to peep in at the latticed window under the eaves. Lilies of the valley swing their perfumed bells beneath the shelter of their broad waxen leaves, dainty columbines dance on their slender stems, lady's-slipper and bleeding-hearts grow side by side with great bunches of ribbon-grass and sweet clover. Pentecost lilies hold up their snowy chalices to be flooded with sunlight, and the lilac-trees are a mass of purple and white bloom. It is a garden in which our grandmothers might have delighted.

In the orchard, just beyond, the apple-blossoms are falling in drifts of rose and snow, and only here and there a few tenacious blossoms cling to the branches. Flecks of sunlight play at hide-and-seek among the gnarled limbs and fall on the golden hair and upturned face of a girl who stands on tiptoe, trying with upraised arms to reach a cluster of blossoms that hangs just beyond her reach.

A pretty picture she makes as she stands there, one that Greuze might have loved to copy, and the scene is not without one admiring spectator.

A carriage is slowly passing by at the time, with two inmates, both of whom see the graceful figure and the picturesque surroundings; and the heart of one thrills with a sudden admiration as his eyes are riveted upon the fair young face, while the other says, somewhat testily, drawing a light shawl about his shoulders, with an invalid's precaution:

"Drive on a little faster, John. The sun is bright and warm, but this breeze is chilly."

The carriage rolls by, and, though the younger of the two men cannot turn back to glance again at the picture, it is photographed upon his heart and his memory, and he knows that, long as life lasts, he will never forget it.

"Doris!" calls a voice, and the girl obeys the summons and vanishes through the doorway, all unconscious that that moment will alter her life.

During the remainder of the drive back to the little country hotel where they are sojourning to gratify the whim of an invalid who longed for the perfect rest and quiet that could not be found at a crowded summer-resort, the younger man was strangely silent and abstracted; so much so that he drew upon himself a rebuke from his companion.

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For the first time in his life of over thirty years, he had seen a face that had made his heart beat faster and his blood thrill with a new sensation, and he longed to see the face again.

John Elliott's life had been a singular one in many respects. He had never had a childhood, for his earlier years had been devoid of everything bright and child-like. His parents had died in his early infancy, and, as he had no near relatives, he was turned over to the tender mercies of an orphan-asylum. There, with the precocity that self-dependence engenders in a child, he learned that he had his own way to make in the world, and he early developed a shrewdness and foresightedness that promised well for his future, in so far as his prosperity was concerned.

When he was a mere lad of twelve years, he left the asylum, to enter the service of an elderly gentleman who wanted a shrewd quick boy to wait upon him.

John soon gained his employer's confidence and trust, and, as he grew older, he was promoted to positions of more trust and confidence. Mr. Egerton, for that was his employer's name, had a son about John's age, and upon this son he lavished an almost idolatrous devotion. He was the only heir to the Egerton estate, and his inheritance would be a princely one.

Of this son, John Elliott conceived a bitter jealousy. He, the friendless orphan, dependent upon his own exertions for even a scant livelihood, envied the boy who, though only his own age, and with no better reason than the caprice of fortune, possessed everything to make life desirable. But he was shrewd enough to conceal his feelings of jealous hatred; and, though sometimes, by a sort of intuition, young Egerton came near divining his companion's aversion toward him, yet he could never point to any word or act that would confirm his suspicion.

When both the young men had reached the age of twentytwo, John stood so highly in his employer's esteem that he began to look forward with a loftier ambition than had yet inspired him. If only he could breed dissension between Mr. Egerton and his son, perhaps it would not be altogether impossible that he should supplant him in the old man's heart and come into his inheritance.

It was a daring thought, and, at first sight, it seemed an altogether impossible scheme. Surely Mr. Egerton, in his devoted love to his only child, would overlook and forgive any wrongdoing on his part. But then, there were the hot Egerton pride and temper to be taken into account. If once the father and son came into open collision, they would sacrifice their love to the gratification of their headstrong wills.

Stealthily, John watched and waited for his chance. Harold Egerton was a generous-hearted fellow, so thoroughly honest himself that he never suspected treachery in another, and least of all in the boy who had been his companion and almost brother from childhood. They had played together and had been educated together; for Mr. Egerton, finding that John was intelligent and anxious to obtain an education, had concluded that this granted he would be of more use to him than he could with merely the rudimentary branches that had been instilled into him at the asylum; and so, not from wholly disinterested motives, he had given him every educational advantage that he had given his son, and had even let him go through the college-course with Harold that he might help him in the many ways in which the indulged boy needed assistance.

John appreciated his advantages and availed himself of them to the utmost, pleasing Mr. Egerton's vanity by his professed gratitude and by his apparent devotion to his son.

At last came the chance for which John had been watching with stealthy vigilance, and he did not hesitate to make the best of it.

Harold's affections were caught by a pretty girl—an actress of inconsiderable merit—and, without any thought of the future, he began to pay her marked attention. With all his faults—and, not unnaturally, he had many—Harold Egerton was honorable and a gentleman. No idea of trifling with her for his own amusement had ever entered his head. No thought of marrying her occurred to him at first, indeed; for he was content with the pleasure of the present: to bask in her smiles and enjoy her assurance of affection were all he cared for.

He confided his infatuation to John, little suspecting what use his arch-enemy would make of his confession. This was the chance which, if rightly employed, might lead to a final separation between father and son.

John Elliott went to see the girl, whom he found as unscrupulous and ambitious as himself; and he persuaded her that, if she could inveigle Harold into a marriage with her, he would soon be able to obtain his father's full and free forgiveness and she would share in his wealth.

Having thus laid the train for the final catastrophe, John awaited the result with considerable anxiety. His future depended upon the success of his stratagem.

Affairs turned out very much as he had antici-

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pated. One night, the girl took advantage of Harold, when his jealousy had been fired by seeing her accept attention from another. In reply to his expostulation and protestation of affection, she demanded, as a proof of it, that he should at once marry her. Without realizing in the least what a tremendous step he was taking, and without a thought of his father's grief and indignation, the young man yielded to her entreaty, and, within an hour, the words had been said that bound him to the unprincipled adventuress for life.

CHAPTER II.

Harold Egerton was so madly in love with the woman whom he had made his wife, that he did not regret his step as far as she was concerned; but he dreaded breaking the news to his father. At last, he confided his difficulty to John Elliott. The latter could scarcely restrain the joy he felt at the thought that his plan had so far been successful. But he promised to do as Harold wished, hypocritically expressing his confidence that all would come out right—"even," as he phrased it, "if the old man should be a little obdurate at first."

"Success is mine now," he murmured to himself, triumphantly, as Harold left him.

Naturally, the father was furious at the thought that his idolized son should have behaved in such a manner, that the heir of the Egertons should marry a common actress. Elliott took care, in telling the news, to exasperate the old man as much as possible, while pretending to make excuses for the son.

"I will disown him!" cried the parent, his hands clenched and his face working in his wrath. "I will never, never forgive him for this."

John looked on, well content with his success. Now and then, he ventured a timid word of remonstrance or exculpation for the culprit; but it was so skillfully worded as only to inflame yet more the father's wrath.

Meantime, Harold, at Elliott's suggestion, brought his wife to call on his father. He entered the room, half fearful yet half confident, but hoping her beauty would triumph. He was, for a moment, aghast at the storm of reproach he met. A tempestuous scene followed. The father swore that, unless his son should at once renounce "this painted adventuress," as he bitterly called her, he would turn him from his door with his curse.

Harold was as hot-blooded as his parent. He did not hesitate in his choice. No thought of giving up his wife, even had such a thing been possible, entered his mind; and, with angry words, the two parted, all feelings of natural affection smothered in their mutual wrath and bitterness.

The old man, after that day, summoned the Egerton pride to his aid, and never, by word or sign, did he manifest his longing for his son. John Elliott, of course, strove by every means in his power to fill the place of the absent one; but he could not, by his efforts, fill the aching void in the father's heart.

The son's anger melted first, and, at the expiration of a year, he strove to make his peace with his father. He stood in the doorway and sent up to his parent a message of reconciliation and a request to see him. But John Elliott took care that the message never reached the ear for which it was intended, although he had to tell the old man that his son had called.

"I have no son," replied the still angry father. "What I have said, I have said."

Yet his strength began to fail soon after, and the hale hearty man who had always rejoiced in his vigorous health became a confirmed invalid.

Once, when he heard of his father's failing health, Harold made another attempt at reconciliation; but his letter never reached Mr. Egerton, for John Elliott consigned it ruthlessly to the flames. Meanwhile, the old man grew daily more querulous and capricious. Several times, he dropped remarks, however, that made John's heart thrill with pleasure; for he had every reason to believe that a will had been drawn in his favor, and this enabled him to bear with the old man's irritability.

It was only a question of time now—and a short time, he hoped—when he should cast off the shackles of dependence and poverty that had restrained him all his life and should come into possession of the fortune that would enable him to gratify all his whim. It was in accord with one of these that they had come to spend the summer in this little country village.

A part of the afternoon, while Mr. Egerton rested in his room, John Elliott was free; but, for the rest of the time, he was obliged to be in constant and unwearying attendance upon his employer. He had now lost all fear of Harold. The latter, he felt sure, would never make a third advance toward reconciliation when his two former ones had been unheeded.

The day on which our story opens, John Elliott, for the first time in all his selfish scheming life, had been filled with something beside his plans for his own aggrandizement. The

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beautiful face of the girl he had seen standing beneath the apple-tree had pictured itself so strongly and vividly upon his imagination, that he could not put it from him for an instant. He longed to see it again, and he began to revolve plans in his mind for revisiting the quaint house which had so lovely an occupant.

His last waking thought, that night, was of the fairylike figure, and she flitted through his dreams until morning dawned. Nor was it strange. For Doris Maynard was a wonderfully fair and dainty little creature, with hair that would not lie smoothly upon her shapely head, but curled itself up into indefinite little waves and ringlets—that, kissed by the sunlight, looked like spun gold. Her eyes were blue—not the grayish tint that commonly passes for that color, but blue of the purest and truest—eyes that were as clear and innocent as a child's, but yet had a strange intensity and wistful entreaty in their depths. Her crimson lips parted in a happy smile, and the changeful bloom in her cheeks shamed the glory of the damask rose. In her fair young face was mirrored a perfectly innocent soul. Her very purity would call out all that was best and highest in the nature of the man who loved her, and happy indeed would he be who should be the first to storm the virgin fortress of her heart.

As yet, she was scarcely beyond childhood, and no thought of love, save that for her father and old Elspie, her nurse from babyhood, had ever disturbed her happy repose. No prince had yet appeared to awaken the sleeping princess. She was still in charmed innocence of the all that lay outside of the rose-garden, which seemed her fitting place.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly a week had passed, yet John Elliott had not been able to get another glimpse of that beautiful face. He and Mr. Egerton had driven past the pretty cottage several times, but, with the strange perversity of fate, Doris was nowhere to be seen.

At last, a happy chance favored him when he was well-nigh ready to give up in despair. One afternoon, Mr. Egerton had retired for his usual post-prandial siesta, and John, availing himself eagerly of the chance to escape from the old man's irksome companionship, left the hotel and strolled leisurely along the road which wound among the scattered farms, well defined by green hedges.

He had gone some distance and had pulled out his watch to see whether it were not time to think of turning back again, when he was startled by a sudden beat of hoofs, and, looking up, he saw a horse come around a bend in the road at full speed. The horse was evidently beyond control, for he had the bit in his teeth and was dashing madly along despite her efforts to check him. It must be confessed that John Elliott was in no wise a courageous man, and his first impulse was to step aside out of the path of the frightened animal, and let someone else, more desirous of glory, try to stop him. But all at once his intention changed, for he saw that the rider was a lady, and that she was the girl he had watched in the orchard. He no longer hesitated. "What kind fate," he said to himself, "has put this chance in my way?"

As the horse came near, he sprang forward and grasped its bridle. For a moment, the animal struggled; but, realizing it had found its master, it stood still, quivering with excitement, its glossy sides flecked with foam.

The color returned to the girl's pale cheeks as she realized her safety, and she thanked her rescuer gracefully though timidly.

"Let me lead the horse home for you," pleaded John, as, gathering up her bridle, she would have started off alone.

"I could not think of troubling you; indeed, it is unnecessary," she protested, earnestly. But Elliott would take no denial.

It was almost a mile back to the house, but to John it seemed all too short a distance; and, when at last they paused before the gate, he gladly accepted the girl's somewhat shy invitation to come in.

"My father will want to thank you," she said.

Mr. Maynard, a stately white-haired old gentleman, greeted Elliott at once with cordial hospitality. But, when he heard the story of his daughter's peril and John's intervention, he grasped the young man's hand warmly and thanked him so earnestly that John's heart beat high with joy and exultation.

When he arose to go, after having prolonged the visit as much as good taste would allow, Mr. Maynard warmly invited him to come again soon; and Doris shyly, but no less cordially, re-echoed her father's words. As he hastily strode down the road leading to the village, his heart beat high with triumph.

He was not surprised at the petulant reception that awaited him, for Mr. Egerton had woke from his nap and missed him.

"Where have you been, sir?" the old man demanded, irascibly. "Here are letters that ought to have been in the mail an hour ago.'

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John repressed the impatient answer that rose to his lips, and in silence got out pen, ink, and paper, and sat down at the desk to await his employer's dictation. But he longed intensely to be alone, that he might recall the events of the afternoon—that he might let his thoughts dwell upon the sweet face and gentle voice that had so bewitched him, staid man as he was.

No schoolboy in his teens could have been more desperately, rapturously in love than was John Elliott, although the sensation was something so altogether novel that he did not recognize it. He could not yield to his wishes, however. After the letters had been written, he had to read the newspaper aloud, and then give his arm to the feeble old man and support him as he tottered up and down the broad porch for half an hour before supper.

Not until Mr. Egerton had retired for the night did Elliott have any leisure in which to indulge in retrospect. Then he took his cigar out upon the porch and sat in the glorious moonlight, which somehow seemed a fitting accompaniment to his thoughts, and recalled every word and act which had impressed themselves indelibly upon his memory.

Up to this time, he had always been something of a misogynist, and had looked upon the infatuations of other men with wonder not unmixed with a little contempt, and he had never been able to comprehend how it was that love for the girl he had married had enabled Harold to lay aside fortune and home for her sake.

Now he dimly understood it all, for it seemed to him that he would give anything in his possession to know that he would be able to win the first love of that pure young heart. He felt his unworthiness, and, for the first time in his life, longed to be better and nobler. He wondered whether he had impressed her favorably, and whether any thought of hers had followed him after he left her.

When he went up to his room, he stood for some time before the glass, studying his face intently, wishing that he could judge of it as a stranger would. It was not an unprepossessing face. Many casual observers would have pronounced him handsome, and with good cause. His features were regular and clear-cut, and he had a profusion of light hair that was brushed back in careless waves from his forehead. A physiognomist, however, would have noticed that the eyes, which were a pale steel-blue, had a look of cunning and shifted restlessly instead of looking one straight in the face, and the mouth was weak and irresolute. A heavy tawny mustache concealed the weak lines of the mouth, but the chin receded somewhat and bore witness to the same vacillating nature.

Perhaps, had his early influences been better, John Elliott might have developed into a good man; but, as it was, the evil in his nature had gained the ascendency over all that was noble.

He would have been well content could he have known that the young girl's last thought, as she drifted into dreamland, was of the stranger who had come to her rescue, and in whose eyes she had so plainly read admiration of her loveliness. For Doris would not have been human had she not known that she was lovely; but, with this knowledge, there was no trace of vanity or coquetry. She simply admitted the fact as she acknowledged the fragrance of the roses or the blueness of the summer sky, without being spoiled by any taint of self-conceit.

"I wonder whether he will come again soon?" she mused to herself, as she laid her head upon her pillow; and some intuition of his feelings toward her told her that he surely would.

The girl's life, although a happy one, had been strangely isolated compared to that of most girls. She had spent it in this quiet country-place, with but few acquaintances, and she lived in an ideal world of her own, peopled with heroes and heroines gathered from the books which she had read.

It was not strange, therefore, that Elliott's rescue of her influenced her thoughts, and that, as days passed without bringing his promised visit, she began to watch for him somewhat wistfully, though she would not have confessed it even to herself. For it so happened that, for over a week, John could not leave Mr. Egerton long enough to revisit the rose-wreathed cottage, though his thoughts haunted it continually.

Mr. Egerton had been taken worse and demanded his constant attention, so that, much as he longed to see Doris again, he dared not risk angering the old man by leaving him alone.

Yet his assiduity did not entirely deceive the cynical old man. "How much of your love is the genuine article?" he said, sarcastically, one day. And he tried Elliott's patience by every means of which he could think.

But John stood every test. He heard in silence words which every instinct of manhood in him urged him to resent; and it seemed to him, sometimes, that he was paying too dear a price, after all, for the inheritance which he so earnestly coveted.

CHAPTER IV.

At last, Mr. Egerton got better, and Elliott had permission to leave him for an hour or so.

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With a beating heart, he set out for Mr. Maynard's. He was half fearful lest they might think he had staid away through indifference. But their kind welcome reassured him. A bright flush rose to Doris's fair cheeks at his entrance, and, though she bent her head low over her work to hide it, John's quick eye had noted it.

He put forth his best efforts to make himself agreeable to Mr. Maynard, and he was not unsuccessful. He had pleasant engaging manners and an air of deferential respect that quite won the old gentleman's heart.

He spoke somewhat of himself, this afternoon, touching on his attendance upon Mr. Egerton as the natural devotion he felt to one who had been a lifelong friend, and vaguely hinting that he would probably be the sole heir to the vast inheritance the old man would leave at his death.

When he was obliged to take his leave, he congratulated himself, with a sense of inward satisfaction, that he had made good use of the hour accorded him and had gained in the good graces of Mr. Maynard and Doris. He had not failed to see the glance of admiration which Doris had shyly thrown at him when he was speaking of his continual attendance upon the whims of an invalid, old and feeble, and, in spite of his wealth, childless and friendless, save for himself; and it had made his heart beat faster as he wished, for a moment, that he could deserve it.

So three months passed, during which it was Mr. Egerton's fancy to linger in that lovely spot, and John was only too well content to abide by his decision. For he had grown to love Doris with an intensity of devotion which surprised even himself, and he had some reason to hope that his love was returned. He waited now only for a convenient opportunity to declare his affection. Marriage was, of course, out of the question until Mr. Egerton should die; for he had often told John that such a step would entail their immediate separation.

"I won't have any divided service, mind you," he said. "Either I want all your time and thought or none. You can do as you choose, for it really matters only to yourself. I can buy quite as faithful service as yours any day."

Mr. Maynard was not unconscious of the admiration which their new acquaintance manifested for Doris; but, with a father's partiality, he thought it was but natural that his idolized daughter should win golden opinions from all, and no thought of anything further resulting from the acquaintance ever entered his mind. Only old Elspie's keen eyes were open to the fact that her darling was in love; but she knew that the girl was not yet conscious of it, so she spoke no word concerning her knowledge.

One morning, Mr. Egerton suddenly declared his intention of leaving, and, as usual, he insisted upon his decision being carried out without the delay even of a day.

"We must get off by the afternoon train," he said. And, when John demurred and asked for the delay of twentyfour hours at least, he gave free course to his anger, and declared that, ready or not, they should go when he said. So John had to yield.

"There will be no chance to see Doris," he said, "and explain my hasty departure. What shall I do?"

He was strongly tempted to rebel for once, but finally resolved, instead, to write to Doris and explain all.

"No—I must go," he said. "It won't do to thwart Mr. Egerton." For, much as he loved Doris, he loved wealth still more. Money was Elliott's god, and, if he had been compelled to choose absolutely between relinquishing all thought of Doris or of his prospective wealth, he would have sacrificed his love to his hope of gain in the end. But, meantime, he could temporize, he said to himself. With patience, he might win both. Could innocent trusting Doris have had but a single glimpse into the real character of her selfish lover, she would have shrunk from him in loathing and scorn. But she had mentally invested him with all the noble traits of her favorite heroes. She had idealized him. To her, he seemed perfect.

Doris, from her low seat on the shady porch, heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and could see the line of white steam which marked its course in the distance; but she was all unconscious that it was carrying her lover away from her. Perhaps, if she had known it, the girlish face would not have been so bright and the sweet low song that she crooned to herself, as she rocked slowly backward and forward, might not have been so joyous.

Often, in later years, she looked back to that day and hour, and wondered to think that she had been perfectly happy until that time, her life untouched by sorrow, unclouded by care.

Even as she sat there, swaying gently back and forth, the golden sunshine trickling through the leaves and falling upon her fair head like a crown of light, the shadow of a great trouble was upon her, unconscious though she was of its approach.

Doris loved her father with no common affection. Since her babyhood, he had been all in all to her—not only her father, but her friend and

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companion. The new love had not taken the place of the old, and her father still held the first place in her heart. She missed him when he was away even for an hour, and she was now watching for his return from the village.

She was alone; for Elspie had gone to the village too, on some little errand, and so Doris had been left by herself. She wondered somewhat impatiently why they both tarried so long, as the afternoon wore on; but no thought of anxiety occurred to her.

She saw the doctor's carriage coming along the road, and was surprised, as it approached, to see that Elspie was in it. It paused before the gate, and the old woman alighted and came slowly up the graveled walk toward the porch where Doris was still sitting.

Something in her manner attracted the girl's attention, and, glancing up, she saw that her face was pale and shocked, and tears were streaming over her wrinkled cheeks.

"Elspie! Elspie! what is it?" she cried, in alarm, springing toward her.

For answer, Elspie gathered her in her arms, as she had done many a time in her childish days, but no sound escaped her quivering lips.

"Tell me," entreated Doris, with a loving caress.

"How can I tell you, my darling?" moaned the old woman, finding voice at last. "It will break your heart." And she sobbed aloud.

For the first time, a suspicion of the truth flashed upon Doris.

"Tell me the worst at once," she cried. "What is it? What can it be?"

She would not let herself think that any harm could have befallen the two whom she loved best on earth. And what else could have happened that old Elspie feared to tell her?

Some intuition of the terrible truth flashed upon her, as she waited for Elspie's answer.

"Is it father?" she asked, with pale lips. And she needed not old Elspie's nod of assent to convince her that she was right. "Is he hurt? What has happened? Let me go to him," she cried, trying to free herself from the loving arms. But Elspie held her back.

"They are bringing him home now," she said, tremulously. "They sent me first, to tell you. Oh, my darling—my poor fatherless darling!"

The words fell upon the girl's ears with a strange unmeaning sound.

Fatherless? Who was fatherless? Surely, she was not. Her dear loving father could not have been snatched away from her so cruelly.

It was only a few short hours since he had left her, with the farewell kiss that he never forgot to give her, no matter for how short a time they were to be separated. How could he be dead?

It was some mistake: he was ill—perhaps very ill; but he could not be— Even in her thoughts, she shrank from using the dreadful word.

They were bringing him now. A carriage stopped before the gate, and, breaking away from Elspie's detaining grasp, she hastened toward it.

The doctor put up his hand to ward her away, as the men lifted a lifeless figure from the carriage—but he was too late: she had seen the features upon which death had stamped his unmistakable imprint. And, with a cry of anguish, she tottered and fell forward, as unconscious as the lifeless burden which was being borne toward the house.

CHAPTER V.

THE misery of the first few days had been undergone. Doris had followed the remains of her idolized father to his last resting-place in the quiet city of the dead, and to her first keen anguish had succeeded a sense of intolerable loneliness and desolation which even old Elspie's devotion could not dispel.

It had been just a week since her father's death, though it seemed almost an eternity. She felt as if she could never be happy again—as if a pall had been thrown over her whole life that would hide forever all its sunshine and brightness.

Meantime, it was best, perhaps, that she had to think of something else besides her bereavement. She had known nothing of her father's affairs. With the happy confidence of childhood, she had accepted everything, with no thought of where the money had come from that provided for all her wants, and it was a rude awakening from this state of blissful ignorance to learn that she was entirely penniless. Her father's income ceased with his death, and, although he had always intended to make provision for his daughter, yet he had put it off from time to time, and death had suddenly overtaken him before he had carried out his purpose.

After all the expenses of the funeral had been paid, barely a hundred dollars remained to Doris. It was necessary she should do something to earn her livelihood. But what? "If I only had someone to consult," she said; and her thoughts turned to John Elliott. She knew he and Mr. Egerton had gone away, and as yet

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she had had no explanation. This was an additional grief to her. Could Elliott have forgotten her? Or had he never cared for her in the least? "Oh, no; I will never believe that," she said. "He, at least, is noble and good. If I only had him to consult!"

But what should she do? Only one road seemed open to her. Perhaps she could turn to account the thorough education that she had received. Her thoughts reverted to the principal of the school where she had spent a year. She remembered what a friendship the lady had seemed to entertain for her, and she resolved to go to her and ask her to find a position for her where she might at least earn a home.

She no sooner arrived at this resolution than she determined to put it into effect speedily. She packed her trunk and made her preparations to leave the house where she had spent so many happy hours. Had not her heart been overflowing with grief at the loss of her father, she would more keenly have realized how severe a trial this departure was. She had no relatives—no friends who were entitled to guide her in her plans; and, in her youth and inexperience, she did not realize how many and great were the obstacles with which she would have to contend in her struggle with the unknown world.

Those last few days in her old home were like a troubled dream. She moved about, scarcely conscious of what was going on around her, and all too soon came the hour when, with her trunk locked and all things ready for her departure, she had but to bid good-bye to weeping Elspie and the friends who insisted upon her spending the time with them after the furniture in Rose Cottage had been sold.

She had not written to the friend whom she was going to visit, but it hardly seemed necessary to her to take that precaution. She had not shed many tears since her bereavement. Her grief seemed to be too great to vent itself in outward demonstrations; but, as the train slowly moved out of the little station and she realized that she was going alone among strangers, her courage failed her, and hot bitter tears fell beneath the friendly shelter of the crape veil she wore.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached her journey's end, and the Babel that arose from the long line of hackmen in front of the depot terrified and bewildered her. She gave the address to which she wished to go to the first one that pushed himself forward, and, leaving her trunk to be sent for, was soon rattled along over the paved thoroughfare, with a feeling of homesickness weighing down her heart.

It was a long drive, for Mrs. Drysdale resided in the outskirts of the city, and the shadows of dusk were beginning to fall when at last the driver drew up before a large house, and, opening the door, informed her that she had reached her journey's end.

He saw that she was a stranger in the city, and he took advantage of her inexperience to charge her double the fare that he would have obtained from anyone else.

Doris did not notice, until after the man had rattled away, that the house was dark and tenantless, and that a large bill, "To Let," hung conspicuously on the front of the house.

She stared at it helplessly for a moment. Then, realizing her lonely condition in this great city, she sank down upon the stone steps and burst into tears. She was so unused to taking care of herself that it was not altogether to be wondered at that it did not occur to her to ask, at some adjoining house, where Mrs. Drysdale had gone. At last she became aware that a rough-looking man, who had been lounging on the opposite corner, was observing her; and, rising, she walked away, not caring in which direction she wandered, for she was too bewildered to form any other plan, now that her only one had failed.

She turned into a dimly-lighted street, where there were but few houses—most of those in process of construction—and walked hastily along, hoping to reach the lighted avenue just beyond before she was overtaken by the man whom she feared. She heard his footsteps following her, but she dared not look back to see how much distance lay between them. She grasped the little purse, in which was all her little wealth, more firmly in her trembling fingers, and, as she heard the footsteps rapidly approaching her, she began to run.

She could not escape her pursuer, however. In an instant, he was at her side and his rough hand was upon her shoulder. She screamed aloud in her terror, and the ruffian tried to stifle the sound by clasping one hand over her mouth, while, with the other, he snatched at her purse.

Doris resisted him with all her strength. Her screams rang out again and again, despite his efforts to suppress them, yet no help came. In her struggle, she lost her footing and fell heavily to the ground, while her assailant at last wrested the purse from her.

He was not to escape so easily, however, for the girl's screams had finally brought help. A pedestrian, passing along on the opposite side of the street, heard the muffled shrieks, and saw dimly through the gathering darkness the two figures struggling together. In a moment, he had crossed and caught the ruffian by the collar.

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As he did so, he recognized, with a sudden thrill of joy and surprise, for it was Elliott, that the girl was no other than Doris.

"You cowardly brute," he exclaimed, shaking the man with one hand, and thrashing him soundly with the other, in which fortunately he had a stout cane. "I'll teach you to insult a lady. Take that, and that!"

With a sudden wrench, however, the ruffian freed himself and ran down the street. Then John stooped over the half-unconscious Doris, and, raising her tenderly in his arms, scanned her face again. He could scarcely believe his senses. How had she come to be here alone, in the streets of this great city? And why was she in such deep mourning?

Doris recovered speech almost immediately, and a few words told her sad story. Suddenly she thought of her money.

"Oh, my purse," she cried, realizing that all that had kept her from being absolutely penniless had been stolen from her. "Oh! my purse is gone. What will become of me?"

Her hearer tried to console her with the assurance that the thief could be found and made to give up his ill-gotten booty, and at last she dried her tears.

"Now we will go and get some supper," he said, when she had in some measure regained her self-control, "and then I will take you to a hotel, where you can spend the night. To-morrow morning, we can find your friend without any difficulty."

She drew her heavy veil down over her face, that it might hide the traces of her grief, and they soon emerged from the dark side-street upon the lighted thoroughfare.

Calling a hackman, John gave him some directions, and they were soon rolling rapidly down-town, a sense of content and the assurance of being cared for filling Doris's lonely little heart.

They stopped before the door of a restaurant and John led Doris upstairs to a private dining-room, where she might rest and compose herself while he ordered supper.

He went downstairs himself to give the order, that he might gain a little time to decide the puzzling question what he should do with his charge and what arrangements he should make for her comfort.

Great was his annoyance to recognize an acquaintance, a gossiping and thoughtless club man. He turned hastily away, hoping to prevent recognition. But he was too late.

"Hello, John, is this you?" said the young man, stepping forward and touching his shoulder. "What brings you here?"

John's first impulse was to answer carelessly and make his escape; but another thought occurred to him, and he proceeded to act on it.

He banished the frown which had involuntarily gathered upon his face at sight of the newcomer, and, with a complete change of manner, extended his hand in cordial welcome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HALLS OF SILENCE.

BY ADELAIDE ROUSE.

I SAT in the Halls of Silence,
  Where no sound from the past could come,
No echo of old days to haunt me,
  For the Halls of Silence are dumb.

Once safe in the Halls of Silence,
  These passionate hearts grow cold;
They cease their bleeding forever,
  They are free from the days of old.

There I would learn to forget her,
  Forget the sweet mouth, rosy red,
Forget the charm of her laughter,
  Forget the shy droop of her head.

There's a cheat in those Halls of Silence,
  For the echoes whispered her name;
Fond memories floated around me
  And her vision before me came.

There's a cheat in those Halls of Silence,
  For my eyes overflowed with tears
And my chilled heart bled in my bosom,
  As I thought of the sweet past years.

I rose in the dead of midnight
  And turned back the great bolts and bars;
I left the grim towers behind me
  And stood 'neath the steadfast stars.

I scorned myself for my folly,
  For a man may not drug his grief;
I knelt and prayed in the starlight
  For a touch of my old belief.

A peace settled down upon me,
  And a voice said: "My son, be strong;
Only the hearts of earth's tried ones
  Are given the solace of song."

I sing the measure grief taught me,
  What marvel its burden is sad?
A tired and heart-weary singer—
  How can my music be glad?

Perchance, if she hears the minstrel,
  She will frown at the sorrowful lay,
But her falseness taught him the metre,
  Her hollowness blighted his day.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a promenade-costume, made in figured and plain China-silk, challis, sateen, or dotted black lace. The entire skirt is covered

No. 1.

with three kilt-plaited flounces of the figured material. If of black lace, each flounce has three rows of narrow black watered ribbon. If of China-silk or challis, ribbon to match the prevailing color. If made of sateen, the flounces will be untrimmed. The back-drapery is short and full; may be either figured or plain, like the bodice. The long-pointed bodice laces at the back; but this is purely optional, as the style can be preserved by buttoning down the front. The vandyked tabs from the shoulders and the epaulettes are of the figured material. Hat to correspond. Twelve yards of black lace, four pieces of narrow watered ribbon, will be required. Of sateen, fifteen yards, or China-silk, sixteen to eighteen yards, according to the width.

No. 2—Is a pretty and simple model for a gingham. The skirt is plain or else in large kilt-plaits. The overdrapery is all in one piece,

No. 2.

two widths of gingham being joined and then used crosswise. The looping may be done from the illustration. The bodice has a vest of plain

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gingham or sateen to match the prevailing color of the plaid. It forms a short postillion at the back. Cuffs and collar of the plain. Twelve to fourteen yards of gingham.

No. 3—Is a stylish model for a gown of tennis-flannel. These flannels are mostly in stripes of delicate colors, wash well, and are very light in texture. The skirt of this gown is laid in large kilt-plaits. The overdrapery, like the one above described, is long and all in one piece. The bodice is pointed in front, with a short

No. 3.

postillion-back. Long coat-sleeves, quite large at the top. High standing collar. Fourteen to fifteen yards of tennis-flannel will be required. The underskirt of this gown is kilted upon a yoke without foundation-lining, the kilts kept in place by being taped.

No. 4—Is a pretty breakfast-gown, of which we only give the upper part. The double box-plait of the back is confined at the waist. The loose fronts are kept in place by the belt and sash of ribbon. Lace trims the neck and front, also the sleeves. This model may be used simply for a breakfast-sacque, and can be made of cashmere or China-silk in any self-color, with white

No. 4.

or black lace and colored ribbon to match.

No. 5.

These sacques are very useful over an old black silk skirt. Black cashmere trimmed with black

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lace and cardinal-red ribbon is both pretty, stylish, and becoming—and, above all, most useful.

No. 5.—For a girl of four years, we give a cream flannel frock, plaited back and front in fine kilts. The collar and sleeves match. The sash is of plaid ribbon, and is tied at the back. Hat of cream-white straw, trimmed with loops of narrow ribbon.

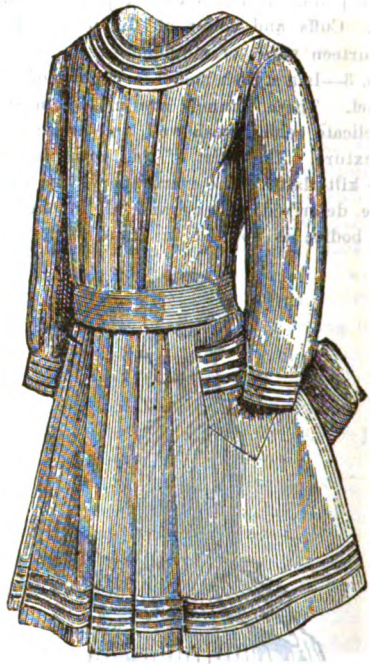
No. 6.—For a girl of ten to twelve years, we have a kilted skirt of plaid gingham or woolen,

No. 6.

with an overdress of pin-striped to match in color. The top part of the full sleeves is of the stripe, while the deep cuffs are of the plaid. Hat of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon.

No. 7.—Blouse-apron, for a child of two to three years. It is made of plain Chambrey gingham, trimmed with four rows of narrow white cotton braid.

No. 8.—Suit, for a boy of eight to nine years, made of Scotch tweed. Knickerbocker pants.



No. 7.

The double-breasted jacket may be worn either

No. 8.

with or without a vest of the same.

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SEASIDE PELERINE VISITE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give for our Supplement a simple model for a pelerine visite suitable for either street or seaside wear. It consists of four pieces: half of front, half of back, yoke-collar, and standing collar. The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The dotted line half-way across the front and near the end of the back shows where the pelerine turns back inside to form the sleeve. The dotted line near the end of the front shows where the pattern turns over, being too long for the paper. The yoke-collar is only for the front. The pelerine is made of limousine lined with plaid surah. The yoke-collar and standing collar are of velvet to match. The fastenings may be either ornaments in passementerie or antique metal clasps.

CROCHET-LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the book, an extremely pretty pattern for a crochet-lace, to be used for the ends of window-shades, the bottom of petticoats, etc., etc. This lace is easily made. The squares of crochet are two rows of long stitches, worked one over the other, taking care to make three chain before turning on reverse side to work the second row. Thus, make ten chain, turn on reverse side, and work seven long stitches in seven stitches of the ten; three chain T (turn on reverse side), and work seven long on these seven stitches—see engraving. At the end, do not fasten off, but make ten chain, and work exactly as before. The three chain of the ten are made for turning the work, and must be reckoned as one long stitch. When a sufficient number of these squares have been made, then make a row of chains between each square, and again another row to intersect, then a row of one long, one chain.

Into this row, the commencement of the border is worked. The succeeding row is a succession of stitches, which appear crossed, and which are better worked from consulting the engraving than by description.

For the border of squares, these are worked as in the centre pattern, only between each diamond-shape make four chain, double-chain into the sixth row of alternate long stitches; then four chain, double-chain into the loop

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where commenced one chain, and continue to make as many squares as needed.

For the outer border, double-chain on the top points of a square, five chain, double-chain or fourth long stitch; five chain, double on the centre of next diamond; five chain, double-chain on point of next, and repeat. The outer edge must be worked from the pattern.

CHEST-PROTECTOR, IN KNITTING.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This chest-protector is worked in plain knitting with white fleecy wool. Begin at the back lower edge with fortytwo stitches; knit to and fro one hundred and two rows; in the eighth and in every following fourth row to the fifty-second row inclusive, widen on both sides of the middle twelve stitches by knitting two stitches out of one—one plain and one purled.

After the one-hundred-and-second row, work the two shoulder-pieces on the twentyseven stitches nearest each end, casting off the middle stitches. Work sixtysix rows for each; but, during the first eight rows, narrow at the neck-end by knitting two stitches together in every second row.

Cast off the stitches on the left side, but, on the right, cast on thirtyfive new stitches at the neck-end for the front.

Work the front the same in size and shape as the back—which will, of course, necessitate narrowing, instead of widening. Crochet a narrow scalloped edging all around, beginning at the left shoulder, one single-crochet on the next stitch, two chain, four double on the following one, pass two, and repeat.

Work a row of single into the end of the left shoulder-piece, and, at the edge of the front, crochet three button-loops; the buttons are set on the end of the shoulder.

An elastic braid, eight inches long, with a loop at the end, is attached at the lower corners of the back, and buttoned to buttons set on the lower corners of the front.

NURSERY-TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a new design for a nursery-tidy, to hold a duster or some of the many scraps made in the nursery. Take a Japanese fan and paste or glue it on to a card-board, then take brown holland or some other material of a brown or gray color which is as firm as holland and cut it rather larger than the fan, form a kind of pocket of this, and embroider it with embroidery-cotton in any pretty or amusing design. The whole is finished with balls, quillings of ribbon, lace, etc., according to the taste.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE, FOR SOFA-PILLOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give one-quarter of this design, and it is to be simply repeated, connecting the branches so as to make a whole to cover entirely a square for a sofa-pillow. Our model calls for one good shade of maroon silk upon pongee, done in outline entirely, except the circles of the flowers, which are done by crossing the lines in long stitches and then sewing them down at the intersecting points by a cross-stitch. This is called couching.

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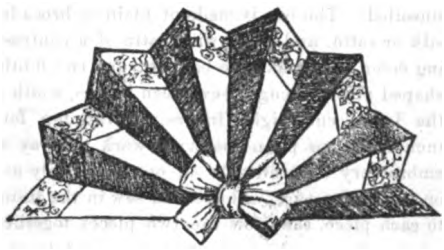
FAN-DECORATIONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



An inexpensive and effective decoration for plain white walls or for picture-frames may be made of the wall-paper used for dados. The patterns with a handsome stripe of color and gilt upon one edge are the most suitable, as the stripe forms the edge of the fan. Take about four yards of this paper and fold it in two-inch folds until it shapes naturally into a fan. Fasten the lower folds together, and finish the two ends of the paper by turning them over a small stick or a strip of cardboard, and fasten with paste. A wire should be sewed to the back, near the outer edge, to give firmness to the fan, and the whole may be finished with a large bow of ribbon, as shown in the illustration. These ornaments may be tacked behind the upper corner of a picture or used as a piano-fan.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE EMBROIDERY,

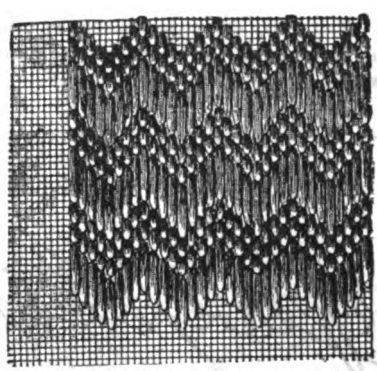
FOR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a novel and simple design which can be used for many purposes. The original was on a waste-paper basket. A band of very dark-green cloth covered the basket about half-way down; the cloth was embroidered in crescents of different colors in outline, and the broken lines were done in gold thread. If a richer effect is desired, more broken lines of any kind can be added. The crescents look well worked solid or couched across. This design is also very good for a small table-cover or many other purposes, and has the advantage of being easily and quickly worked. Yellow silk may be used in place of gold thread.

SHADED STITCH ON CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Pass the wool over six threads, under one and over two, twice. Repeat at every row, always taking one stitch lower down, or one higher, to shape or describe the vandykes.

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KNITTING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This knitting-bag will be a very welcome present to give old ladies, as they can carry it over the arm, and, while knitting, leave it there, thus keeping the ball of wool within reach and unsoiled. The bag is made of plain or brocaded silk or satin, and lined with satin of a contrasting color. To make the bag, cut out two fiddle-shaped pieces—length seventeen inches, width at the lower end eight inches, at the top four inches. If on plain material, work a spray in embroidery with filoselle on one piece only and on the widest part. Shape and sew in the lining to each piece, then sew the two pieces together, joining them at the narrowest part, and leaving an opening on each side of eight inches to pass the arms through. Below this opening, slip-stitch the two pieces together for the rest of the bag. At the narrow part of the bag, make a single box-plait and bring the four inches of material into a two-inch space. Sew a silk cord round the edges, over the seams, and carry it around the armhole-openings. One and three-quarters yards of cord are sufficient.

SILK PURSE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the book, we give a purse in the form of a jug, which is knit of No. 300 silk, on No. 17 steel needles. Cast eighteen stitches on the three needles. The top is ribbed by knitting two stitches plain and purling one. Knit thirtyfive rows in this way, then begin the open work; throw the silk around the needle and knit two stitches at once. Knit every other row in this manner and the intervening one plain for the next fiftysix rows.

The bottom is knit plain, narrowing in three places until the point is reached; this is finished with a little tassel made of the silk.

To knit the handle, slip the needle through six stitches on the top. Knit the first row plain; purl the next and every other one until you have a strip three inches long knit. Slip the ring on and fasten the end of the handle to the jug. This is much more convenient than a pocket-book.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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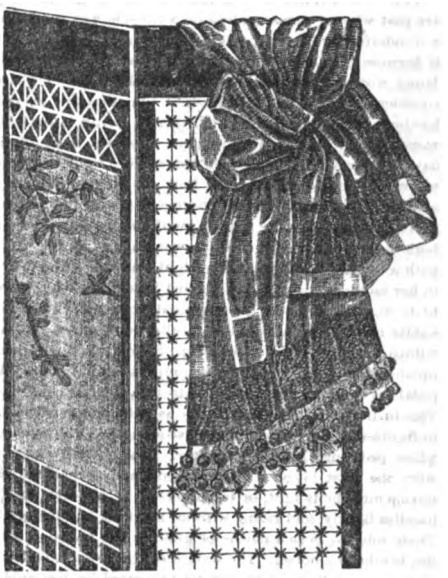
DRAPERY FOR A SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This handsome drapery for a screen is a long width of China silk caught over one corner of a screen and tied in a large loose knot, one end falling shorter than the other. Each end is finished with a wide hem, above which is a broad band of peacock-blue velvet or plush, the China silk being a bright orange. The longer end is also decorated with small plush balls pendent. Myrtle-green surah looks very handsome when embroidered with a design of flowers in colored silks. Wild roses with foliage, poppies, cornflowers, or ox-eyed daisies afford a rich effect. In the arrangement and design of this drapery there is ample scope for originality. Old bits of needlework can be brought into service as decoration.

JAPANESE-BOWL PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

First take a square of linen, pour the bran into it, take it in the hands and work it up into the round shape of a pincushion; tie round with a string, cut away the ends, but not too closely. It now resembles a plum-pudding in its cloth. Then take a handsome piece of plush, satin, or brocade and cover it entirely. Sew on the two pieces of ribbon across the cushion to form four straps, and finish off in loops. Take the Japanese bowl, glue it all round inside, push the cushion firmly into the bowl, and stand it aside to dry.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Tricycle Riding and Dressing.—Although the days are past when a woman riding on a tricycle was considered a wonderful sight, yet frequent objections are still made to it because "it looks so awkward," as we constantly hear. Many women ride, but few indeed ride well. Perhaps, considering the comparatively short time that this exercise has been in vogue, the want of style in riding is not to be wondered at. Could we transport ourselves back to the days of Marie de Medici, when side-saddles were first used, we would most probably see that the women looked as awkward and uneasy as our tricycle-riders do now. Even in the present day, we see too many ungraceful riders on horseback; but, as the skillful woman guides her horse with a turn of her wrist, sits upright but flexible and firm in her saddle, so can a lady-tricyclist look well if she desires to do so. Careful and correct pedaling is requisite. The saddle must be adjusted so as to allow only about an inch within the reach of the rider's leg. Sitting erect, with head up and shoulders back, the rider must be able to touch the pedals in comfort, but not so as to ride with a bent knee. This in tricycling should be made as heinous an offense as in figure-skating. Beginners have a trick of leaning back when pedaling, instead of sitting in a natural position, with the least bit of a forward bend, and to that end the novice must be taught, or teach herself to ride, holding the handles lightly, and riding without touching handles at all. Their sole use is as a means of guiding the machine, as is the bridle to a horse. The weight of the body should rest mainly upon the pedals and be supported by the saddle. Then comes the action of pedaling, which so many ignorantly think to be the same motion as when working a treadle sewing-machine or playing a harmonium. In point of fact, nothing can be more different. In both cases, the worker is sitting on a hard bench or chair, with no spring to break the jarring motion, with no ball-bearings to reduce friction to a minimum, as in even the commonest tricycle sold nowadays, and the motion in both cases radically different, being up and down, whereas in tricycling the feet move in a circle, and the muscles chiefly employed are those of the ankle. To pedal properly requires fitted shoes, rat-trap pedals, and no small amount of practice. Briefly, however, to work properly, the toes must be placed on the pedals, and the circular movement before mentioned given, so that whilst the one foot is pushing, say, the right-hand pedal forward, the left is being drawn backward and upward; and, in good riding, at the close of the down-stroke the heel is dropped, turning slightly outward. The right foot should be placed on the axle, and the left hand lightly on the saddle. Then, with a spring, the left foot should be placed on the frontal tube or foot-rest on the front fork, the dress arranged smoothly, and then the rider drops into the saddle. When well done, it looks better than the old way of mounting the side-steering tricycles with a backward hop, terribly trying to novices.

The general effect of a good rider on a tricycle is absence of effort. There must be no crouching over the handle-bars, which is beyond all expression hideous; neither a wriggling from side to side on the saddle, and the shoulders working hard, with frantic pulls at the handle-bar, in the absurd idea that by so doing the pace is increased. There must be none of these antics in the person who desires to look well on a machine. The way to look well is to be cool, quiet, and dignified. Let the same calm nonchalance be apparent, whether going at three or nine miles an hour. If speed is wanted, use the tremendous power of the ankles—power which will shoot the machine forward, with hardly any apparent exertion, like an arrow; and, for another thing, in any emergency strive hard to keep a cool head.

As to dress, let us say that we gave a most desirable tricycling-costume in our March number. A perfectly plain skirt is to be avoided. It has a poor thin look, and the limbs are much too evident beneath it. A kilted skirt is admirable; in fact, any walking-dress of good style, almost untrimmed, is suitable. Jets, gimp, etc., are quite out of place. Steels, reeds, bustles, and the like are also out of place. For the present style of costume, a small hair pad below the waist is the only allowable thing in tricycling. A jacket not too long, or a Norfolk jacket with the plaits back and front, is the best for the upper part of the dress. Gray, brown, blue, or dark-green homespun, tweed, or serge are all desirable in material and in color, though gray has the preference in one respect: it does not show mud nor dust, of which there will be apt to be a superabundance, so readily. The beaded skirt is quite abandoned by good tricyclists, as well as all strings, hooks and eyes, etc.

A Welcome Tribute.—A gentleman writes to the Elmira (N. Y.) Husbandman: "Since childhood, I have read and admired 'Peterson's Magazine,' although it is more especially a lady's-book. My first recollection of it is that a motherly old lady called me in out of the cold, one winter's day—where I was sent to avoid disturbing a sick grandfather—and gave me a volume or two to look at. Of course, the pictures, colored plates, and colored patterns pleased me very much; thereafter, for a week or two, I was found at her house, amused with these magazines. Since then, it has been wonderfully improved. Probably there is no American magazine of its class that is so well adapted to the wants of the community at large or one that contains so much for so little money. The patterns are of great value to those who wish to make nice presents. It is full of good things every month in the year."

The Women's International Council, to be held at Washington in March, will be an event of great interest and importance. It will commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the first organised public demand for woman's enfranchisement, made in Rochester, New York, 1848. The host of this jubilee is the National Woman Suffrage Association, and its guests will be representatives from the various organizations connected with female advancement in this country and Europe.

"The Farm Annual" for 1888, which Messrs. Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, have published, is even superior to any of their former issues. It overflows with valuable information on everything connected with farming, the raising of poultry and live-stock, and contains copious illustrations of choice seeds and vegetables.

Her Twentyfirst Year.—In sending a club, a lady says: "This year makes the twentyfirst that I have got up a club. Am just as anxious to get my books now as the first year I took them."

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PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN FABRIC-PAINTING.

NUMBER TWO.

TABLE-SCARFS.

Fine felt or billiard-cloth is used for table-scarfs; fawn-color is very pretty. Pink hibiscus harmonizes well with this shade of goods. Hibiscus can be used for one end and golden-rod for the other. Stamp only one end at a time. The golden-rod is best put on first. No new colors or brushes will be required, with the exception of a No. 4 pointed bristle brush to use in painting the golden-rod. Paint the design first in white, as suggested for the cushion. A pattern ten by twenty would be suitable in size. These designs are for sale at a number of stamping-emporiums

For the golden-rod, take up the color on the point of brush and put it on with an up-and-down motion of the hand. A little Zinnober-green, shaded in, adds to the effect. Paint the stems and leaves in two shades of green. Let this end be perfectly dry before attempting to work on the other. For the hibiscus, Kremmitz-white, rose-madder, geranium-lake, chrome-green, lemon-yellow, Zinnober-green will be needed. The same brushes can be used as for the other designs. Paint the design white first; when dry, retouch the hibiscus-blossoms with white, to which a little each of geranium-lake and rose-madder has been added. Make up two different shades on the palette, so that a deeper tinge may be given to some petals than to others. The stamens should be made of a very delicate pink. Paint the leaves and stems in the two shades of green, giving an occasional touch of lemon-yellow. Line the scarf with deep-pink silesia, and finish at the corners with plush balls.

WALL-BANNERS.

Wild-roses on blue plush. Stamp design with white powder. The colors and brushes used for painting the hibiscus will do for this design. All designs on plush paint easier if they are sized first. Take half a pint of boiling rain-water, and put in it a teaspoonful each of isinglass and powdered alum. Take a sable-brush and brush over the design. This will soon dry, when the body-color of white paint may be laid on. Retouch the rose-petals with shades made up of white, rose-madder, and a very little geranium-lake. Make the oval in the centre of full-blown roses of chrome-green. The stamens are painted after the petals are perfectly dry, using lemon-yellow and a fine brush. The leaves should be made in three shades of green: one of lemon-yellow and chrome, one of Zinnober and chrome, one of white Zinnober and lemon-yellow. Paint the stems and calyxes of buds and blossoms with chrome-green, shading in a little burnt-sienna. Let painting dry thoroughly. Line banner with pink satin, attach to a brass rod, and place chenille tassels at the lower corners.

GOOD COOKING is impossible unless the materials used are of the best quality, and the most important adjuncts are pure spices and flavoring-extracts. Those put up under the name and with the guarantee of E. R. Durkee & Co. are unequaled for strength, purity, and flavor. Their salad-dressing is something delicious. Try them.

"VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE," an annual published by James Vick, Rochester, New York, is literally what its name indicates. It contains every novelty in the way of seeds and plants, and so many excellent illustrations of rare flowers that they make it quite an artistic volume.

A HEALTHY NATURE may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

WISELY said Thomas à Kempis: "It is easier to be altogether silent than not to speak a word too much."

"IN ADVANCE OF ANY OTHER."—The Boston (Mass.) Traveler says: "There is no room to doubt that, of all the lighter literary magazines, 'Peterson' is immeasurably in advance of any other."

ADDITIONS to clubs may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. They are always welcome. We can still supply the back numbers from January.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Physical Culture. By D. L. Dowd. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.—This admirable treatise will make an excellent text-book for schools, as well as a helpful guide for private study. It is at once scientific and practical, teaching the student, step by step, to understand and preserve the wonderful mechanism of the human frame. It covers every possible detail connected with the subject, giving directions for the exercises most conducive to health and longevity. Professor Dowd's method deserves special praise, from the fact that it clearly points out the evils of undue physical culture, and aims, not at the training of athletes, but the acquirement of a complete and symmetrical development of the entire body.

Marvel; a Novel. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The "Duchess's" wit and brilliancy seem never to flag, no matter how rapidly her books may succeed one another, and the present is one of the most vivacious and smoothly-written stories she has given us for some time. There is, too, a pathetic, almost tragic side to the book, which the authoress manages skillfully; but she is wise enough to know that a novel should, if possible, end well. So, after conducting her hero and heroine through a labyrinth of difficulties, she leaves them happy in the sunshine at last.

Talks with Young Men, with Asides to Young Women. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Whatever subjects Mr. Collyer may select to write upon, one is always certain that they will be treated in a thoroughly religious spirit and with a frank manliness certain to gain the warm sympathy of his readers. No man can become so eminent as a divine without possessing a wonderful ability to go straight to the hearts of an audience; and these present essays cannot fail to win not only the interest of the class for which they were specially designed, but that of reading and thinking people in general.

Richard Cable, the Lightshipman. By S. Baring Gould. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A novel full of strong dramatic interest, written with the same power which distinguishes the author's former works. The leading characters are distinct and individual. There are bits of description that stand out like finished pictures; and what might be considered the one serious fault in the book—a certain degree of improbability as to the plot—is completely forgotten by the reader in the absorbing interest of the story.

Seven Hundred Album Verses. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.—The fancy for keeping albums does not seem likely to die out, any more than it did in the days of our grandmothers, and the compiler of this book has done great service to those called on to write therein. The subjects range from grave to gay, many of the poems are original, and the whole makes up a very pretty little volume of verse.

How to Succeed as a Stenographer and Type-Writer. By Arthur M. Baker. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.—This handbook of information and suggestions will be invaluable to all persons wishing to acquire the art of stenography. The necessary rules are clearly and simply laid down; no advice or hint which could be of use is neglected, and the whole matter is carefully and comprehensively treated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A GRAVE ERROR.—Nothing can be more unfortunate for children than the habit, so common in America, of overloading them with expensive presents and thus from their earliest years fostering the extravagant tastes which have actually become a grave national fault.

The Christmas after her marriage, the Princess of Wales sent her sister Thyra the first costly doll the small fragment of royalty had as yet possessed. "Did you ever hear of anybody's getting such a beautiful present?" she asked, naively, of one of our countrywomen, to whom she was exhibiting her treasure. "I could not help thinking," the lady said, in repeating the story, "of a small American miss whom I had seen a few weeks before—a child of about the same age—whose birthday was near at hand. In discussing her probable gifts, she observed: 'I really don't know what papa can choose, this year, that will be worth having; I have my turquoise set, my opals, my moss-agates, and my pink pearls, four bracelets, and ever so many rings. I can't think of anything I want except a diamond locket, and I've not spoken to Aunt Julia for a week because she told papa it would be ridiculous for me to have it.'"

MARION HARLAND'S OPINION OF BAKING-POWDERS.—Our readers have doubtless noticed the numerous discussions by the scientists and hygienists as to the relative value of the various baking-powders. A careful sifting of the evidence leaves no doubt as to the superiority of the Royal Baking-Powder in purity, wholesomeness, and strength from a scientific standpoint. An opinion, however, that will weigh heavier than any other with our practical housekeepers is that given by Marion Harland, the best known and most popular of American writers upon matters pertaining to the science of domestic economy, of housekeeping, and home-cooking. In a recent letter to the Philadelphia "Ladies' Home Journal," this writer says:

"I regard the Royal Baking-Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuit, cakes, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda and two-thirds cream-tartar.

"Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

"MARION HARLAND.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., November 30th, 1887."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

French Stew.—Cut up one pound of beef in small pieces about an inch square; pare and slice six onions; put a layer of the meat and a layer of onions in a stew-pan, with salt and pepper and a little flour alternately, till all is in, and add half a teacupful of water; cover it closely and set it on a slow fire to stew; when about half done, if the gravy seems too thin, add one ounce of butter rolled in flour; but, if it should be thick enough, add the butter without the flour. When tomatoes are in season, two tomatoes may be cut in small pieces and stewed with the meat. Cold beef may be cooked in the same manner.

Beggar's-Dish.—Take a knuckle of veal, a ham-bone, or bones of roast meat of any kind; stew them slowly until the bones can be removed; season with celery tops or seed, onions, pepper, and salt; thicken with flour rolled in butter; put in six or eight good potatoes, peeled and quartered, and let it stew slowly until the potatoes are done.

VEGETABLES.

To Cook Old Potatoes.—Potatoes, like most other things that have grown old and unpalatable, require especial care in cooking. Washing them long beforehand is especially apt to make them watery and flavorless, so that no more than are required for present use should be prepared at a time. If they are to be peeled before boiling, the peels should be taken off thinly with a sharp knife, and, when done, they should not lie in water, but be cooked at once. If they are to be baked in their skins, they should be parboiled first, or the outside will be burnt, while the inside is hard and stringy. Old potatoes are rarely satisfactory when served plain-boiled, and it is really no economy to serve them thus, as they are sent away on the plates untasted, or at most but half is eaten. When, however, this method of serving is preferred, they should be chosen of a uniform size, so that all may cook together, instead of one being half raw while another has absorbed so much water as to make it resemble a stew. As potatoes cannot now be procured for less than five or six shillings a bushel, and as there is much unavoidable waste, it is necessary for housewives to be as careful as possible of this very useful vegetable, so that nothing may be wasted that is really eatable. Mashed potatoes may be served a second time in a variety of ways.

Baked Potatoes.—Baked potatoes should be served as soon as soft, and the skin should be slightly ruptured by squeezing to let the steam within escape, else it will condense and make the potato watery and unwholesome. Potatoes which are cut or sliced for stews and chowders should be soaked and scalded to remove the greenness before adding them to the stew.

DESSERTS.

Coffee Ice-Pudding.—Pound two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee in a mortar, just enough to crush the berries, without reducing them to powder. Put them into a pint of milk, with six ounces of loaf-sugar; let it boil, then leave it to get cold, strain it on the yolks of six eggs in a double sauce-pan, and stir on the fire till the custard thickens. When quite cold, work into it a gill and a half of cream whipped to a froth. Freeze the mixture in the ice-pot, then fill a plain ice-mold with it, and lay it in ice till the time of serving.

Imitation Cream Ice.—This can only be done where there is an ice-machine. Half an ounce of prepared gelatine, a quart of milk, half-pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Beat the eggs, sugar, and milk together, and strain it; then put it over a slow fire with the gelatine, keep stirring it till it thickens, but not boils. When it is quite smooth, it is fit for freezing.

CAKES.

Gingerbread.—One-half pound of molasses, two ounces of butter, one pound of flour, a teacupful of buttermilk—the ordinary milk can be used, with the addition of a teaspoonful of tartaric acid—a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, ginger, and, if liked, a few seeds. Melt the butter with the molasses, then mix with the flour. Stir the carbonate of soda—and, when used, the tartaric acid—with the milk, mix thoroughly with the melted molasses and butter, add the ginger—about a teaspoonful of ground ginger will be sufficient. Place the mixture on an ordinary flat baking-tin and roll to desired thickness. Bake in a moderate oven till of a dark-brown outside. Three-quarters of an hour is the usual time allowed. Care must be taken not to let the oven be too hot, as the gingerbread easily burns.

Marble-Cake.—Dark part: One teacupful of sugar, half teacupful of molasses, half teacupful of butter, two and a half teacupfuls of flour, half teacupful of milk, four yolks and one white of eggs, half teaspoonful of soda, one spoonful of spice. Light part: Two teacupfuls of flour, one and a half teacupfuls of sugar, half teacupful of butter, half teacupful of milk, four eggs—whites only—one-quarter pound of soda, one-half pound of spice. Mix those parts

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separately, and drop into the baking-tin by tablespoonfuls alternately. Bake two hours. This quantity will make two cakes.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE CASHMERE. The skirt is of plaid to correspond perfectly. The over-drapery hangs in a long point, both back and front, very much fulled into the waist in front. At the back, the waist and drapery are cut together, like a polonaise. The front of the bodice has a plaited vest with revers. The waistband begins at the side-seams. Long coat-sleeves open on the outside of the arm, buttoned by eight small buttons. Hat of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips and loops of velvet ribbon. This model will be good for Scotch zephyr-cloth in plaid and plain.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF BROWN-AND-DRAB PLAID CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is plain. The front of the overdrapery is faced with brown silk to match, which shows in the arrangement of the plaits at the waist. The back falls straight and slightly looped. Plain round basque, with coat-collar opening over a chemisette of linen. Plain coat-sleeves. Toque of the material of the dress, edged with velvet and trimmed with loops of parti-colored plaid ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WHITE CAMEL'S-HAIR OR NUN'S-VEILING. The front and sides of skirt are composed of box-plaits, with six small plaits between each, forming a fan. The back-drapery hangs straight and may be cut with the back of the bodice forming a polonaise. The front of the bodice has a long plaited vest with revers. Cuffs of black velvet, waistband and loops of velvet ribbon. Hat of black straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with loops of white moiré ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PEACOCK-BLUE CHINA-SILK. The skirt is plain. The front-drapery is long and pointed, opening to the waist on the left side. Back-drapery slightly looped. Round waist, plaited in front to simulate a vest and edged on the right side with a frill of lace. The vest and soft sash are of surah to match. High collar of the same. Coat-sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN PLAID VELVET AND BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front-panel, of velvet, is mounted upon the foundation-skirt. The skirt of the dress is attached to the bodice, which fits like a coat over a vest of the material. Large lappets for pockets ornament the front of the skirt. Cuffs and revers of plaid velvet. Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue ostrich-tips and loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CASHMERE AND MOIRÉ TO MATCH. The skirt is laid in deep kilts. The over-drapery forms a long point, one side of which is bordered with a wide band of moiré, and the back-drapery is also bordered with the same, but narrower. Bodice pointed, back and front. Vest of moiré. Collar and upper part of the full sleeves of the moiré. Bonnet of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HAT, OF ROUGH-AND-READY STRAW, trimmed with loops-and-band of wide picot-edged ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—SLEEVE, trimmed with a bias scarf of plaid surah.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN. The underskirt is of the wider stripe, over-drapery and bodice of pin-striped goods to match. The bodice is full in front, confined at the waist-line by several rows of gathers. Full sleeves. Collar and cuffs of knife-plaiting.

FIG. X.—PARASOL, of pin-striped silk. Bamboo handle, ornamented by bow of ribbon.

FIG. XI.—BODICE, OF DARK-BLUE CHINA-SILK, printed with flame-red. Band of red cambric tamboured with blue round the flounced basque and sleeves. Red bone buttons.

FIG. XII.—LAWN-TENNIS GOWN, made of striped blue-and-white tennis-flannel. Collar, belt, and cuffs of blue surah. Hat of white felt, trimmed with blue.

FIG. XIII.—LAWN-TENNIS GOWN. Skirt of cream-white serge, waist of striped garnet-and-white tennis-flannel. Hat of white felt, faced with garnet velvet and trimmed with band of white gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—YOKE-BODICE, of jersey-cloth. Cuffs and collar of velvet.

FIG. XV.—SWISS BELT, black velvet, embroidered either in silk or gold-thread. Three whalebones support the point. It is clasped invisibly round the waist over a blouse-dress.

FIG. XVI.—TAILOR-MADE JACKET, of gray summer tweed, bound with a braid of darker shade and opening on the waistcoat of white cloth.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE. Suitable for any soft material—nun's-veiling or surah. Lace and ribbon form the trimming.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, lined with Tuscan straw. The band around the crown and the bows are of wide maize ribbon, with a narrower black ribbon laid over it.

FIG. XIX.—MAIZE-COLORED STRAW HAT, lined with surah of a darker shade and trimmed with maize-colored ribbon and a square of figured canvas arranged in the ribbon.

FIG. XX.—WALKING-COSTUME. Jacket, box-plaited skirt, and draped tunic in mahogany-brown flannel bunting stitched with red silk, to harmonize with the blouse-front in woolen canvas. Coronet-hat in brown felt, striped with red plush. Bow in fancy plush ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The windows of all the shops are gay with the latest novelties in spring goods—woolens, India-silks, foulards, challis, bengalines, and the endless variety of cotton goods, ginghams, sateens, percales, etc. All tastes may be supplied, to suit the purse and requirements of the purchaser. The fancy for combining two colors in costumes grows more marked as the season advances. The more striking shade is used for the petticoat, vest, collar, cuffs, etc., while the contrasting colors form the bodice, drapery. These suits may be made inexpensive by hunting remnants which will combine well together; but great care must be displayed in the selection.

Bengalines.—The printed bengaline—a fine summer poplin—promises to be the favorite material for afternoon-costumes. These are in the loveliest pompadour designs, on cream, Suède, pale pink, or blue ground.

Challis.—This fabric is lighter in texture than cashmere and a trifle heavier than nun's-veiling. These also are printed in sprigs, dots, and India designs.

Sateens.—Every variety of color and design is to be found in these cotton goods, which bear so nearly the texture and appearance of foulard silk as to be almost undistinguishable when well made. All cotton dresses will be made with round waists and shirred basques. The round waist is without fullness at the shoulders, but is gathered into the belt, both back and front. Some have the open pointed neck, others will lap, surplice-fashion, from right to left side. Yoke-waists will also be much employed for white muslin, with embroidery or tucks for the yoke, sleeves, etc., etc. Wide embroidered flounces for the entire skirt will again be in favor.

Belts and long sashes of gros-grain and moiré ribbon will complete the more dressy costumes, while sashes of the material will be used for morning-dresses by young girls.

Ginghams and percales are intended for the simple country costume. These may be made either with a basque and piqué vest or a plaited Garibaldi, which has a box-plait down the middle of the front and is shirred at the neck and waist-line. The back also is shirred, but without the box-plait.

Cashmere, surah, and French flannel bodices made in this

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style will be much worn—and most useful, too—for cool mornings at seaside and mountain resorts.

Tennis and mountain costumes are made of tennis-flannel, which comes in stripes, plaids, etc., etc., in imitation of the Scotch ginghams. They are made up with a loose blouse-waist and kilted skirt or else with a full skirt gathered at the waist.

Sleeves are moderately wide, with either flat plaits about the armholes or bouffant. When plaited, the plaits are only on the outside of the arm and plain on the rest. The plaits extend to the lower end of the sleeve, where they are held by a wristband terminating in a frill.

Bonnets are not so highly trimmed as formerly—the tendency is to increased width. The Alsatian bow is the latest style. It is made of ribbon six to eight inches wide. Four or five loops, tightly strapped in the middle, form the entire trimming. Narrow ribbon is used for strings. Green of all shades will be the fashionable color.

Wraps will be, almost without exception, with long rounded fronts almost meeting over lace vests, which hang loosely down the front of the dress. The backs and sleeves similar to those of last season. Lace and beading will be the fashionable trimming.

For the throat, gold beads are again revived.

It is prophesied that full drapings will not prevail, and that the extremes of the bustle of the present must yield to modification. Most of the imported gowns are simply plaited full at the back, without drapery of any kind.

Windmill-rosettes, flots of narrow ribbon, and broad sashes are prevailing additions to all dressy toilettes.

For young girls, striped woolen skirts and high full bodices are very pretty, with a Swiss bodice laced in front. For more dressy occasions, a white foulard skirt with red foulard bodice and sash is very stylish.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

All sorts of pretty things in the way of spring fashions have made their appearance. The bonnets and hats of the season are especially elegant. In the former, the capote shape retains its sway, but the brim is no longer pointed after the fashion of a gable-roof. It is either worn close to the head or else turned up and lined with the same material as the bonnet. The richest possible materials are used for these dainty little bonnets, and they are exceedingly delicate and artistic. One of the prettiest is in silver-gray gauze, striped with a narrow passementerie in gray silk and silver, and having a cluster of white lilac and green leaves set on the front. Another was in black gauze embroidered with a pattern of leaves in floss-silk, in old-tapestry shades of yellow. The gauze was drawn in two butterfly-wing puffs in front of the brim. These puffs were encircled by a wreath of pink roses, and between them was set an aigrette of black heron's-feathers. The long strings were in finger-wide faille ribbon of a delicate shade of pink.

In the way of round hats, the novelties are the Tosca, the Watteau, and the Directoire. The first-named style has a crown of moderate height and an immensely wide brim turned up at the back. It is trimmed with a profusion of flowers and with wide faille ribbon. Sometimes the flowers are replaced by a cluster of ostrich-tips. One in black straw was adorned with a large bouquet of pale-green hops and crimson roses set in front of the crown. In the Directoire style—which is really a revised and modified edition of the poke-bonnet—there is a tendency to great refinement of taste in the material and trimming, violent contrasts of color being avoided. One of these Directoire hats, for instance, was in fine Leghorn straw, the trimming faille ribbons and ostrich-plumes of the same hue as the straw. The Watteau has the brim extremely wide and the crown extremely low. It is shown in white braid, with the inside of the brim in fine black English straw. Around the crown is laid a flat garland of ivy, and inside the brim at the left side is set a half-garland of crimson buds and roses that are arranged to droop over the wearer's hair. Toques are also shown in fine black straw, trimmed with colored velvet. A striking novelty in some of the wide-brimmed black straw hats is the introduction of an insertion in jet passementerie, let into the brim half-way between the edge and the crown. Even these very broad hats have long strings put on like streamers at the back, but which are intended to be drawn forward and knotted under the chin. Long pins, with heads in yellow gilt representing stars or roses or horse-chestnuts or other pretty devices, sometimes set with imitation diamonds, are introduced into the trimmings of the small round hats.

The wraps of the season differ but little in shape from those of the past winter, except that they are in "peau de soie" or faille instead of plush or velvet. The short fanciful mantelet of the dolman shape is still the style preferred. It has full bunches of ribbons set on the back just below the waist, and similar but smaller bunches finish the ends in front, which are of moderate length. The sides fit the figure, basque-fashion, and are finished with flat folds of ribbon, three in number, in a way that is very becoming to the figure. Then there are profuse masses of fine jet passementerie, and full ruffles of wide black lace, and also a lace fichu put on in flat folds meeting at the waist. So far these elegant wraps are all in black, a revival of the black silk mantilla of our mothers and grandmothers, or else in black and gold, that combination being immensely in favor, but always in a very subdued style, devoid alike of over-gorgeousness or glitter. Passementerie and fringes in smoked crystal, combined with jet, form novel and fashionable trimmings for dresses and mantles. Then there is a novel style of pelisse or long coat, in red and black shot silk, brocaded with rippled lines in black satin and lined throughout with plain shot silk in the same colors. Full ruffles of lace cover the skirt-front and are put on up the back of the skirt. In front, they are caught here and there with large rosettes composed of loops in black faille ribbon. A fichu of black lace and ruffles of wide black lace on the sleeves complete this very elegant and tasteful garment.

In light cloth and cashmere dresses for spring, braiding has replaced the fur trimming of the past winter, a deep band of braiding in fine cord bordering some very pretty suits in gray cloth, which have the corsage made with vest and cuffs of gray velvet. A device in braiding ornaments one side of the corsage, and, on the other, narrow flat folds of cloth cross the vest and are attached by a single large button at the waist. Black surah dresses, made with draped skirts, have the corsage and collar and cuffs striped with lines in gold braid.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SAILOR-COSTUME. Coat and knickerbockers of pin-striped navy-blue tweed. Collar of white cloth. Hat of straw, faced with navy-blue serge and trimmed with ribbon to match.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COSTUME, for little girl of four years, made of light-drab camel's-hair. Collar, cuffs, and belt of brown velvet. Toque of the material, with loops of brown velvet ribbon and a white quill.

FIG. III.—OUTDOOR DRESS, for girl of six years. Dress and over-jacket of pin-striped serge or flannel. Hat of straw, trimmed with plaid surah.

FIG. IV.—TOQUE, of white or drab cloth, trimmed with loops of plaid ribbon and two quills.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S SAILOR-HAT. Blue-and-white straw, trimmed with a band of striped ribbon and finished off with a cockade-bow in blue-and-white corded ribbon.

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Painted by J. E. Millais R.A. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

PERFECT BLISS.

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Sachet.

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OVER THE GARDEN WALL. [*See the Poem.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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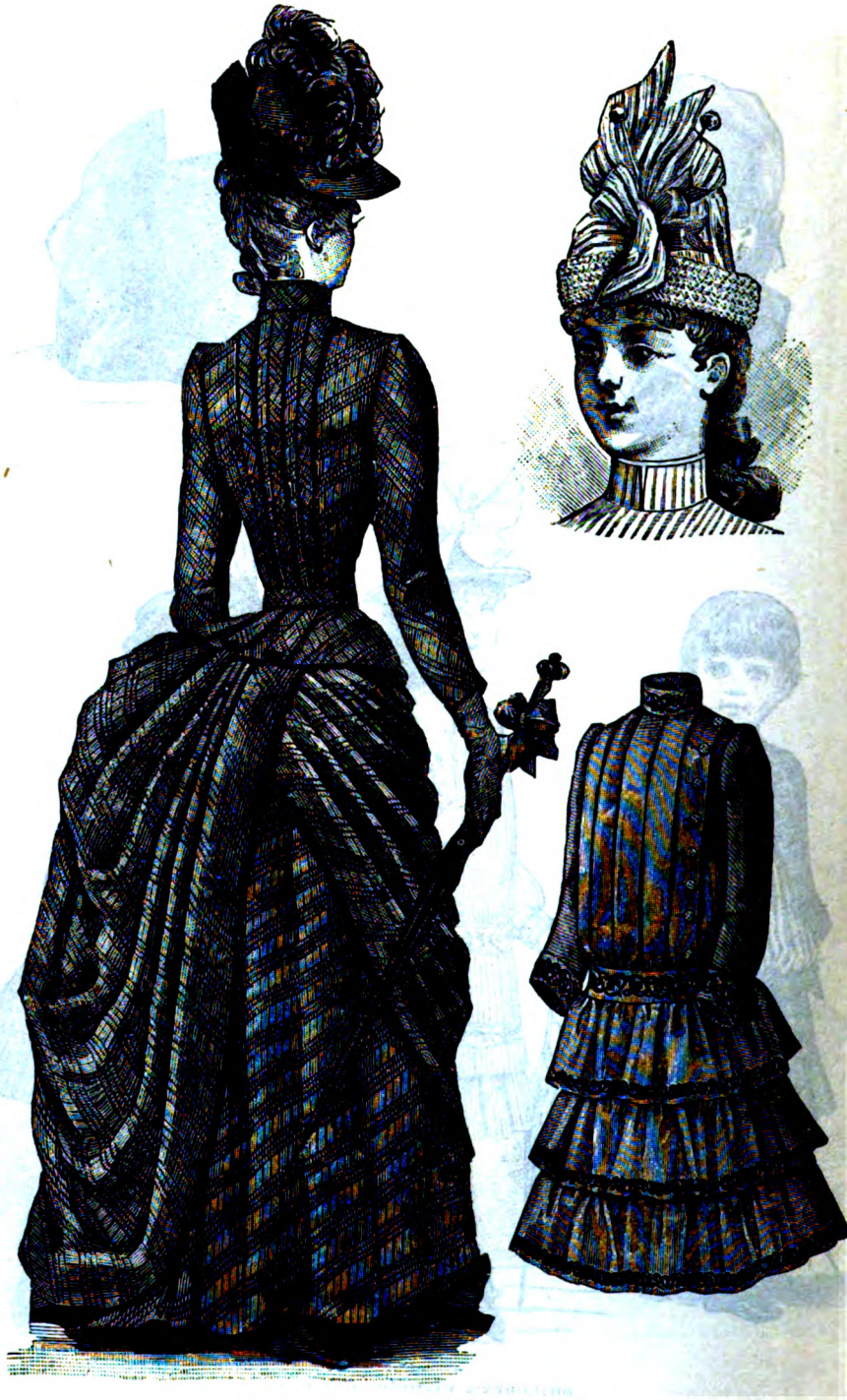

WALKING-DRESS. CHILD'S-DRESS. HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. BOY'S-FROCK. PARASOL.

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PRINCESS WALKING-DRESS.

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CROQUET-DRESS.

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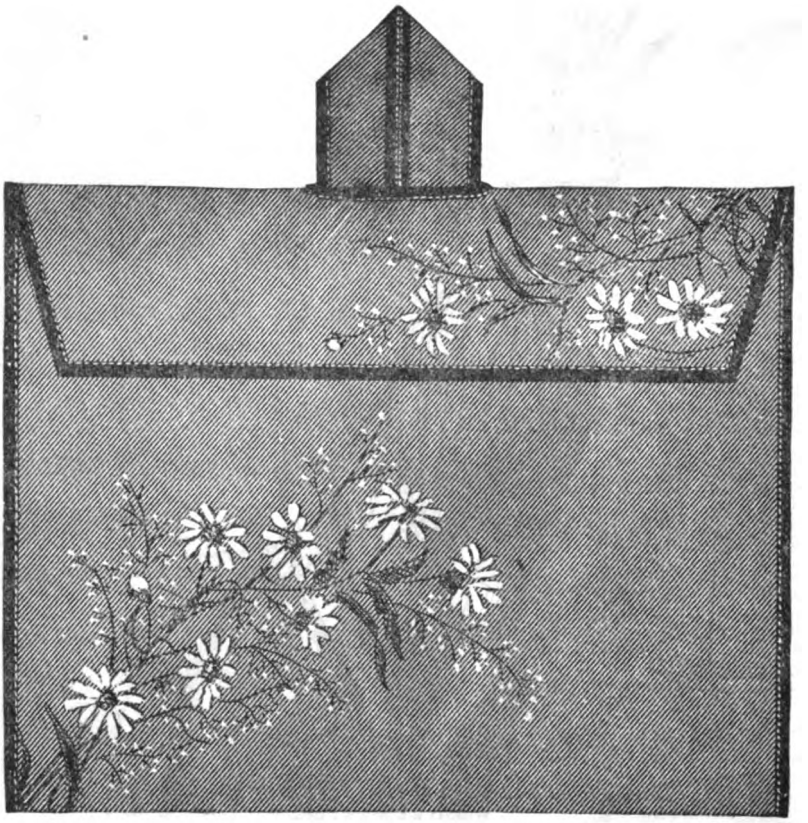

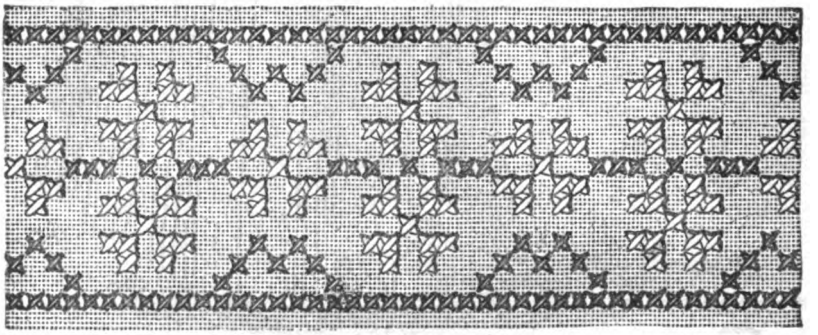

CASE FOR CREWELS, SILKS, ETC. BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

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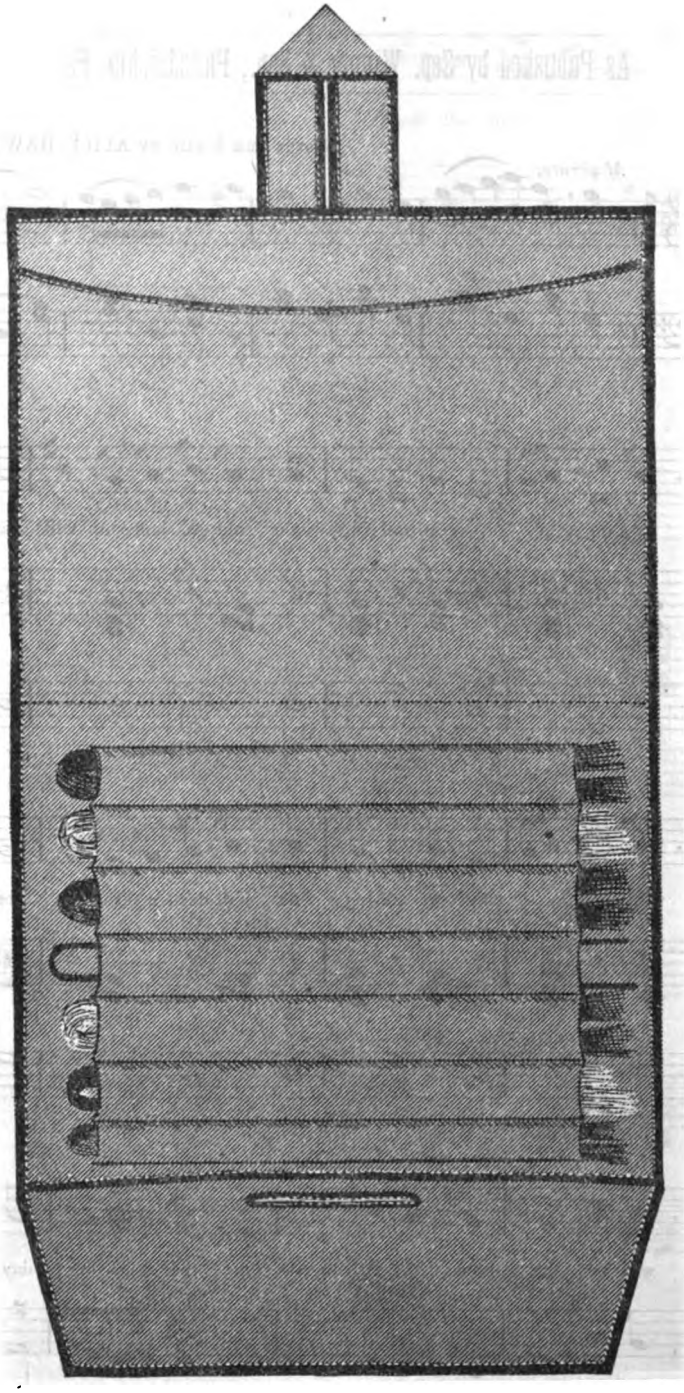

CASE FOR CREWELS, SILKS, ETC.: OPEN.

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GOOD-BY, DEAR MOTHER.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

PIANO OR ORGAN.

1. Out up - on the o - cean sail - ing Soon our gal - lant ship will be,

And with stead - y winds pre - vail - ing She will dash a - cross the sea.

Soon will be the hour of part - ing,— On the com - ing day, Let's

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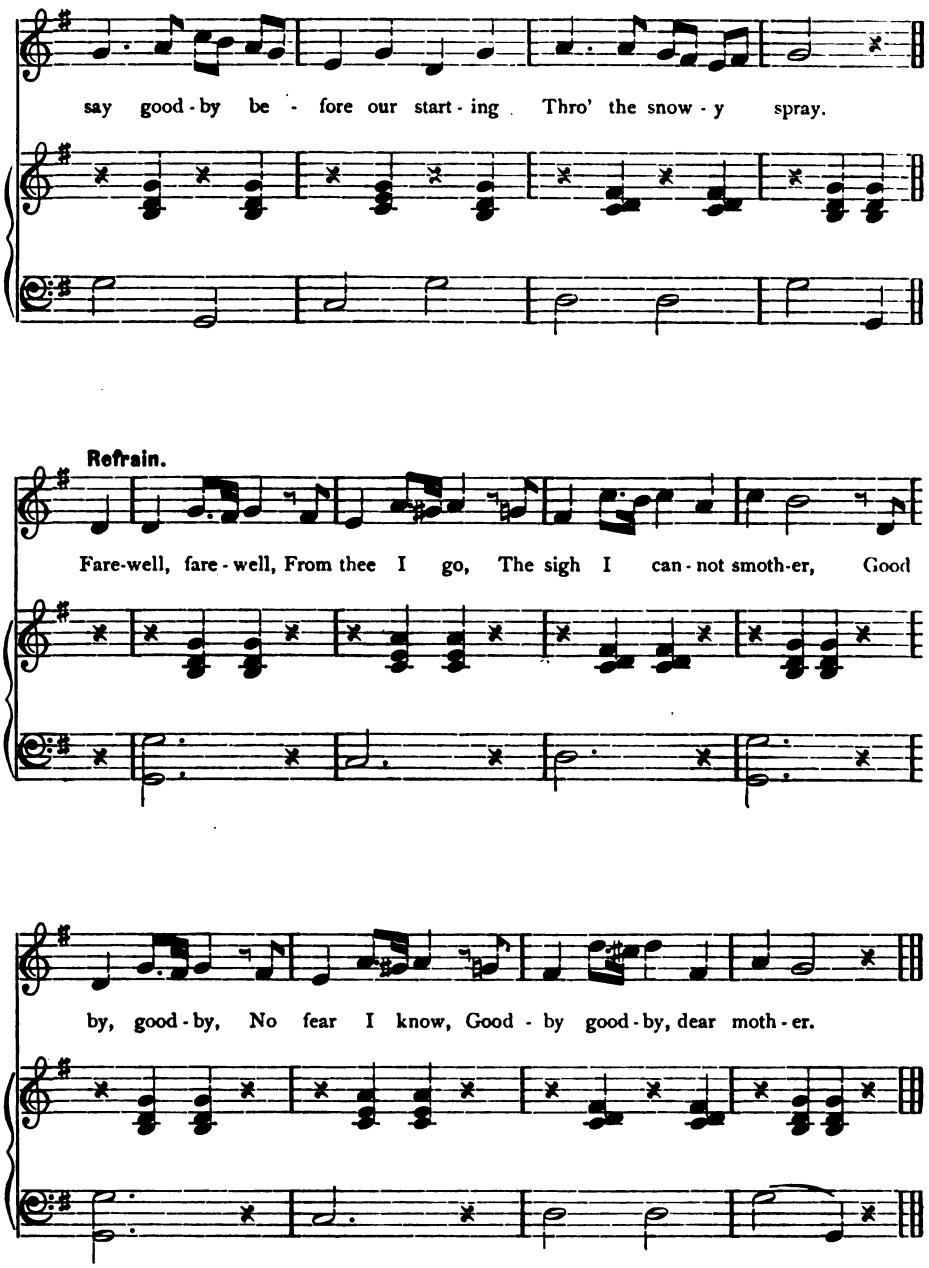
GOOD-BY, DEAR MOTHER.



2.

Storms are many on the ocean,
Wrecks are many on the sea,
Oh, with what a sad emotion,
Do I now depart from thee.
Dangers threaten every quarter
Wheresoe'er we roam,
But duty calls me o'er the water,
Far from thee and home.—*Refrain.*

3.

When I rock upon the billow
O'er the bosom of the deep,
As I rest upon my pillow
Dreams of thee shall sweeten sleep.
Days may bring their passing pleasures,
Brief and few I own,
But I shall seek earth's rarest treasures
All for thee alone.—*Refrain.*

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HATS. BONNET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1888. No. 5.

THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN JERUSALEM."

A DAY'S journey or so southeast of Naples lies the ruined city of Pæstum. When London was still unknown, when Carthage was yet in its infancy, the sails of this Greek city whitened every quarter of the Mediterranean. Now, almost all that is left of it are two roofless temples, standing solitary and desolate in the midst of lonely marshes by the side of a still more lonely sea.

Yet it is these temples, and these alone, which attract travelers to Pæstum. There is no sight in all Italy which carries the mind so far back into the past as those temples standing on that lonely seashore, so majestic and mysterious in the perfection of their loveliness. All other ruins on the peninsula seem fairly modern compared to these. Even the glories of Rome are matters of yesterday when these triumphs of Grecian architecture are in question. They belong to the same century with the Parthenon, but are of an earlier type of the Doric. We had always been impressed by Greek architecture, but we had never realized its beauty and impressiveness until we saw these temples. They have a severe grandeur which is noble beyond description.

We went to Pæstum by rail to Salerno and thence drove the rest of the distance, which was about fifteen miles. We left Naples amid the anxiety and condolence of our friends; for the whole district around Pæstum, at the time of our visit, was infested with banditti, and our expedition was regarded as foolish by all and criminal by many. Only a few months before, an Englishman had been captured and carried off to the hills, where he was held captive until a ransom of fifty thousand dollars had been paid for his release. But among the things we had come to Europe to see was Pæstum—and to Pæstum we were resolved to go. The ladies of our party were quite as ready as ourselves for the adventure. When, indeed, were American women wanting in pluck? There was a spice of danger about the expedition which stirred the blood, they said. The only concession we made to the fear of our friends was to take an escort of mounted cavalry—which, fortunately, we had influence enough to procure.

It was in this way, therefore, that we went to Pæstum. Never having been a royalty or even a general officer, it was something new to us to have a squad of carbineers clattering on in front and another squad clattering behind. But there was a certain exhilaration about it, after all. The servants in the court-yard of the hotel and the crowd that had gathered outside evidently considered us very great personages indeed; and we gave in to the idea ourselves, after a little hesitation, as was natural to weak human nature. So we lay back in our barouche, saying, sotto voce: "How we apples swim!" and galloped off amid the cheers of the spectators.

The road lay through the dreariest country imaginable. The further we got from Salerno, the more wild and desolate it became; dwellings were but few, and those often mere wattled huts. About half-way from Salerno, a lad suddenly sprang out of the door of a roadside cabin and ran after the carriage, clamoring for alms,

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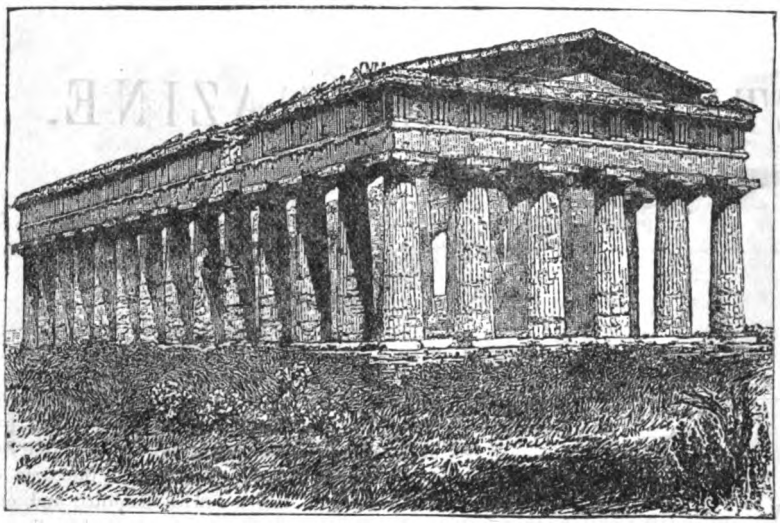
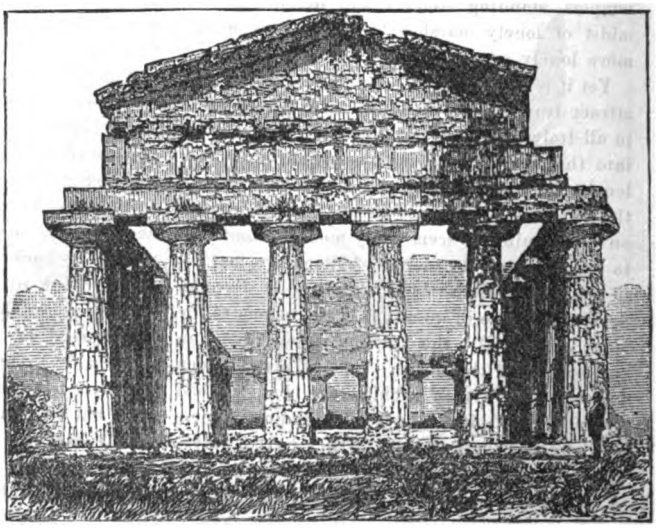


There is a picture by one of the great masters, representing St. John as a youth standing beside the Infant Christ. The boyish saint has no covering except a goat-skin around the loins. This was the costume of our pursuer. His skin was the color of light-bronze—the bronze of Barbadienne; his eyes were large and dark; his figure was the perfection of grace; he ran like a young panther. Just such a lad, doubtless, had been in the eye of the old painter when he drew his St. John. And here we may say that one of the charms of travel in Italy, as in the Holy Land, is that you continually come on such things as this, recalling the Bible or the great pictures painted from it.

We have said that the road grew wilder and more desolate the further we got from Salerno. At last, almost all traces of cultivation disappeared. We beheld, on every hand, only vast marshes, overgrown with tall rank grass, from which the fierce long-horned buffaloes glared out viciously at us. Occasionally we caught a glimpse in the distance, of a herdsman in his shaggy sheep-skin, the very picture of an old-world satyr. One we saw closer at hand, watching us, with a brigand-looking face, which seemed to say that he would be only too glad to cut our throats, if he dared.

At last, the famous temples rose before us.—Alighting a few rods from them, we walked up a narrow path worn in the grass, to the larger and older of the two. This is known as the temple of Neptune.—Pæstum, it should be remembered, is a corruption of Posidonia, the city of Posideon, or Neptune. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. But, about the year 524 B.C., a colony of Greeks from Sybaris settled there, and from that time it became known to history. The new settlers, by their energy and industry, soon gave it a leading place among the seaports of the Mediterranean. Wealth flowed in on it; splendid mansions were erected; its name was changed. Finally the two temples, still existing, were built, the larger being dedicated to Neptune—the patron, so to speak, of the town.

This beautifully-proportioned edifice is of yellowish stone, now much perforated by time. We have seen a cork model of it, which, both in this



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respect and in color, reproduces it with astonishing accuracy. In its general features, as we have already said, it resembles the Parthenon, only the columns are shorter and heavier, producing an effect which, if less beautiful, is certainly more solid and impressive.

It is quite large for a Greek temple, being one hundred and eighty feet long by eighty feet wide. Not far from it stands the second temple, that of Ceres, one hundred and seven feet long by forty-eight wide, built in a later and less pure style.

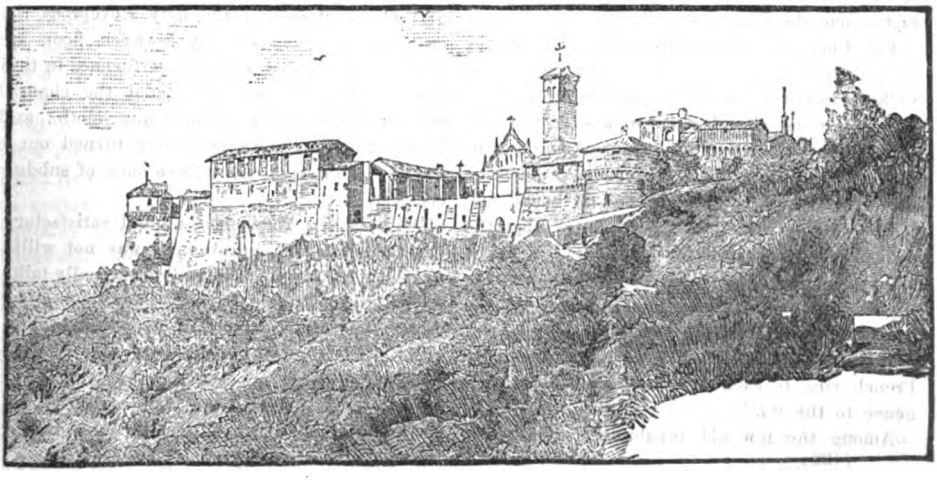
We lunched—was it a desecration?—in the temple of Neptune, supplementing the more elaborate fare we had brought from Salerno with some very excellent goat's-milk which we procured at a little cottage close by, where the custodian of the place lived. After this, we set forth to explore the other ruins. We found them, with the exception, however, of some fragments of what had probably been a basilica, hardly worth the trouble of wading through the long damp grass, especially with the risk which, at every few steps, we encountered, of tumbling into some long-closed excavation. There were a few small piles of rubbish here and there, where private dwellings had once stood, and we could distinctly trace the outlines of the city walls, even where the materials had been carried away. These walls originally were three miles in circuit, never less than twelve feet high, and built of large blocks, as we saw in dozens of places where bits of the wall remained. Eight towers and four gateways guarded this wall. The eastern gate is still standing, comparatively perfect, a noble archway fifty feet high.

We saw also the ruins of an amphitheatre. Relics of Roman civilization, as well as of Greek, were all around us. For Pæstum, after a brilliant career as a Greek colony, finally fell under the dominion of the Romans. With this change, too, it seems to have lost something of its energy. At any rate, whether from this or from other causes, it gradually declined, falling eventually into utter ruin. The once crowded harbor has long been choked up and desolate. Where great galleys were wont to be moored, now only marshy shallows are seen, thick with tall grass, while seagulls scream and call, sole tenants of the lonely shores.

On our walk back from the shore, we stopped to gather bouquets of the famous Pæstum roses, which, though wild, bloom twice a year. They have still that wonderful fragrance for which they have been celebrated for centuries. As we approached the temples, the westering sun had turned them from a yellowish white to a reddish yellow; and, as the hours wore on, this latter color brightened and intensified, so that our last memory is a vision of them standing out glorified, as in a picture by Turner, "a dream within a dream."

The scene so appealed to the imagination that it was with difficulty we could tear ourselves away. The spell of the mysterious past completely shut out every petty exigency of the present. The lateness of the hour and the possibility of meeting brigands were alike forgotten. Our faithful courier finally succeeded in rousing us to face stern commonplace fact, and we set forth on our return journey.

It was quite dark when we reached Salerno, exhausted by fatigue. But a good dinner and a night's rest brought us forth as fresh as ever, the next morning. We reached Naples by an early train, and were welcomed by our friends as if we had literally "risen from the dead."



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HOW THE CHURCH WAS BUILT.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

It was late in the spring, and a blundering snowstorm, that made people inquire whether this were last winter or next winter, astonished the bluebirds and robins by throwing such a literal "wet blanket" over their open-air arrangements for housekeeping that they scarcely knew whether to expect summer or winter at the close of the performance.

Indoors, however, in snug houses, it was wondrously cozy; and Mrs. Natesworth sat quietly knitting in her pleasant parlor, by the light of the open fire and the kerosene-lamp—which latter, rare thing, was really ornamental as a piece of furniture and did not scent the room with a horrible odor. The parlor in question was a delightful mingling of old-fashioned plainness and new-fashioned comfort; for the town or village—or whatever a place of six thousand inhabitants should properly be called—was within easy reach of a large city, and had taken long strides in civilization within the last ten years.

The reason of this was that young married people from the city, who knew how things should be done, made the discovery that families could be brought up there on just about one-third of what it cost them in the metropolis; and heavy-looking farmers, with woolen comforters around their necks in winter and straw hats with ragged edges on their heads in summer, who drove to "the store" about once a week "to trade," stared aghast at the improvements and alterations so rapidly taking place in the once-familiar town.

For Cherry Centre called itself a town, in spite of the sneers of outsiders; though why "Cherry Centre," it is impossible to say, as there were no cherries there, and it did not seem to be the centre of anything. At the beginning of the improvements, however, a pretentious settler, who built a very large white house surrounded by very small trees, requested that the name might be changed to "Floraville," in honor of his wife; and, as all succeeding comers were in favor of the motion, the conductor on the semi-daily train from the city fell into the habit of shouting "Floorer-vill!" with a decidedly French ring to each "r" and a resolute prominence to the "i."

Among the few old inhabitants who really seemed to enjoy the changes in Cherry Centre were Mr. and Mrs. Natesworth; but they belonged to the fortunate class who seem to enjoy everything. Mrs. Natesworth, as she sits there at work in the cheerful parlor, is a most lovable-looking woman of middle age, fair and sweet as the lilies in her old-fashioned summer-garden, and full of interest and sympathy for all sorts of people. She is knitting—not a commonplace woolen stocking or mitten, but something pretty, with rose-colored zephyr, destined to enfold some "little stranger" belonging to the new inhabitants; while the proceeds of this beautifully-finished work are to go into the church-coffers.

"The Ladies' Guild of All-Saints Church, Floraville" was Mrs. Natesworth's pet hobby; and, beside her exquisite knitting, she did all sorts of wonderful things with egg-shells, moss, grapevine-bark, everlastings, and tinted paper that were eagerly sought for, and made such pretty ornaments for the half-parlor and half-sitting-room that was the fashion in Floraville.

Mrs. Natesworth was thinking, as she sat there, of the changes that ten years had made in the church-building. The exterior was the same as ever and a decided offense to an ecclesiological eye—being a sort of Greek-temple structure, with a pointed roof that seemed like an attic to the edifice, and a coat of staring white paint over the entire surface. But it was within that the change had been made, chiefly from the proceeds of this same Ladies' Guild; and the first attack displaced the ugly stovepipes that crossed the aisles midway between floor and ceiling, substituting a first-class furnace in their place. The next one renovated the chancel-furniture, with the pulpit and altar-cloth; and, finally, the dingy cushions were turned out of the pews and replaced by fresh ones, of subdued crimson.

All this was very pleasant and satisfactory; but the spirit of improvement was not willing to stop here. A few bold persons actually talked of building a new church. They had a new rector, who was extremely prepossessing and quite fresh from the seminary; and it would seem much more appropriate, they thought, to see him in an elegant little Gothic church, with a dim religious light falling through stained-

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glass windows. This, however, would have to be a work of time, and just now Floraville had something else to talk of.

This was nothing less than several daring robberies that had been committed, during the past winter, in the very town itself, and rumors of others as daring, within a few miles, were constantly springing up. No one felt safe, and no clue could be discovered to the robbers. While the thieves always had an eye to money and valuables, they also carried off various articles of furniture, such as burglars do not generally care to be burdened with; and where these things went or how the robbers managed to escape without leaving a trace of their whereabout was a most annoying puzzle to those who were plundered.

This late snowstorm was hailed by most people as a valuable aid to the ends of justice. Let them prowl around now, on their evil errands, and they would doubtless be tracked. To be sure, there had been snowstorms before, and these prosperous evil-doers walked right through them; but Floraville was more on the alert now, and they would scarcely find escape so easy. Therefore, on the whole, the snowstorm was to be welcomed, except by impatient birds and zealous gardeners.

After an hour or so of reverie, Mrs. Natesworth heard the front door softly opened and a prolonged sound of careful rubbing and scraping on the hall-mat. This sound was one of the trials of Mrs. Natesworth's existence, for it was prolonged beyond all reason on every possible occasion; and it seemed as though Mr. Natesworth were resolved to see whether boots or mat would hold out longest.

While Mr. Natesworth was employed in wiping his feet, Mrs. Natesworth sat "on pins and needles" to hear the news. For Mr. Natesworth had another weakness much condemned by his wife, but which, nevertheless, answered the purpose of a daily paper.

One particular store in Floraville, which happened to be a drug-store, was a favorite place of resort for the gossiping male sex, and it rarely lacked its group of lazy men, many of whom, in the general estimation, would have been more profitably employed in sawing wood. Mr. Natesworth loved to join this circle of choice spirits for an hour or so, where he sat eternally smiling and absorbing, like a sort of human sponge, all the "they says" that emanated from the tobacco-chewing mouths around him. At a reasonable hour, he would return to Mrs. Natesworth with his budget, and so kept that lady well informed of what was going on.

Mrs. Natesworth was fully persuaded that, if an invading army had entered the town, Mr. Natesworth would remain just so long upon the door-mat, and then appear with a smile to announce the fact; she was, therefore, quite unprepared by any warning in the conduct or expression of her lord and master for anything that might have happened.

But, this evening, on the first glance at Mr. Natesworth's countenance, combined with the fact that he was earlier than usual, Mrs. Natesworth dropped her knitting and exclaimed: "What is it, Liph?"

"The burglars again!" he replied, without the vestige of a smile. "Guess what they've been up to now!"

Visions of some dreadful murder, perhaps a whole family murdered in cold blood, passed swiftly across Mrs. Natesworth's mental sight; but she only gasped, with a paler cheek: "Tell me quickly, Liph! you know I can't bear suspense."

"Well," said Mr. Natesworth, slowly, "they've been at the church. No one knew it till this afternoon, when old Wheeler opened it to dust around a little."

"You don't mean—" interrupted his wife, in great excitement.

"Yes, I do; they've made a clean sweep of it—communion-plate, the chancel Bible and Prayer-book, altar-cloth, pew-cushions—everything that could be taken away is gone."

For the space of a second or so, Mrs. Natesworth stood petrified; then she said: "But the tracks! Where did they lead to? Can't they be discovered?"

"That is the strangest part of it; there were no tracks anywhere about the church."

His wife looked aghast.

"Why, Liph, that is preposterous! Rats and mice do not carry off communion-plate and cushions, and the robbers could not have flown through the air!"

Mr. Natesworth shook his head dubiously. "It is very sad, a queer business," said he, as he settled himself in a comfortable chair. "Everyone looks sober over it. The gang may be in our very midst, living like honest well-conducted people."

"And everything, then, is gone?" resumed Mrs. Natesworth, referring to the pillaged church.

"Yes, everything that could be taken away; but the doors and windows were found fastened up as usual, and Wheeler declares that he never left them open a minute."

"I wonder where they will go next," continued Mrs. Natesworth, who began to look upon

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the Floraville burglars as "an institution" conducting itself upon the principle that the world owed it a living.

Thereupon husband and wife began to talk over the various places where the burglars had been and the incidents connected with these visits, until it seemed as though they were living in the midst of a drama of which no one knew where the next act would be performed.

The party or parties had commenced operations in the apartment of Miss Lovina Talcott, an energetic damsel who was famous for "holding her own," and who, after hanging her "switch" on one side of the glass, and the long curl that floated behind her left ear on the other, had wound with great care the pretty enameled watch that was the delight of her heart, chiefly because she had earned it by trying to teach two or three little romping cousins during a weary summer, and had then gone to sleep with the same energy that characterized her other proceedings.

She awoke, in the small hours of the morning, to the consciousness of a widely-opened window and a presence in her room. She instantly decided that it was not the cat, and, seizing her dressing-gown, she sprang toward her watch, which had just been seized by a thievish hand.

"Put that down instantly!" said Miss Lovina, in a voice of great determination.

The man, however, was silently retreating with his prize when the young lady seized him with hands that could grasp very firmly, and shouted "Father!" with all her might. The robber struggled, but seemed to labor under some disadvantage, and Miss Talcott declared that he had but one hand, and that she could easily identify him by that.

A sound of boots was now heard in the hall, and, hastily dropping the watch and Miss Lovina, the intruder swung himself from the window and vanished.

The boots belonged not to Mr. Talcott, who had heard nothing of all this and was even then peacefully snoring, but to a worthy cousin of the courageous damsel who had made noise enough for two men in her efforts to convince the robber that one was approaching.

The next time, the victim, who was no less a person than Mrs. Dr. Bucket, the "glass of fashion and the mold of form" to Floraville generally, was not so fortunate.

This lady, who had very little else to do but to adorn herself and be gracious and condescending, was rather a handsome showy-looking woman, full of airs and graces, and, priding herself not a little on two diamond rings that set off her plump white fingers, she frequently indulged a harmless weakness of going with her left hand—on which the diamonds sparkled—ungloved, particularly with a muff. And, one bright December evening, just at dusk, as she was hurrying home from the cars, she was accosted, in a lonely spot on the outskirts of the town, by a man in a slouched hat.

This individual, who was rather interesting in appearance, coolly observed, with an imperative gesture toward the ungloved digits: "Your hand, madam, if you please!"

Now Mrs. Dr. Bucket was still young enough and important enough to receive compliments, and she considered herself rather attractive than otherwise. Under the circumstances, the gathering gloom enfolded the stranger with a sort of romantic halo. She set him down as some unconventional wanderer—a poet, perhaps—whose admiration had thus culminated at first sight, and she experienced quite a thrill in the region of the heart at such an unusual adventure.

Mrs. Dr. Bucket, however, must remember her wifely dignity; and, besides, it was a little bit alarming to be alone in such a place at evening, and accosted by a strange man who had rather a desperate expression in spite of his good looks; so she replied, with much grace:

"Excuse me, I think you mistake—you are addressing Mrs. Dr. Bucket."

She would have swept forward, with a mingled feeling of being Penelope and Helen of Troy rolled into one; but the man with the slouched hat gave a low whistle that produced two more slouched hats from a clump of bushes, and the lady began to fear that she was to be carried off bodily.

"Don't scream, madam," continued the speaker, with great composure, "or we shall have to resort to unpleasant measures. Be kind enough to oblige me with your rings and purse."

Quite a revulsion of feeling came over the victim, and she was paralyzed with terror and astonishment. Her rings were very gently removed from her fingers, and her portemonnaie from her muff; then, raising the plump white hand to his lips, the slouched hat was politely lifted, and the highwayman and his aids disappeared like shadows, while Mrs. Dr. Bucket quickened her steps homeward.

Not long after this, the owner of one of the largest and newest places in Floraville was awakened in the dead of night by strange sounds below; and, as he was young and adventurous he sprang up, delighted with the opportunity of getting a "pop" at the rascals.

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In vain, Mrs. Rinner clung to her newly-made lord and master and entreated him to let the robbers alone for fear that he might be shot himself. His brother appeared at the door, also aroused. And, with hands tightly clasping their murderous instruments, they uttered a few laughing words of encouragement to the excited bride and stepped cautiously downstairs.

But Mrs. Rinner was a woman, and least conquered when supposed to be quite extinguished. As she could not stop these two unmanageable individuals in their mad career, she could at least give the burglars warning by violently pulling the bell-rope in her room—which she did with a vim.

The two discomfited gentlemen found an airy reception below in open doors and windows; but never a burglar was to be seen. All the servants were aroused by the bell-ringing, and Mrs. Rinner was seized with an hysterical fit of laughing. Of course, nothing could be said to her; and, with a little private grumbling between themselves, the would-be avengers subsided.

A rich maiden lady, who gloried in stores of family silver, but considered herself the more valuable possession of the two, had the large silver-basket placed, every night, at the foot of the parlor-stairs, with a written request that thieves would be kind enough to take that and depart without alarming the inmates.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Natesworth, as she prepared for retiring, "where they will go next?"

Ignorance is not always bliss: for, in her sleep, she dreamed she was tied hand and foot. She struggled manfully, but the cords were tight; and she awoke in great distress, to find herself tied indeed. Mr. Natesworth was in the same condition, with the additional disadvantage of being gagged, which caused such strange contortions of visage that it would have been difficult to recognize him, in any other place.

"What is the matter?" shrieked Mrs. Natesworth. "Am I awake or dreaming?"

More contortion from Mr. Natesworth and pathetic observations with his eyes. His wife tried to fly to him—for he was tied fast to a chair in the window—but her wings were so effectually clipped that this was quite out of the question.

"Oh!" said she, with a groan, as a sudden light broke upon her, "they've been here, then."

Mr. Natesworth looked unutterable things and envied his wife the power of speech. A moment of despair succeeded, in which Mrs. Natesworth lay hopelessly silent; but, presently, she gathered all her strength and wriggled and rolled and pulled and tugged, until it seemed as though she would rival Samson himself and bring down the house.

Her husband watched this proceeding with intense interest, and tried to express all he could with his eyes to the effect that she would certainly kill herself—or, at least, dislocate her bones. But Mrs. Natesworth was resolved to do neither, and she was determined to be free. Mr. Natesworth hoped she would scream, and would have given almost anything he possessed for the satisfaction of yelling: "Thieves! Murder! Help!" But his wife wisely considered that the miscreants might be near at hand, and, in that case, would certainly return and put an effectual stop to such attempt.

After violent struggling, the cords were slipped from one wrist, and, by degrees, Mrs. Natesworth emerged from her fetters and stood beside her husband. Sailor's-knots, surgeon's-knots, and all sorts of knots had been tied in the stout cords that confined the raging man, so that his wife had to hunt for her scissors, in the first place, and then do the best she could to avoid inflicting injury on the captive.

"I've been to the bank!" was the startling announcement made by Mr. Natesworth, as soon as he could use his organs of speech.

Now, Mr. Natesworth was the cashier of the Floraville Bank, and the bank-edifice was some distance off. His wife stood still and stared at him, under the impression that he had lost his senses.

"Yes," he added, hurriedly, introducing himself into his outer garments with surprising quickness. "I've been to the bank, and unlocked the safe for them to steal one hundred thousand dollars. But, if I don't catch these villains before morning—"

Mr. Natesworth came nearer to using a warm expression than he had ever come in his life before, and he certainly had greater provocation; but he expended his rage in stamping himself viciously into his boots. Then, dashing whatever came handy on his head and shoulders, he tore off to arouse the neighbors, and Mrs. Natesworth found herself left in a most unsatisfactory state of ignorance in respect to the particulars of this startling episode.

Hours passed before her husband returned, and then he brought the sheriff and half a dozen men with him, who seemed to think it would advance the ends of justice to stare hard at Mrs. Natesworth, the room, and the cords with which the pair had been bound. They had before stared at the outside of the bank, and had then gone in and stared at the safe.

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"They're deep ones," said the sheriff, solemnly—a piece of slander which, merely judging from appearance, could not with any show of truth be fastened on him and his companions.

"Where did you track them?" asked Mrs. Natesworth, excitedly, when at length she found an opportunity to question her husband.

"Nowhere," was the dejected reply; "they seemed to have had a conveyance ready and gone to parts unknown."

"But do tell me something about it," continued his wife. "How could I have slept through it all, when the least sound usually rouses me?"

"You had a dose of chloroform," was the astounding reply, "administered as soon as they got me gagged—the villains! And then they presented half a dozen revolvers or so and demanded the key of the safe. Having tied us both up, they departed—but returned, after awhile, to order me out to the bank. They couldn't get at the valuables; and so, wrapped in a blanket, I was marched quickly along and forced to unlock the safe. There were four of them altogether, and their faces were painted and disguised so that it would be impossible to recognize them again. I think, though, that one fellow had only one hand."

Mrs. Natesworth started. "You remember Lovina Talcott? Her robber had only one hand. Who would have thought, last evening, when we were talking of the church-robbery, that all this would have happened to us?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed her husband, who had quite forgotten to smile at all. "But—mark my words, Phebe—I believe that this last exploit will, somehow, bring those villains to light, and perhaps I shall be the man to do it. If I don't, it will not be for want of trying." And Mr. Natesworth looked so terribly resolute, that his wife was almost afraid of him: his midnight promenade in a blanket had effected a startling change in his hitherto placid physiognomy.

The excitement in Floraville, when it had fully spread abroad that the bank had been robbed, surpassed anything that had ever been known there; a perfect panic ensued, and those who had deposited the smallest sums were most clamorous to have them instantly refunded. There was a constant buzzing about the president's ears, as though a hive of angry bees had been let loose.

Some sympathized with the cashier, and some—the more ignorant ones—looked knowing and "guessed 'twas six of one and half-dozen of t'other." The robbery of the church seemed almost forgotten in this startling calamity, and the opinion was confidently expressed that "something ought to be done." But what to do? And who to do it? A little promiscuous hanging would have been advocated, if put to the vote; but, finally, the chaos of threats and complaints culminated in an immense placard offering a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the discovery and apprehension of the thieves. Valuable mortgages and deeds had been taken with the money, and, unless these were recovered, half the property in Floraville would be quarreled over.

On the afternoon of that same day, Mrs. Natesworth was walking sorrowfully around the church, after visiting and deploring the bare interior, when her attention was attracted by a document that seemed to have been dropped and then crushed by a footprint partly under the snow. She raised it carefully and found that it was a deed of some property on the outskirts of Floraville—one of the very documents that had been stolen from the bank.

She stood, for a few moments, in deep thought then followed some footprints that led directly to the belfry and there stopped. This puzzled her considerably; but, presently, she glanced upward, noted the slope over the Grecian portico, and, with the meteor-flash of woman's instinct, arrived at a conclusion.

She hurried home, and, very shortly after, Mr. Natesworth issued forth in a great state of excitement and suddenly requested the company of the sheriff and as many men as could be collected.

Floraville got an inkling that something was going on, and a crowd of spectators followed the cashier and his aids. All gazed, as if spellbound, at the belfry; and then the sheriff put his own feet in the footprints and proceeded with much satisfaction directly to a side-gate.

"As plain as 'two and two make four,'" said he, enthusiastically. "I'd like to smoke 'em out, like a nest of rats; but 'twouldn't pay, I s'pose, to burn down the church."

Neither would it pay to storm the belfry, and thus lose part of the game or their own lives. So, after a short consultation, the crowd were persuaded to retire peaceably, while Mr. Natesworth and the guardians of justice remained on the watch.

It was twelve o'clock at night before any sign of life appeared from the belfry; and then a long ladder was carefully lowered, from which a man sprang to the ground and was making rapidly for the gate, while the ladder was drawn up again and disappeared from view.

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By an adroit movement, the sheriff caught the fellow from behind, and immediately stopped his mouth for fear of his giving an alarm to the rest of the gang. The man's astonishment seemed intense when he found himself at last within the firm grasp of the law and completely surrounded by its officers. He glanced from them to Mr. Natesworth in sheer amazement. Long exemption from discovery had evidently emboldened him, for his countenance expressed fear much less than surprise. Judging from this fellow, the robbers of Floraville had begun to believe themselves secure in their cunningly-selected hiding-place.

Meanwhile, Mr. Natesworth's face assumed an expression of complacent triumph. His wife's wit had indeed solved the mystery which had so long puzzled the town.

Of course, the sheriff's first thought was to make the captive confess, so the latter was withdrawn to a safe distance from the church and interrogated.

"There must be a good many more of you up there?" was the officer's first query, in his sternest tone, as he pointed in the direction of the belfry.

The robber smiled grimly, in reply.

"It will be better for you, and save us both a good deal of trouble, if you will tell all you know," his questioner went on, in a more persuasive tone. "You can gain nothing by keeping quiet, and your confederates are all in our power. We must catch them sooner or later."

The listener seemed to be considering this statement. There appeared to be some truth in it.

"Come, hurry," began the sheriff, a little impatiently, perceiving the impression he had evidently made, while his men looked as if they would like to enforce his remarks.

"Will it be any better for me—any easier, if I help you?" inquired the burglar, glancing about as if to find some way of escape.

"You needn't attempt that—it's no use," he was promptly informed, in a triumphant tone, by one of his guard.

"We will try and make things easier for you if we can; we will do our best," the sheriff answered, as his prisoner glanced questioningly toward him.

"Very well; then I'll tell you the whole," was the prompt reply; and, without further waste of words, the now reckless man made full confession, to the growing astonishment of his auditors, who, in their wildest moments, had never dreamed of such a state of affairs in their peaceful little town, which, previous to the events of the last few months, had known no greater excitement than repairing or altering the church, now the scene of such great marvels.

The robber's turning traitor to his comrades expedited matters, and, though the men in ambush were all heavily armed, the capture of twenty desperadoes, who had for the last six months been domesticated in the church-loft, was effected without bloodshed or disturbance, to the intense satisfaction of Mr. Natesworth, who recognized among them his one-handed visitor of the night before.

It was sad to see that they were all quite young men, some of them belonging to respectable families in the neighborhood, and this was their first attempt at burglary. A residence in the church-loft was suggested to them by some repairs that had been made in the building during the past summer. The workmen, who had been busy in the belfry, left their ladder there at night, and one or two adventurous spirits mounted to the belfry and discovered that a loose board afforded easy communication with the loft.

This they took possession of and fitted up, by degrees, quite comfortably. The lower half of one of the belfry-windows looked into the loft and cast a subdued twilight in place of total darkness. For the rest, they had a stove, some chairs, and provisions; and of late the church-cushions had been appropriated for beds. The absence of footmarks, on occasion of this robbery, was accounted for by the fact that, in this case, the ladder was let down inside by means of that same convenient board, and the gallery reached without much trouble. This once accomplished, it was easy enough to drag what they wanted up to their quarters; and the more boyish of the gang seemed to think the whole proceeding an excellent joke.

A speedy exploration of this novel residence took place, and all sorts of articles, the fruits of various raids, were found piled there in confusion. The property taken from the bank was nearly all recovered. The communion-plate was found unharmed. Many other lost treasures were restored to their delighted owners.

Floraville never stopped talking of the affair, which cast a halo of romance over the hitherto quiet town, for such an entirely out-of-the-way occurrence had never been heard of before. Since the town was to have a visitation of burglars, it was really pleasant to have them conduct themselves in such a highly original manner; for who ever would have dreamed that the church was harboring such a nest of vipers in her very bosom?

Poor Mr. Clarnly, the rector, was favored with

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many quizzical remarks at his expense, as these unwelcome squatters on church-ground were quite familiar with many of his sermons, and spoke of having been greatly edified by his stirring objurgation of the sinners below, while the presence of these greater sinners above was not even suspected.

Mr. Clarnly colored and smiled at these attacks, but he replied pleasantly that the blame rested with the builders of an edifice that could thus accommodate two such conflicting professions, and he proposed to have the loft removed and thus prevent such unhallowed occupancy for the future.

This set Floraville thinking, and the result was a meeting of the vestry, when a new church-building was boldly proposed.

Mr. Natesworth rose in great excitement, and, with his usual agreeable smile in full force, headed the subscription-list with a donation of twenty thousand dollars from Mrs. Phebe Natesworth.

For this, he was gently reprimanded by his wife, on his return home. Woman-like, she wished the glory of the discovery and reward to belong to her husband; but he stoutly maintained that it was she who had unhoused the burglars, and for that reason the reward properly belonged to her.

Everybody was in a delightful state of excitement; and, as the meeting was not held in the church, three cheers were given on the spot for Mrs. Natesworth, and money flew about so generously that people declared there would be more than was needed.

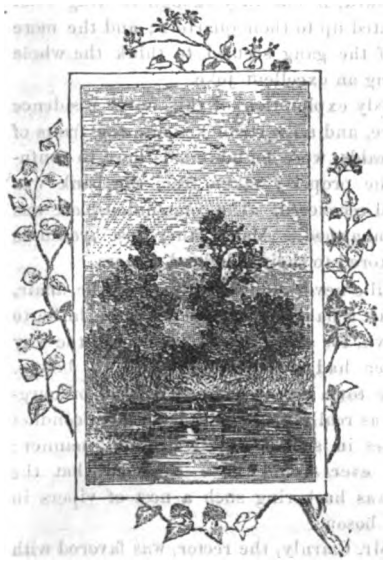
A valuable piece of rising ground, that all lovers of the beautiful decided to be the very spot for a church, was bought at once, and a picturesque stone edifice, that was the pride of Floraville and the delight of Mr. Clarnly's heart, reared its cross-topped spire amid the hills in a wonderfully short space of time.

In numerous ways the town seemed spurred on to fresh exertions by the possession of the new church, and a number of fine buildings were put up during the next year.

Mrs. Dr. Bucket's diamond rings were never recovered; but, as it was not at all probable that she would have contributed them to the building of the church—and as, if they and certain other things had not been stolen, the church might not have been built—all Floraville, except the owner, was disposed to look upon the loss as a decided gain.

DREAMING OF SPRING.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.



I HAVE a dream—a child-like dream—of waking woods,
  Of fragrant paths beset by opening flowers,
Of tender leaflets casting off their winter hoods,
  Of song-birds thanking God for springtide hours.
Oh, for the wings to reach some quiet forest-nest:
The city's tuneless clamor breaks my vision blest.

I have a dream of rill and ray that dance between
  The ancient hills in verdant glory clad,
Of meadows putting on their robes of virgin green,
  Of winds that heavenward bear earth's anthem glad.
Oh, that a wand divine would lull my senses dim:
For human moanings drown sweet nature's Easter-hymn.

I have a dream of ocean, whose familiar flow—
  The echo of eternity's calm voice—
Speaks of the springs renewed that, wave-like, come and go,
  Chanting the resurrection song "Rejoice!"
Oh, that my longing soul could float to yon far sea,
Forgetful of the crowded life that fetters me!

Oh, that an angel's touch would bid my spirit rise
  Above the din and dust, to wear once more
The emerald crown of youth, the light of vernal skies,
  The rainbow and the flower from days of yore!
Oh, that my dreaming heart could thus forever keep
Its May-time, born of hope, within the realms of sleep!

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THE MORGAN WILL.

BY MILTON T. ADKINS.

I HAD been admitted to the bar; but, as I had very little practice and found myself with plenty of time on my hands, I had got into the habit of dropping in to chat with a newsdealer who kept a stand not far from my office. Old Bowls, as everybody called him, dealt also in waste paper and rags, which he sold to the paper-makers.

One evening, he was sorting a lot of this rubbish, when my practiced eye lighted on what appeared to be a legal document, bound with blue tape. I took it up, and saw that it was marked "Last Will and Testament."

I opened it and commenced to read:

"In the name of God: Amen. Know all men by these presents, that I, James Morgan, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament."

"What's that you say?" demanded Bowls, as he dropped a handful of paper and looked up at me.

I repeated what I had read.

"All right," he said. "Now read on, Squire."

"I give and bequeath to my adopted daughter, Elizabeth Morgan, otherwise known as 'Elizabeth Summers,' all my personal and real property, after the payment of my funeral expenses and my just debts."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bowls, "that must be the will of old Morgan, who died four years ago—it was said, intestate. He left not less than a hundred thousand dollars, that all went to remote heirs, though everybody expected it would have been left to this very Elizabeth Summers, his adopted daughter."

"What has become of the adopted daughter?" I asked.

"I do not know; but I think I can find out."

"How much of this property is real estate? And where is it situated?"

"Well, there is the Oakdale plantation, which lies about five miles out from here and is worth at least fifty thousand dollars. Then there are several houses in town also, beside twentyfive thousand dollars in Government securities."

"Who is the relative that got the property?"

"Simon Skaggs. He lives out at the Oakdale farm. I think he is a second-cousin to Mr. Morgan."

"What kind of man is he?"

"A mean old skinflint, or he would never have taken the last penny from that poor girl."

"Well," said I, "I propose to take this will home with me, to-night, and examine it carefully. If I find all right, we'll hunt up the girl and recover the property for her."

To this, he assented; and, depositing the document in my pocket, I bade the old man good-night and returned to my office, where I slept.

But I was too much excited for sleep. I locked my room, and, sitting down, read the instrument over slowly and carefully. There was but the one legatee mentioned The will was clear and simple; it bore the appearance of being genuine; and had evidently been drawn by one thoroughly acquainted with the necessary legal forms.

The longer I pondered over it, the more I became convinced that I had at last stumbled upon an interesting case—one which, if properly managed, could not fail to bring me reputation, and right a great wrong besides.

The next afternoon, I went to Bowls's store. He was alone, waiting for me.

"I have found where the girl is," he said, as soon as I told him that the will was undoubtedly genuine. "She lives about fifty miles off, in a little place called Friendsville, quite up among the mountains, on a wild hill-farm, where things go on in the most primitive manner. A distant relative—an aunt three times removed, very poor, but, it seems, not without a heart—heard of her destitution, and sent for her. An old lady, who used to know the girl and had her at her house awhile after old Morgan's death, happened to come in here, and I asked her if she knew where Elizabeth Summers was."

"I will go down and see her, to-morrow," I said, promptly.

"And bring her back with you," answered Bowls, as briskly. "My daughter and I will give her a home. 'Gad!" he cried, rubbing his hands enthusiastically, "we'll be too much for old Skaggs, after all."

It was late the next afternoon when I arrived at my destination, having made the journey partly by rail and partly by stage. The coach put me down at a lonely cross-road, from which I had about two miles to walk.

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"Oh, yes—the Widow Benham," said the driver, pointing with his whip, "lives up yonder, just around the point of the mountain. You'll see the house in ten minutes or so."

It was a warm sultry day in August, with not a breath of air stirring. I soon caught sight of the house—a plain unpretending structure, like so many in that region. When it was about two hundred yards distant, the sound of falling water attracted me, apparently coming from some precipitous rocks on the left. As I was thirsty, I went toward it. As I turned the corner of the cliff, a handsome girl, about twenty years of age, emerged from a sort of cave, bearing on her shoulder a large water-jar. The lightness with which she stepped from stone to stone across the brook, the poise as of some sylvan goddess with which she bore aloft the jar, made me utter unconsciously an exclamation of surprise. Though she was dressed in the coarsest homespun and wore neither shoes nor stockings, I forgot altogether the homeliness of her apparel in the grace of her movements, the exquisite contour of her figure, and the beauty of her expressive face, which was now mantling with blushes. A small dog, apparently a self-constituted protector, barked at me furiously, as I advanced, hat in hand: for intuitively I knew this must be my client.

My client it was. I lost no time in explaining the object of my visit. She was very much surprised, but, after a moment's hesitation, said with dignity:

"Come up to the house, please. I will consult my aunt. Down, Tip—down, sir."

The dog ceased barking, at this command, and trotted quietly ahead. I offered to take the jar, but she declined, and with the composure of a queen.

When she had introduced me to Mrs. Benham and said: "This gentleman, aunt, has something very strange to tell you, and I will leave you with him for a moment," she disappeared, returning some quarter of an hour later, dressed in a becoming blue muslin and with the daintiest slippers on her pretty feet. I had, meantime, produced the will and given details of the manner in which it was found.

Not to dwell too long on this prelude to my story, I will say briefly that my client and I started, the next morning, for Kent, and were met at the depot by Bowls and his daughter, who relieved me of my charge, while I went to my boarding-house for supper and thence to my room.

The next day, I filed the document in the office of the county clerk, and gave notice to Skaggs that, on the following Monday, I would move that it be admitted to probate.

But here a new difficulty presented itself. In our anxiety to find the claimant, we had utterly overlooked the attesting witnesses.

I immediately went to Bowls and stated the difficulty.

"Ah!" said he, "why have we not thought of this before?"

"Do you know these witnesses?" said I.

"Yes, I know them. Tom Jones lived as a tenant on the old man's farm at the time of his death. He now lives about ten miles out on the Lancaster road. And, as certain as I'm a sinner, Squire, this other witness is dead. William Jackson? Yes—I remember him. He moved to Texas, and died a year ago."

"Then it's all up. We can't get along without both witnesses. Are you sure that Jackson is dead?"

"I am sartain sure. He has a brother living in this town, who received a letter from the family in Texas at the time of his death. There is no doubt about it."

"Then we may as well drop the matter at once. The law of this State requires the evidence of two witnesses, and makes no provision for the death of one."

"It does look rather ugly, if that's the case," said Bowls. "But let's make a fight of it—something may turn up in our favor."

My fears proved correct, however. We made a gallant struggle; but it was in vain. My speech, I was told afterward, was applauded privately by the judge, though, in his official capacity, he felt compelled to decide against me. I remember that I spoke from a full heart, of the injustice of refusing to receive a will which everybody knew to be that of Morgan, merely because one of the witnesses had died.

"It is the law we are called on to administer here," said the judge, from the bench, "not what you or I may think, Mr. Attorney, is equity. And you know as well as I do, for you are a good lawyer, that it takes two witnesses to prove a will."

But the case was not without its benefit to me, professionally. My speech had made an impression on the public, and business now began to pour in.

My fair client still remained at my friend Bowls's. "My eldest daughter has come to love her as a sister," he said. "Bessie, as you must have seen, is unusually intelligent. She had received quite a good education, too, before old Mr. Morgan died. The cheerful manner in which she bore her subsequent poverty is, as

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Mrs. Benham says, a proof of an unusually noble character. No, we have invented an excuse that we want a nursery-governess, for she is too proud to stay as a mere pensioner, and her aunt has consented to the arrangement, saying that it is a sin to bury Bessie among the hills."

Almost every week, I dropped in for an hour or so of an evening at the Bowlses', and, as I became better acquainted with Bessie, I more than endorsed my old friend's encomiums. In short, I was as much charmed with her attractions of mind and manner as I had been at first by her sylvan grace and beauty. Very soon, I found myself in love; and when, some six months later, I told her of it, I was overjoyed to hear her confess that my passion was returned.

I was now the happiest man in the country. Out of my defeat had come the elements of success. By it, I had won a reputation and a love—oh, the purest, the sweetest, the best! I pictured to myself a home, humble and poor, but so bright and cozy, the abode of content and happiness.

One day, in the following summer, I was in the clerk's office, searching some old records, when I came upon a page that almost took my breath away. After reading it carefully, I closed the book and returned to my office.

The next day, Simon Skaggs was served with a summons to answer a suit of ejectment, in the name of Elizabeth Morgan, for all the real property held by him, which he claimed as heir-at-law of the late James Morgan; and great was the excitement in the village when it was known that this suit was begun. "What could it mean?" asked everybody.

I told no one. Even to Bessie, I only represented that I thought I saw a chance to recover; but I was careful not to appear too sanguine.

In two months, the circuit court came on. Again the court was crowded. The excitement was even greater than it had been before. I had prepared no brief. Not even a memorandum or a book did I carry into court.

"Morgan vs. Skaggs," called the clerk.

"Who appears for the plaintiff?" said the judge.

"I do, your Honor," I answered.

"Who for the defendant?"

"I do, your Honor," answered two of the oldest and most talented lawyers from Kent.

"Are you ready for the plaintiff?"

"We are."

"Are you ready for the defendant?"

"We are, your Honor."

"Let a jury be sworn, then," said the judge.

The jury was soon empaneled. The twelve men filed in and took their seats amid the most breathless silence.

"Let the case proceed at once," said the judge.

"Call Mr. Bowls," said I.

The sheriff called him. He came into the court-room, took the witness-stand, and was sworn.

The most intense silence now reigned. My fair client was seated by my side, pale and quiet. The defendant was seated near his counsel, calm, confident, and defiant.

"Examine the witness," said the judge.

"Mr. Bowls," I began, "are you acquainted with the plaintiff?"

"I am."

"Do you know where she lived, from the time she was three years old, up to the time she was sixteen?"

"I do."

"Where?"

"With the late James Morgan.'

"Are you certain that this plaintiff is the same person?'

"I am."

"That's all I wish to ask," said I to the court.

"Cross-examine, gentlemen," said the judge.

"We don't wish to ask anything," said the opposing counsel.

"Let the witness stand aside," said the court. "Call your next."

"May it please your Honor, we have no other witnesses that we wish sworn at present," said I, rising to my feet and looking around the room.

A murmur of disappointment ran through the crowd.

"Then do you rest your case here?" said the judge, with a smile.

"No, your Honor; we have some record evidence that we wish to introduce." And, as I spoke, I drew it from my pocket. "It is an authenticated copy from the records of the county for the year 18—. It proves that this young lady was duly and legally adopted as the daughter of the deceased, and, as such, is entitled, under our law, to this property, as his nearest and only heir-at-law. Shall I read it to the jury?"

"Read it," said the judge.

But Skaggs's lawyers sprang to their feet, with a storm of objections. For a full hour they argued, with all the force of their ability, bringing to bear their vast legal knowledge and experience. But they were finally overruled by the court, who directed me to proceed.

The record was conclusive. After reading it,

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I announced that I would close the case for the plaintiff. The defendant was so completely taken by storm that he did not introduce a single witness. The charge of the court was lucid and comprehensive. In thirty minutes, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The result was received with loud acclamations by the excited audience. Skaggs took the case to the Supreme Court, but only for the purpose of gaining time. The judgment below was affirmed.

Three months later, the real estate was turned over to my fair client. The securities were given up at the same time, without a suit. With a part of the interest which had been accumulating for so many years, the old mansion at Oakdale was refitted and furnished.

Six months later, there was a quiet wedding at my old friend Bowls's, in which I took a prominent part.

I am getting on toward middle age. I love my profession better than ever, though my time is now necessarily divided, and a portion of it devoted to the farm at Oakdale.

The old farm-house is vocal with childish music, and a sunny-haired soft-voiced little woman makes it the brightest spot on all the earth for me.

MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT.

BY LELLA BARKELOO.

Softly now those fleecy cloudlets
Drift and float in depths of blue,
While the night-queen's tender smiling
Seems my purest thoughts to woo—
Come again the fond sweet faces
Of the loved ones gone before.
Seek they thus to lure me onward
To their home—the golden shore?

Sad and lone, I gaze and ponder
On the present, future, past—
Hither, thither, with the current,
Out upon the ocean cast,
Life, an aimless bark, seems floating,
Powerless the storm to brave,
While its mighty foes are lurking
'Neath each dark uncertain wave.

But the stillness now is broken—
On the perfumed evening-air,
Softly as the snow-white cloudlets,
Floats rich music ev'rywhere.
Then the sounds grow deeper, clearer,
Bidding this heart-tumult cease;
Waves of melody surround me—
Weird sweet voices whisper "Peace!"

Weights of earth, like links dissevered
From my sorrow's cruel chain,
One by one fall off and vanish—
Hope smiles on through tears and pain.
Oh, this magic power, music,
O'er the restless human soul!
We shall learn its mystic teachings
While eternal ages roll.

"OH! MY LOST, LOST LOVE."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

"Oh, my love," I cry, "oh, my lost, lost love,
Will you ever come back to me?"
My love, with a tangle of weeds above,
Deep down in the fathomless sea.

Sometimes, oh, my love, I dream in the night
We are walking, and hand in hand,
O'er amaranth meads, by rivers of light,
In a beautiful far-off land.

But I wake at dawn—no more are you there—
And the hot tears rush to my eyes,
And I wring my hands in my wild despair
And plead to the pitiless skies.

I call to the waves, but the rack above
Makes darker the terrible sea,
And it answers not. "Oh, my lost, lost love,
Will you never come back to me?"

SOMETIME.

BY ARNOLD CHILDS.

Sometime, the thoughts that chord a saddened strain,
The memory of days that brought us pain,
Shall be forever stilled;
Our bleeding heart-wounds shall be healed,
The wisdom in long suffering revealed,
Our worthy hopes fulfilled.

Sometime, the lovelit eyes that sorrow clouded,
The dear dead faces friendly hands have shrouded
Away from mortal sight,
Shall smile upon us with sweet grace,
The lost shall clasp us in a fond embrace:
For death will reunite.

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PUT TO THE TEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, when Burt Newton rose and looked out from his window across the sea dazzling with the glory of the September sunlight, he would have liked to persuade himself that the dreadful experience of the previous evening belonged to the visions of the most troubled night "his young remembrance could father."

He did not succeed, however. The scene was too horribly real from the moment when Angela fainted in his arms to the closing ordeal—the last embraces from every member of the family that it had been feasible to bring forward. Not for a moment did the true-hearted fellow suspect Angela. He believed that she had unintentionally betrayed her secret, and then, in her excitement, honestly interpreted his exclamation to mean that she was loved in return. Indeed, he felt genuinely sorry that he did not love her, and was disturbed by a guilty pang when he recollected how blind he had been during the past months, though he reflected that Angela must have as completely deceived herself. It was only the abrupt announcement of his departure that had wakened her to a perception of the real state of her feelings with such suddenness that she was completely overwhelmed.

To decide on any course of conduct was, as yet, impossible. His dazed brain was incapable of coherent thought. He turned from the window and sat down before the neglected breakfast-tray, to be almost instantly interrupted by an invasion of the younger members of the Fanshawe household. Their mother had not forgotten her promise. The twins had arrived under the guardianship of the irrepressible Graham, whom Burt had loathed from the first moment he set eyes on him. The two girls darted on their prospective relative and hugged him rapturously. Dora exclaimed, between her kisses: "I always adored you, dear!" And Flora added: "You shall be my favorite brother!" Then both exclaimed: "Burt, darling, what do you mean to give us to celebrate the occasion?"

As for Graham, while opening the door, he called: "Hallo, old fellow, I condole with you. Caught, hooked, boned, impaled—it's all up with you! Well, well, one is never safe. There was that old girl of Lady Seymour's making eyes at me yesterday; but I'm not to be had cheap—shan't go under double what she could offer."

Having expressed his adherence to the theory concerning engagements and marriage which is apparently nearly universal among Englishmen of all classes in our generation, Master Graham pounced on the breakfast-tray, ate the best of the luscious figs, and drank more than half of the cream which that luxurious dog, Burt, always ordered.

Dora finished the figs, and would have done the same by the cream, only that Graham was now at leisure to remember politeness, and bade her "mind her manners," while Flora hung fast to Burt, begged for his turquoise scarf-pin in one breath, and in the next cried:

"You'd better have waited a few years, Burtie darling, and then you could have taken me! Oh, you shocking boy, you haven't had your tea! If you are not very good, I shall tell Angela how lazy you are. I'll pour you out a cup. Sit down there and see how nice it is to have a sister!"

"No, I shall pour out his tea," vowed the

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other twin. "Papa says I am ever so much cleverer than you."

"He never said it, miss! If you begin any of your crams, I'll take care that mamma allows you no pudding to-day," retorted Flora, bold and menacing in the certainty of being the maternal favorite.

The pair squabbled to get possession of the teapot, and upset its contents over Burt's white serge costume; but luckily he had neglected the beverage until it was nearly cold, so he escaped parboiling.

Then Graham scolded both girls, and Dora began to cry, and Burt was forced to say soothing things instead of shaking her soundly, as he longed to do; and she, wise beyond her years, turned her distress to account in order to obtain the turquoise pin coveted by her sister.

"I must be off," said Graham, at last. "If you two want to stop any longer, Burt can see you home."

But, crushed as he was, Burt felt there was a limit to his endurance, and answered hastily: "I can't do it; I have letters to write."

"Oh, Angela will be expecting you," the twins averred. "You mustn't keep her waiting."

"Don't forget you are in harness, old fellow!" chuckled Graham, with a satisfaction which roused murderous instincts in poor Burt's soul. Though the sweetest-tempered fellow in the world, he decided that there would be a tragedy in the Fanshawe family if the trio did not speedily depart, and he dispatched his visitors with such scant ceremony that, when they got downstairs, Graham muttered: "He's a blasted impudent Yankee, that's what he is! But he's got lots of tin and isn't stingy—there's one comfort."

"He is handsome and you're not; that's what exasperates you," rejoined Dora, with whom her brother was not a favorite. "And you swore. If you do it again, I shall tell mamma."

"Stuff!" cried Flora. "I wish I were a boy, so that I could swear too! Oh, do it more and harder, Grims—it's beautiful. And I say, isn't it jolly that we are to be rid of Angela at last? Oh, if Burt only knew what a sharp-clawed old cat she is!"

"I heard her tell Burt she was twentythree—that's his age," said Dora. "I declare, I have seen her about until it seems to me she must be a hundred. But I've forgotten how old she really is. You know, Grims?"

"Seven-and-twenty last June," replied Graham. "But mind you don't get us all into hot water by saying I told."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Flora, with energy, "if I wouldn't be ashamed to have fished as many summers and winters as she has, without even a nibble!"

"And only to catch a Yankee at last," added Graham.

"Everybody says Americans make a great deal nicer husbands than Englishmen," put in Dora. "Their wives do just as they please and never get scolded about the bills, and mamma knows what that means."

"Come, now step out, you two fillies!" cried Graham. "I can't waste my whole morning with you."

And they did step out, chattering amicably to a melody from "Madame Angot," which Graham whistled as loudly as if he had himself been a "blasted Yankee," though with an utter lack of ear which offered convincing proof of his nationality.

As for Burt Newton, after he had changed his drenched clothes, he left his lodgings, regardless of tea or letters. He went down to the beach, passed the bathing-establishments and the humbler straw cabins which lined the shore further below, eager to get beyond all human sights and sounds. He tramped for miles along the shore, staring blindly out at the shining laughing sea, feeling sufficiently desperate to plunge in, if only he could have found stones enough on those smooth sands to freight his pockets so heavily as to insure his never rising to the surface again.

At length, he discovered that a sun almost as hot as that of his native land was beating on his head and increasing the wild pain which throbbed there, and he had three minds to render sunstroke a certainty by reposing without his hat on the scorching sands. But he luckily remembered that he should be forced to undergo an illness before death took him, and Mrs. Fanshawe would undoubtedly insist on a right to watch beside his sick-bed. This thought caused him at once to turn back, plough his way across the beach, and seek the shelter of the great pine-forest which renders Viareggio delightful even in midsummer. He lay down in the cool shadow with his hands clasped behind his head for a pillow, gazed up at the glimpse of blue sky visible between the thick branches, and rushed from despair to rage and back again to despair, embittering his lips with those curses against himself, fate, all things, high and low—curses whose acrid taste is familiar to lips as old as yours and mine, but was new to that dainty mouth which life had hitherto fed with its choicest morsels and treated liberally to its most intoxicating draughts.

He struggled up at length and went back to his lodgings. He ate some luncheon, took a short

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nap which he sorely needed, and then prepared to seek Angela. He had made up his mind in a confused fashion; he meant to tell her the exact truth. He was bitterly grieved and distressed and ready to offer any and every atonement for the blunder except—except that one impossible amend, of marrying her.

As he was crossing a stretch of shrubbery at one end of a public square, Burt perceived Mrs. Fanshawe approaching, on her road to the Neptune, the principal bathing-establishment in which people managed to idle away the greater portion of their waking hours.

A sudden thought seized the young man like a happy inspiration. He would speak to her first. He considered her not only a very kind but a very sensible woman. She would comprehend the position; even if angry and hurt for a little, she would see the justice of his explanations.

He hurried forward. The lady saw him, waved her hand in greeting, and quickened her steps. They met by the fountain in the centre of the grounds. There was nobody in sight, and Mrs. Fanshawe had her arm about his neck in a flash, and gave him a hearty kiss, exclaiming: "Oh, Burt, my son—my own dear son! Ah, my boy, you have made me a happy woman! I was so surprised at first that I could not think clearly. I had never dreamed that you and Angela were more than good confidential friends. I am so glad—so glad!"

She released him and stood smiling in his face. Burt stammered something—he did not know what, and, from sheer confusion, shook her hand again. Though scarcely so kind a woman as Burt believed, nor always sensible in her judgments and actions, Mrs. Fanshawe was a very shrewd person, especially in anything which regarded the interests of her family. Burt's pallor and the weary wistful expression of the great purple eyes fixed so earnestly on her were symptoms of danger which she caught at a glance and prepared to guard against with a readiness of wit that Angela herself certainly could not have surpassed.

"Burt, Burt!" she cried, clasping both hands over his. "Oh, dearly as your noble qualities have taught me to love you—thankful as I am to feel you are really worthy of my precious child—there is a still deeper gratitude in my mind."

"I want—I wish—I meant—" stammered the wretched youth, but she artfully interrupted him.

"I know—I understand," she said. "You mean that, if your efforts can accomplish it, she shall be a happy woman. And you will make her so; I know that too, Burt. But only think you spoke just in time. Yesterday morning, she told me she had fully decided to wait no longer about entering the Sisterhood. She made me promise to break it to her father. Oh, but for you, my boy, I should have lost the best, the sweetest, of all my flock. Ah, she is well named indeed—the angel of our household."

"M-marriage would be losing her just the same," stuttered Burt, with a sensation as if black waters were closing over his head.

"An ordinary marriage might," the devoted mother explained, with an ecstatic smile. "But now, instead of losing my darling girl, I gain a new son—oh, so dear, so dear! Ah, Burt, if this had not happened—if she had separated herself from us—I should have died broken-hearted. I am not strong. I should have died."

He could not force his proposed communication on her. No creature less ferocious than a leopard could have disturbed the current of that holy maternal joy and gratitude in its first outpouring.

"I—I was going to the house," faltered Burt, feeling himself a wretch of the darkest dye.

"Angela is waiting. I won't keep you. Go, my dear boy, go. A mother's blessing on you both!" cried Mrs. Fanshawe, with a sob and a smile, and off she sped at a pace quite amazing in a woman of her dimensions.

"I've only made matters worse," moaned the half-distracted Burt to himself.

"I was lucky to get away," thought the mother. "Angela will know how to manage. He may struggle a little: I think all men do nowadays—the brutes—as if every girl hadn't a right to a husband! But Burt is the kind of person to keep his word: I feel pretty sure of that. Anyway, he shall—oh, he shall!"

She passed on, triumphant and at ease, and Burt dragged his tired feet toward their undesired goal, still telling himself that it would be idiocy to become the passive victim of a blunder—that he must not and could not! All the same, he felt his aching heart sink lower and lower at the idea of dealing poor Angela so terrible a blow—he, who had never in his life wittingly hurt so much as a fly!

Then Burt was in the little parlor where he and Angela had spent so many lively pleasant hours, and, so far from finding an opportunity even to hint at his real errand, there was the young lady close in his arms again and gently sobbing on his bosom.

"Oh, Burt, Burt, it seems like a blessed dream, too beautiful to be true; but it is—it is! I see the love in your dear eyes; I feel the soft touch of your beloved hands. Oh, I am too, too

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happy! And I half thought you did not care, and I was going to my Sisterhood; but yet, all the while, I knew you did love me—I knew you would speak—that you would not let me go."

This brief sample of the capable young woman's mode of taking matters will show what a more than herculean task it would have been for any man with a particle of human feeling to tell the truth, while believing in her sincerity.

Burt went away with his chains riveted still tighter, but he did not even get to the length of his tether for many hours. He had to stop and dine; to be caressed and purred over by the whole family; exhibited at the Neptune in the evening: and, when he reached his lodgings, was too utterly worn out to do anything but drop on his bed and fall asleep.

And the next day dawned and passed, and the next, and others followed with fearful rapidity, but brought no relief or change to this wretched young pilgrim who had trusted himself with such rash confidence to the delights of foreign travel and enlightenment.

Burt was a born procrastinator. Still, he could find no cause for self-reproach when he roused up to a realization of the fact that he had been a whole fortnight an engaged man and had not yet told his secret. Indeed, it would have puzzled the keenest and most unscrupulously selfish person to discover an opportunity for presenting to notice the slightest fragment thereof.

He was actually dreading to find himself married out of hand—led bound and dumb to the altar—when a sudden gleam of hope, as bright as it was unexpected, flashed before his weary eyes.

A relative of the Fanshawes arrived at Viareggio and died in an apoplectic fit four-and-twenty hours afterward. If the man had had the decency to die before he left England, the Fanshawes would have kept silence and not allowed his decease to interfere with the securing of their prize; but now it was absolutely necessary, for decorum's sake, that the wedding should be put off a couple of months.

They all went to Florence, and Burt went also—more cheerful, more like his old self. Something would happen—he should gain his freedom; and, buoyed up by this credence, he tried to shut his eyes to his misery and gather such faint show of pleasure as he might out of the fleeting days.

"He is safe enough; you needn't fret," Angela said to her mother, having found brutal frankness such a relief that she persevered in it, to the confusion and dismay of her parents. "If he were an Englishman, he'd be off; but Burt has all sorts of nonsensical ideas about honor. He is dreadfully old-fashioned—dreadfully!"

"Don't speak in that terrible way, Angela—don't!" pleaded the poor mother, in unaffected distress.

"It is the truth, and you know it, and you know that I know you know it," retorted Angela, with a reckless laugh, the more bitter because her own words stung every decent womanly feeling in her nature. "There's no use of any disguise between ourselves! Only let me alone, and tell papa to. I won't be lectured. Please remember that."

And Angela swept up to her own chamber to cry in secret for awhile, and then emerge harder than ever from the reaction after her sense of shame and humiliation.

CHAPTER V.

Angela Fanshawe had at first felt profound gratitude toward the young man for holding to the pledge so audaciously thrust upon him; but it was not in human nature that this state of mind should continue. The consciousness that he suffered very soon irritated her exceedingly. She grew bitter and sore, and tried to smother her sense of shame by cultivating a contempt for her victim as weak and spiritless.

As time went on and the other Fanshawes began to feel quite safe in trusting to Newton's old-fashioned scruples, they attempted to patronize him and behave as if they considered that Angela was condescending somewhat to marry an American.

Positively, even among themselves, they persisted so strenuously in pretending to forget how the engagement had been brought about that they almost succeeded in doing so, the faint unacknowledged remembrance of the truth only aiding them to share in Angela's irritation.

Often, Burt was too miserable to pay any attention to their covert airs of superiority; often, his singularly sweet disposition kept him silent; but now and then he would growl a little and turn unexpectedly restive. In such exigencies, they grew frightened, hastily put him back on his pedestal, and burned incense before it, while Angela wept against his breast, and, taking all the blame upon her own shoulders, vowed that she deserved a beating for being so horrid and wicked.

"Girls with any spirit always are, when they find themselves bound," she declared. "But I love you—I love you! Once your wife, you will see how dutiful and patient I am. Oh, my Burt, my king!"

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So she tided over the danger. And twice, when Burt managed, in moments of great provocation and excitement, to make an approach toward avowing the truth which was burning his lips, she scared him into silence, the first time by a fit of hysterics—and he had never seen one—the second by fainting away and then lying in a state of coma for several hours.

He was not a fool—that I affirm. She held him fast by his conviction of the sincerity and depth of her affection. He believed her when she said that she should die or go mad if she lost him, and he could not hurt her—he could not! It is absurd—it is laughable; but, mark you, it was heroism, after all. In spite of her glaring faults, he thought her true and honorable; and, since one or the other of them must become a holocaust, he deemed his duty plain.

He was a man, and the pain and suffering must be all his. No man with any gleam of honor or right feeling could break the heart of the woman who loved him—who had learned to do so through unintentional deception on his own part. But, since he had deceived when he thought his manner most frank and open, he must pay the penalty; no share thereof should fall on her, either now or hereafter.

And, as so often seems the case when fate begins to smite a human being, poor Burt appeared to be doomed to bear every fresh stroke which could render his thralldom more unendurable.

He received a letter telling him that a couple of his cousins were to leave the family party in Vienna and proceed for a few days to Genoa, where there had been established a branch of their New York shipping-house. They had some business to transact with Burt, and insisted on his joining them without delay; and Angela, finding that he would only meet two of men, submitted to his departure with a tolerable grace.

"But you must let me hear from you every day," she said. "I know how you hate writing letters, you lazy fellow; so, whenever you can't make up your mind to that task, I will be content with a telegram."

Burt promised that at least the daily telegram should be forthcoming, and so started on his journey with a sense of relief which was pleasant while it lasted: though, hours before he reached Genoa, he had become the victim of cruel self-reproach for having allowed any such sensation to possess his mind while poor Angela was pining over his absence.

It was the evening succeeding that of his arrival when one of his cousins rushed into his room, exclaiming:

"Such a lucky chance! Fred Mostym and his wife are here. You remember Clara More? They are doing Europe for a bridal tour. Just came this afternoon, and Fred saw our names on the book. Hurry up! We must go in and welcome the bride."

And presently Burt found himself in the salon of his old acquaintances, and everybody was very talkative and gay, and then the door opened and a tall slight girl entered who looked, Burt thought, with a new development of imagination which had reached him lately, like an embodiment of spring in some land where all was peace and rest.

This modern Una proved to be Fred Mostym's sister Blanche, whom Burt had not seen for five years, though as children they had known one another well. Blanche had been thirteen when they last met, and he remembered now what a sweet creature, though with only a faint promise of the loveliness into which she had blossomed.

I have no space to dwell on this episode: you can understand what would have been likely to happen. Burt Newton's stay was prolonged to nearly a week, and though, if he did not write, he sent Angela a telegram every morning, no word concerning his engagement escaped his lips to his relatives and friends.

Why it was, he did not attempt to discover; he was never introspective, never given to analyzing his feelings and turning himself inside-out for a mental review, as most people are accustomed to do. But the fact remained that, in the daily drives, walks, and excursions to picture-galleries shared by the whole party, Burt never found the moment for declaring his news, often did not remember it only vaguely as one does a chronic pain, half dulled for the time. And, when alone, he did not think much. He was usually tired and able to go to sleep—as any healthy creature is, after a day of work and pleasure mingled; and so the week drew near its end.

Burt and his elder cousin were smoking an after-dinner cigar before joining the rest of the party in the Mostyms' drawing-room.

"Old boy," said his relative, suddenly, bringing Burt out of a vague dream—he who had never been given to visions till now. "I say, old boy, I am charmed to see you and our fair Blanche so quickly pick up the threads of your former intimacy. A girl in a thousand—yes, in a million! Well, I'm the last man in the world to make or mar where young people's fancies or futures are concerned; but you must fall in love sometime, and so must she. And, if you did happen to hit it off—well, you'd be a lucky

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chap, and I shouldn't pity her, for you're a good fellow, Burt. You aren't half alive yet. By the time you're thirty, you'll be a splendid man, if you don't make some huge blunder."

Burt knew what he had to do—to speak, to tell of his engagement. He sat dumb, staring out at a possible future that spread like a heavenly mirage before his eyes—seeing, too, with a double sense of vision which was a horrible agony, the future that must be his.

Before he could rouse himself, his cousin was called away by a visit from his agent. Burt sat there alone.

He spent two hours by himself. They were like two years, to his fevered mind. But, when he came back from his aimless wandering through the moonlight, it was to join his friends and tell them of his engagement. No hero, this young man—no marvel of intellectual strength—but as honest and genuine as he was warm-hearted; not able to argue, maybe—to spin beautiful theories or weave passionate verse—but true to his heart's core: seeing the right so clearly that even a momentary impulse to depart therefrom could no more find a resting-place in his mind than could a temptation to lie or to steal.

But, when he joined the party, he found them in great confusion. Fred's and Blanche's stepmother was down in Rome. They had received a dispatch announcing her serious illness, and were to start by the midnight train.

Mr. Grayson and his brother had decided to return to Vienna the next morning. There was only a brief time for them all to spend together, and its duration afforded Burt no opportunity to tell his secret. But that would make no difference now. He could easily write to his relatives and—and as for Blanche Mostym, how should it concern her?

While he was thinking this, she paused at his side for an instant as she entered the room after giving some fresh directions to her maid.

"As soon as mamma is better," she said, "we shall leave Rome. Perhaps you will still be in Florence."

"Perhaps," Burt answered, his voice sounding oddly in his own ears. "Perhaps in Florence."

Then came the hurry and confusion of departure. Fred Mostym was one of those men, only too common, who go frantic and drive everybody else so when starting on a journey. There was no space for connected conversation or coherent last words.

"Not good-bye, only au revoir," Blanche Mostym said, laying her gloved hand in Burt's cold clasp.

"Good-bye," he muttered, inaudibly.

Then the train started and Burt had caught the last sight of the fair sweet face. The next day, he returned to Florence and Angela—to his bounden duty and the life which stretched like an arid plain before his weary eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

One day, when he went to the house, he found the feminine members of the family in a state of excessive and not altogether pleasurable excitement.

"The MacTaggart is coming," he was informed.

"And who may he be when he's at home?" Burt inquired, languidly, for his head ached dolefully, the effect of a long sleepless night.

"She's a lady," Angela explained.

"With a beard," shrieked Flora. And then all the young people laughed, but were speedily called to order by their mother, who turned toward Burt and explained, with great dignity:

"A relative on my side. She belongs to one of the oldest families in Scotland. You must often have heard me speak of her."

"Very likely," replied Burt, so carelessly that the matron was impelled to add, in her stateliest fashion:

"Though, even if you had not, I can hardly fancy the name would be new to you. I suppose that history is studied in America, and the MacTaggarts are historical."

"The girls look as if they wished this special MacTaggart were mythological," said Burt, smiling. But Angela caught a gleam in his eyes which caused her to make her mother a warning sign—this was not one of the young man's days for allowing himself to be sat upon!

Mrs. Fanshawe caught the signal with feminine quickness, and immediately began to coax and pet her future son-in-law. Burt, always ready to accept any show of apology, thought she desired to express contrition for her rude speech, and, to prove that he bore no malice, tried to feign a little interest in the personage she had mentioned.

"I thought 'The' MacTaggart meant the head of a clan," he observed. "How can a woman be called so?"

"Because she is the last of the name," Mrs. Fanshawe replied, ready to mount her grandest hobby-horse, her genealogical steed, and prance about for the American's benefit; "the sole survivor of her illustrious family."

"Oh," said Burt, merely because it seemed necessary to say something and he could think of nothing else; but the irrepressible Flora

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interpreted the monosyllable into an expression of contempt, and giggled anew.

"That simple article before her name," pursued Mrs. Fanshawe, glaring at her daughter, "is a more distinctive title than lord or marquis could be. She inherits that and the family estate—"

"And I wish she would stop in her tumble-down old barrack," broke in Angela. "Burt, she's the horridest, stingiest old maid alive!"

"Cease this instant, Angela!" exclaimed Mrs. Fanshawe, exasperated by Burt's laughter till she so far forgot her daughter's warning as to add: "I will not permit such language in regard to any member of the noble race with which I hold kindred. If these are republican ideas, reserve them for other ears than mine."

"Bother!" muttered Angela, darting a furious glance at her parent, both chancing to be in an irritable mood from the effects of a fierce quarrel which Burt's entrance had interrupted when at its height.

"The MacTaggart is coming here solely on our account," pursued Mrs. Fanshawe. "She desires to make the acquaintance of the man you are about to marry. I must say plainly that I hope and trust neither you nor Burt will shock her by the utterance of opinions contrary to the lofty creed in which she was reared."

"I might, so it is best that I should not meet her," rejoined Burt, laughing, though evidently quite in earnest. "May I ask when she is coming?"

"The day after to-morrow," put in the irrepressible Flora, aggrieved by Angela's passing over her mother's snub in silence. The precocious damsel had hoped to witness a battle royal. "She will only stay a week, thank goodness!"

"Flora!" began Mrs. Fanshawe, sternly; but, before she could add another word, a rapid speech from Burt froze the reproof which was hovering on her lips.

"I've been thinking of a run down to Rome," said he. "I'll take this opportunity, Mrs. Fanshawe, and so avoid any risk of paining you and shocking your relative."

If he should mean to run away altogether! Mrs. Fanshawe's blood turned cold at the idea, and she hastily prepared to humiliate herself in dust and ashes. Angela burst into tears and showed such hysterical symptoms that Burt was soon forced to renounce his plan. Then Angela rushed into her highest spirits; told amusing stories of the MacTaggart's parsimony and pride—at which her mother laughed as heartily as the others—and ended by giving a caricature of the Chieftainess, winding an antimacassar about her head for a turban, and dancing a Highland fling.

Then she sensibly insisted on a bottle of champagne in place of the five-o'clock tea, and Burt went up from the depths of gloom into a gayety so plainly factitious that it would have been exquisitely painful to observers capable of comprehending all it covered.

The MacTaggart arrived in Florence, and Burt was invited to dine at the Fanshawes' in order to be inspected by her. It was difficult to perceive what difference the Chieftainess's opinion could make, for she had never done the Fanshawes a favor in their lives, and they well knew she never would—unless terrific scoldings could be counted as such. Indeed, she disliked the whole family, and Angela most of all. In fact, the pair had been sworn enemies since the latter, in her budding girlhood, tied a package of firecrackers to the tail of the Chieftainess's pug-dog and set them off, nearly causing the death of both mistress and pet from rage and fright.

All the same, influenced by a feeling for which I am unable to account—and which seems, to me, purely English—the family could not rest satisfied until the inspection of Burt Newton had taken place. They knew that the old woman was certain to be horribly rude; they were sorely afraid that Burt might take offense and bring about a rupture. Still, he must be inspected.

They were in too deep mourning for dinner-giving except to relatives and very intimate friends; but they lengthened their table as much as decorum would permit, inviting only men—the MacTaggart hated women—and carefully choosing those in whose presence there was the most hope of the dreadful spinster's electing to appear at her best.

The evening came, and, when it was almost time for Burt to go to the house, the nice elderly "padrona" of his lodgings slipped on the stairs near his door and hurt herself severely. It was Burt who picked her up, and he would not leave her in the charge of her frightened domestic until his own servant had brought a doctor. In consequence, he arrived very late at the Fanshawes'; and, as he followed the announcement of his name into the drawing-room, before he could address his hostess he heard a gruff voice with a pronounced Scotch accent say in no measured tones:

"So that's your Yankee, Miss Angela? Well, I never expected to reach a pass where I should be kept waiting for my dinner on account of one!"

Burt repressed the excuses he had been about to offer and looked as serene and smiling as if his tardiness were something really praiseworthy.

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"I had a good reason, and I'm very sorry," he whispered to Mrs. Fanshawe; "but, if you tell that woman so, I'll go home."

He was duly presented to the Chieftainess, at whom he gazed in mingled wonder and amusement. She was five feet ten in height, brown as a gipsy, wrinkled like a hickory-nut, with a pair of small fiery black eyes, and she wore a yellow satin gown which might, to judge from its appearance, have been worn by three successive generations of Chieftainesses, while on her head she actually had a turban perched, and in it an eagle's-feather fastened by a common Cairngorm brooch.

"Humph!" said she, when their hostess named Mr. Newton, "you are so late, I thought you must be the ices."

"Something even cooler," responded Burt, with a profound bow and in his suavest tones.

There was a hasty marshaling of the guests into the dining-room, which covered alike the MacTaggart's anger and the irrepressible smiles of the company. Burt was on one side of the hostess, and Mr. Fanshawe of course took in the Chieftainess, so the length of the table spread between the belligerent Scotchwoman and the offending American, for which the Fanshawes were devoutly thankful.

But the Chieftainess's blood was up, and she thirsted for combat. Always ready to annoy her kinsfolk, she was more than usually inclined to do so now, with wrath against Burt added to her irritation that the detestable Angela should have succeeded in ensnaring a man so handsome and so rich.

She swallowed her soup in silence, then she contradicted her host twice within three seconds. She had just begun to abuse the wine when her temper received a fresh impetus from the sound of Burt's laugh and some merry answer he gave to a question old Lord Bolton asked in regard to the young gentleman's native land.

"Why, can that be so?" she called, in her hoarse croak. "You astonish me, Mr.—Mr.—oh, yes, Newton. Why, is America really civilized?"

"Less so than we could wish, madam," returned Burt, in his sweetest voice; "we have labored under a terrible misfortune."

"What's that? What's that?" she demanded.

"Being descended from the inhabitants of Great Britain," he rejoined; and, though probably most of the company were vexed, nobody could help laughing, the Chieftainess excepted.

The august amazon again took refuge within herself; and, when Mr. Fanshawe very unwisely attempted to call her forth from that appalling seclusion, she forced him to repeat his remark several times, thereby attracting the attention of the whole table, and, when she had accomplished this, vouchsafed a reply more terse than elegant.

"That's stuff," said she; "and you know it is, Fanshawe."

The old fossil wanted to ruin the success of the dinner, and would have succeeded had it not been for Burt. He perceived her drift and exerted himself; Angela came to his assistance; old Lord Bolton brightened up, which gave Mrs. Fanshawe courage: so, among them, they contrived a good deal of merriment, causing the Chieftainess to wax more belligerent than ever when she discovered that for once her ill-humor was powerless to destroy the general comfort.

"That young man makes so much noise, I can't hear what you say," she observed, audibly, as the unfortunate Mr. Fanshawe again attempted to find a little conversation for her benefit. "Do all Americans talk as loud as you, Mr.—Mr. Newton?"

"Oh, yes," said Burt, who happened to be blessed with one of those low sweet voices like the undertones of an organ. "You see, we've had to make ourselves heard all the way across the ocean."

"Well, you've done it effectually," rejoined old Lord Bolton; and the laughter which ensued drove the Chieftainess nearly frantic.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Angela escaped, determined not to appear until the gentlemen joined them; but, presently, one of her sisters hunted her up, begging her to go to mamma's aid; for the MacTaggart was surpassing herself in awfulness, and had actually reduced the poor mater to the verge of tears.

"Were you smoking a cigar with the men?" asked the Chieftainess, as Angela appeared to the rescue.

"Of course," said Angela, calmly. "Mamma dear, are you not well?"

"Not very," sighed the unhappy lady.

"It was that dish of curry," pronounced the amazon. "I never tasted anything so dreadful; I took one morsel and really thought I was poisoned."

"Altogether, cousin, I fear that we have not succeeded in pleasing you, this evening," said Angela, in a tone of delightful indifference.

"Oh, don't—don't, Angy!" whispered Mrs. Fanshawe.

But Angela was not to be checked; the date of her marriage was too close for her to have any fear of her father—the only reason which had for a long time induced her to endure their

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kinswoman's insults—and now she determined boldly to resent them.

"If you mean yourself, miss, let me tell you that you never did succeed in pleasing me," retorted the MacTaggart, sniffing like a war-horse at the prospect of a combat with a more efficient opponent than poor Mrs. Fanshawe.

"Then it is fortunate that, hereafter, we are not likely to meet often," said Angela, with a good-natured laugh, aware that to keep her temper was the most effectual way of infuriating her enemy.

"I suppose you are going over to America to live in a wigwam," sneered MacTaggart.

"Later, we may," replied Angela; "but we mean to try London first, and Lady Howard is to present me at court."

"Well, well—you were very lucky to catch that poor boy," said the Chieftainess. "He's a terrible savage; but that's of no consequence."

"Not the slightest," rejoined Angela; "and I have too many Scotch relations for the fact to frighten me."

"I said you were lucky," snapped the MacTaggart. "Was it hard work?"

"Oh, no; he succumbed very easily and with a good grace," Angela answered, laughing merrily again. "I suppose he reflected that, in this age of railways and telegraphs, he could not escape. Australia—not even India is any protection nowadays."

Mrs. Fanshawe shivered in helpless fright and horror, while the MacTaggart shook with a rage so fierce that her teeth chattered till she could not speak. Neither she nor the mother had any idea that Angela was acquainted with the severest mortification of the Chieftainess's life.

When a young woman, the families had projected a union between her and a distant relative, who, a few weeks previous to the time set for the marriage, absolutely ran away to escape her. She followed down to Rome, whither he was supposed to have gone; but he had hidden himself, as it turned out, in the depths of India. Years elapsed before his kindred discovered his whereabouts, and, as he had already espoused a Begum, there was no chance for the MacTaggart.

As Angela leaned back in her chair, after flinging her awful sarcasm in the face of her foe, to Mrs. Fanshawe's intense relief the gentlemen appeared, though their presence was not required so far as peace was concerned—for once, the MacTaggart was struck dumb. She sat, for a little, glaring and shaking in impotent wrath, then the neuralgic pain from which she had been suffering all day increased to a pitch so agonizing that she was forced to gather herself up and depart.

Two days later, she started for Naples, refusing to see any of the Fanshawes before she left. Angela and her father quarreled over the matter; but, in his heart, the pompous gentleman could not help rejoicing that the audacious young lady had in a measure avenged the general and long-continued family wrongs.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE SWALLOW'S STORY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

It was in an ancient country
  Far away beyond the sea,
And a swallow at my window
  Told the story unto me.
She was but a pretty peasant,
  Fair of face and flaxen-tressed—
He, a young and handsome poet,
  In a suit of velvet dressed.

Tapping with a jeweled finger
  Lightly on the windowsill,
"Everywhere I go," he murmured,
  "Tender glances haunt me still;
Not a lady at the palace
  Has a face so fair as you,
Nor a waist so trim and slender,
  Nor an eye so darkly blue.

What is rank and what are riches?
  Only accidents of birth;
So, you might have been a princess—
  I, a tiller of the earth.
I will make your beauty famous
  In a song all songs above;
You shall know how deep and tender
  Is a poet's deathless love."

But the poet came no longer
  When the snow began to fall,
And they hid the pretty peasant
  And her woe beneath a pall.
Still, the village-maids, in summer,
  Strew her grave with willow-leaves,
And the swallow, still returning,
  Builds beneath the broken eaves.

In the south, among the roses,
  Singing yet a jaunty air,
Now in praise of jetty lashes,
  Now in praise of golden hair,
Now about Louisa's slipper,
  Now about Lenora's glove,
Light of heart the poet wanders—
  Light of heart and light of love.

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MISS DRAYTON'S WHIMS.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

For several days, Madam Flora Braxton had been notifying her husband and his friend, Mr. Francis Ballinger, that she was in daily expectation of a visit from her sister, Miss Helen Drayton. Before making the announcement, however, she had, of course, indited voluminous epistles to the young lady in question, making urgent appeals for a visit from her at that time. In these, she had offered to the wearied belle of the season the inducement that no one should be invited to meet her at Braxton. "Indeed, there would be no one in the house beside herself, Fred, and a Mr. Francis Ballinger," she wrote, "a college-mate of Fred's, just returned from Europe. But the latter was more like a member of the family, and was not to be taken into consideration, as he was known to be but little of a ladies'-man. In truth, it was a generally accepted fact that he placed his divinity in a niche too high for mortal woman to reach. So there would be nothing to interfere with her wished-for quiet and freedom from social restraints at Braxton," etc. Cognizant as she was, however, of Madam Flora's maneuvres, Miss Drayton reached Braxton, having her suspicions.

Francis Ballinger met her at the station, having his suspicions also. Nevertheless, the first view he had of her at the car-door unsettled these for him. She was by no means such a woman as he had expected to see. She was not what one might call either beautiful or imposing. She possessed, it is true, a youthful bloom and freshness, in themselves very striking charms; a clear music in her voice, and a childlike frankness of face and address which might prove captivating. But he had small opportunity for determining that point, as, after her first salutation to himself, she ignored his presence utterly, devoting herself to Madam Flora and to the little Flora, who had accompanied her mamma "to meet auntie," a prime favorite with the little one.

For a while there was silence, as the ponies trotted briskly along the smooth road. Suddenly Miss Drayton said:

"Mr. Ballinger, would you mind risking your life in my hands a few moments? Jack and Gill keep pace so splendidly, and I have not driven them for a year or more. Flora dear, in all New York I have not seen a more beautiful pair of ponies."

In a moment more, she had the silken lines in her hands.

"It gives one a sense of power, to hold the reins with two such spirited creatures well in hand."

As she spoke, she turned her clear full eyes upon Ballinger.

"If only that is required to give one a sense of power, you must have it often, I should suppose," he answered, half smiling.

"Ah," she said, reflectively. "You mean, do you not, that I am a sort of feminine Jehu, given to much driving?"

"To much holding of the reins, perhaps," he replied.

"But mere holding of the reins does not convey a sense of power. Two-in-hand, as I implied, were essential to such felicity."

"Won't one-in-hand at a time do?"

She thought a moment.

"Under certain contingencies—possibly."

"Well," he said, "it is not often that you will have a chance to do more, in that direction, at Braxton."

"A principal attraction of Braxton to me always is the repose it brings," she answered, promptly. "I would certainly deprecate the necessity of exerting myself, while there, to drive any unwilling animal, whether equine or otherwise. But, after all, you mistake me. I have no fancy for coercion."

"But," said Ballinger, smiling, "they say you always have a bundle of oats to be used in an emergency."

She glanced round at him quickly, but vouchsafed no answer, for they were now in front of Braxton House. She only gave him the benefit of an odd little smile, as he handed her from the phaeton, and she turned to receive the eager greeting of her sister's husband.

"What do you think of Francis Ballinger, Helen?" asked Madam Flora, a few nights after the girl's arrival.

The two sisters were together in the dressing-room of Miss Drayton.

"What do I think of Francis Ballinger?" repeated Helen Drayton, as she slowly brushed out the lustrous waves of her hair. "Well, really, Flora, that is a difficult question for one to answer. I don't think I have thought much about him, one way or another."

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Madam Flora made a gesture of impatience. "But what do you think you will think of him?"

"Well," meditatively, "I think, if Mr. Ballinger should ever allow himself to be dazzled, he might mistake a bait of chaff for oats."

"What do you mean, Helen?"

Miss Drayton laughed, but would not explain, and Madam Flora said, protestingly: "You are an enigma, Helen. The sphinx itself was never a more provoking one. I wonder what Francis Ballinger thinks of you?"

"That depends," answered Miss Helen, "I should think, would depend, according to you, upon what he thinks of a riddle—an enigma—a sphinx—or whatever I am."

"I know he does not like a woman with any kind of affectations," said the scheming matron, giving her sister a cue.

"Ah," reflectively, "what affectations, for instance?"

"Why, those of timidity, nervousness; in fact, ultraisms of all sorts."

Miss Drayton laughed. "I wonder what he thought, then, of me last night, when I dodged away from the bat?"

"I do not know," said the little madam, looking vexed; "but I never saw you act so about a bat before, Helen."

"The more facets a diamond has, the brighter it is, and the more it attracts attention. Don't you think so?" asked Miss Drayton, turning about her splendid solitaire, laid upon the dressing-table.

"Off at a tangent again," exclaimed Madam Flora, shrugging her shoulders in despair. "For mercy's sake, Helen, don't put this Francis Ballinger on a scale with your other adorers. He is a man in a thousand. There is no use of your running counter to every prejudice he has."

"The opposite course might be more politic," returned Miss Drayton, as if weighing the matter. "Show me some of the quills of your porcupine, that I may judge how far to go without running against them. What other affectations than those of nervousness must I avoid—those of the toilette?"

Madam Flora held up her hands.

"My dear, Francis Ballinger is the impersonation of fastidiousness on those points. If you want to disgust him utterly, affect any kind of extreme in dress."

"I will certainly remember," returned Miss Drayton, determined to give his fastidiousness a shock. "Do you think he could object to my riding-suit for the partridge-netting to-morrow?"

"How can I tell?" answered her sister. "I have not seen it, you know; but I must say, Helen, you display exquisite taste in dress. Even Francis Ballinger, I think, could never object to anything you would wear."

"But I've never worn that riding-habit," confessed Miss Drayton. "It was a suit ordered from Paris for Newport, but it reached me too late for my purpose. However, I shall wear it to-morrow. But of quill the third? What other affectation is to be guarded against?"

"Oh!" said the young matron, rising to bid good-night. "I fear Fred's friend has not much patience with any of the whims and caprices of a silly woman. But you have genuine good sense, my dear, and you are never affected unless you choose to affect affectation, which I implore you not to do with Mr. Ballinger, Helen. It is the dearest wish of my heart that you two should like of each other."

Miss Drayton lifted her brows expressively: "Ah, well, I supposed as much. Yet, what if he does not think of me at all? Indifference is a surer armor than quills. Don't you think so?"

"Pst! You know your acquaintances of that sex are either enemies or friends. Indifference has no armor which can resist you."

"Thanks. I shall remember, moreover, that a porcupine is not likely to feel indifferent when his quills are touched."

"You are an incorrigible, Helen; but good-night, and do be ready early for the partridge-hunt. My Fred is never as patient as Job on such an occasion."

She flitted away; and, smiling queerly, Miss Drayton proceeded to lay out her costume for the early toilette.

There were several additions to the breakfast-party at Braxton next morning. Two or three ladies and as many gentlemen from the neighborhood were to join the hunt. So, in accordance with the plan of the hospitable hostess at Braxton, they arrived in time for the early breakfast there. Hence these, with their host and hostess and Mr. Francis Ballinger, were assembled at the table when Miss Drayton, habited for the hunt, made her tardy appearance.

"My dear," cried Madam Flora, opening her eyes wide in amazement, "what a gorgeous costume!"

"Why, Helen, I thought a troop of Britishers were coming into the room," vociferated Fred Braxton.

"Miss Drayton is only radiant as Aurora's 'avant courier' should be," ventured a poetical youth who was to be of the party.

Francis Ballinger said nothing. Miss Drayton advanced to her seat at his side, complacently acknowledging the remarks made upon her

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remarkable costume, which was of brilliant scarlet, elaborately gold-laced, and glittering with its display of buttons. The lady-guests, seated opposite her at the table, struggled not to evince surprise. Mistress Flora alone dared to be outspoken in her disapprobation.

"My dear Helen," she protested, "you will certainly frighten off every partridge in the county. They are shy creatures, and they will surely think the sedge-grass is on fire."

The Misses Pinckley were glad of the excuse to smile. Miss Drayton looked from them to her sister, her slow glance returning to take in Francis Ballinger's non-committal face.

"Now, Mr. Ballinger," she said, entreatingly, "is there any accounting for a woman's caprices in taste? Here is Flora, totally disgusted with my Parisian habit, which was originally designed for a rich South American belle, the costumers thinking it perfection for American taste. Is it not wonderful that Flora fails to appreciate it? Don't you think it handsome?"

"The fact that Miss Drayton wears it should silence all cavilers," he returned, with a bow.

She lifted her shoulders with a slight shrug of impatience.

"I dislike evasions, and I can see that you also do not consider my dress in good taste."

"Taste?" petulantly cried Madam Flora. "There is no taste in the thing. It shows an execrable want of taste."

"My dear Flora," mildly returned Miss Drayton, "you have lived so long at Braxton your taste has grown subdued."

A few moments later, a move was made from the table. Helen arose, and, serenely folding the brilliant trail over her arm, left the room with the Misses Pinckley. But, as she went by the breakfast-tray, she gave a sudden exclamation, for Madam Flora had pinched her viciously in passing.

"My dear Flora," she said, pausing, "did you mean that I should make a change in my toilette?"

"You know there is not a second to lose," returned her sister. "But, in the name of conscience," lowering her voice to a whisper, "what did you expect to gain by disgusting Francis Ballinger?"

Helen merely laughed and went on her way. In truth, Francis Ballinger told himself that he was disgusted. All along, he had persuaded himself that he could not see the irresistible charm in Miss Drayton which the rest of his sex were so prompt to acknowledge. She was not his ideal woman. She was whimsical, and her whims governed those about her. This last caprice was unendurable. Heretofore, he had given her credit for unquestionable taste in dress, at least. But that glaring hunting-habit—ugh! It made the cold shivers run through his nerves.

Whilst aiding the Misses Pinckley to their seats in the saddle, he could, from the corner of his eye, catch the gleam of the scarlet figure wherever he turned. Young Pendgrave did not seem averse to accepting the role of cavalier to so much gorgeousness, but he would freely resign the honor. The Misses Pinckley were somewhat of the milk-and-water type of young-ladyhood, but they would not, at least, form the most conspicuous objects in the Braxton landscape.

So he rode beside Miss Anice Pinckley, while young Pendgrave, in the seventh heaven of felicity, basked in the glory of Miss Drayton's presence.

Among the clover-blooms and grasses of the Braxton meads, a noble covey of partridges was soon flushed. Then Miss Drayton ignored the devotion of her cavalier, addressing herself to the fascinating excitement of drumming the game into the nets spread near the forest boundary. She bent forward in her saddle, peering curiously ahead, and catching, now and then, tantalizing glimpses of the moving flock of pretty, speckled, and striped birds warily retreating before the advance of the ceaseless tap-tap on the saddle-flaps and the stir and rustle of the grasses and shamrocks parted by the hoofs of the tightly reined steeds of the hunting-party. Being directly within the range of his vision, Francis Ballinger could but mark the eager expectancy of her face and attitude. How dark, yet how luminous, her eyes were, and the braids of her brown hair were catching every shimmer of sunshine. How faint, too, was the rose-tint of her cheek, in contrast with the rich scarlet and yellow plumes blown against it by the autumn breeze. If her dress was gaudy, it was as undeniably becoming. He had a notion to tell her so, inasmuch as he had shown his disapproval so pointedly. She had not once turned her eyes upon him since they left Braxton. Miss Anice Pinckley presently found herself deserted, and Miss Drayton was made cognizant of Mr. Francis Ballinger's presence at her saddle-bow. He had leaned forward, indeed, to speak to her in the modulated whisper prescribed, when she peremptorily held up her hand to silence him; nor were her eyes for an instant turned from their steadfast gaze in the direction of the covey of game now drawing close to the nets. His gaze followed hers. By and by, one partridge rushed into the snare, and in a twinkling the

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meshes were crowded with a score or more of the pretty struggling creatures. Helen Drayton laughed and clapped her hands, gleeful as a child.

"They have every one been netted—not one has escaped," she cried, excitedly.

Infected by her ardor, Francis Ballinger leaped from his horse and went quickly up to the nets which the master of Braxton had already closed. Miss Drayton rode forward with the balance of the party. She bent down curiously to see what Fred and Mr. Ballinger were after. They were stooping beside the snares, their hands moving rapidly about among the frightened covey. A sudden look of horror shadowed the brightness of her eyes.

"What is it? What are you doing?" she demanded, urging her horse immediately to Francis Ballinger's side.

He looked up surprised.

"We are only crushing the birds' heads," he said, while a soft-plumaged partridge fluttered in his grasp, then dropped from his fingers, giving but a convulsive kick or two.

"Don't! don't!" she ordered, peremptorily.

In a trice, she had slipped from her saddle and had gathered in her arms the end of the net in which the few remaining birds were clustered.

"How dared you?" she cried, facing the two astonished bird-slayers. "It was a cruel, cruel thing to do."

Her brother-in-law raised himself to his feet, staring at her in open-eyed wonder, and gave a prolonged whistle. Francis Ballinger lifted himself also and looked at her, but uttered not a sound.

"Now, Helen," protested Madam Flora, "I call this a mere affectation of sentiment. You did not suppose Fred and Mr. Ballinger expected to eat the partridges alive?"

"No," returned Miss Drayton. "But," with the indignation kindling anew in her eyes, "it was a cruel, a mean, thing to kill them so—the poor little imprisoned terrified things!"

"It was quite equal to the murder of the helpless princes in the Tower—was it not, Miss Drayton?" simpered one of the Misses Pinckley, whilst the other tittered.

Helen Drayton did not look at either of them.

"You shall not kill another one," she said, turning her blazing eyes upon Francis Ballinger, whom she seemed to hold responsible for the wholesale slaughter.

"Well," he responded, gravely, "what disposition will you make of the other birds?"

"This," she impetuously answered, reversing the nets and emptying the whole covey upon the sward.

The live birds fluttered their wings, and, in a twinkling, were whirring beyond reach; the dead ones fell in a heap upon the grass and lay still, the gloss fading from their feathers and the blood-stains splotching their crests. Miss Drayton looked at these for just an instant, then turned and walked quickly away.

As the house and grounds of Braxton were visible at no great distance, Madam Flora would not permit even young Pendgrave to pursue and overtake the gay figure walking briskly across the meadow.

"I do not understand Helen or her freaks, to-day," she said, severely.

"Nor do I," thought Francis Ballinger, feeling subdued. "She looked like a Nemesis, in her red dress, when arraigning me for cruelty. But the elucidation of her whims might be an interesting development."

At their late dinner, the Misses Pinckley and the other guests, with their host and hostess, partook heartily of the daintily-prepared dish of game; but Helen Drayton brusquely refused to be helped, and Francis Ballinger declined too.

Madam Flora hospitably taxed him with his want of appetite.

"No, it is not that," he confessed; "but I have no appetite for these partridges."

"Why do you not like these?" asked Miss Drayton, suddenly looking at him.

"You made me feel too much as if I had murdered the creatures in cold blood."

"I should have accused myself of complicity in your crime, then," she said, still looking at him. "I have an idea that my red dress aided to excite you to the sanguinary deed. I shall never wear the thing again."

"Don't," he pleaded, earnestly; "I hate red."

"Ah," she coolly replied, "I fear your taste must be often offended, then. The Parisian combinations are generally dashed with red in some shade."

And, in the days following, she really seemed determined to convince him of the French ingenuity she had in devising toilettes showing the color he hated. Nor, as her indignant sister thought, did she exhibit even a decent amount of appreciation of Mr. Francis Ballinger's society. She did not actually avoid him, but she did reduce him to the necessity of encountering her as best he might. Messrs. Pendgrave and Mashley engrossed her generally; and, when they were there, he rarely failed to catch glimpses of the bright scarlet ribbons and wraps

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haunting the Braxton demesne. In truth, it may as well be confessed that our hero, forsaking his hypercritical vantage-ground, had concealed himself and his inclinations behind a hypocritical subterfuge. In plain words, he had taken to spying upon Miss Drayton's movements under shelter of his windowshades. A satisfactory confirmation he had had, through this covert watching, of the opinion he had formed of her that day at the partridge-encounter. She was, in reality, tenderhearted to an extreme. Why, he had actually seen her step out of her way into the morning dew to disentangle a fly from a spider's web; at another time, she had set up a Druidical circle of stone pillars about an ant-hill raised directly in the garden-walk. Well, sentiment might do—but it must, at least, be a sentiment with backbone and nerve.

However, of her courage he soon had a test, though it proved to be one by no means satisfactory to his own stoicism or hardihood.

For a day or two, Miss Drayton had failed to make her appearance either on the verandah or in the parlors at Braxton.

"'La petite princesse' had been a victim to a species of St. Anthony's Fire," Madam Mamma had explained; "and, as the child had been excessively irritated by the eruption, she had fretted continually for Aunt Helen to amuse her."

"So it seems that Miss Drayton does not close her heart to the appeal of suffering childhood any more than she does to the death-agony of a bird," said Ballinger, half smiling.

"Oh, Helen is one of the most self-sacrificing mortals in the world," returned Madam Flora, enthusiastically. "And," with a gay little laugh, "'ma petite princesse' declares her voice and hand are more soothing than even her poor little mamma's; consequently Helen is martyrizing herself to the child's caprices, while they both banish me as a nuisance."

"Still, if Miss Drayton houses herself so entirely, these bracing autumn days, you may have two patients, instead of one, on your hands," declared Ballinger, feeling unduly concerned about the cares which, in such an event, might accumulate upon the hands of his pretty hostess. They were soft white hands, graceful and delicately veined—so like Miss Drayton's, he had often remarked.

Meanwhile, Madam Flora was looking duly concerned.

"Helen is confining herself too closely," she said. "I noticed, this morning, how fagged and pale she looked. Hereafter, I mean to insist upon her taking a walk at least once a day."

But, to Ballinger's chagrin, Miss Drayton would not profit by this advice until two days later, when the little invalid was well enough to take a short stroll with her. She had mentioned her intention of taking Flora for a walk, the evening before, at tea; and, from breakfast-time until near noonday, Ballinger had been on the alert at his chamber-window. He was just about to throw down his book in despair when the patter of light feet and the sound of a child's laugh in the grounds below fell upon his hearing. Looking down, he saw Miss Drayton strolling slowly along the walk, holding the little Flora by the hand. His heart gave a sudden bound of pleased recognition, notwithstanding the fact that the graceful figure his eyes rested upon was conspicuously displaying the hated color in a shawl of fleecy scarlet folded about her shoulders. She and the child were chatting and laughing merrily, and Miss Drayton's unveiled face looked as fair as the morning's.

"Let us go out to the pond in the meadow, auntie," he heard Flora say.

The answer was, he conjectured, an acquiescent one, as the pair moved across in the direction of the hedge and the iron gate separating the lawn from the meadow beyond. Seeing the direction they were taking, Mr. Ballinger arose with alacrity and set off in eager pursuit. But, having so much the start of him, Miss Drayton and the child had turned into the meadow before he had more than left the chamber, after changing his smoking-jacket for his coat and hat.

The master of Braxton used the meadow, Helen knew, for the fall pasturage. Hence she was not surprised to see a few somnolent cattle lying under the maples and oaks or lazily browsing in the sunshiny clearings stretching down toward the willow-fringed pond. She was, however, suddenly surprised and horrified to see one of the huge steers lift his shaggy head to glare at herself and the child, with a flame of anger kindling in his eyes.

Alas! for the graceful form enveloped in the fleecy scarlet folds Ballinger had so hated to see. In truth, was she now an unarmed matadore flaunting the infuriating flag in the face of an implacable foe! An instant later, the animal, bellowing with rage, was tossing his pitiless horns and plowing the sod with his cruel hoofs.

Catching the frightened child in her arms, Helen Drayton turned and sped along the path, swift as the wind. The enraged beast plunged after her in hot pursuit. She had a considerable start of him, fortunately; but, light as was the four-year-old Flora, the weight impeded her flight. Yet she slackened not her steps, but

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hastened them, as she glanced back and saw the steer gaining on her. Directly, the breath labored in her breast, and a weakness trembled in her limbs. Nevertheless, the courage of her nature sprang into action, full-armed, as her physical strength yielded to the strain. Passing through the gateway into the meadow, Francis Ballinger saw, in a flash, the horrible strait she was in. Too far from the gate to reach it, she was also too far for him to reach her before the beast would be upon her. Without the child, she might save herself. Yet, a second later, his generous nature recoiled from the gross selfishness of such a desertion, as he saw her dart from the beaten path to drop her half-fainting charge into a clustering mass of clover leaves and blooms.

He could not hear her say, in a voice of encouraging tenderness: "Lie still, my darling, and I will save you yet."

She had time for no more. Maddened by rage and unwieldy from bulk, the beast, which had been so close upon her that she could hear his snorting breath as she diverged from the path, had plunged headlong forward past her. Hence, as she arose from laying the child down, he was looming between her and her only hope of escape—the distant gate. Paying no heed to Ballinger, who was shouting to attract his attention as he rushed to Helen's aid, the vicious creature whirled and plunged again toward the scarlet-wrapped figure.

"It is that hateful red shawl," thought Ballinger, his own stout heart quailing with dread for the beautiful girl. "Take off your shawl," he cried to her as he ran. But Miss Drayton had already remembered the dread decoy in her possession. Doubling and winding in circles about the animal, she had unfastened her wrap, and was now flaunting it in his face, exasperating him to blinded plunges and unavailing detours to make his attack.

"For heaven's sake, throw down your shawl and run for the gate," shouted Ballinger, reaching the outer circle of her flight. "Maybe I can then drive back the beast."

"Save Flora," she answered him, without pausing. "I think I may be able to reach the gate myself."

He knew it was useless to argue with her. He also knew that she would make no effort to save herself until the safety of the child was secured. So he lifted the poor little frightened princess from her imperfect covert among the grasses and bore her swiftly out of danger, depositing her on the sward without the meadow-inclosure. Helen had widened her circle by the time he returned through the gate, and its next turn would bring her almost within his reach. Still, she held to the fatal shawl. But Miss Drayton had calculated her chances well. Every step brought her closer to the open gate, yet a misstep would be her ruin! Nearer and nearer upon her pressed the steaming animal, one thrust of whose short pointed horns would bring a horrible death. How the red tongue lolled from the frothing mouth, while the quick angry bellow sounded upon her hearing like the knell of an awful doom! How the heated breath came in clouds upon the autumn breeze, and the great eyes blazed with fury! One more doubling turn she made, and, as her ungainly foe tripped in his short whirl, she tossed her crocheted shawl in a blinding veil over his shaggy front, and, leaping past Ballinger holding the gate, darted within the Braxton enclosure. She heard the iron gate clang to and its latch fall into place—heard, too, Francis Ballinger's quivering "Thank God!" Then she sank upon the velvety sward, limp, white, trembling in every nerve. She did not lose consciousness, but she felt as if she were dying, so prostrate was she, as she lay still, with closed eyes and totally colorless face.

Evidently, too, she remained either unwilling or unable to unclose her eyes, even several minutes later, though Francis Ballinger was on his knees beside her, chafing her bloodless hands and murmuring to her words of endearment and entreaty.

"Speak to me, Helen. Oh, my darling, I thought you were lost to me forever," she heard him say in low passionate tones.

It was his agitation, doubtless, which changed the tides of life creeping back upon her heart. Under his touch, the pulses vibrated in her finger-tips, and, at his words, a faint color crept into her cheek. She stirred uneasily and tried to rise, but had no strength. He put his arm about her and raised her head to his shoulder.

"Helen," he whispered, pressing his cheek against her brown braids, "will you not confess, dear, that your persistence in wearing red was not a French, but a purely Helenic, combination against my peace of mind?"

She laughed, then shivered, meeting his eyes with a pleading scared glance upward.

"It was at least a whim which might have cost me my life, was it not?" she asked, turning from him to look, for an instant, back at the meadow, where her shawl was being tossed and torn to shreds by the horns of her baffled pursuer. He drew her face back to rest against his shoulder.

"We will not talk of that just yet, dear.

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There is one more whim of yours which will work out a destructive result for me if you do not rectify it now."

"Another whim of mine? What was it?" she asked, puzzled.

"Your whim for netting hearts and freeing partridges," he answered, quietly, as she sat upright and looked inquiringly at him. "Do you not know that you ensnared my heart in the net from which you freed the birds? Were you more merciful to those imprisoned creatures than you intend to be to my heart, Helen?"

She colored, but answered laughingly: "I suspect it may have been that still earlier whim of mine which first ensnared your fancy."

"What was that?"

"Have I exhibited so many as to be called upon to catalogue them?" she asked. "Well, that whim of wearing the brilliant hunting-dress."

He smiled, and, reaching over, took her hand in both of his.

"I must confess that, ever since looking at you in your radiant garb, I have been like the astronomer who, from much gazing at the sun, was blinded to every other object than that fiery orb. Nevertheless, I think my heart was caught in the partridge-net. What will you do with it, Helen?"

"I let the birds go free," she answered.

"Nay, but my heart has no yearning for its freedom. It would prefer to be a prisoner in your hands."

"To be tormented by my whims?"

"It will risk a torment so pleasant. Answer me, Helen."

"Answer you what?" she asked, softly.

"Will you not try to love me a little, dear?"

A prolonged silence.

"What if I do not need to try?"

She eluded his quick motion toward her, rising suddenly to cross over to where "la petite princesse" had been watching, in half-terrified fascination, the antics of their late enemy with the ravelings of the scarlet shawl. Francis Ballinger followed her, and, as she turned back with the child to return to the house, she lifted to him a pair of laughing though abashed eyes.

"It appears that I and my whims have acted as the 'bundle of oats' for you as well as for others," she said, saucily.

"Yes," he answered, "but I do not intend that a bait so tempting shall be always a Tantalus feast for me, as it has been for those others."

So they returned with the little Flora to Braxton, where, after listening to the thrilling adventures of their stroll, Madam Flora possibly found herself at a loss to determine whether to rejoice most over the escape of her sister and child from their horrible danger, or over the result of her diplomacy in bringing Miss Drayton and Mr. Francis Ballinger into such successful propinquity.

ITALIAN LOVE-SONG.

BY GEORGE EDWARD MAVIS.

O LOVE, to me in haste
  Fly, for we soon must part;
Let thy slow step keep pace
  With my wild heart.

O'er the blue dark'ning hills,
  Faithful the fair star fades,
Flickers, and dying, chills;
  Doubts are but shades.

O love—oh mine, my own—
  Sadly I seem to see
Roses in tears, half blown,
  Weeping for thee.

Night seasons come and go,
  Ever the same song sing;
Breezes play light, winds blow:
  Love is still—king.

OVER THE GARDEN-WALL.

BY H. FRITH.

OVER the garden-wall, they met,
Two little ladies—Violet,
  She was the elder; Lily, the less—
  Beaming with youthful happiness.
Two little ladies each other call,
One fine spring morning—
  Over the wall.

Over the garden-wall, they talk—
One on the ladder, one on the walk,
  Each with a Dolly—and, as they stand,
  They pass their "babies" from hand to hand.
Two little Dollies are making a call,
That bright spring morning—
  Over the wall.

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AT THE DORMER-WINDOW.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

KEITH WOLSELEY had earned the right to a short rest from his labors on the bust of an infant Bacchus, and was spending his holiday in the open air. It was early spring, and the day had more warmth and brightness and less of the cold breath from the snowy Tyrol than is usual in the environs of Munich during the first days of May. He had gone to an ideal little public garden within a stone's-throw of the colossal statue of Bavaria, and was listening to the singing of the birds and the children's laughter when there came upon the scene a party of people speaking English, his mother-tongue, which, among his German fellow-students, he now had but rare occasion to use.

That these strangers spoke his language was of minor interest, however. What really absorbed his attention was the extreme beauty of one of their number, a young girl apparently about eighteen or twenty. She was tall and graceful as a lily swaying in the breeze, with a pure, almost colorless complexion, drooping velvety dark eyes with long curved lashes, and a loose knot of silky brown hair peeping forth from a rustic hat adorned with rather shabby corn-flowers. Her companions were an elderly gentleman with a Baedeker under his arm, a sharp-nosed matron with spectacles, and another lady, white-haired and keen-eyed, in a very rich toilet, whom Beauty in the shabby hat seemed to treat with special deference, as if she were a hired companion and the other her mistress—which, indeed, proved to be the fact.

Suddenly, a consequential little man, with a silver band on his hat and the royal arms on his buttons, entered the garden and announced that any persons desiring to ascend the colossal Bavaria statue must follow him. A score of people joined him immediately, and, soon after, Beauty herself—apparently, however, only after much demur on the part of the dowager. The Baedeker-equipped gentleman accompanied her.

A year before, Keith Wolseley had climbed the Bavaria with some college-friends, and had declared it an ordeal that no man in his sane senses would undergo twice. He jumped up at this sight, however, following Beauty and her cavalier, and taking his dripping ill-smelling tallow candle with actual pleasure.

To say that Schwanthaler's masterpiece, the Bavaria, stands sixty-nine feet high, exclusive of her pedestal, gives but little idea of her size. Only when one gazes up from below at her sweet calm face, high above the roof of the Hall of Fame behind her—itself no mean edifice—does one realize that she is indeed a giant. A lion watches at her feet, and she holds high above her head a laurel crown, in which countless birds have made their nests—looking, from the ground, no larger than bees swarming in and out of the bronze leaves.

The guide, opening a door in the pedestal of the monument, disclosed a flight of steps which very soon lost itself in the intense darkness within. At this sight, to Keith Wolseley's secret delight, the hero of the Baedeker declared himself already seized with a vertigo—considering which, he thought it unwise to attempt the ascent. "Would his companion not follow his example," he asked, "and remain outside in the fresh air?"

"Oh, no," cried Beauty. "I would not miss the view for anything. But," in an undertone, "please do not let Lady Carstairs know I went up alone."

Our hero, managing to secure a place in the line directly before her, allowed himself the pleasant reflection that, for the time being, he, as her only countryman among that crowd of strangers, was her rightful protector. Softly and carefully, the procession filed up the sixty-odd feet of winding staircase within the towering statue, sometimes squeezing through suffocatingly narrow turns and emerging into comfortable breathing-places, according as the form of the figure contracted or expanded. The bronze had been absorbing, all day, the rays from the bright sun, and the confined air was hot as a furnace. The rancid smell of the candles, the droning voice of the guide, the steady tramp of feet on the stairs, the occasional rustle of a possible rat or insect, the great heat, and the uncertain light combined to make this a weary pilgrimage; and Wolseley found, to his delight, that his occasional offers of assistance, really necessary, to the pretty young enthusiast behind him, were not unkindly received.

At last, the end of the journey was reached, and, while some sat on a rough bench that followed the outline of the bronze cheeks of the

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statue, others took their turn looking, through the windows in her eyes, at the surrounding country. It was not half so satisfactory a view as one to be had from a pretty wood at the back of the statue; but it was gained by dint of very novel exertion, and therefore people, as is the way of the world, took infinite trouble to obtain it.

No one cared to tarry long in that baking atmosphere, and, after a hasty glance at the distant mountains of the Bavarian Tyrol, mockingly cool in their unchanging garb of snow, the pilgrims began eagerly their descent into the fresh air. Keith Wolseley and his protégée for the moment were the last to follow. The girl had scarcely reached the stairway, however, when she seized her head in both hands, dropped her candle on the floor, heedless of its sudden extinction, and started back with a half-stifled but very agonized cry.

"What has happened? Can I be of any help?" exclaimed Wolseley, really thoroughly alarmed.

"Oh—oh! some hideous creature is clutching my hair: a rat—or a vampire! Please, please take it away!" She stamped both little feet, while her teeth fairly chattered with fright.

In his excitement and anxiety, Wolseley stumbled over a corner of the bench and extinguished his candle in turn. Thus, the two were left in utter darkness. Fortunately, Wolseley found a box of matches in his pocket, and, relighting his candle, discovered a bat struggling and entangled in the fair stranger's loosened hair. It took but a moment now to disengage it.

"Oh, thank you, thank you—so much," said the young girl, with a look that went straight to Keith's heart.

This unpleasant adventure, together with the heat and suffocating odor of the place, had completely unnerved the over-venturesome girl—so that, in going down the steps, she was forced to lean heavily, almost fainting, on Wolseley. But he bore the burden with exemplary patience. Indeed, never before had the sight of daylight or the sound of cheerful human voices seemed hateful to him.

An instant before they emerged into the light, the young lady, aided by the fresh air, gained mastery over her fright and emotion, and said hurriedly to our hero, while she gently put away his supporting arm:

"Thank you again, and a thousand times, for your kindness. I think I would have died of fright in the darkness, without your help. Please do not think me ungrateful if I say nothing of this adventure to my friends." Then, blushing vividly, she flew down the remaining steps and mingled with the other people as if nothing had happened.

Wolseley returned to his studio, high up under the roof of a tall building near the Art Academy; but all zest and pleasure in his holiday had completely departed. In spite of her youth and loveliness, the girl he had helped seemed depressed and was evidently in weary subjection to and fear of that old woman, who perhaps treated her cruelly. Keith stalked angrily up and down his room at the thought. He then laughed at himself for his folly. Why, in all probability, he would never see her again. And would she recognize him, if they did meet? He was afraid not. With a sigh, he unveiled his Bacchus and busied himself in work.

A week later, Keith Wolseley was lounging at his casement, when he noticed that a dormer-window diagonally opposite his, round an angle of the court, had blossomed all about with delicate running flowers, growing in pots on the ledge below and trained around the French casement. He had been accustomed to seeing this window filled with an array of dingy-hued and ill-matched stockings and coarse cotton handkerchiefs hung to dry. He was still wondering at the change, when a young girl dressed simply in white appeared, and, flinging open the window, looked out. Then, after a little, she glanced back over her shoulder, said something, and a cat jumped into her arms. For a moment, he was in doubt; but a second look convinced him that he saw the heroine of the bat. Yes, there she was, with the same pure profile; the fawn-like eyes, with a half-plaintive and half-piquant look in them; and the lips like pink coral. Would she glance over at his window? Would she recognize him, if she did? Fortune or fate solved the problem.

For the young girl, after hugging and stroking the cat to its entire satisfaction and her own, let her pet slide from her arms out upon the sloping tiles. It was a pretty cat, and wore with evident pride a blue silk embroidered collar, which contrasted well with its sleek fur.

Once on the tiles, it wended its way skillfully along the slanting roof, followed by the admiring eyes of its mistress, till it came to the young sculptor's window, where it stopped and peered in curiously. At that instant, Keith's eyes met the gaze of the young girl, and by the warm flush that dyed her cheeks he knew that he had been remembered.

Quick as thought, he seized the rosebud from the wine-glass on his writing-table, and, while

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engaging the cat's attention with a tempting slice of tongue left from his lunch, from which he had just risen, he fastened the fragrant flower in its collar. "Zampa" was the name he saw embroidered on this collar. The cat rubbed himself against Keith's sleeve in token of thanks and picked his way back again to where his young mistress awaited him, the heavy-headed rosebud bobbing under his chin like the huge bell on a Swiss cow. The girl seized cat and rose in her arms and buried her face as before in Zampa's soft fur.

A little later, when he looked again, she appeared at the window for a moment, and wore the rosebud at her bosom. But, after one blushing glance, she retreated, and, though sitting just inside the window, kept her eyes bent provokingly over her work; and, though he wasted a good hour, after this, covertly watching her, she did not approach the window again nor give any sign that she remembered his existence.

The next morning, however, as he was testing the quality of some freshly-arrived clay, Zampa bounced unceremoniously in at the window, and, with a sonorous pur, began rubbing himself against the young student's shoulder.

"Good-morning, old fellow. In search of some breakfast, I suppose," said Keith, rescuing some of his drawing-materials from a too-playful pair of velvety paws. "But what new ornament have you got about your neck?"

A little silk bag hung to Zampa's collar, and within was a scrap of note-paper. Keith unfolded it and read the words:

"Zampa thanks you for the beautiful rose, and hopes you will excuse his mistress's wearing it. Yours ever gratefully, EVELYN FLORESTAN."

Beneath was an amusing little sketch of a horror-stricken maiden, with a monster bat clinging in her disheveled hair.

Lavishing all the milk intended for his coffee upon Zampa, to delay his departure, Keith indited the following missive:

"Since you are kind enough to regard in the light of a favor what was but an act of common politeness, might I ask, as reward, a tiny lock of the hair I was fortunate enough to rescue from the bat's clutches? Yours very sincerely,

"KEITH WOLSELEY."

This, rolled in a hard pellet, was entrusted to the four-footed postman; and Zampa was lifted out upon the roof, with the injunction to betake himself quickly home. Instead, however, of attending to his important duty, the postman began coquetting with the dead leaves and rubbish lying upon the roof, and amusing himself by going as near as possible to the edge without falling off. He then started away in the opposite direction from his mistress's window, to Keith's utter dismay.

"Great heavens!" cried our hero, "my note will fall into the wrong hands—perhaps those of the old dragon, Lady Carstairs!"

Fortunately, a cork, thrown at the cat by the washerwoman's child, sent Zampa home, just as Keith was giving up to despair.

The next day, Zampa brought, in his post-bag, a silky curl of brown hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon, for which Keith bought the most extravagant little leather case he could find in a fashionable shop, that it might rest undisturbed over his heart. But there was no note.

After this, the shopkeeper round the corner began to find the young Englishman suddenly a very profitable customer; for scarcely a day passed without his coming for slices of ham and sausage for Zampa, an outlay which insured regular visits from the letter-carrier. The correspondence, which the cat aided and abetted, had no intrigue about it, nor anything even that could be objected to. It ran on such sentiments as "Don't waste food on Zampa; he is very greedy, and will eat when he is not hungry." "Many thanks for the pink geranium." Or "Who was the gentleman with the bushy hair and turn-up nose in your studio, yesterday?"

For the first time since he had resolved to become a sculptor, Keith found his interest in his art flagging. It was infinitely more pleasure to study the outline and coloring of a delicate face rising above the little hedge of geraniums than to listen to old Professor Brucher droning through his oft-repeated lectures.

Through the ready volubility of the woman who attended to his room, Keith learned with badly-disguised interest many particulars regarding the young girl, as also her name, which was Miss Evelyn Florestan. The garrulous old dame confirmed the story that she was companion to that haughty overbearing Lady Carstairs, who had more money than she could spend in two lifetimes, and yet "who gave to that Fräulein, who was like a lovely young princess," to quote the crone's indignant words, "a shabby little room in the garret, when plenty of apartments, as good as madam's own, were to be hired lower down in the house." The young lady was kept in miserable bondage, allowed no society at all, and was obliged to read aloud whole libraries of dull books. She was not permitted to walk out alone, and, except for a drive every day with Lady Carstairs, she scarcely ever had a breath of fresh air. The old lady had a horror of someone

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falling in love with Fräulein Evelyn and stealing her away. "And well she might," added the dame: "for it would be difficult to replace such an angel of patience and goodness—with such a deft hand at caps, too."

One afternoon, while strolling home through the English garden, and revolving impossible schemes in his brain for ingratiating himself with Lady Carstairs, Keith turned into a zigzag path and came full upon Evelyn Florestan walking alone. It was the first time they had met since the memorable adventure of the Bavaria. The eyes of our hero betrayed the gladness of his heart at this opportune encounter. The young girl met him with the frankness of their native land, and began chatting, in reply to his eager words, with unrestrained cheerfulness.

"It was a very kind fate that brought us together this afternoon," she said, after a while. "I rarely have the chance to go out alone, and I had much to say to you. You must have thought me very imprudent and reckless, to send notes and a lock of my hair, even in fun, to a perfect stranger; but I know you better than you think, Mr. Wolseley."

"Indeed! Whom have I to thank for recommending me to your mercy?"

"Old Frau Müller, the hausmeister's wife, has told me many a tale about your giving money to the cobbler's family down in the court all the time that the father was in the hospital, and that you give English lessons, free of any return, to two poor boys who wish to go to America, and—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, Miss Florestan, but let us talk of something else than my virtues while it is my rare good luck to be walking beside you."

"Very well, then; we will talk about Zampa. I want to thank you in words for all the good things you give him. He was left a legacy to me by the woman who occupied the room before me, which accounts for his familiarity with every tile in the roof. With tearful injunctions to take good care of him, the woman gave him to me, and I find that I have entertained an angel unawares."

"I shall be eternally grateful to Zampa for the part he has played in establishing our acquaintance," said Keith, earnestly.

"That is what I meant in calling Zampa an angel," Evelyn replied, in a low voice.

For an hour, the two wandered on through the winding secluded avenues, happy as the world's first pair of lovers in Paradise. Keith told of his plans and aspirations to win a lasting fame for himself, of his English home blighted by poverty now, but ready to blossom into its former beauty under the influence of the golden wages of his industry.

Evelyn, too, spoke of better days, when she had lived happily at home without a care in the world; but reverses had come, and she had gladly taken her present post of paid companion. "Lady Carstairs is a hard task-mistress," Evelyn continued, "full of caprices and harshly vigilant over my every action, but I feel no bodily need in her service. She had a sad history in her youth. I never knew the particulars, but the man whom she loved deceived her, and she has been very bitter ever since. She hates the sight of all men now, which of course makes her home very dull," Evelyn said, with a pathetic little smile.

"A fellow must be very courageous to present himself before her, I suppose," said Keith.

"Yes, very. I think he would never repeat his visit," sadly. "But the time is slipping away alarmingly. I must be at home before Lady Carstairs returns, or I shall never have a holiday again. She is visiting with an old friend to-day and did not need me."

"When may I hope to see you again?" Keith asked, with rather a hopeless ring in his voice.

"Whenever you like—at the window!" With a laugh and nod, Evelyn disappeared swift as a deer, and Keith was left standing alone.

How he returned home and climbed the many stairs to his studio, he never knew, for heart and brain seemed capable of only one thought, his hopeless but boundless love for Evelyn Florestan.

A week later, Zampa, scenting a second breakfast from afar, sauntered leisurely across the tiles to Mr. Wolseley's window and jumped in, after his usual free-and-easy manner. The object of his visit gained, he made his way out again, carrying in the little silk bag at his neck a note, with the words:

"DEAR MISS FLORESTAN: Have you not one hour of this beautiful afternoon free to spend in the English garden? I would meet you at the same spot, near the three oaks, with the greatest pleasure, if you send a favorable answer to this. Yours ever sincerely,

"KEITH WOLSELEY."

Zampa wended his way directly back to the dormer-window, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and stationed himself on the sill, licking his whiskers and attending generally to his toilet until someone should come to investigate the contents of his post-bag.

Someone came soon, but alas for Evelyn's

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trust in their house-top correspondence being unmolested. It was other hands than hers that pinched the little bag and extracted the folded note with evident astonishment.

Wolseley, busy for a moment over a newspaper from home, would have lost all interest in its contents had he known what was occurring. Evelyn had been sent to the circulating-library for a certain book on Spiritualism, and, in her absence, Lady Carstairs, lured by the report of a stork's nest to be seen on a distant chimney, had mounted the stairs to Evelyn's room—a hitherto unheard-of toil for her ladyship—and it was into her keeping that Zampa innocently delivered Wolseley's note.

Keith watched all that day for some sign from the dormer-window, but no glimpse of Evelyn rewarded him. Toward evening, Zampa returned, if possible, hungrier than usual. He brought an answer with him which Keith tore open eagerly. To his consternation, he read these words in an unfamiliar handwriting:

"Miss Florestan cannot accept Mr. Wolseley's kind invitation, as she is about to start on a long journey. Further communications from Mr. Wolseley will consequently be useless.

"ALICE CARSTAIRS."

Keith was thoroughly alarmed for Evelyn's sake. Lady Carstairs was a woman to make her anger cruelly felt, and the discovery of Evelyn's clandestine correspondence was quite enough to excite it. His first impulse was to seize his hat and fly to the dreaded presence of the old lady, to plead himself guilty in this affair and to screen Evelyn. But his card was returned with an emphatic refusal to see him, from Lady Carstairs.

He next bethought him of the Frau Hausmeister, who would, perhaps, know of Evelyn's movements. From this woman, he learned that an exciting interview had taken place that day between Lady Carstairs and her companion. The old lady's voice had been heard trembling with anger, to which Fräulein Evelyn had replied with pleading tones and sobs. A servant had then been sent up to pack the young lady's clothes, and she had left the house an hour afterward, never to return, the servants said.

"But can no one tell me where she went?" Keith asked, excitedly.

"I am afraid not, Herr Wolseley. The old lady has been grim and silent ever since as a sleepy tiger. No one dares to speak to her of Fräulein Evelyn."

Keith made a second and third effort to have an interview with Lady Carstairs, but all in vain. He then wrote to her, but his letter was returned unopened, and, when she herself took her departure from Munich, leaving no trace of her future movements, he was forced to abandon his quest.

For the first time in his life, Keith Wolseley began to know what real unhappiness was. Day and night, he thought of Evelyn adrift, friendless and suffering, perhaps, and all because of a little deception that was as much his fault as hers. He grew silent and moody, and his friends gradually ceased coming to his room in search of amusement.

"Wolseley is not half the jolly fellow he used to be; he seems to have grown twenty years older," they said among themselves.

After a time, he plunged himself into his work with a vigor that astonished his master and himself; and, as the next spring approached, he sent the model of a statue to the exhibition that created a furore among all artists. His name was on every tongue, and orders for more work began to reach him from all sides. The success he had so ardently wished for was his at last, but the harvest of his labor seemed like Dead-Sea apples in his hands. Evelyn was not there to rejoice with him, and he did not know if she were living or dead.

He wandered away to Switzerland for a brief vacation. He could afford rest now, and he needed it for the coming winter's work. Walking along a quiet road in the Rhone valley one morning, he saw a lady standing, watching the antics of a frisky young goat on the side of the hill rising abruptly from the road.

As Wolseley drew nearer, the lady, who was young and pretty, reached up to gather a flower growing above her head, and put up her large sun-umbrella preparatory to continuing her way. The goat, frightened at the suddenly-raised parasol, sped like an arrow up the mountain-side, dislodging a heavy stone in his flight, which began rolling toward the road with great force.

The lady, ignorant of her danger, stood, quietly arranging her flowers, until Wolseley, darting forward, seized her by the arm and dragged her away from the spot where, an instant later, the stone struck with a loud crash.

"Heavens, what danger I was in!" the lady exclaimed, in French. "You have saved my life, monsieur. Will you not accompany me home, so that my family may unite their thanks with mine? The distance is very short." She was quite unnerved and trembling with fright, and Wolseley gave her his arm to a pretty little cottage round an angle of the road, nestling under the shade of a pine-wood.

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"Children, Evelyn, come! I have a new friend to present to you."

Two lovely little girls answered this call and overwhelmed Wolseley with kisses and caresses upon hearing their mother's story.

"But where is Mademoiselle Evelyn?" the lady asked. "She will be glad to express her thanks, too, but not quite after the manner of you children."

"Mademoiselle Evelyn is in the garden. I will call her," said one of the little girls, darting down the path with flying curls and sash-ribbons.

Evelyn—the name stirred up a thousand tender memories in Keith Wolseley's breast. Could it be that his treasure was hidden here in the Swiss mountains? His heart grew young again at the thought for a moment, and then he reproached himself for a visionary fool, to allow himself to hope so much from the coincidence of a name.

In his reverie, he had cast his eyes on the ground, and, when he raised them, he believed himself suddenly transported into dreamland, and that the beautiful apparition he saw would vanish as soon as he spoke.

Evelyn Florestan stood before him, holding out her hand, with the same lovely smile on her lips as when they had met in the English garden. How strange it all seemed now.

"Welcome to Rosiers, Mr. Wolseley!" she said, with a manner showing the words to be direct messengers from her heart. "You seem ever present to assist ladies in distress."

Madame Gabriel, seeing that her rescuer and Evelyn were old friends, quietly withdrew after ten minutes' chat, taking the children with her. To Wolseley's eager inquiries, Evelyn replied that, after having been angrily dismissed by Lady Carstairs, she had gone in despair to the house of an acquaintance in Munich, who fortunately knew of the post of governess vacant for Madame Gabriel's children. Evelyn had presented herself, her services were accepted, and Madame Gabriel had proved a very kind friend ever since.

"But why did you not send me a word to relieve my suspense about you?" said Wolseley, taking her hand in his.

"I did not think you had so much interest in me," Evelyn answered, in a low voice.

"You must have known that I yearned for news of you, Evelyn." It was the first time that Keith had called her by her Christian name, and that she appeared not to notice this familiarity he took as a good omen.

"Where is our friend Zampa?" Keith asked, in the course of their conversation.

"I left word that the Frau Hausmeister was to take him in trust; but I am afraid the poor fellow is not so well cared for as when he lived on the roof."

Madame Gabriel urged Mr. Wolseley to spend a week at the Rosiers, an invitation which he gladly accepted. The week was extended to a month, at the end of which time a grand fête took place at the cottage in honor of the betrothal of Evelyn Florestan and the celebrated young sculptor, Keith Wolseley.

HER ANSWER.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

THANKS for your offered heart, sir—
  And the fortune. Such golden radiance
  Outvies the glamor of lost romance,
In most of our modern ladies' eyes.
Nor heart nor fortune do I despise—
  Being a woman; for all the things,
  Silken dresses and diamond rings,
  The leisure, the pleasure that money brings,
I love them all—yet hold your price
  So high. Great heavens! could you atone,
Or aught of yours, if I sacrifice
  The love I bear my own?

You did not say it? No, sir;
  Some thoughts are shy of words. No less
  I felt it, knew it—quick at a guess,
You've called me sometimes; and, were you so,
You had guessed my answer a month ago.
  Do you hold my past so 'neath compare
  With the bright future you might share
  That it need not give me a pang to tear
The two asunder—break ties God-given,
  Shake off the old loves, earliest known?
Why, I'd turn my back on the gate of heaven,
  If it shut out my own.

I might have loved you? Yes, sir.
  But love too weak for contest proved
  With pride—the clear-eyed, cold, unmoved.
To thrill at your hand's touch, feel the flame
Leap to my cheeks once when you came,
  Were signs of lover's love, maybe;
  But this other love—it would strengthen me
  To suffer all things. Fearlessly,
I could face all perils, though weak; I might
  Dare hunger, sickness, watch alone
All night by graves, with a tigress fight,
  If 'twere to help my own.

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THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 377.

CHAPTER VI.

"WELL, Dick, this is a mutual surprise," he exclaimed. "I didn't expect to find you here; but you're just the fellow I want to see."

Dick Graham, the newcomer, was well known about town as a rather fast young man, and he approached nearer to being an intimate friend of Elliott's than any of his other acquaintances. He had hosts of friends, this young scapegrace, for he had such bright good-natured ways and pleasant manners that no one could resist his advances.

He was an unscrupulous fellow, however, in spite of his pleasant ways, and had a better eye to his own interest in choosing his friends than anyone would have thought from his apparent frankness and candor.

He had not been particularly attracted toward Elliott for his own sake; but then, as he argued with himself: "He's a deep fellow, and is playing his cards well. He'll come into all that pile of money somehow, by hook or by crook, and then he'll be a royal friend to have. I'll make up to him now—in a disinterested way, of course—and then I'll have the inside track afterward."

Accordingly, he had "made up" to Elliott, as he expressed it, very successfully; for, though Elliott rather held aloof from all others, it never occurred to him to credit Dick Graham with the far-seeing motives which he really possessed, and he believed his attachment genuine, and in some measure returned it.

He decided to consult Dick Graham now as to his course of action. He intended to behave honorably toward this beautiful helpless girl whom fate had thrown so strangely on his protection; but he would not imperil his chances with Mr. Egerton by doing it openly.

"I'm glad to see you, Dick," he exclaimed; "for the fact is, I'd like a little of your advice just now. I'm in a scrape, and I want to know the best way of getting out of it."

Dick's face brightened. This was the opportunity he had been longing for. He had often wished for a chance to put Elliott under obligations to him—obligations that he would take good care should later be repaid.

"My dear fellow, I'm perfectly delighted," he cried, cordially linking his arm in Elliott's, and, drawing him aside, listened while John explained the dilemma he was in. He told Dick of his meeting with Doris, that summer; of his love for her, which as yet he had had no opportunity to declare, though he felt sure that it was returned; of her lonely, penniless, and friendless condition; and of his desire to prove his affection by aiding her.

"Well, if you love the young lady and she loves you, I should think the best thing would be to marry her at once: then you will have a right to take care of her," suggested Dick.

"That is what I would like to do," answered Elliott; "but—" and he hesitated. "Well, I may as well tell you: Mr. Egerton has always been much opposed to my marrying, and I am afraid he might find it out in some way. It wouldn't be very prudent for me to offend him just now—it might make a great difference in my prospects."

"I certainly wouldn't do anything to cross him now, after all these years," responded Dick. "I don't believe the old fellow can hold out much longer. Can't you find a suitable home for her until you are able to marry?"

Elliott shook his head.

"You don't know her. She'd never accept money from me."

Dick was silent for a moment, then he exclaimed:

"I have it! Just the ticket, and no mistake. I have an uncle—a wicked old scamp he is, too—but he looks like an arch-deacon or a bishop. He shall personate a minister, and shall marry you to her—this evening, if she is willing. That is, she shall think you have married her; and then you can make it all right by another marriage, if you want to, after Mr. Egerton's death.

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Yet you can swear to the old man that you are not married—and can prove it, too, if he's suspicious—so you'll be all right with him."

Elliott started. The idea of deceiving Doris in any way had never entered his mind. He was silent for a few moments. The plan was infamous. Yet what other could be pursued? He must do something, and that at once, for Doris was homeless.

"It's none of my business, of course," said Dick, observing his hesitation; "but I would hate to see you have a falling-out with Mr. Egerton; and, when there is something that you wish a person not to know, he is always sure to discover it. You mean honorably by the young lady. And what difference will it make whether you have a real minister perform the ceremony or not? You can set it right afterward."

As Elliott listened to this and other such specious arguments, he found himself yielding Men did such things every day, he argued to himself. As Dick said, he could make it all right afterward: and of course he would. It seemed a diabolical thing to do, and yet it was the safest plan: for it involved no risk of exciting Mr. Egerton's displeasure. A more honorable man would have shrunk, at once and forever, from such a deed. But John's principle was always subservient to his inclination.

"Well, I suppose it's really the best plan," he admitted, finally. "But it is too late, to-night—isn't it?"

"Not at all," Dick replied, promptly, consulting his watch. "It is just eight. You had better have your supper now, and I will go and make all necessary arrangements and return in an hour."

"Very well," said Elliott, and went slowly upstairs.

Meantime, Doris had been waiting anxiously, wondering at his long delay. She smiled at him as he entered. For a moment, his eyes fell before her glance. "If she only knew what a cruel wrong I mean to do her," he thought, "she would shrink away, instead of smiling at me." It embarrassed him, too, to feel that his wooing must be so precipitate and hurried. He was at a loss how to begin.

Doris looked so fair and childlike, as she sat there in her sombre dress, that all the love in his heart seemed roused to new life. He felt momentarily inclined to put from him the plan he had agreed to and honorably to win and wed her. She would make a wife of whom any man might be proud; and, even if he lost the inheritance which he had been scheming for, her affection would more than recompense him.

Yet he half feared to speak of love, lest she should think he was taking advantage of her lonely condition. But he had one powerful ally to help his pleading, and that was the love she bore him. At last, he mustered courage to speak. With blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, she listened to his avowal; and he needed no answer more than the mute but eloquent look which lighted her face.

"If you love me, darling, then why need we delay our marriage?" he said. "Give me the right to protect and shield you. There is no one to consult. This accidental meeting is as if fate intended we should be one at once. We need not wait to make elaborate preparations. Let us be quietly married here, this evening, and then nothing can ever separate us."

Doris started. Not unnaturally, she shrank from such a hasty step, and it required a strong entreaty on her lover's part to induce her to yield to his wishes; her consciousness that she was homeless was the argument that finally prevailed with herself. At last, she consented.

"You must know best," she said, with childlike trust, when he assured her that it was for their mutual happiness and welfare that there should be no delay.

But she was so exhausted from the strain upon her nerves as well as from physical weariness, that, though faint from hunger, she could scarcely taste the inviting supper. The cup of coffee, however, which she forced herself to drink, brought a little color to her pale cheeks and gave her strength.

CHAPTER VII.

In a short time, Dick returned, bringing with him a clerical-looking individual, apparently aged and infirm, followed by a hackman.

Seeing the look of surprise and annoyance on Elliott's face at the appearance of this person, Dick whispered:

"That's all right, my dear fellow. We must have two witnesses, you know; and I thought it would prevent any suspicion of its not being genuine to have that part of it all square. Now, are we ready? I got you a ring, for I knew you hadn't one about you."

The little party were ushered into the parlor and, in a moment more, Elliott and Doris were standing before the minister, who had hastily arrayed himself in a surplice, which he had brought with him.

"Until death do you part." Doris heard the words, as if in a dream. Had she really united her life, wholly and irrevocably, to the man who stood beside her? Could her father see her?

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And would he think she was doing right? He had always liked Elliott, and had often spoken highly in his praise. But would he have approved of this hasty marriage? Yet what else could she have done? Alone and friendless, with no one to advise her, was she not right in yielding to Elliott's solicitations?

A great wave of longing—to see her father again, to lean upon his tried and trusted love—rushed over her, and a mist of tears obscured her vision. Had he forgotten her? Was he so happy, in that mysterious land beyond the grave, that he had no thought of care, no anxiety, for the path her feet were treading here below?

She was still bewildered, as in a dream, when the minister closed his book and took her hand, with a few grave words of congratulation. Then Elliott stooped over her and imprinted on her lips his first kiss.

"And now," said Dick, "all that remains to do is the subscribing of our signatures. John—you first." And he thrust a pen into his friend's nerveless hand, and, bending over him as he sat down, murmured softly: "This is for the hackman's benefit, you know; the fellow's keen enough to notice if everything isn't regular. It don't amount to anything. I will give you the paper to tear up afterward. Now, Mrs. Elliott—if you please."

Doris, blushing shyly to hear her new title, took the pen and inscribed her name. Then Dick wrote his, in a bold dashing hand, followed by the hackman, with much painful laboring in his sprawling characters.

It was all over, at last. Dick escorted the minister downstairs, and then the little bridal party entered the hack and drove to the lodgings which Dick had engaged. They were in a quiet pleasant street, though not a fashionable one. There Dick left Elliott and Doris, who were ushered into a large well-furnished room. To weary and exhausted Doris, it looked very inviting. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, for the evenings were growing chilly, and a comfortable easy-chair was drawn up before the fire.

"Now, my darling, I must leave you," said Elliott, after he had seen that everything was provided for her comfort. "It is hard to have to do it so soon, but Mr. Egerton will be wondering already at my long absence. I only went out for a constitutional of an hour, and it has been several hours, as you know. I will come to-morrow, and you must not be lonely until then. Good-night, dear wife," and he held her to him in a close embrace, with something of real unselfish love.

His wife! What a strange unfamiliar sound the word had. Doris repeated it to herself as she heard his footsteps descending the stairs.

Elliott contrived to give to Mr. Egerton an explanation of his tardiness that had to be taken as satisfactory. But the old man was evidently angry and suspicious, and Elliott resolved this should be the last time that he permitted anything to interfere with his duties as nurse.

It was some time before Elliott found leisure to review the events of the evening, and then he congratulated himself on having followed Dick's advice. He loved Doris. He had thrilled with delight when he had first felt the touch of her soft lips, and knew that his love was returned. He looked forward impatiently to the time which should end their separation. His present fetters were galling beyond endurance. It seemed as if he could scarcely wait for the old man's death to give him wealth and freedom. He even persuaded himself that it was partly for Doris's sake that he must still scheme and plot to gain possession of the fortune which should enable him to gratify her every whim.

"I consider myself bound to her as sacredly as I could be by any tie," he said to himself. "I may not be a good man, but I would be worse than a fiend if I deceived that innocent trusting girl. I hated to go through that mock ceremony, but it was the only thing to do, for I could not risk losing the fortune I have spent my life to win. Dear little girl—I am impatient to see her again. I owe Dick Graham a good turn for this kindness to-night, and I must not forget it."

In the meantime, Dick Graham was congratulating himself upon the part he had taken in the evening's work.

"I did a good thing for myself," he soliloquized, "and I will reap my reward when John gets the money he's working for. I think I shall be able to make him shell out whenever I'm hard up. That's a pretty little creature that he found down in the country. I wonder whether he'll get tired of her before he is free to do as he likes about marrying. Well, time will tell."

Doris soon retired and speedily fell into a heavy dreamless slumber. She wakened, the next morning, refreshed and invigorated: though, when she first opened her eyes, she looked about her in surprise. "Where was she?" she thought. Then her glance rested on the shining band of gold encircling her slender finger, and she remembered everything.

She was married! But what a different wedding it had been from the ceremony she had sometimes pictured to herself, when the little procession would move up the flower-strewn aisle of

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the pretty village-church, the bride, robed in white, leaning upon her father's arm, smiles and tears alike greeting the day.

How different the hurried service of the previous evening, with no time for thought or preparation, with no loving hands to array her, no friends to bid her God-speed upon her new life.

She reproached herself presently for caring about these details, and thought of the love which had prompted her husband to insist on so hasty a ceremony, that he might care for her the better in her loneliness.

She had barely finished her breakfast when Elliott made his appearance. She felt happier than she had since her father's death, as she met her husband's glad looks. The few hours of his visit were happy ones to both, and it was with great reluctance that John forced himself, at last, toward noon, to leave her, and returned to Mr. Egerton.

One consolation he had, in his selfish soul. He knew that his time of probation was rapidly being shortened. Mr. Egerton was surely dying. His own eyes had been opened to that fact, and life was a continual struggle with him now. His resentment against his son gradually melted away, with eternity so near, and he longed for a reconciliation with all the strength of his lonely old heart. John Elliott was fully aware of this desire, and he made it now his chief business in life to see that the father should not yield to it. He did not say much. He did not even venture on any remark that might be interpreted as being derogatory to the absent son. He was too politic to run any risk of that kind. But, in a thousand and one little ways, he tried patiently to take a son's place; and sometimes he fancied that he had succeeded.

He felt very sure, in these days, that success was about to crown his patient life-long labor, for he had caught half-whispered sayings that had made his heart beat high with hope.

"It is bitterly hard," the sick man moaned once, when he did not know that John was in the room. "It is bitterly hard to leave this goodly heritage away from my own flesh and blood to a stranger; but there is no help for it: I have sworn I will not forgive him, and I will keep my word."

No thought of pity for the dying man's longing to see his son, no thought of pity for the man whom he was trying to rob of his inheritance, ever entered John Elliott's heart. He began, on the contrary, to feel that the fortune rightfully belonged to him—that he had fairly earned it by his long service.

But a little time before, Harold had made another attempt at reconciliation. He thought that, perhaps, after years of estrangement, his father would be glad to welcome him back. So he wrote, telling him of his loneliness, for he had buried his wife and child, and asked that he might return and take a son's place again to love and care for his father in his old age and illness.

It was with no thought of the wealth that his father had it in his power to leave that Harold sought this reconciliation, for it had never occurred to him that his father would carry out his angry threats of bequeathing it to a stranger. Elliott took good care, however, that this letter should not reach Mr. Egerton's eyes. So, while the old man was pining for his son, he was kept ignorant of the fact that the latter was waiting for some word of welcome that should bring him back to his old place in his father's arms and heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WEEK passed. Doris was beginning to be somewhat reconciled to her new and lonely life, brightened only by the brief daily visits of her husband.

On the day after their wedding, Elliott had made a most singular request, and one that puzzled her not a little. He asked her not to allude to their marriage in any of her letters to old Elspie or other friends, and not to mention his name to anyone, no matter in what circumstances she might be placed.

"I want to prove your love," he said. "Will you grant me an apparently unreasonable favor?"

"Anything in the world," she answered.

"Will you promise me that you will not mention my name to anyone, nor tell anyone where I live?"

"What a singular request!" said Doris, looking at him in innocent wonder.

"But promise, if you love me," persisted Elliott, earnestly. "Do not tell anyone of my name or address. I cannot fully explain to you how necessary it is that Mr. Egerton should know nothing of my marriage. You must trust me and believe that I have a good reason for asking you this favor."

"I promise," she said. But still there was a look of puzzled inquiry in her blue eyes.

"Thank you, my darling," answered Elliott. "It will not be long now before there will be no further occasion for secrecy. We can be patient for a little while, since we have a life of happiness to look forward to."

All anxiety was removed by her pledge, for surely now there would be no way in which any knowledge of Doris could ever reach Mr. Egerton.

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After her experience with the ruffian who had robbed her on the first night of her arrival in the city, Doris had shrunk from going out again alone. But, one afternoon, the sunshine was so bright that it tempted her to venture a short walk.

The confinement and solitude, to both of which she was so unaccustomed, began to tell upon her strength and health; and sometimes a feeling of homesickness and longing to see the dear familiar scenes and faces of her girlhood's home made her present life seem almost unendurable. But the thought that, if she lived in this way under a shadow of secrecy, it was to please her husband, helped her to endure it.

The fresh air brought a tinge of color to the face, which looked the fairer by contrast with the crape veil. She walked until she began to grow weary. Then she turned to retrace her steps homeward. She was crossing one of the busiest and most crowded avenues, when a pair of runaway horses dashed down the street.

Instantly there was a scene of confusion. All other vehicles made haste to get out of the way, and pedestrians darted to places of safety. Doris saw the horses coming, just as she was in the middle of the street, and, trembling with fright, she hastened toward the sidewalk, her eyes so intently watching the danger she feared that she did not see a wagon which was coming in the opposite direction. All unused as she was to city sights and sounds, it was not strange that she became completely confused in her terror. The driver shouted to her and tried to check his horses. But it was too late. The pole of the wagon struck her and she fell beneath the horses' feet.

A crowd gathered about the insensible figure, and pitying hands carried her into a neighboring apothecary's shop, where the usual remedies were employed to restore her to consciousness, and a temporary bandage was applied to a cut on her head.

A vain search was made for her name and address, but there was no way in which they could ascertain her residence; so it was decided, finally, that the best plan would be to send her to a hospital. Doubtless anxious friends would soon make inquiry there for her, if she were not able to tell her name.

Her beauty and youth won her kinder attention at the hospital than is usually bestowed upon the unknown cases that are brought in, and a mother's hands could scarcely have been more tender than those which undressed the unconscious girl and laid her in a snowy cot.

"Somebody's heart will be breaking about her before morning," said one of the nurses, pointing significantly to the band of bright gold upon her finger.

"She is young to be married. I expect she is a bride," answered another, pushing back the stained and tangled curls that fell over the low white brow. "Probably she will be better in the morning, and we can send for her relations."

But, when morning came, Doris was tossing to and fro in delirium, and the nurses could gain no information from her troubled cries.

She lay thus for days, shorn of the sunny glory of her hair, and thin and wasted from the fever.

Her first thought, when she came back to consciousness, was of her husband, and she wondered whether he knew anything of her accident or whether her sudden disappearance had been incomprehensible to him.

She was about to beckon a nurse to her side and ask her to send a messenger for him, when she remembered the promise he had exacted from her. Perhaps she ought not to send, yet how else could she let him know of her condition?

"How long have I been here?" she asked, as the nurse came to the side of her bed, with some nourishment.

"Three weeks," answered the woman.

"So long?" exclaimed Doris, in troubled surprise. "Has anyone been here to see me?"

"Yes; a gentleman was here yesterday, but he wouldn't leave his name. He said you were so changed he wouldn't have believed it was you."

"What sort of looking man?" queried Doris, eagerly; and, as she listened to the nurse's description, she recognized her husband.

Then he knew she was here, and doubtless he would come again to-day to see her. So all day long she watched and waited for him, her heart beating faster every time the door opened.

Toward evening, she had fallen into a light slumber, when the nurse gently roused her, saying:

"Here is a friend to see you."

She never doubted for a moment that it was her husband, until she lifted her eyes and saw Dick Graham beside her. Her heart sank with bitter disappointment; but she remembered that he was a friend at all events, and perhaps he had brought her a message from her husband. So she greeted him with a smile of welcome.

He was shocked at the change which illness and suffering had made in her, and there was unmistakable sympathy in his voice and manner.

"Your husband sent a message by me," he

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said, gently. "He bade me tell you that he could not leave Mr. Egerton just now; for the old gentleman is much worse than usual, and demands all his care and attention. He sends you his love, and hopes you will soon get well."

"Has he not been here? Does he not know how ill I have been?" she asked, a spot of crimson staining either pale cheek.

"Yes; he was here yesterday," answered Dick; "and he knows how ill you are. He longs to see you; but he is sure you will think with him, that it would not be prudent to risk his chances with Mr. Egerton by neglecting him, now that he is probably dying."

Doris had always before been the object of such loving solicitude, that, for a moment, she could scarcely understand the purport of this message. When she realized that her husband was willing to leave her to the care of strangers, that he might give the attention which belonged to her to an old man whose money he wished to inherit, her pride rose in arms.

"Surely, he cannot love me," she said to herself, "or he would be at my side even now. If he were suffering, how quickly I would have given up all else to nurse him."

"He may not be able to come for some time," went on Dick, noting how the message had pained and hurt her, and wishing that Elliott had dispatched some other than himself on this ungracious errand. "And, if there is anything you want, he desires that you will tell me, instead of sending for him. Do you know where he lives?"

"No," confessed Doris, realizing for the first time that she would not have known where to send for her husband, even if she had desired to do so.

"Then I will leave you my address; and, if you will send me a note at any time—"

"You need not leave it," interrupted Doris; "I shall wait until my husband comes himself to see me." For her pride was now fully aroused.

Was this the man who, but one short month ago, had taken upon himself a vow to love, honor, and cherish her, and yet left her now to hired strangers, for fear he would lose Mr. Egerton's money? Oh, if she could but have her father's protecting arm about her once more or lay her aching head on loving Elspie's bosom. Dick saw how she felt, and tried to think of something to say to make Elliott's conduct seem less heartless and mercenary. His sympathy and pity for the girl were great, notwithstanding he had helped to deceive her so cruelly, and he would have been glad to offer comfort if he had known how.

"If I'd seen the girl, I'd never have suggested the plan I did to Elliott," he said to himself, as he was leaving the hospital. "She's too good and innocent and sweet to play fast and loose with, as Elliott seems willing to do. I wouldn't give sixpence for his affection for anything or anybody in the world except for Mr. Egerton's money-bags! I believe he would sell his soul to get them into his possession, if every other way failed."

Doris lay quietly on her pillow, meantime, her eyes closed as if in slumber. She did not care now whether she ever regained strength and health. Ah, if she could only die! Death appeared a haven of rest, now that the love which soothed her bereavement had turned to Dead-Sea fruit in her grasp.

Life could offer nothing. She felt that she could never forgive her husband for his heartless neglect at the time when she most needed his affection. He had promised to care for her in sickness and in health; but he had broken his solemn vow. The fabric of her happiness, all her hopes, all her illusions, were shattered. Oh, if she could only die!

When the doctor stopped, in his evening round, an hour later, he found her burning with fever and muttering in disconnected sentences something about "father" and "Elspie." But not even in her delirium did she mention the name of the man whom she had so resolutely resolved to forget.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTMAS-EVE came, a clear frosty night, with the stars shining as calmly down on the throng which crowded the brilliantly-lighted streets, as they shone hundreds of years ago on the shepherds keeping their watch on the Judean plains. The noise and bustle of the city seemed to pause at the door of Mr. Egerton's house and pass by; for no sound reached the upper room, which was so strangely and solemnly silent.

In this room, Mr. Egerton lay dying.

The firelight threw fitful flickering shadows across the picture-hung walls and luxurious furniture and dimly lighted the countenances of the sufferer and his companion.

The two faces presented a striking contrast. One was full of life and youth, flushed with vitality; the other was old and wan, every feature pinched and drawn.

"Has he not come yet? Must I die without seeing him? I am going fast—fast," muttered the sick man, the words ending in a weary moan. "Give me my cordial; it may restore my strength for awhile."

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He drained the glass which Elliott brought, then sank back exhausted even by this slight effort.

Another hour passed. The life-current had run so sluggishly, that, once or twice, Elliott thought it had ceased its flow. Suddenly, the old man opened his eyes, now burning with an unnatural light.

"Death is here," he whispered; "I feel it. I must go, and my boy has not come. It is hard—hard! You told him I was dying?" he added, eagerly, looking at Elliott. "You bade him hasten?"

Elliott made a gesture of assent.

"Then he will come. I am sure of that. But it will be too late. I have something to do before I go."

He paused a moment for breath.

"Swear to me that you will keep the trust of a dying man."

"I swear it," was the solemn answer.

"You know that I made a will, leaving my fortune to you. You have been faithful to me and my interests for years, and I wanted to shut my son entirely out of my heart and life, so I left his inheritance away from him. On the day when he took that low-born adventuress for his wife—when he brought that disgrace upon the name of Egerton—I vowed that he should be my son no longer. And I have kept my vow for years. But now, as I face the shadow of death, I forgive him. He was wrong, but I was over-harsh. I sent for him, that I might give him my dying blessing. But he will be too late—too late."

There was silence again for a time.

"Even now I hear the rush of the dark river," Mr. Egerton cried, rousing from a half-stupor. "I must hasten. Elliott, you are too honest to wish me to be unjust to my boy. I made another will, last week, in favor of my son. But I have not forgotten you."

Elliott's face grew dark with anger and disappointment. But no word betrayed his feelings.

"You will still be a rich man," went on the sufferer, speaking with increasing difficulty. "But my son will receive his own. It would not be right for the Egerton fortune to pass into a stranger's hands. Now, I want to see you destroy the old will before I go. Open my desk."

Elliott obeyed. What else could he do? But it was in sullen silence.

"Open the right-hand drawer."

But the drawer resisted Elliott's effort. It was locked.

"Look for the key," panted the old man, straining his fast-failing sight to watch the movements of his attendant.

"In that lower drawer, you will find a bunch of keys on a ring. There, you have them. That little one will unlock the drawer. So—that is it. Give me that large yellow envelope. Ah! here it is," and he clutched at it eagerly. "Now look for the other one. It is in the same drawer," and he extended his trembling hand for it. "Make haste. I must see this destroyed before I go. You must burn this one," he went on. "Then, when my boy comes, he will know I remembered him at the last."

His voice failed, and, closing his eyes, he was silent for a few instants.

"Give me my cordial," he murmured, directly. As the glass was placed to his lips, he drained it eagerly.

"Now burn this will—burn it," he cried, querulously, holding the paper toward his attendant.

A fierce light gleamed in Elliott's eyes. This old man was feeble and helpless. Why should he even feign to obey him?

"Burn that will!"

He did not move. What! by his own act, forfeit his right to the princely fortune for which he had plotted for years? Never! Sooner would he stain his hands, if need were, with the blood of the helpless man before him.

"I will not," he hissed, defiantly, as the sufferer fretfully reiterated his command.

"You will not? Do you dare defy me?"

Dying though the old man was, the Egerton pride sprang to life.

"Obey me! Burn this will!"

There was a ring of command in the feeble tones, but John Elliott heeded it not. He drew both wills from the trembling hands, in spite of the resistance which the dying man offered.

"The fortune is mine—mine," he cried, defiantly, "and now you cannot take it from me. You are too late!"

"Too late!" The listener echoed the fatal words with a despairing wail. Then he rallied. He half rose in his bed with a last effort of strength.

"May the curse of a dying man blight your life," he shrieked. "May you be repaid a thousand-fold for this treachery!"

CHAPTER X.

A LOUD peal at the door-bell below startled them both.

"My boy at last!" cried the old man, a gleam of exultation on his dying face.

"Curse him, how came he here?" muttered

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John Elliott, and, springing to the door, he locked and bolted it as he heard a step ascending the stairs.

Then he thrust both wills into his pocket and replaced the drawer in the desk.

"Open the door," gasped the old man.

But Elliott did not move.

On the contrary, he smiled with cynical triumph in the speaker's face, for he saw that death's hand was on his victim.

"Open the door," commanded a voice from outside.

But still Elliott did not obey.

The old man's strength was fast ebbing. The ashen lips moved, but no sound was heard. He made a futile imperious gesture, but there was no relenting in the hard cruel face that bent above him.

"Open the door, or I will break it in," commanded the voice outside.

"Your father's blood be on your head, if you do," answered Elliott. "He forbids me to open it."

With a last despairing effort, the dying man summoned all his strength to deny this falsehood; but no words came. There was a gurgle in the throat—the eyes grew fixed and glassy—he fell back dead.

There was a heavy blow which shook the door, a crash, and Harold Egerton rushed into the room.

"See your work!" cried Elliott, pointing to the prostrate form.

But his words fell unheeded. A wail of anguish broke from the son, as he bent over the motionless form.

"Father! oh, father!" he moaned. "Speak! Say that you forgive me!"

But no answer came.

Elliott hurried out of the chamber, and Harold Egerton was alone with his dead. Going upstairs to his own bed-room, Elliott stood a moment there, uncertain.

"I must destroy the will," he said, "or hide it where it can't be found. The last is the best. If I tear it up or burn it at this candle, the pieces or the ashes might betray me. No—I will hide it where it will never be found. Nobody will ever be the wiser for its existence. The property is mine by right, anyway. Haven't I been a hundred times as patient and faithful as a son could be? Haven't I humored all his whims and queer notions just for this? He left it to me once. It was only when he was at death's door and his mind leaving him that he changed his intention. He was then only half sane. Yes, he had sunk into idiocy. What was the matter with me, that I could not burn it? But I must hide it. Yet where?"

After long consideration, he finally decided to put it between the leaves of a large volume that stood on the top shelf of a small bookcase.

"I can leave it there safely—for a little while, at least," he said. "If I don't hide it at once, somebody may come and find me with it. Then, sometime to-morrow, I must manage to replace the will in my favor in the desk, where it can be easily found when they search for it."

He threw himself on the bed, to rest after his long vigil.

Two hours passed, and he awoke from his troubled sleep unrefreshed and more weary than when he had first sought repose.

The next two days seemed interminable. He had found a chance to replace one will, unobserved, in the secretary. The other he took out from the book, where he had left it temporarily, and carried it about his person as the safest place.

Meanwhile, he remained in his room as much as possible till the funeral, not desiring to encounter Harold Egerton again.

He knew that the reading of the will would be the critical moment for him. For that event, he would need all his self-possession. So, when he returned to the house, after the funeral, and followed the lawyer into the library, he made a vigorous effort to appear calm.

"If I betray myself now, all will be lost," he muttered.

The few who were interested in the reading of the will soon gathered around the old lawyer, who, with an air of dignified importance, had seated himself at a table. Now, unfolding the document which he had found in the secretary where Elliott had replaced it, he began to read it aloud.

After the usual preliminary legal phraseology had been completed, came the words for which all had been waiting.

"I do hereby devise," read the lawyer, "and bequeath to John Elliott, who has for years been to me all that a faithful loving son could be—" Then followed an enumeration of the personal and real estate of the testator.

Not a muscle of John Elliott's face quivered. Not a tremor betrayed his secret agitation, as all eyes were turned upon him. The die had been cast.

Silence followed. Then, as the lawyer was about to speak, the minister who had conducted the funeral sprang to his feet, and, with suppressed excitement, exclaimed: "Hold!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HER DEAD FACE.

BY ELIZABETH IRONS FOLSOM.

FOUND dead, you say? Drowned?

Tangled in the lily-stems and held down by their slimy clasp? Very mysterious and sad, is it?

There is no one to claim her, you tell me—no one who knows that fair dead face? Oh, yes; I know her!

You stare at me. Is there anything so strange in the fact of my recognizing her? Why, I have kissed those cold lips when they were throbbing with life and when they clung to mine even as mine did to them. You look at me in wonder and you shrink away from me. You think me mad. No, I hate her—that is all.

"Hate her!" I could say it over and over, to every rhyme and measure, and still you would not understand how much I hate her!

She is very beautiful? Yes, even now, with her hair dank from the slime of the water-grasses and all the color drowned from her cheeks and lips, she is lovely. That clinging wet hair was like the sunshine when I saw it last—like heavy coils of yellow gold. So heavy—just lift that coil that falls there to the right, and see. You won't? You cannot? I assure you that, if she could know, she would be only glad that you should see and like her golden tresses! But she cannot know. If those eyes could unclose and those lips move, I'd say to you to fly—fast and furiously—nor stop nor slacken speed so long as you had strength to move! But you are safe. Death has stolen from her all her weapons, so you are safe.

She broke my heart long years ago. "Is that all?" you ask. All? Well, perhaps not quite. You may judge for yourself. I've half a mind to tell you something of what came to me through the loveliness that lies between us. You are a stranger, to be sure, and may not care to hear. You do? Well, then, you shall.

Great trees tangling their boughs together over my head; a singing brook that laughed and danced over its bright pebbles; a large low house, with roses—yellow, white, and scarlet—clustering everywhere: these are my earliest recollections. Long sweet summer days—these are the first that I remember; days that were filled for me with wondrous happenings. Each small green bud, each opening rose, each tiny shower of scented petals, were mysteries deep and delightful as any I filched from between the covers of Gulliver or Hans Andersen. Well, maybe I have one thing for which I can be grateful—one memory from which I do not shrink—the recollection of my childhood's days. Those days when the skies were bluer and the sunshine brighter than they have ever been in later years; when my joys were countless and one sweet sad face was ever close to me. My mother—my mother! There comes a lump in my throat now at thought of her—now, after all the years and when I believed I had passed by everything that could move and soften me. My mother! No; I cannot talk of her, even yet!

I was a quiet dreaming child, and would lie for hours staring at the ever-changing glimpses of blue sky through the leaves of some great tree and build such beautiful castles in the air. Such radiant lovely castles which were to become realities when I should be old enough to work and plan for my mother and myself. I can almost smile to think what the reality has been.

I grew from that visionary season into a quiet boyhood—became a thoughtful sober man. Fate seemed kind to me; some of the more modest of my castles appeared about to take substantial form.

And, one day, she came into my life. She danced into it with wide childlike eyes which smiled radiantly on me. You think her beautiful—you should have seen her that first day. I can shut my eyes and see her now; through all the years and their misery, that recollection has pushed its way and keeps before me; she would be glad to know it. She was dressed in white she was, a great bunch of crimson roses fastened in her blue eyes pure as a child's—her beautiful face looking innocent as an angel's.

And I—well, I worshiped her! There was never any question as to that, from the very first! I had lived a calm even life, when suddenly there came into it a turmoil and an emotion that frightened and overwhelmed me. A mad unreasoning passion took hold of me and held me tight, left me no hope, no thought that did not find its centre in those blue eyes! And she said she loved me; she promised that I—I alone—should share her future. And, in the days which followed, I found not hours enough to contain my happiness. I lived in a world all rose-colored; a world that was fairer and better, I

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thought, than any I could hope to know thereafter. Remember, I was not like other men; I had lived without the loves so lightly won and lightly lost, that make up so much of youth and its follies. She was the first—the very first—and I gave to her my whole heart, and would gladly have given my very soul!

I'll not say much about that fool's-paradise of mine. I do not know how long it lasted, but suddenly the end came.

Into my mother's face there had come new lines, new caremarks that I did not heed, and one day she spoke to me of the idol I had set up between us.

"She is beautiful," she said, "but. oh, my dear, is she to be trusted? I do not think that she is good!"

Well, I said bitter things to that dear mother; I loosed her clinging arms and thrust her roughly from me. I turned my back on her pleading face and strode away in anger. What words to hear said of her! "Not to be trusted!" I laughed out loud—why, would I not have staked the world, had it been mine, on her truth and faithfulness?

Then I heard a low familiar laugh beyond the thicket close by, and my wrath flew away before the joy of her near presence. Then, before I could speak or make my presence known, I heard her voice say:

"Can I not make you understand that I never meant a word of it? You know I loved you all the time."

The blood rushed to my head, blurred my sight, and made me dizzy, as with one sweep of my arms I cleared my way to her.

Yes, fair and lovely as the June morning itself, with soft white draperies and tangled yellow curls, she stood there. She had the grace to turn pale at my sudden appearance, and shrank further into the arms that encircled her, and turned her rosebud face to the masculine one so near hers. I stared at them, while the trees beyond danced and the whole landscape rocked, and faster and faster throbbed my pulses. I brushed the mist from before my eyes and planted my feet firmly on the strangely unsteady ground.

"Lenore," I said, quietly, and my voice sounded far away and unfamiliar to my own ears.

She did not answer, and then he spoke: "Lenore has been a little thoughtless and coquettish in her acquaintance with you; but, as she assures me that she meant not a word of it all, I have forgiven her."

I did not heed him.

"Lenore," I repeated, "give me your hand, dear—come away!" She turned her face from me and slipped one arm about his neck. And I—what did I do? You will hardly believe me! I fell on my knees at her feet and prayed to her to say it was not true—that she had loved me—would love me still—be faithful to her promise to become my wife. I gathered her filmy skirts in my hands and kissed them; I called her by the old, fond, tender names—and she laughed at me—she spurned me with her foot and laughed!

What then? I hardly know. I went mad, I think. I tore her from the arms that held her; I flung him to the ground and struck again and again—with a strength that was not mine—at the face beneath me!

And then there was a crowd of strange curious faces about—a crowd of people who stared at me with frightened wonder. They carried him tenderly away, while I—I went to prison for ten years' hard labor.

Yes, I have been a convict—oh! I shall not hurt you! I lived between stone walls for ten long years; worked each day at my bench; was starved, beaten—shall I show you the scars on my limbs?—and grew gray-haired and bent as the years went by. How much endurance is given to us! How much we can suffer in mind and body while still the spark of life burns steadily on! It is to men with homes and happiness, with clinging little arms about their necks, to whom death comes—not to such as I!

I worked my ten years through, and, as the time for my release drew near, what were my thoughts? Of home? Of my mother? No; but that maybe she had regretted, that she was sorry for me—was waiting for me; and alone in my cell at night I thought of this until I grew to be quite sure that it would be so. Oh! I should know her, although there would be lines on her white forehead and a new droop to her curving mouth; the smiles and dimples would be gone, but I should love the sad-eyed Lenore, whom I was to find waiting so patiently for me. And, when the prison-gates closed behind me, I started to reach the fulfillment of my dream. Fool? Yes; but perhaps you will begin to understand how much she was to me!

Lights shone from every window of the house, and the breeze brought a sweet waltz-music; it was no time, with my prison-marks upon me, to search for Lenore. But I could not go away; it had been so long—so very long—since I had seen her. I drew near, and, seeing no one, laid hold of the iron railing and drew myself up to the balcony. I could see into a small lighted

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room; and, outlined against the crimson draperies, I perceived a man and a woman.

I rested my disfigured hands on the sill and drew my breath hard. Tall, straight, and handsome—no prison-marks, no scars, no stoop, none of the unmistakable air that marks the convict, about him. He was handsome, smiling, and holding fast both hands of the radiant woman by his side—holding tight her hands, and Lenore smiling up with tender eyes.

I loosed my hold and went away into the darkness, stretched my weary limbs along the ground, pillowed my gray head on my arms to shut out the waltz-music, the shaded moonlight, the soft sweet summer night.

Then I went to my old home, with its straggling bushes, its broken rose-trees, its wreck of a house, its misery, its neglect, its decay. And, in a corner of the garden, with rank grass and weeds towering above it, I found my mother's grave and fell on my face beside it.

Yes, I have been a convict—I have never been allowed to forget it, never been allowed to outlive it. I've done my best; I've struggled, I've worked and lived, but always in the shadow of that shame. I have always seen kindly hands draw back and kindly faces wax stern and hard as yours has done. The blight of the prison has been always upon me, never lightening its gloom, never lessening with the passing years. It will be always with me—will follow me even to the threshold of that home whither we, sooner or late, must go—where she has gone. Even at the threshold of that door, the shadow will fall; but not beyond—thank God, not beyond!

Like a cameo carved with patient care, as clean-cut and clear, is her perfect face. The long curved lashes lie upon her cheeks, her fair hands are clasped together, and through her dripping robes her rounded limbs are outlined, perfect and lovely—but she is dead.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." I stand here gray-haired and bent, with none but bitter weary years behind—years that had no good in them for me; I can see the grave where I buried my youth, with its unfulfilled promises, and took up the burden that will never be loosed nor laid aside. I stand here with none but bitter memories—but I live! I can see the fair summer landscape spread before me; I can feel the soft touch of the perfume-laden wind, as it comes to me straight from the lilacs that are blooming yonder. I look up at God's blue sky, and hear, far off above the tree-tops, the tumultuous gladness of the birds; I expand my lungs and take into them long draughts of the pure sweet summer air—and she is dead.

In her perfect beauty, she lies there, and her ears are sealed to the rush of joyous life; her white lids shut her out forever from the sky, the birds, the distant sea, and all that I find so lovely. Light, warmth, and music, you are mine—all mine; while she who loved the light and sunshine, the "roses and the lilies of life," is shut out from them all forever.

Unknown, unclaimed, to be lifted by strange hands which will toss the clods over her fast-going beauty. To be nameless, uncared-for, and alone. Do you know what I was about to say? That I was glad! But I can't. If she could open her eyes, she should hear me say that I forgave her. I'd better go now. Good-night.

FLITTING SWALLOWS.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

I HAVE wept and I have waited
Till with grief my heart is freighted,
For I know that I am fated
To weep long;
For the swallows back are winging
And no tidings to me bringing—
My heart has left off singing
Its glad song.

Now the days are long and weary,
And the nights are chill and dreary,
And there's nothing, nothing cheery
Now to me;
For the sun that gilds the dawning
With the golden tints of morning
Shines upon a cold world's scorning
Just as free.

To and fro, ye swallows, flying,
Tell you that a heart is dying—
That perchance it will be lying
Cold and numb,
Worn out with a hope defeating,
Tired of each day's round repeating,
Till it tires of even beating,
Next you come.

O ye bluebirds! O ye swallows!
Search among the fair Apollos—
For him, a fond heart follows
To and fro;
With the eye of love, far-seeing—
E'en a love that fills the being.
O ye swallows, flitting, fleeing,
Tell him so!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a house-dress, of striped and plain gingham or figured and plain sateen. For more dressy use, it will be a good model for striped challis. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits all around. On the left side, the plain material forms one of the box-plaits. The front is much draped, forming a long point; the back rather short, to display the underskirt. The corsage is round at the back, either plain or gathered

No. 1.

to correspond with the full front. If preferred, the waist and drapery can all be cut together, forming a polonaise. Full sleeves, gathered at the top of the shoulders and into cuffs at the wrists. Cuffs, collar, and epaulettes all of the plain material. Bows-and-ends of narrow watered ribbon ornament the costume, as seen in illustration.

No. 2 —Is a walking-costume, of light-gray striped woolens, such as summer serge or camel's-hair. The front and sides of the skirt are formed by two large double box-plaits, meeting in the middle of the front. Then there is a narrow panel on the left side, of black moiré.

No. 2.

The back-drapery is then attached by a two-inch box-plait, fastened down with large oxydized buttons, slightly puffed over the tournure. The jacket-bodice opens over a plaited vest of the

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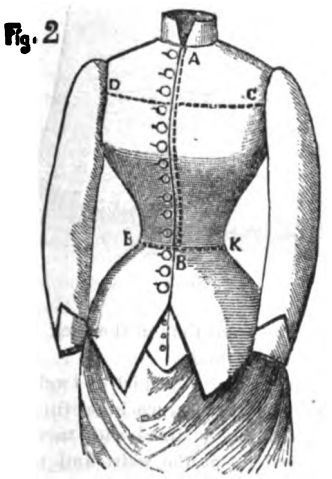
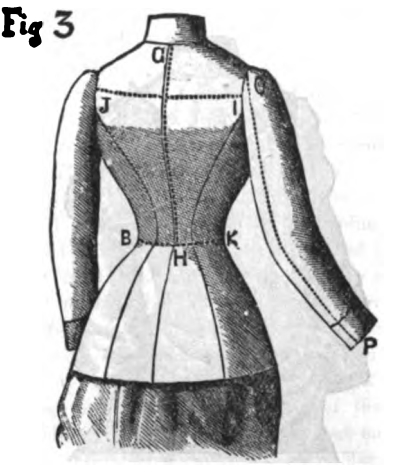
No. 3.



No. 3.

material. The jacket has revers of the moiré, and is pointed back and front. Similar buttons



No. 3.

ornament the jacket. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs of moiré to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with striped black-and-white ribbon.

No. 4.

No. 3—Are diagrams showing how to measure for a bodice and jacket. First, the length back

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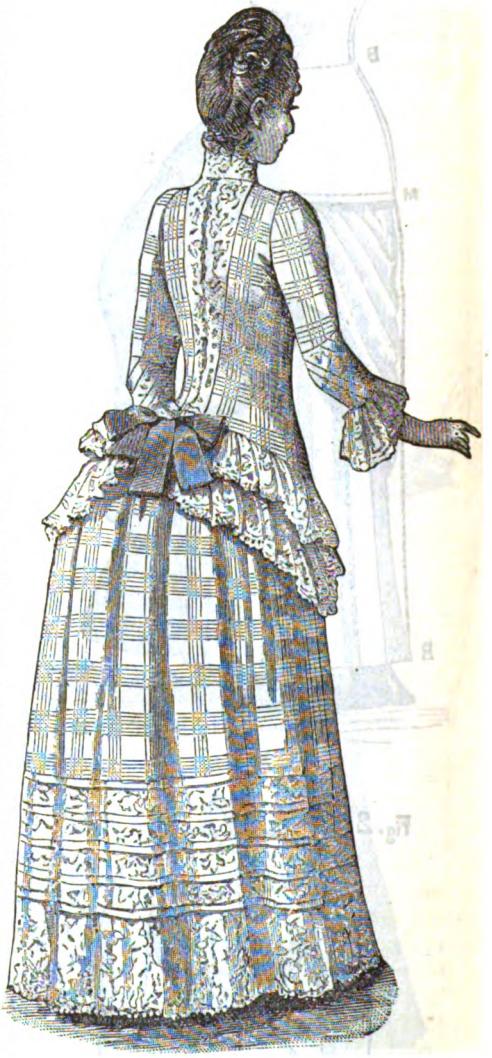
and front, from the neck-bone in front to the waist; and, in the back, from the top bone nearest to the neck to the waist, as in Fig. 1 of the

No. 5.

diagrams. Then across the bust and back, from F to E. The neck, from A to N. If for a jacket, from M to L. In Fig. 2, from D to C; there it is

No. 6.

that "bagging" will often be found. Fig. 3 shows the measurement across the back, J to I. This corresponds to the D to C measure in Fig. 2. The sleeve to be measured on the outside of the arm, which must be bent for this purpose. The hips to be measured as in Fig. 1, from M to L. The length of the shoulder from the collar-seam to that of the sleeve; allowing for turnings is an important matter. So also is the size of the armhole, which should not be too large, and



No. 7.

cut more in the front than at the back, where it should be nearly straight.

No. 4—Is a pelisse for a girl of twelve years, in dark-green serge-cloth, machine-stitched with terra-cotta silk. It is lined with tartan surah and brightened up at the waist and neck with knots of ribbon in terra-cotta satin. The slightly

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full bodice has its fullness drawn at the waist.

No. 8.

It is partly covered with the treble Carrick collar. High standing collar. Full sleeves gathered into deep cuffs.

No. 5—Is a figured challis, sateen, or gingham for a little girl of four to five years. The skirt has two flounces, buttonholed on the edge with colored cotton—French embroidery-cotton. Gathered waist; short puffed sleeves. The dress is worn over a white muslin guimp or chemisette. A sash of the material ties at the back.

No. 6—Is a sailor-costume for either boy or girl. It is made of flannel, dark-blue. The edge of the kilted skirt, also the front of blouse, edge of collar and cuffs are trimmed by several rows of narrow black or white worsted braid.

No. 7—Is a breakfast-dress, of plaid gingham or batiste. It consists of a simple plain skirt, bordered with several rows of openwork insertion, set on above a wide ruffle of the same embroidery. The half-loose sacque—or matinée, as it is called—is edged with two ruffles of the embroidery. Down the back, the embroidery is laid on to form a long V—the same in front. Collar and edge of sleeves to correspond. Loops of gros-grain or watered ribbon trim the back, sleeves, and front of sacque. For a very simple gingham dress, the ruffles may be of the material and tucks in place of the rows of insertion.

No. 8—Is a little boy's knickerbocker costume. The jacket, belt, and pockets are edged with a narrow worsted braid. Deep collar and cuffs of crocheted lace are worn with such suits by little boys in first pants.

DRESS FOR A ROYAL PRINCESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It is sometimes difficult for us to realize how simply the members of a royal family frequently live and dress. Our illustrated alphabet-books in bygone years had "Q for a Queen," with a bright-yellow highly-decorated coach drawn by eight horses, and the queen herself sitting therein in ermine robes and crown on her head; and, in our mind's-eye, royal ladies always go about in such gorgeousness. But how different is the reality. Except on great occasions, the costume of one of the royal family is as simple, often more simple, than that of a fashionable woman on Fifth Avenue. Queen Victoria is dowdy and old-fashioned to an extreme. It was she who first wore the famous Balmoral skirt, in her excursions about her Highland home. This showed her great common-sense. None of her daughters have good taste in dress except the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. But the Princess of Wales is always costumed in the best style, yet always most suitable for the occasion; but her dresses, as a rule, do not surpass those of many of the best-dressed women in our large cities, except in the matter of her jewels. She is noted for the simplicity with which she attires her daughters.

But she was trained in a hard school for a princess. Her father, before he ascended the throne of Denmark, was a very poor man for a royal one, and the daughter's pocket-money was most limited. The Princess Alexandra, the eldest of the three girls, it is said, made her own simple dresses and bonnets. Now, though she will probably at no far-distant day be Queen

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of England, it is whispered that many a bonnet which she does not fancy is pulled to pieces by her deft fingers and remodeled to suit better her fair face.

We give, in the front of the book, a copy of a costume made for her second daughter, the Princess Victoria of Wales. It is of brown tweed. The skirt is in full plaits at the back, but very slightly draped in front, and the simple Norfolk jacket is fastened by a brown leather belt with an oxydized buckle. Under the high collar is worn a necktie of dark-blue spotted satin. The brown felt hat is trimmed with long loops of brown ribbon.

CORSAGE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the pattern entire of a corsage, for a girl of ten to twelve years, suitable for either house or street costume. It consists of eight pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Under-Front.
3. Side-Front.
4. Back.
5. Side-Back.
6. Sleeve.
7. Puff for Sleeve.
8. Cuff.

We do not give the collar. It is simply a straight band. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The dress is made of cashmere, serge, or camel's-hair, for early spring, in nun's-veiling or challis for summer. The skirt is box-plaited all around. A pointed apron-front and puffed drapery at the back. The band on front, where it crosses over, is of velvet; waistband, cuffs, collar, edge of sleeves of the same. The puffs for the sleeves are in white China-silk or nun's-veiling. For summer, the puffs may be of mull or French nainsook. This is a very stylish model for a young miss. Hat of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with standing loops of ribbon to match the costume.

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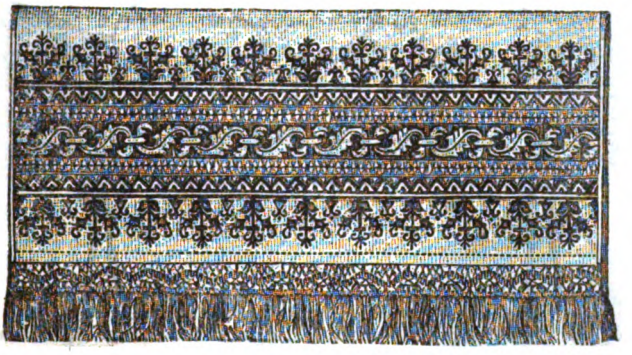
SIDEBOARD-COVER, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This elegant design is copied from an old pattern-book and carried out on écru linen, in cross-stitch and Holbein-work, with red and blue French cotton. For those who do not understand doing Holbein-work, we would say the design—that is, the large upper part of the pattern in detail—may be done simply in outline-stitch, and then the outside done in cross-stitch. The ends of the scarf are finished with a knotted fringe, for which the threads are drawn out in the usual way.

DESIGN FOR PANEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design for a panel, etc., etc., to be done in outline-work on linen or any material which may be preferred. The whole may be worked in black silk or in wash-silk of the natural colors of the flowers. If the latter plan is pursued, the sunflower should be done in yellow with brown centres, the daisies in white with yellow centres, the bulrushes in browns, and the leaves and grass in different shades of green.

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COLORED PATTERN: VIOLET SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of this month's number, the full-size design for a violet sachet. The embroidery is done upon bolting-cloth, fine Swiss muslin, or linen cambric, in the natural colors, with filoselle. To make up the sachet, line it with violet-colored surah or satin, making a long bag; fill with some layers of fine cotton wadding well sprinkled with violet sachet-powder. Fringe out the ends of the silk and the material upon which the embroidery is done and tie with long loops-and-ends of narrow violet ribbon. Of course, the sachet is double, the under side of the same size as the upper. It is very simple, and can be easily made, the pattern being readily traced from our model in full size. A pretty Easter-gift.

BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The border in cross-stitch which we give in the front of the book is pretty for towels, the bottom of children's frocks, etc., and can be done in either one or two colors of embroidery-cotton that will wash. Red and blue collars have a rich effect.

CASE FOR FANCY-WORK.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

We have something here which will be found extremely useful to those working with crewels. The case is made of gray linen. For the foundation, you will require a piece measuring eleven by twentytwo inches, and for the pockets a piece eleven by seventeen. This is curved on the ends and bound with brown braid stitched with yellow silk. A piece six and a half inches by seven is hemmed across the ends and stitched on one end of it, to form the pockets for the crewels. It is divided into seven compartments, with a row of stitching between them. For the strap, cut a strip eight inches long and one and a half wide round the corners, and bind it all around with the braid. Cut an opening in the end of the foundation-piece for it slip through, bind it, and cut the corners slanting on this end, as seen here. Baste the piece for the pockets on and bind it around. Fold the strap and stitch it on. A piece of wire bent the shape of a hair-pin is used to draw the crewels in place. The daisies should be embroidered on before the case is made up. They are done in crewels; the daisies are worked in bright-yellow and the grass in shades of green or olive. Filoselle or cottons may be used.

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DECORATED SCENT-BOTTLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Perfumers say that scents of every description should be carefully covered from the light, as the influence of sunshine is highly deleterious to perfume. Delicate odors are known to lose their subtlety when under the direct rays of natural or artificial light; hence, scent-bottles are generally kept in caskets or cases. For bottles which stand upon the toilet-table, pretty coverings have been invented. These coverings are made of plush and satin. The sections are joined diagonally, and, just where the coverings close, handsome sprays of appliqué embroidery are placed. The stems of these sprays are covered with bows of satin ribbon. Each covering is drawn around the neck of the bottle with a silk cord, finished at the ends with tassels, and a frill of lace is placed inside the upstanding frill of satin. A similar decoration is very effective for rose-jars. The covering requires to be nicely fitted for the last-mentioned use. Various kinds of decoration may be applied—hand-painting, embroidery, or clusters of dried grass.

FLOWER-POT COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Take a common chip or wicker basket. Run two rows of ribbon, at the top, in and out of the wickerwork. A wider ribbon at the bottom. The centrepiece is embroidered upon a piece of cloth or felt. Any simple pattern of flowers with stems and leaves in the natural colors.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Growing Old Gracefully.—People talk and write a great deal about the necessity for growing old gracefully; but, after all, Madame Du Deffand, one of the wittiest letter-writers of Louis XV's era, was right when she boldly declared that nobody had any business to grow old at all. Astounding as the declaration sounds, one has only to consider it on its serious side to comprehend the meaning hidden in the remark and to be forced to admit its truth. The man or woman who keeps a youthful heart and spirit through sympathy with the young, preserving an interest in what is passing in the world about, manages to find some occupation, some object on which to employ mind and sympathies, no matter how confined the sphere of action, will always retain a fund of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and patience, which, where the feelings are concerned, gives what one might term a second youth. Nine times out of ten, if an old person is not tenderly cherished and heartily revered by those of younger generations, it is the fault of the sufferer. Age in itself cannot be considered lovely any more than any other species of decay; but it has only to follow the example of nature, which is so heedful to make ruins beautiful by wreathing them with ivy, graceful creeping plants, and mosses, in order to possess loveliness that cannot fail to attract and touch all who look upon it. The evergreens of gentleness and sympathy lend a beauty to human age which will produce a similar effect on all who approach, and it is as much the duty of those growing old to look to it in time that they exhibit the qualities which demand reverence and affection as it is of those younger to give them. In truth, unless age does this, it has no right to expect reverence. The mere fact that you are a man's grandfather does not by itself entitle you to exact his respect. He did not ask to be born in order to enjoy that privilege. Unless you accompany it by an exhibition of qualities which bear out your claim, he would be excusable in feeling that he could have foregone the honor with equanimity. It is every human being's duty so to grow old that he will be loved and revered by those connected with him, and every human being can do it unless he has monsters to deal with; and even then he must remember that somehow he is to blame, since they are his descendants. Perhaps no one ever more thoroughly exemplified than Madame Du Deffand herself the possibility of carrying out her assertion. Restricted in means during the latter years of her long life, blind, and delicate in health, even having outlived all near relatives, by her brilliancy and fortitude she retained to the last a strong hold, not only on the few survivors of her own epoch, but on the descendants of those who had been the admiring and loving companions of her earlier days.

"Worth Ten Times the Money."—A lady, renewing her club, writes: "I do not know how I could get along without it. I do the dressmaking for myself and family, taking my patterns off from the Supplements. They are so easily fitted I have no trouble with them. They work like a charm; and, as for embroidery patterns, there is no need of looking elsewhere. In fact, 'Peterson' is worth ten times the money it costs, and I must have it."

The Essence of True Nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude.*

Spring Flowers.—Decorate your halls and your parlors with spring flowers. If the carpets and furniture are dingy, the flowers brighten them up, and even the prettiest or most newly furnished house receives an additional beauty from flowers. We say nothing of the pleasure of gathering them, that is of course; but a bunch of blushing trailing-arbutus, with its delicious odor, or a glassful of violets, or anemones, or blood-root, or even the catkins from the bushes, give an appearance of refinement about a house which no mere article of furniture can impart to it. Flowers have no equal in this respect, without it may be books or good engravings or a bright fire in season. Then, later, put daisies and buttercups in great brown jugs or bowls, no matter if they are of the commonest earthenware, and see how your rooms are glorified. Do not mix your flowers too much, if at all, but mass each kind as much as possible. And, all through the season, your happy friends who live in the country can make your rooms look dainty, if not with garden-flowers, then with laurel and wild honeysuckle, meadow-sweet, wild iris, and water-lilies; and, later, with the gorgeous plumes of the cardinal-flower, the eupatorium, the golden-rod, the many varieties of aster and the Michaelmas daisy, till the bleak winds come again and bear us only delicate half-bleached grasses, the bulrushes gathered earlier in the season, the twigs of the wild roses, the ivy and holly.

Cheerful Rooms.—"What a pleasant room!" is constantly the remark of a visitor when seated in one where the sunlight falls upon judiciously-selected colors, and the eyes rest gratefully upon flowers and note the evidences of female thought and occupation in well-arranged drapery and the prettily-executed and fresh embroidery made by clever home-fingers. The furniture, when taken separately, may be neither new nor expensive, but it is suitable; and the whole surroundings induce a feeling of comfort and insensibly produce ease in our intercourse with its occupants. On the other hand, however correctly and well furnished a room may be by the upholsterer, it will still feel like a room in a hotel or a rarely-used reception-room unless stamped with some evidence of female care, and the visitor's best company-manners are apt to be brought out to match with the room and rarely thaw into geniality.

A Garden-Barometer.—One of the simplest of barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of rain or wind, the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended, and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its threads, it is a sign of fine calm weather, the duration of which may be judged of by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain; but if, on the contrary, it keeps at work during a rain, the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twentyfour hours, and that, if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.

An Original Tax.—Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and would be very productive.

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PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN FABRIC-PAINTING.

NUMBER THREE.

PANELS.

The black ebonized panels may be decorated in various ways by the amateur artist. Stamp a design of grapes and leaves on a panel. Stamp the same design on white paper Cut from the paper patterns of the leaves. Next prepare some putty, by making it perfectly smooth and pliable by the addition of boiled linseed-oil well rolled and pounded in. Use a smooth heavy pine board for working on, and a good-sized rolling-pin. Roll the putty out about an eighth of an inch thick, cut out your leaves, and place them to correspond with the leaves on the panel. Cut out stems and tendrils, using a small penknife for this purpose. Cut small pieces of putty, and mold them with the fingers in the shape of grapes, to correspond with the grapes stamped on the panel. Arrange in place, pressing down lightly. Set away in a cool airy place, to dry. When dry, paint the leaves and stems in silver—lustra—paint and the grapes in rich gold, and fire.

The veins in the leaves are made with a darning-needle, before setting the work away to harden. Mix the lustra-colors with pale drying-oil, mixing only a little color at a time, as they dry rapidly.

The grapes and leaves may be painted in the natural colors, using mauve-lake and purple-madder for the grapes, chrome-green and burnt-sienna for the stems, and two shades of green for the leaves.

PERFUME-SACHETS.

These are pretty ornamented with a small spray of moss-rosebuds. Make the outside of sachet of cream-colored satin, facing it at the top with crimson satin. No body-color is needed on white or cream-colored goods. Paint the leaves and stems with chrome-green, using touches of lemon-yellow and burnt-sienna. Paint tips of the buds with rose-madder. Paint calyxes and outside of buds with chrome-green. When this is dry, take a small brush and dot the green part over with burnt-sienna.

THE NEED OF RECREATION.—No sensible person is surprised that the most earnest and least frivolous women should enjoy a little recreation. Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and improves; if immoderately, it withers and destroys. "All religion," said an old divine, "is summed up in one short phrase: 'Serve God and be cheerful.'" But it is impossible to be cheerful, if the bow is always kept bent and we never relax.

Some of us know young ladies who don't sing, don't play, don't care for music, don't read, don't ride, don't skate, don't play tennis, don't take an interest in anything. We are glad to say that girls of this kind are becoming uncommon; but some girls and women are much more easily amused than others: these are they whose hands are busy and whose hearts are free. The idle, who make pleasure the business of their lives, are incapable of an honest laugh; they are sick of themselves and of everything else through selfishness; they are in the condition which an Irish orator said his countrymen were in: "They don't know what they want, and they won't be satisfied till they get it." Though recreation is necessary for everyone, a round of excitement fatigues mind and body. Ennui is the natural consequence of a life of mere pleasure, and is quite as intolerable as the dull monotony of an utterly joyless existence. What is wanted is the happy mean—a moderate amount of work and a moderate amount of pleasure, and the work to precede the relaxation. Indeed, without work it is impossible, as the derivation of the word tells us, to have recreation. Our powers must first be worn out before they can be recreated or created over again.

Outdoor recreations used to be almost monopolized, like every other good thing, by men; but some women are now very wisely practicing them: having, at least, discovered that good digestion, sound sleep, and steady nerves can only be obtained by taking plenty of exercise in the open air. Indeed, there are some girls who go to the opposite extreme and exercise too much.

"OUR BABY'S FIRST AND SECOND YEARS," by Marion Harland, is the title of a handsome little book of sixtyfour pages, published by Reed & Carnrick, New York. The book contains information regarding the proper care of infants and young children, also instructions for feeding them.

It will be sent free by mail by addressing the publishers and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

A NOTED POETESS writes us: "Accept my congratulations on the increasing attractions of 'Peterson's Magazine': it improves with every issue."

"A WISE MAN is like one who goes to the bottom of a deep well, and, looking up, can see the stars in the daytime."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Only the Governess. By Rosa Nouchette Cary. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This popular writer's stories, numerous as they are, never lose favor with the public: for each newcomer possesses some peculiar attraction to distinguish it from its predecessors. Miss Cary holds an enviable place in modern fiction, owing to the fact that, beside her charm of style and facile invention, she presents humanity under aspects which make one rise from the perusal of her books with an elevated opinion of one's kind. In this era of exaggerated sensation and coarse realism, it is refreshing to turn to stories like hers, and the present is one of her happiest efforts.

The Major's Love; or, The Sequel of a Crime. By Ella Brown Price. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A real love-story always possesses a peculiar charm for the most hackneyed novel-reader, and this romance is one of the prettiest of that sort which has for a long time come under our notice. The style is simple but strong, the delineation of character is unusually lifelike, even the minor personages possessing a distinct individuality. The elements of the tale are essentially dramatic and are worked up into a plot of unfailing interest.

The Man Behind. By T. S. Denison. Chicago: T. S. Denison.—The varied incidents of the story occur in Ohio, soon after the termination of the Civil War, and the writer is evidently familiar with the scenery and inhabitants of the region with which the narrative deals. The author has set out to depict those master passions of human nature—love, avarice, and ambition—and has proved himself equal to the difficult task. The book possesses an originality and strength which cannot fail to insure for it a marked success, and the moral lesson which it conveys will appeal forcibly to every thoughtful reader.

Heart-Lyrics. By Jessie F. O. Donnell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A striking volume of verse, exhibiting a strength and power which prove that the author's poetic gift is not the mere outcome of youthful freshness and enthusiasm. As the title of the book indicates, most of the poems are lyrics of the affections, many of which are extremely sweet and melodious; but there are descriptive bits which show that the writer possesses that love and appreciation of nature which characterize the true poet.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Bogus Baking-Powder Tests.—Rather ingenious but not less fraudulent are the pretended tests of baking-powders being made in many of our kitchens by agents who are trying to further the sale of a Chicago article. These so-called tests consist in mixing separately, with water, a sample of the baking-powder found in the house and of that carried by the agent. From that found in the house, if a pure article, the bubbles of gas will rise and burst on top like those from a glass of champagne. The Chicago baking-powder which they carry, when mixed with water, will show an extra froth upon the top of the mixture, which is claimed as evidence of superiority. On the contrary, however, it is not only the exhibition of a trick, but is absolute proof that the baking-powder which so acts is adulterated. The chemists have ascertained that the adulterant used is a chemical added for the express purpose of producing this action and deceiving housekeepers as to the true value of the baking-powder. This is not only a dishonest trick, but a dirty one: for the chemical is the product of the filthy refuse of the slaughter-house, and, if this baking-powder is used in the preparation of food, passes into the biscuit or cake without change. Of course, any statements made in reference to other baking-powders by parties caught in practicing such tricks as these for the purpose of deceiving the public will be entitled to no credit.

It is probably wisest, in the interest of our families and to prevent our food from being contaminated by tramps of this kind, to turn all persons who wish or attempt to tamper with it unceremoniously from the door, and to use those articles only which experience has proved satisfactory or the official tests have established as pure and wholesome.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Croquettes of Meats.—Take any kind of meat; mince it. For one dish, put three tablespoonfuls of minced ham seasoned with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; one tablespoonful of butter rolled in three of flour; moisten all with one-half pint of cream or boiled milk; stir until it is ropy; stir in the fresh meat to the consistency of hash; let it get cool; the meat to have been previously cooked. Make in forms; roll in beaten yolk of egg and breadcrumb; form with a knife, not touching them with the hand; fry in hot lard, with a little parsley.

Fried Chicken.—Singe; cut at the joints; remove the breast-bones; wipe each piece with a clean wet cloth; dredge with salt, pepper, and flour, and toss them in hot salt-pork fat till brown and tender, but not burned. Arrange on a dish, with boiled cauliflower or potato balls, and pour a white sauce over them; or dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat, and serve with tomato sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Cucumber à la Maitre d' Hotel.—Peel a nice straight cucumber and cut it in four pieces lengthwise. Scoop out all the seeds and then cut it up again into small long pieces about a finger-length. Throw these into a saucepanful of boiling water and some salt. When they bend under the touch, they are done and must be taken out and very carefully drained in a sieve. Then put them into a stewpan with a good-sized piece of butter, some finely-chopped parsley and chives, salt and pepper to taste. The cucumber will not, however, require much salt, as the acid itself renders it salt-tasting. Toss the pieces of vegetables well over a brisk fire until thoroughly heated through and serve on a very hot dish.

Beetroot.—Take a well-washed beetroot; either bake it in the oven or put it into a saucepanful of boiling water and boil for an hour or two hours, according to size; when cold, peel and slice it; arrange the slices in a dish and pour over it any rich sauce. Or, having sliced the beetroot and arranged it on a dish, add pepper and salt to taste and pour over it sufficient plain cream to make the sauce. Or arrange the slices of beetroot with alternate slices of hard-boiled eggs; pour over them a mixture of three parts oil and one of plain vinegar, duly flavored with pepper and salt; garnish the dish with small button onions and with sprigs of chervil and tarragon.

DESSERTS.

Yorkshire Curd Cheesecakes.—To make the curds, procure some good buttermilk and keep it a day or two; then put a couple of quarts of milk—old is best—into a basin in the oven. When it is simmering, take it out and ladle some buttermilk by separate spoonfuls into it, giving it a gentle stir between each spoonful. As soon as the milk begins to look like whey, be cautious not to add too much buttermilk; and, when curds appear in the milk and the whey becomes thin, cease adding the buttermilk. Next, tie the curds in a strainer or piece of canvas and hang them up to drain for some hours. To make the cheesecakes, add a cupful of cream or good new milk to the curds, a cupful of cleaned currants, a cupful of loaf-sugar pounded fine, an ounce of mixed peel cut up, and a pinch of salt. Mix all these, then add a couple of eggs—the yolks and whites beaten separately—and a wineglassful of rum or brandy. The curds are then ready. Line pattypans with good puff-pastry; fill them with the curds and bake in a quick oven.

Junket.—A dessertspoonful of essence of rennet is placed in a glass dish which will contain a quart of milk; the milk is added, the whole stirred for a few seconds, the dish placed near the fire on the top of the range and covered with a piece of paper. In about ten minutes, it will have set and must be at once removed to a cool place. When quite cold, it is ready for table. Some people like it with jam, others with sugar, and everybody with cream—yellow, thick, and crinkled with its own richness.

CAKES.

Currant-Cakes.—One breakfastcupful of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, half a cupful of milk, one cupful of dried currants, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, then the flour, into which the baking-powder must be stirred previously; next add the whites of the eggs, the milk, and the currants, which must be well floured to prevent them from sticking to the bottom. Then flavor, and bake for thirty minutes in a quick oven. When cold, ice each cake. Icing: Beat two cupfuls of castor-sugar with the white of an egg. When smooth, spread it on the cakes with a silver knife and place before the fire to harden. A few chopped almonds on the cake under the icing are a great improvement.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Costume, of Pink India-Silk. The underskirt has a narrow edge of black showing from under the skirt. The side-panel is made up of black velvet or moiré ribbon, with a simple design in braiding between. The overskirt forms a long full apron-front, with straight drapery at the back loosely looped over the tournure. The waist is fulled at the throat into a pointed yoke, and again fulled into the point at the waist. The back is round. A four-inch ribbon ties round the waist, shaping the pointed bodice in front with bow-and-ends. Full double-puffed sleeves into narrow cuffs. High standing collar. The waist fastens inside on the lining. Hat of straw, faced and trimmed with black velvet and pink ribbon loops.

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FIG. II.—PROMENADE-DRESS, OF MAIZE-COLORED HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The front-width is much wrinkled upon the foundation. The side-panels are made up either of striped novelty woolen or silk to correspond or are filled up with straight braid and passementerie. Edge of basque, cuffs, and collar to correspond. The shoulder-cape or mantelet fits closely to the shoulders, the fronts full-in under a pointed belt or clasp, and the ends loop to form paniers on to the skirt, fastening on the hip under a passementerie ornament. The cape is trimmed with passementerie. All the trimmings are in brown and gold. Straw hat, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with shaded ostrich-tips.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PLAID AND PLAIN ELECTRIC-BLUE BENGALINE. The skirt, of the plaid, is plain all around, the fullness of the back being laid in wide side-plaits. The overskirt forms a long draped apron-front; one side-drapery as seen in illustration; the back long and slightly puffed over the tournure. The waist has a plaited vest of the plain surah, with revers running into the point of the basque, of the plaid. Coat-sleeves. Small turban, made of the material of the gown, trimmed with two small wings with loops of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF MYRTLE-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING COMBINED WITH FANCY STRIPED SURAH. The stripe is fulled into one side—the left, generally—forming a panel. Drapery, both front and back, long, straight, and full. The long pointed bodice opens over a full vest of the surah, the top plaits of which are crossed in diamond-shaped lines with braid of the color of the gown; this is repeated at the top of the panel. The back of the sleeves have a full plaiting of the surah, epaulette and cuffs to match the top of the vest. Round turban hat of the materials, turned-up side-brim with the surah, trimmed with cock's-plumes and loops of ribbon.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA-COLORED SURAH, trimmed with moiré of a lighter shade. The plain underskirt has plain folds of the material, of two lapping each other across the front-width. Same kind of folds cover the front of the waist. The polonaise has the moiré fulled upon the waist, and the fronts open over the skirt. The moiré forms the paniers and the wide border around the bottom of the skirt. Plain coat-sleeves and wide waistband with buckles finish this costume. Turban hat of straw, trimmed with loops of ribbon and quills. If preferred, the drapery may be arranged upon the skirt and the round waist separate.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is cut on the bias and perfectly plain. The front-drapery forms a long point, much plaited at both sides, one of which is shown. The back-drapery also long and much plaited into the waist. Norfolk jacket, belted at the waist. Plain coat-sleeves, cut on the bias. Straw hat, faced with velvet, turns up at the back, trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

FIG. VII.—GIRL'S SCHOOL-FROCK. Myrtle-green serge. The skirt has three flounces, with a narrow row of braiding. The belt, cuffs, and collar are braided to match. The waist is box-plaited back and front, opens on the left side. Plain coat-sleeves.

FIG. VIII.—GIRL'S HAT. A turban-like brim in coarse straw, displaying Gobelin shades to harmonize with the striped ribbon. Long pins, with gilt or shell balls, ornament the bow.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED AND PLAIN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits Over-drapery long in front, and also in the back. Basque pointed in front, two sharp points in back. Collar and cuffs of the stripe. This will be a good model for striped and plain zephyr-cloth. Turban hat, with velvet brim, trimmed in front with standing loops of ribbon.

FIG. X.—BOY'S FROCK, of piqué or flannel. Skirt box-plaited. Blouse-jacket opening over a white shirt of flannel or linen.

FIG. XI.—BLACK LACE PARASOL, over black satin. Bamboo handle.

FIG. XII.—PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES COSTUME. Brown tweed plain skirt. In front, slightly draped. Back in long straight folds. Norfolk jacket. Belted with leather belt and buckle. Hat of felt to match, rolled at the sides and trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—CROQUET-COSTUME. Skirt of plaid tennis-flannel, plain. Overdress and bodice of plain flannel or nun's-veiling to match. Revers, cuffs, and collar of the plaid. Straw hat, trimmed with bird.

FIG. XIV.—TURBAN BONNET. Folds of sprigged and spangled gold net cover the shape. The coronet-front is of admiral-blue velvet. The rosette is of Argentine lace, and the bird is blue-and-gold.

FIG. XV.—BONNET FOR MARRIED LADY. The shape is a small capote, with front of jet, with inside border of fine flowers. The trimming is a large Alsatian bow of gros-grain ribbon, which bow is the latest novelty in bonnet-trimming.

FIG. XVI.—GIRL'S SAILOR-HAT. Is coarse satin-straw, turns up at the back, trimmed with band and standing loops of velvet and gros-grain mixed ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Spring Silks.* All kinds of summer silks, such as bengaline, faille française, plaid and plain surahs, together with the endless variety of figured China silks, will be made up for afternoon receptions and visiting-costumes. Some will be combined with plain to match, others made entirely of the plaid or figured. When plain silk is used in combination, it will be for the front and back of the skirt, while the plaid or figured will appear at the sides. Two colors in combination will be very popular; but they must be selected with care. Myrtle-green with Suède-colored stripe or plaid.

Dress-trimmings are of galloons and passementeries; in metallic colors, or gold and silver in combination with silk, in large braiding patterns. These are used to border the edge of skirts—on plain goods—for vests, cuffs, epaulettes, collars, etc.

Polonaise-costumes, giving the effect of the Princess dress, but consisting of two pieces, skirt and overdress, are among the latest importations. They are generally made in wool and silk—wool for the polonaise, silk for the skirt. The polonaise is very long, and laps diagonally from the right to left side. Say dark-blue cashmere over a golden-brown bengaline, braided with blue silk cords or passementerie, a border for the skirt, vest, cuffs, etc.

Full corsages, with or without lapped fronts, will be in great favor, especially for slender figures. For wash-dresses, such as ginghams, plain muslins, sateens, and all cotton goods, it will be only necessary to add two or three inches of greater breadth to the edges of the fronts, and gather this into the throat and waist.

Garibaldi waists, with pointed yoke and belt, are an improvement upon the loose Garibaldi shirt of the past. These waists are plaited under a belt and are long enough to cover the hips, being shorter at the sides and back, and longer in front. They are made of cashmere or camel's-hair cloth, and the yoke, cuffs, and collar are braided in worsted braid of a darker color. Some more dressy ones are braided with gold or silver braid. Young girls wear bright-red, while older ones select some suitable color to wear with black silk skirts.

Dressy breakfast-jackets are made of cloth, cashmere, or surah, with blouse-vests of surah or lace. Some are bordered with black velvet ribbon, on which a simple pattern is braided with either gold or silver braid.

New Colors, Embroideries, Velvets, Ribbons, etc.—Green promises to be again the fashionable color. The prettiest and most stylish are the dull moss-shades, grayish-green, pale Nile-green, linden-green and myrtle, copper-colors, and pigeon blue or gray. In ribbons, plain edges and ombré effects, in all colors and shades, are the latest novelty,

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showing all the tones of one color and sometimes several colors in one ribbon. Moiré ribbons will still be used for sashes and trimmings. Wider ribbons will be used in trimming bonnets and for strings. Embroideries with gilt and silver will be employed for fronts and crowns of bonnets. Velvets in ombré. Ostrich-tips also ombré or mottled. In fact, we are likely to be deluged with ombré effects in all millinery and dressy costumes.

Small bonnets, with trimming not so high as for the winter, but yet not low, by any means. Flowers, such as a large rose with bud, with a long stem, or a chrysanthemum. Single effects will be used on bonnets, standing amid some loops of ribbon.

Round hats in straw, with high pointed crowns and close effect in trimming, for street and shopping, while large picturesque ones, profusely trimmed with wreaths of roses, apple-blossoms, or ostrich-tips, will be used for country wear, garden-parties, etc.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The spring fashions, like the spring flowers, are coming forth one by one. In the way of wraps and millinery, I have but little to add to the very full indications in my letter of last month. As to dresses, the very cold debut of the present spring has confined the novelties that have already appeared to costumes in vigogne and cashmere or to cloth suits with jackets lined with silk. Corsages are made sloping up at the hips nearly to the waist and with a very shallow point in front. At the back, the lower edge is prolonged, basque fashion, in three hollow lined plaits. The coat-sleeve continues the favorite for walking-dresses, though toilettes in more dressy material often have elbow-sleeves made full and without lining. The polonaise is coming more and more into favor, and, in vigogne or cashmere, looped over a velvet or silk skirt, is very stylish. It is much more elaborately trimmed than formerly, being often bordered with braiding, and sometimes having flat folds of the material crossing the bust and fastened with a large button at one side of the waist. The looping and draping is also very graceful. One costume, shown me in steel-gray vigogne and black velvet, had the vigogne polonaise caught up at the left side nearly to the waist and falling in three flat folds, each of which was braided with wide black-and-silver braid in a large showy pattern. The skirt of the polonaise was edged with a band of braiding The bust was crossed from right to left with flat folds of cashmere, fastened just above the skirt-looping with a large button covered with cashmere and worked with a design in black and silver. Collar and cuffs braided to correspond. The underskirt was in plain black velvet.

Worth has lately originated some charming and simple dresses in gray cashmere trimmed with ribbons in black French faille. A dress in white nun's-veiling had all the draperies bordered with a white gauze ribbon broeaded with white, below which was set a bias band of emerald-green velvet headed with a row of gold braid put on in a loop pattern.

There is nothing new to signalize in the shapes of bonnets and hats. Some of the most elegant of the former are made entirely of gold lace, worked with gold spangles, over pale-colored taffeta or gauze. Embroidered gauze very richly and elaborately worked is also employed. One bonnet that I saw was composed of green gauze ribbon worked with a scattered design of hops in high relief, executed in green floss-silk. Wheat-ears in gold or in silver, or with the beard in gold or silver and the grain in silk, are highly fashionable for trimming. A very dressy bonnet is composed of gold wheat-ears, laid in regular lines upon the frame, and alternating with strips of miniature ivy in green velvet. The Directoire shape, with its vast projecting brim, is popular, but is too showy and eccentric for everyday wear. Hats in all possible varieties will be much worn this summer, the different shapes and materials offering styles to suit every possible taste.

In the way of gloves, Parisian fashion prescribes that for evening-dress they should never be worn higher than the elbow. If it is desirable to cover the upper part of the arm, elbow-sleeves should be added to the corsage. Tan-colored gloves in undressed kid are worn with black evening-toilettes, or in fact with all those in dark colors. Cream-white undressed kid is worn with white or pale-tinted ball-dresses, though the tan-colored glove is still admissible, even if no longer the height of the fashion. It is considered very stylish to wear long gloves in undressed kid the shade of the light-tinted ball-dress with which they are worn, such as very pale-pink, straw-yellow, or pale-gray, or even very light-blue; but these delicately-colored gloves must be made to order. Gloves in dark glacé kid are occasionally worn with dark walking-dresses. The stitching up the back has gone out of fashion, so the glacé kid glove is made perfectly plain and has from six to eight buttons, the mousquetaire form being reserved for the more flexible undressed kid.

The hair is still worn in coils on the top of the head, but various new ways of adorning it are signalized. Aigrettes in herons' feathers, matching the color of the toilette or of its trimmings, are worn, intermixed with ornaments in diamonds, by married ladies. Puffs of tulle, adorned with long sprays of flowers or with pins headed with suspended diamonds or pearls, are also worn. But the prettiest of the new coiffures is a small wreath of roses or other small flowers without foliage, made just large enough to encircle the coils of the hair and fastened at one side with a butterfly in real or imitation precious stones or with a star or a crescent in diamonds.

A very lovely new color has just been introduced by Worth. It is a warm rich shade of red, something between rose-pink and crimson, and might be called "crushed raspberry," that title best describing it. Gold braid, gold gauze, and gold laces are greatly in vogue for trimming evening-dresses, and the former is still seen a great deal on walking-suits as well. Fashion now permits the wearing of innumerable bracelets over the long glove, at evening parties. They may vary in style as much as the wearer chooses.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FOUR YEARS. It is made of Scotch plaid tweed, combined with pin-striped tennis-flannel. The skirt of the plaid is box-plaited, opening on the left side over a panel of the striped material. The plaid skirt is buttoned on this side with five large bone buttons, as seen in illustration. The short jacket opens over a blouse-shirt of the stripe. Cuffs and collar to match.

FIG. II.—RUSSIAN COSTUME, FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS. Striped red-and-white gingham, trimmed with Oriental galloon. The underskirt is kilted, the overdress fastens at one side. Sailor-hat in straw, trimmed with red ribbon loops.

FIG. III.—PELISSE, FOR GIRL OF SEVEN YEARS. The material is checked woolen, lined throughout with silk, and trimmed with galloon or worsted braid. The form is Princess, and it has three capes. Scotch turban, trimmed with loops of galloon and two sharp-pointed wings.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S NAPOLITAINE CAP. Broad circular brim in cream-and-gold glossy straw, with a bag in the shape of a jelly-poach in green surah silk gracefully attached at the side, terminating in a tassel-like bow of cream-and-gold narrow ribbons.

FIG. V.—SAILOR-HAT, FOR GIRL OF TEN TO TWELVE YEARS. Dark-blue straw, trimmed with dark-blue or red gros-grain ribbon in large loops at one side.

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AN UNWILLING PATIENT.

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GOOD LUCK.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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WALKING-DRESS. BOY'S SUIT. SLEEVE. LACE HAT.

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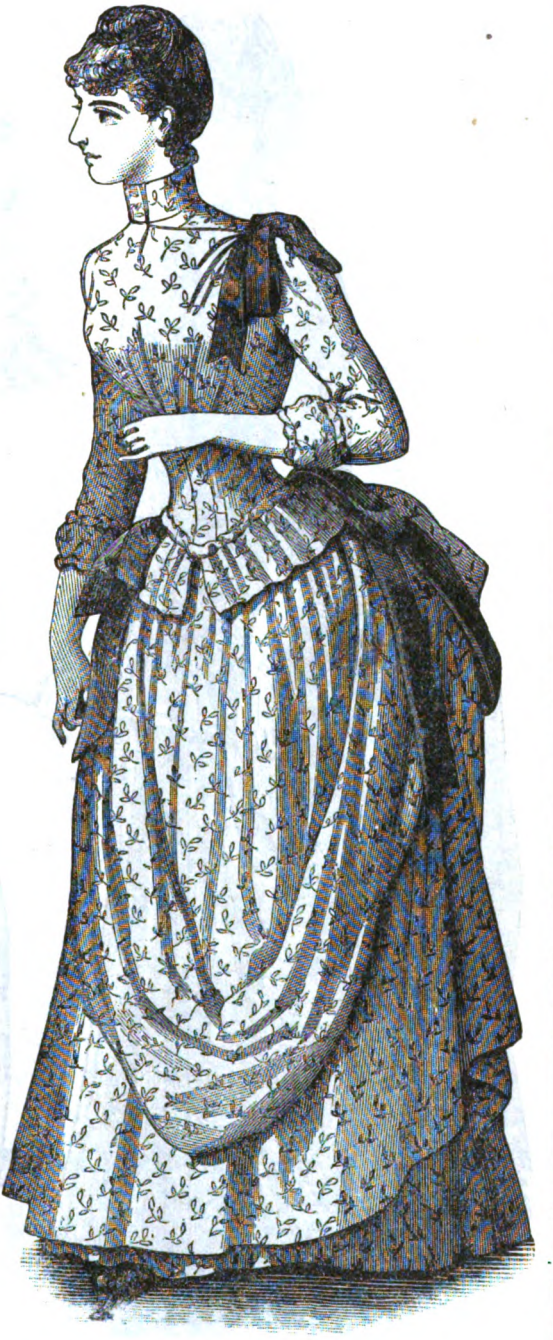

HOUSE-DRESS. GIRL'S DRESS. GIRL'S HAT.

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PELISSE. DRESS-HAT. MORNING-BODICE.

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AFTERNOON-DRESS. GARDEN-HAT. BOY'S COSTUME.

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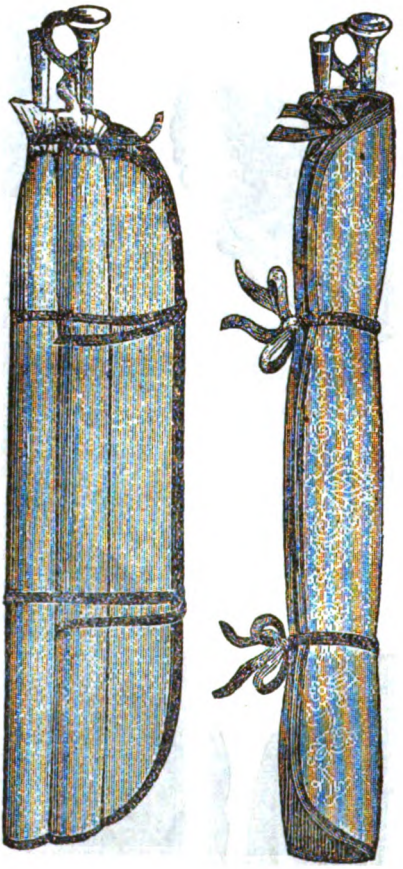

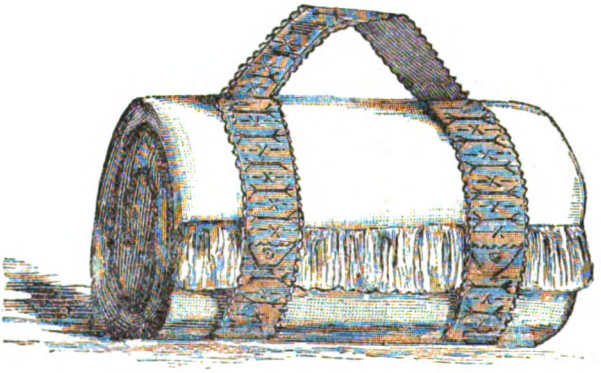

UMBRELLA-CASE. TRAVELING-SHAWL COVER.

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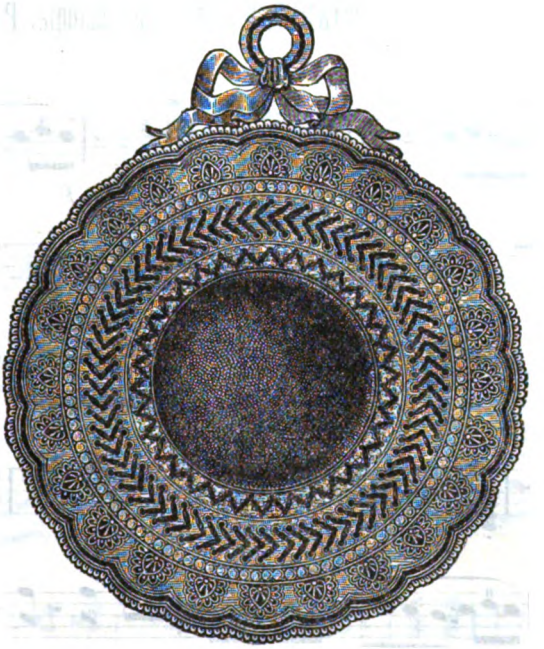

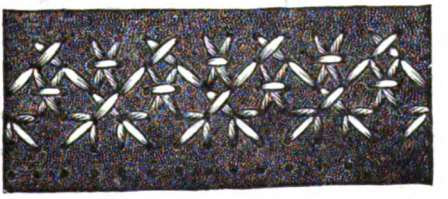

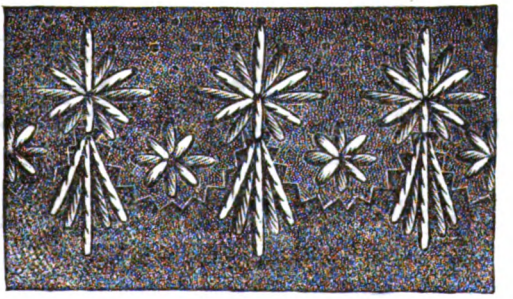

PINCUSHION, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

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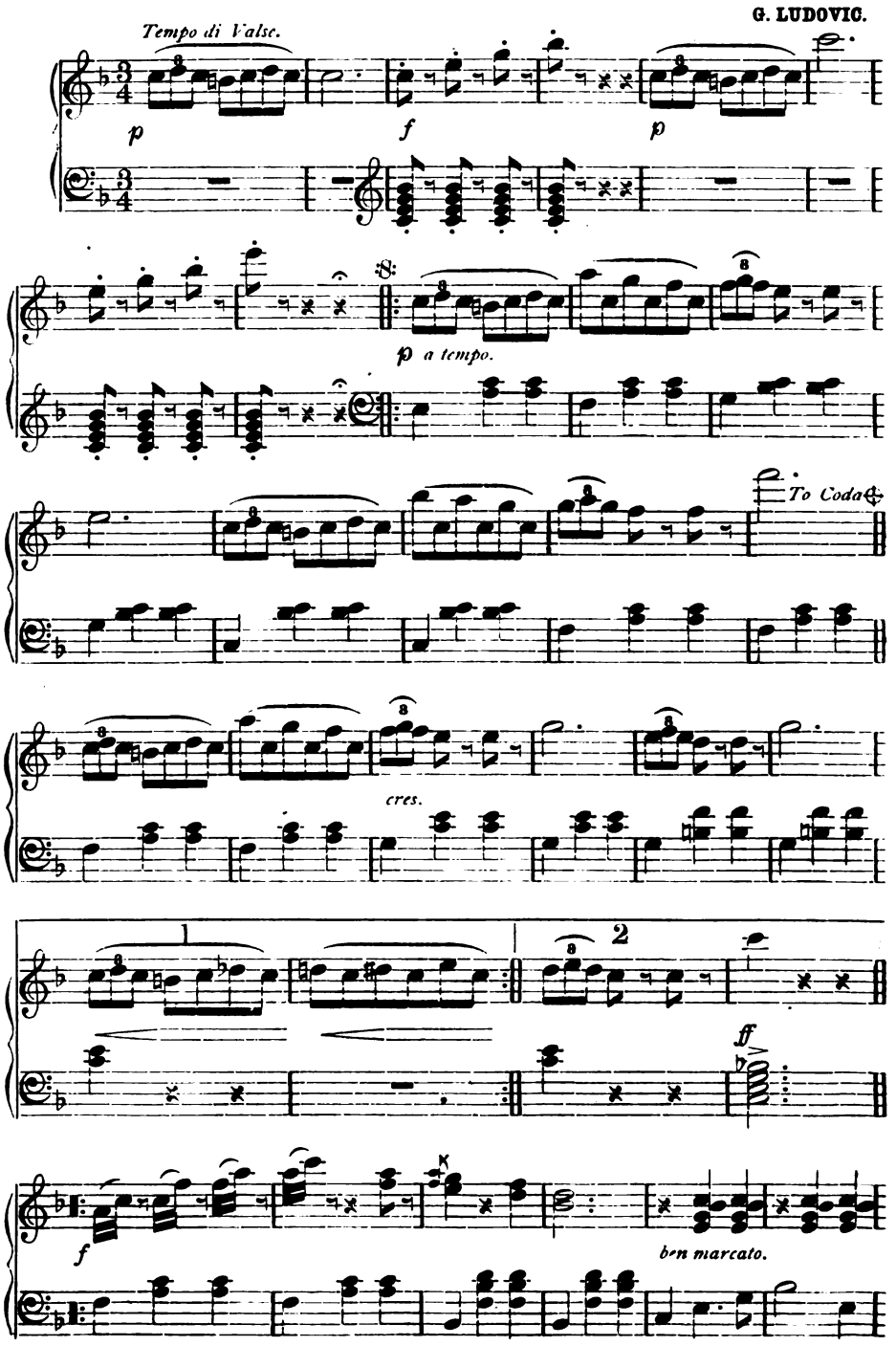

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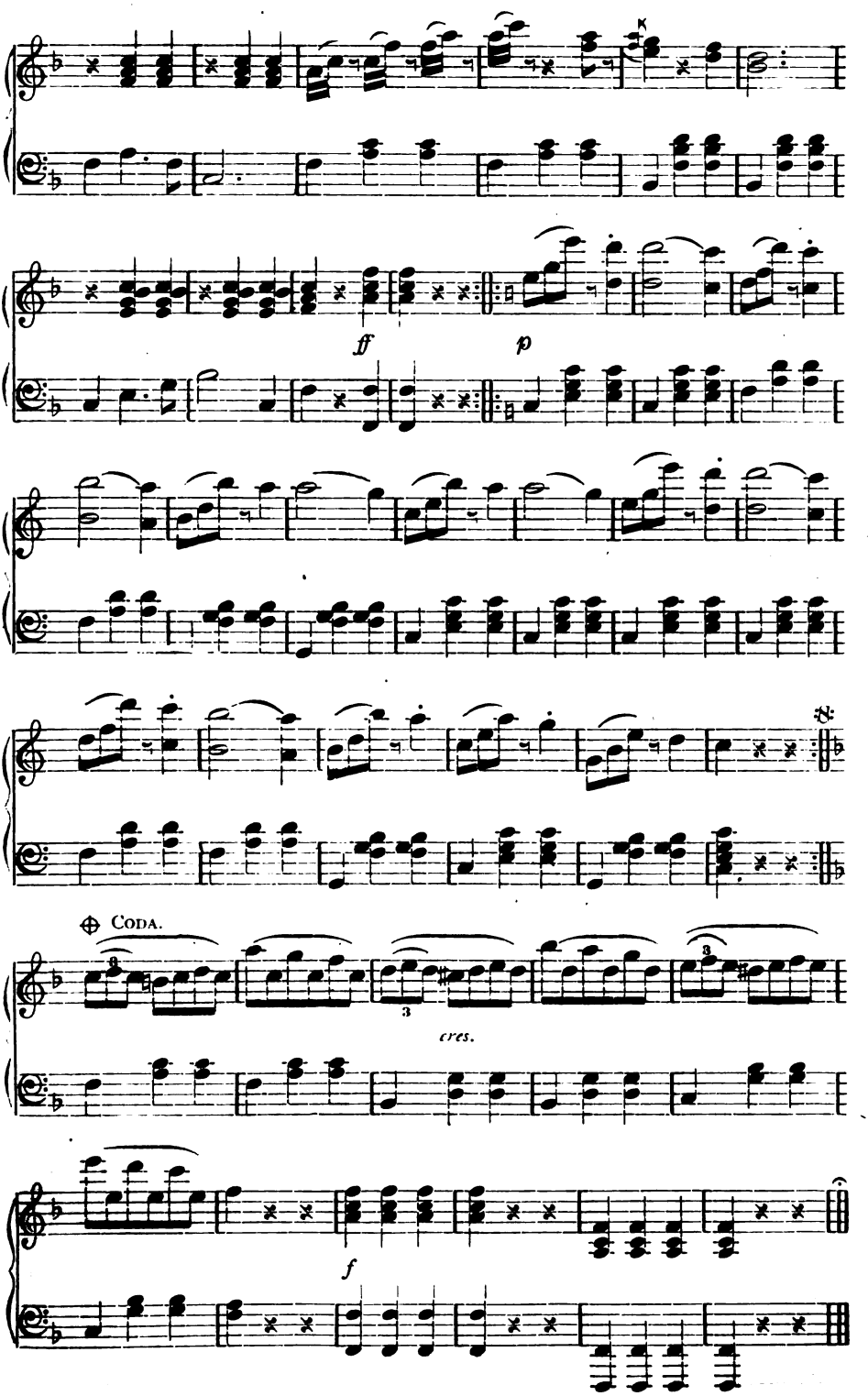

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VISITING-DRESS. BOY'S SAILOR-COSTUME.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XCIII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1888. No. 6.

HIS LITTLE PRINCESS.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.

SLOWLY down the broad richly-carpeted stairs walked little Jack Corbyn, hat in hand, carefully picking his way as if an inadvertent or hasty step might injure the elegant surroundings—which, to his unaccustomed eyes, appeared palatial.

His glance wandered from the finely-carved balustrade to the great stand of ferns, then fell on the thick crimson carpet into which his feet seemed to sink.

"I wish our floors were soft, like these," he murmured, the mingled beauty and luxuriousness appealing to his unfed senses.

A servant, standing in the lower hall, swung back the massive door, and the shabbily-clad urchin passed out into the beautiful grounds that surrounded the imposing house. Then, and not till then, did Jack replace his battered hat on his head, drawing a sigh as he did it of mingled regret and relief. He was once more in his native element—the open air.

Passing down the broad graveled walk leading to the tall iron gateway through which he had entered a few moments before, Jack gazed curiously about.

Stately trees shaded the well-kept path, a lawn, smooth as velvet, stretched away on either side, and plants of every variety and color embowered the piazza, filling the air with their fragrance. But amidst the green was one spot of bright color that was not a plant.

Sitting on a low garden-seat, was the prettiest little girl that Jack's mischievous brown eyes had ever beheld—a real fairy princess. Her dress was a dainty rose-colored cambric, the half-sleeves revealing her round white arms. A big garden-hat was pushed back on her head and her little slippered feet were crossed. On her lap lay some freshly-gathered flowers which she had selected from the basket at her side, while in one hand she held a large orange, which she was thoughtfully regarding. Near her feet crouched her pet dog.

But the most wonderful thing about her, to Jack, was her hair—a mass of spun gold falling in shining waves over her shoulders.

The dog noticed the intruder first, and solemnly blinked his eyes in greeting, whereat our small boy smiled; for he was fond of animals, being devotedly attached to a poor lean cur, very different from this petted little beast.

Then Doggie's young mistress perceived the stranger; and, seeing the friendly glances exchanged between him and her favorite, she also smiled a gracious recognition, such as sovereigns sometimes bestow on a fortunate subject.

After studying Jack a moment, Tippet slowly wagged his tail and trotted toward him. This decided Dora.

"Come here, little boy," she called, condescendingly, but in a voice deliciously musical even to her listener's untrained ear.

Jack obeyed—shyly, hesitatingly, his eyes

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still fastened on the wealth of hair which almost dazzled his sight.

"Would you like to have an orange?" continued Dora, politely offering him the golden fruit.

Still hesitating, the rough brown hand took the gift from the soft white one.

"Thank'ee," Jack said, remembering his manners sufficiently to remove his hat.

"Perhaps you would like some flowers, too?" questioned the little princess, noting the wistful glance toward the pretty bouquet in her lap.

"Thank'ee," and his face brightened perceptibly.

Immediately, the little lady rose and picked with prodigal hand a large bunch of the gayest blossoms in the garden.

Again the same reply from the grateful little fellow—who, seeing a servant approach, beat a rather hasty retreat toward the gate.

"Good-bye," called the little Lady Bountiful, returning to her shady resting-place, while Doggie again nestled himself at her feet. There she sat, flowers in hand, vaguely meditating as the boyish figure disappeared in the distance.

Down the white dusty road, Jack trudged toward the little cottage shared with his mother and a younger sister, close by the sea. This was the part of the village inhabited by the fisher-folk. Up on the hill, were handsome country-seats like the Maylands', where he had just been on an errand for his mother, who did plain sewing for a livelihood.

His father, captain of a large vessel, had died suddenly, leaving his wife almost nothing; and she had come down by the sea to live, because the physicians had recommended salt air for her, and this was the only way in which she could get it. Here they had made their home since the children were so young that Jack almost forgot he had ever known better things.

Mrs. Corbyn's face lighted up with such pleasure when her son handed her the flowers and fruit, that the dazzling impression made by the golden-haired fairy on his mind was deepened into a sense of everlastingly grateful remembrance.

A week or two later, Jack and his sister Marian, accompanied by a neighbor's child of whom she was fond, went down to the waterside, as usual, to play.

Around a bend in the shore, beyond the fishermen's cottages, an old boat was stranded on the sand, and this was their favorite spot on the long summer days.

Clad in their everyday garments, and guiltless, like most of the village urchins, of shoes or stockings, the two children had a fine time wading in the water and playing in the old boat.

Growing tired at last, Marian settled herself for a little rest. Holding with quaint motherliness the baby in her arms, she took a comfortable seat in the boat and idly watched the far-off sails, singing softly to the child in her lap. Following her example, Jack threw himself down for awhile, his head on the sand, his feet in the water; but his restless spirit would not allow him to be quiet very long. He soon jumped up and looked about for some new occupation.

Suddenly, he gave an exclamation.

"There's the little girl with the pretty hair!" he cried.

"Where?" asked his sister, looking around.

Jack pointed out toward the sea.

Sure enough, a little to the right of them and considerably farther out in the water, a small figure, over whose shoulders floated waves of gold that fairly sparkled in the sunlight, was wading.

No one else was in sight, for this strip of open beach lay between the village and the fine country places farther up. It was little frequented,

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either by the villagers or the summer sojourners, who usually "patronized" the shore nearer them.

Little Miss Dora, spoiled, as is apt to be the case with an only child, had escaped the surveillance of nurse and governess, and wandered in this direction with a vague hope of seeing her new acquaintance again. He had awakened some curiosity and interest in her.

Down by the sea, alone, a happy thought comes to our young lady. She will take off her shoes and stockings, and wade.

So she runs back to the house, tries to fasten up her long hair under a discarded hat, puts on the oldest frock and apron she can find, and returns to the spot unperceived.

Quite happy, she plunges into the water and paddles calmly about, unconscious of the children just above. Forgetting everything but the sense of unaccustomed enjoyment, Dora went farther and farther out, oblivious of the fact that her pretty skirts were becoming rapidly soaked around the bottom. This was fine fun, indeed!

Meanwhile, after watching her a moment,

Jack's attention wandered to something else, and he forgot all about Dora until Marian happened to remark: "We're high and dry, baby, if the tide is coming in."

Glancing down, Jack saw that he was ankle-deep in water, although he was close to the shore. Instantly, he looked out to see Dora struggling toward the beach, the waves rising almost up to her waist.

"Don't s'pose she knows how t'swim," was his first reflection. "Guess I'd better go and see about her."

Jack, of course, could swim like a fish; and, a minute later, he was by the side of the frightened child, now floating rapidly out to sea. Close beside him was his faithful cur, Bones, as he was called.

Poor Dora was gasping for breath, unable to scream; but Jack caught the little hand, and Bones instinctively grasped the pink skirt tight in his teeth. Between them, they dragged her along as they swam toward a safe place. The tide was rising so fast that it was as much as they could do to make any headway with their half-unconscious burden, but their united strength promised to prevail.

Seeing what Jack was doing, Marian dropped the baby and ran fearlessly out to meet them. She could swim almost as well as Jack, though she was not so strong; but she came nearer and

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nearer them as they swam in, and at last seized Dora's other hand and thus reinforced the exhausted pair. Amongst them, they succeeded at last in landing Dora safe, just as Miss Grove, the governess, and Janet, the nurse, arrived on the scene, guided thither by Dora's little slippers and stockings lying in a heap on the sands near by.

Thoughtful Marian at once suggested that they were nearer to the village than to the Maylands', so they carried their slight burden to the cottage, where she soon, under Mrs. Corbyn's prompt ministrations, revived.

Janet, in the meantime, had gone for the carriage, and Mr. Mayland came for his daughter, leaving her rescuers with many assurances of gratitude.

The next day, he called on the widow and very delicately offered some recognition of her son's bravery.

"There is one thing you can do," said Mrs. Corbyn, gently: "If you will deposit in the bank five hundred dollars, only as a loan, to help Jack go to college, he and I both should consider your debt, as you insist on calling it, more than canceled."

Mr. Mayland would gladly have made the sum a thousand, but this Mrs. Corbyn positively declined, saying:

"When he is able, my boy will return the money, though he never can the kindness, and I could not have him undertake more than that."

The grateful father willingly complied with the widow's desire, and, repeating his offers of service, left her. Dora came down, in her own small person, to thank her preserver, fascinating Marian even more than she had Jack.

In a short time, the Maylands returned to their city home, and, soon afterward, sold their country-seat in order to purchase a finer one at Newport.

So the two lives that had touched each other drifted far apart, and the changing years brought to rescued and rescuer a widely different lot.

At twenty, Dora Mayland was but little altered from the beautiful child who had dazzled Jack Corbyn's boyish eyes. Taller and more graceful, her wonderful hair, scarcely a shade darker, was coiled on top of her head instead of falling in a shining mass over her shoulders; but her will, imperious as ever, still ruled supreme over all who knew her.

One evening, at dinner, Mr. Mayland handed his daughter a letter, saying:

"Here is something that will interest you, perhaps, Dora. It is from young Corbyn, who has just returned the money I loaned him twelve years ago. By dint of hard work, he has fought his way through college and studied medicine. He is practicing now in a small town in Illinois, and is succeeding very well. His mother is dead and his sister teaches school. He writes a very manly straightforward letter. I wish that he had let me do more for him."

The somewhat languid air of the spoiled beauty changed at once into animation, as she eagerly read the well-written lines. She had never forgotten her childish preserver, and to hear of his success gave her a feeling of genuinely unselfish pleasure.

Another year passed by without any break in it for Dora—a constant round of social pleasures

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and engagements, when a new whim seized the young lady.

A friend of hers had married a clergyman and was living out in Minnesota. Often urged to visit her, Dora at length determined to accept the invitation.

Accompanied by Miss Grove, who had remained with her all this time, Mrs. Mayland having died several years before, Dora set out on her visit. It was toward the end of March when they left New York, but spring had so long delayed its coming that all nature still wore its wintry look.

They reached Illinois after as comfortable a journey as could be desired, and were whirling over the broad prairies, whose waving green was replaced by a thin covering of late snow.

A small stream, scarcely deserving the name of river, over which a rather rickety-looking bridge was built, flowed before them. Just as the palace-cars passed over it, there was a sullen roar, a crash! Dora felt herself thrown forward, and, a moment later, lost consciousness. Five minutes afterward, Miss Grove, crawling out from the debris of the broken car, saw a stranger supporting the girl's head.

"Is she hurt?" was her first anxious cry.

"I think not—seriously at least," replied the man, gravely. "Are you not, either?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Grove, in a thankful tone, bending anxiously over her charge.

Then, glancing about her in a bewildered way, the scene gradually impressed itself on her dazed faculties. Before them stretched the outskirts of what appeared to be a small town, behind them flowed the river, down whose current floated the fragments of the broken bridge.

"As the last cars passed over, it gave way, weakened by the storms of the late winter," explained the stranger, hastily. "I trust that there are not many injured."

By this time, of course, help had arrived from the village, and the wild confusion began to diminish.

As quickly as possible, their unknown friend placed the still helpless Dora in a buggy which stood some distance from the spot, lifted Miss Grove in also, and, giving directions to a small boy whom he espied, to drive them to his home, hurriedly informed the anxious lady that he was a physician and would follow them shortly.

Before Miss Grove had fully recovered herself, the horse was standing in front of a tiny neat cottage, and the urchin was explaining matters to a pretty young lady in the doorway.

They helped Dora out of the carriage and into the house, laid her on a snowy bed, and worked with her until the doctor himself arrived.

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After a careful examination, he looked grave. "She is not hurt," he said, "except the shock. I am afraid that will bring on a serious illness."

The young physician was right.

Miss Grove at once telegraphed to Mr. Mayland, to receive an immediate answer that he was laid up with rheumatism and must be kept fully informed of his daughter's condition.

For a few days, Dora's life was in danger; but the tenderest skill and nursing, in which latter task Miss Grove found the doctor's sister an invaluable assistant, at last triumphed, and they were able to telegraph to the anxious father that the patient would, in all human probability, recover.

For weeks, however, Dora was so ill as to need the closest attention, which was given her by the doctor in spite of his increased labors in attending the other victims of the accident. He was busy night and day, for, though no one had been killed, quite a number had been seriously injured. Yet he was always at Dora's bedside when needed, watching keenly every symptom of change.

One morning, the patient awoke with faculties sufficiently clear to recognize the strangeness of her surroundings and wonder at them. Glancing eagerly up into Miss Grove's face, she began at once to ask questions.

Gradually and gently, Miss Grove explained matters. For several days, Dora's indifference to extraneous things continued, and she remained satisfied with meagre replies. She was content to submit to the gentle ministrations of her friends with a murmured "Thank you."

The weeks had rolled round until May was half over before she roused herself sufficiently to feel some curiosity as to the name of her kind preservers, which she had never noticed Miss Grove's mentioning.

In the course of a little conversation with the doctor, almost the first talking she had done since her illness began, his fair patient looked inquiringly into the keen brown eyes, strangely familiar, and said:

"Just fancy, doctor, after all your kindness to me, I do not even know your name. If anyone has used it, I do not remember."

"My name is Corbyn," said the young physician, briefly, and was going on to talk of something else, but Dora interrupted him with a little cry.

"Corbyn?" she exclaimed. "It cannot be—it must—this is the second time you have saved my life, is it not?"

A quick change passed over the doctor's face.

"It was not I who did it, but Miss Grove and my sister. Medicine is nothing without careful nursing," was his only reply.

"How can I thank you?" went on Dora, sinking back on her pillows, exhausted by the sudden excitement.

"You need not. It is largely owing to your father that I was able to help you at all." And, with an abrupt "Good-morning," the doctor hurried away, just as his sister entered.

It was June before the patient had convalesced sufficiently to venture out. Mr. Mayland, having been forbidden by his physicians to travel, although his health had greatly improved, was kept constantly informed of his daughter's progress. Of course, as soon as it would be safe, Dora intended to start for home; but never before had she felt such reluctance to leave any spot.

All nature was bright now with the beauty and bloom of early June. But it was something more than the charm of nature that contented Dora through her tedious convalescence. On all subjects but one, the doctor was most agreeable, and they spent many delightful hours together. Whenever she attempted to express her gratitude, however, then he was unapproachable.

At last, the day of departure was decided upon, with the doctor's approval reluctantly given. They were all sitting on the little porch, toward evening, and Dora's heart beat fast at the grudging tone in which he gave his consent.

She rose, dropped her shawl without noticing it, and walked quickly down the garden-path, stopping to pick a bunch of roses. The doctor hurried after her.

Around by the side of the house, a gate led into a lane beyond. Pushing it open, Dora was about to go on, when she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten her wrap.

Behind her, in the path, stood Jack, hesitating as to whether he dared follow, when he noticed the absence of outer covering, and the man at once merged in the physician. When Dora turned toward the house, he met her half-way, shawl and nubia on his arm.

"You are imprudent," he said, in his most professional tone, glancing at her uncovered head and thin dress with a look of reproof for the patient, not the woman, which somewhat assisted her in regaining her self-control.

"Thank you," she said, putting on the wraps.

"You had better come into the house now," he went on, in a voice which he endeavored, in vain, to render cold and free from emotion. "It is not safe for you to be out in the night-dew. It might result in delaying your return home."

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"And so prolong the inconvenience to which you and your kind sister have been subjected such an interminable time already," said Dora, in her most plaintive tone, lowering her lashes.

A slight frown gathered on the doctor's brow.

"You know that neither of us regards it in that light," he answered, rather sharply. "We have both enjoyed your visit, and regret your departure very much."

They were nearing the house by this time, and Dora stopped in the middle of the path.

"In two days, I am going away, and you have never allowed me to thank you," she said, abruptly.

"It is unnecessary—I did it to please myself." The words just reached her ear. "Will you give me one of those roses?" he asked, abruptly.

She handed him the whole bunch; but he did not look at her, as he took it.

"Is there anything else you want?" The words almost died in her throat; but he caught them.

"Yes—everything," he answered: "wealth, position, and what these might bring."

"What is that?" Her voice was low.

"Love—one woman's love," he said, his eyes on the roses.

"Do you think that any woman's love worth the having—could be won just by those?" she asked, vehemently.

"You know whose love I want," he cried, with answering passion.

"Whose?" she managed to say.

"But I have no right to ask for it," he went on.

"You do not need to ask—it is yours," she whispered.

And, being only mortal, Jack Corbyn clasped the outstretched hands and folded her to his breast.

"Fate must have meant me for you—else why should you have saved me twice?" Dora suggested, softly.

Dr. Corbyn has won both fame and fortune, and Mr. Mayland is perfectly satisfied with his daughter's choice.

A LIFE.

BY ROBERT O. LINCOLN.

I was glad, that bright new morning.
"Surely," I cried, "it is here—
The morning of hope I have longed for
Has dawned, and perfection is near.

My neighbor's fields of fruitful grain
Will be ripe for the harvest-sheaves,
And the one bud I have cared for
Will open its tender leaves."

But the warm sun-rays grew hot
And fierce in the noontide-hour;
Trembling and fearful, then I cried:
"Oh, spare my one poor flower!"

But no: I had laughed in the morning,
Glad that the sky was clear,
Glad for the bright day's promise—
Had laughed and felt no fear.

Now withered and scorched and ruined,
My tender floweret lay;
I wept and I cursed the great hot sun
That had burned its life away;

But a whispered hope came down to me
From the lips of the Holy One:
'It will be night-time by-and-bye,
When the long hot day is done."

Alas, for blind, blind mortals,
Hoping and fearing still,
Till we learn His way mysterious
And bow us to His will.

SOMETIME.

BY DEE SHARKLEFORD.

Oh, when some joy we prized the most,
Or hope we treasured, fond and real,
Has left us but its shimmering ghost
And wounds that only time can heal,

How hard to tread the walks of earth
And mingle with the curious throng,
To laugh the laugh of hollow mirth
And join in empty jest and song.

For, to the world, what is our woe?
What if we fall by wayside drear?
Both priest and Levite come and go
Ere good Samaritan draws near.

The years steal by with patient feet
The same as when our hearts were glad,
And laughter beams from eyes we meet
That never weep when we are sad.

Ah, well; we're drawing near the end
Of all our hopes and all our fears,
And in that goal to which we tend
We'll need no sympathizing tears.

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THE ROMANCE OF A CORNFIELD

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

CHAPTER I.

We do not often see fine sunsets in July. A hazy yellowish glow to westward, with no clouds to break or reflect the light, is most common during that hot and sultry month of midsummer. But, on a certain July evening not many years ago, the sunset was a cloud-picture in shaded pink and crimson, storm-presaging maybe, but beautiful, suffusing the atmosphere with rosiness and tinging every accessible tree-top, twig, and grass-blade with the same radiance.

Near the edge of a great swelling far-sloping field of Indian corn a young girl was standing, had been standing for several minutes, like one listening—as indeed she was—to the voice of the corn. The soft yet crisp rustle, rustle—having as distinct a tone of its own as sighing pines or rippling water—the gentlest and most fairy-like sound in the world. With bent head and half-parted lips, she listened for a while, a fair dainty figure, clad all in summer white touched into pink by the sun-rays here and there, as were also the sharp curving corn-blades waist-high all around her. And so soothing, so fascinating were the leafy wind-stirred whispers, that she could have lingered much longer had not the glimpse of a horse's head coming down the row just in front warned her of disturbance, and, retreating to a stile by which she had entered the field, she seated herself on it and calmly watched the approach. We have a good view of her face and form, as she sits thus elevated, the former very pretty, clear-cut, and just now intelligently watchful, the latter graceful, slender, and well-poised. On her head was a big quaint bonnet of straw and muslin. Her hands, very small and daintily gloved, holding to the rough fence on each side, helped to make up a tout ensemble that somehow bespoke the city maiden, self-confident but placidly well-bred and a temporary amused spectator of the present scene. In front and above her, the big cornfield of fifty or more acres shimmered and undulated, a stretch of dark-green away toward the north and east, sloping almost to a house on the crest of the hill, a large house half hidden by trees—the farm-house, as she supposed, taking in its distant appearance ere she dropped her glance to the nearer view below. Slowly and rather wearily they came toward her, the big plodding workhorse with head down in humble strength, drawing a plough, and, behind that—alert, upright, grasping the handles and capably guiding both it and the horse—the ploughman.

"Why, he looks like Burns," she said to herself, with artistic approval at sight of him, and, thinking of the Daisy and the Mouse which that great poet's ploughshare helped to make immortal, she wondered if this handsome ploughman were ever so visited in thought.

The likeness to Robbie Burns was indeed there, though this tall handsome sun-burned fellow had little of the dreamy poetical expression. He seemed to enjoy his work and did it in a certain masterful way, like one well practiced, as the cultivator of a corn-crop soon gets to be with the tedious oft-repeated mode of working it. But the ploughing here was almost done—the great field almost gone over for the last time. At the end of the row, very near our young lady, he turned his horse and plough with strong brown forceful hands, glancing up at her as he did so with a slight bow and "good-evening," as custom warranted between strangers hereabouts, then went back up another corn-row and was soon half lost to sight.

She sat still, looking dreamily after him and listening to the rustle that once more asserted itself, till presently came footsteps across the pasture-field behind, and a man, stepping lightly upon the stile, took his seat beside her.

"'In maiden meditation, fancy free'?" quoted the newcomer, in a musical and well-trained voice; to which she made answer as lightly, though not even turning her large violet-blue eyes to meet him.

"I've been listening to the voice of the corn. Hush! wait a moment and you will hear it." He did listen for a minute, with an amused smile, and then murmured:

"'The valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.' This is but a whisper, yet very sweet and worth hearing. But, my dear cousin, the sun is down, and, as the dancing-party begins at dark—as mine host, mine hostess, and all the 'gyirls' are wondering at your absence, I would fain lead you back in triumph to your proper place and duty."

"Tiresome!" she said, pouting. "I would rather stay here."

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"So would I, if you could stay too," he rejoined. "But, as such a proceeding might be thought eccentric, we will go meet our fate. You will dance with and talk to the deluded youth who think you charming. I will suppress my yawns as best I can, victimized, as usual, by the ugliest girl in the room."

He helped her off the stile and they walked along together. As he sauntered by her side, bareheaded, with easy graceful steps, his unlikeness to the other man she had just seen a few minutes before was noticeable. The muscular yet controlled strength of the ploughman, his keen yet patient look—how different from this gentleman of leisure, with cool amused glance and fluent tongue. No one would have spoken of Dr. Howard Crafton as being "gentlemanlike" or "well-dressed," though he was certainly both, these facts being but minor ones in connection with his wider personality. But his air of good society, of "savoir faire," could not be mistaken. From the top of his head, with short grayish hair parted in the middle, to the sole of his loosely-shod slender foot, he was, outwardly at least, the conventional gentleman.

Her easy, cool, though friendly, manner with him would have boded small success for a lover—which he was not, though not without some definite intentions that way. Having known Sylvia Clare from her babyhood, and being besides a distant cousin, he had certain privileges, but did not presume on them nor once bring forward his knowledge that her father had chosen him long ago for his future son-in-law. She was very young and he—Dr. Crafton—not very old. There was time enough to wait; though meanwhile, if this summer's stay as boarders at a country-house among comparative strangers brought them into still closer intimacy, well and good.

"You should have seen the man who was ploughing," she said, presently. "He looks like Robbie Burns."

"Oh, yes—I saw him yesterday," was the reply. "A good-looking fellow, and quite typical of a much better class of farm-hand than one often sees about here. I noticed the likeness that you speak of; but we must not forget Burns was a 'rara avis' among his kind—indeed, I've a notion that the poetical aspect of the thing is more apparent to a spectator than to the ploughman himself."

"Yes," she said, smiling, and hurried her steps as they came just then in sight of the large, roomy, somewhat tumbledown house where old Captain Sam Wychester, last male representative of an ancient—and, as he thought, highly important—family, had consented that his wife and daughters should support themselves and him by taking summer-boarders.

CHAPTER II.

Sylvia Clare, though not quite twentyone, had been to a good many parties, some of them very grand affairs. This midsummer-night's dance she had voted "tiresome," and had wished it well over more than once. But what good-humored healthy girl is not more or less pleasantly excited by the dressing for a dance, by sounds of festivity and the merry scraping of violin? When nine o'clock struck and the notes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" came gayly squeaking from the dancing-room, she ran downstairs in floating white muslin and lustrous satin ribbon—bright-eyed, flushed, and lovely—as eager as any girl there for the evening's fun.

At once surrounded by would-be partners, she began dancing directly, and had no time to look around at the general scene till fully an hour later, when, going to a corner to rest for awhile, she made a survey therefrom, and, to her surprise, perceived among the guests the young man that she had seen ploughing not three hours before. He was not dancing, but stood near a door—well-dressed, smiling, and to all seeming quite at ease—looking on as he talked to Mrs. Wychester. Miss Clare felt rather indignant. She had perceived before this that the party was not very select—according to certain conventional notions; but such mixing up, even with ploughmen, was intolerable, she thought, with a pout and shrug, just as Dr. Crafton, in faultless evening-dress, a rosebud in his buttonhole, came and took the seat beside her.

"I am not going to compliment you, so don't be bored in anticipation," he said. "I only want to call your attention to a curious social fact. Do you see that tall good-looking fellow over there by the door? Well, that is our handsome ploughman."

"I know," she said; "I recognized his face."

"Well, his name is really—what do you think?—Robert Burns. Odd coincidence, isn't it? I have been making some inquiry about him. He is quite in the first society here, and comes of one of their oldest 'old families,' spite of the ploughing-business. 'Tis another instance of human nature's fondness for extremes that these youngsters in Virginia—who, but for the war, would think themselves forever disgraced by blacking their own boots or saddling a horse—here they are, to my knowledge, most of them in the queerest spirit of defiance, working harder than their old field-hands ever worked, and

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bearing their poverty proudly. Our Mr. Robbie Burns ploughs; I know of another gentleman—son of a former grandee, nephew to a distinguished general—who is cutting logs for a saw-mill; while another young 'blood' is digging ditches. A little study, a little ambition, a little time for hunting up chances and connections—"

"I have heard papa say," Sylvia broke in here, feeling somehow nettled at his tone, "that very gentlemanly work is often obtained by most ungentlemanly means."

"Very true," he said, rather sharply. "But no man will ever win success in any profession who can't stand a little humble-pie now and then, at first. But here comes our new friend. Mine hostess is bringing him up to present him, never doubting your willingness. You will dance with him, of course, and he will assist you through these wonderful figures with as stately an air as if handling his plough. Here they are."

And there they were, sure enough, the young man blushing but by no means overcome, the lady smiling and voluble. "Mr. Burns—Miss Clare," she said. And, the next minute, Sylvia found herself standing up to dance with the ploughman.

That he was not only a very self-possessed and pleasant young fellow, with the handsomest eyes she had ever seen, but a gentleman also, was soon impressed on her mind.

"I saw you this afternoon, when I was on the stile," she said, impulsively, then felt on the instant that she had perhaps made a mistake. But he answered "Yes, when I was ploughing," with so easy and frank a smile, that she felt her respect and liking straightway doubled; and they soon fell into lively chat, fast becoming good friends. His hands were hard in the palms and sunburned, but well-shaped and quite touchable, his clothes very good and easily worn, if not in Dr. Crafton's elegant mode. He was not at all a partner to be ashamed of, and Sylvia Clare, the prettiest girl in the room and the most admired, danced with him no less than four times, that night.

CHAPTER III.

There were other dances at Captain Wychester's that summer, and croquet-parties, and picnics in wood and on waterside; there were drives, walks, meetings at church—on all which occasions, the liking between Sylvia Clare and Robert Burns grew more and more into intimacy. Having just now the leisure that midsummer brings most farmers, and being thereto strongly inclined, he was her cavalier to the exclusion of even Dr. Crafton when that gentleman was present, which was, however, not often the case. And fastidious Sylvia wondered at her own feeling for the young farmer as at something new and strange. His simplicity and kindly frankness, so different from the other men she had best known, formed the greatest charm of their intercourse. One day, he told her how he had worked and striven ever since he had been called from school to see his father die, leaving him only a heritage of debt and trouble; now he had held on to the old home, struggling along till the debts were at last paid and the land his own to improve and enjoy.

"And do you live alone in that gray old house beyond the cornfield?" she asked. "It looks very peaceful and nice, very quiet and a little—forlorn."

"It is a little forlorn sometimes," he answered, "but my old black 'mammy,' who is the best of cooks and comforters, keeps house for me, and I hope that, someday—"

He broke off with a wistful half-smile and long glance that made her change the subject.

One morning in early September, Dr. Crafton sought an interview with Sylvia, the first in a long while, since, besides his devotion to various studies which he followed alone, he had seemed to avoid her of late. Now, with unusual earnestness of manner, he addressed her in his clearest sweetest tone, taking a seat by her side.

"My dear girl," he said, "I want to ask how you propose to conclude this little flirtation with Mr. Robert Burns?" The blood rushed to Sylvia's face and a certain hard defiant look settled thereon, but she said not a word. He went on: "The people here seem to consider you as good as engaged to him already, and there is no doubting his earnestness. The poor fellow is in love with you, anybody can see. He will ask you to marry him, I am sure—if he has not before this—and, if he doesn't, it will be no sense of unfitness on his part, as he probably thinks himself a match for any young woman in the country."

She still said nothing, but her heart gave a great leap of joy and exultation, in that Crafton's words had met her own answering conviction. Robert Burns did love her, she was sure, and there was no doubting the earnestness of his purpose; but then, with a sudden chill, came the inward question "What of her own?"

"Claiming an old friend's privilege," continued the doctor, "I must say that I think, for a summer diversion, it has gone far enough, and I cannot believe it more than that on your part. There's no accounting for a woman's fancy, I know; but

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you can't marry a ploughman—the idea is preposterous."

"His having worked in his own fields makes him none the less a good man and a gentleman in the true sense of that word," she broke in at last, almost fiercely, unreasonably angered by her cousin's words and tone.

"My dear child," said the doctor, very kindly, "I never said the young fellow wasn't well enough in his place, but a fit match for you! Your father would never consent to such a thing, you know well enough. The man spends his life in rough hard work, and will probably do so till the end of the chapter, inevitably coarsened and hardened by the process. You could not help him, brought up as you have been; you would be worn out, disappointed, miserable, cut off from your own people—a most charming future, indeed!"

He paced to and fro, as if in real excitement, she sitting with downcast eyes. "Your father told me long ago," he went on, presently, "that his chief wish was to see you my wife, but I have never pressed the claim. You don't care for me, I see, though I love you as well as this other man, at least. But my motive is not a selfish one, I swear. As for my own wishes and hopes, let them go; but I can't see you entangle yourself—who knows how far?—without speaking a word."

What answer would she make? She sat still, looking down, playing with her fan, her lips twitching nervously, her face very pale. Brought up in a conventional atmosphere, among rich, idle, and fastidious people, it was not strange that Dr. Crafton's words seemed to her the best of sense and reason. The fresh young love for Robert Burns, "the love that is for one" surged up in her heart with dangerous power. But Dr. Crafton represented her world, the great world which her own people loved and served and looked up to. Love which has been said to be as strong as death is not always as strong as life—the life of habit and prejudice. Let us not be hard on her because she presently said: "You need not be uneasy. I am not by any means sure of a chance for refusing Mr. Robert Burns. But, as you say, it is time the flirtation should end. It shall be as you wish." She spoke calmly, but, when he began his congratulations on her good taste and sense, she turned on him with a burst of angry tears. "Don't say another word to me," she cried. "I wish I had never seen him—or you! I wish I were dead!"

"My dear girl, most of us do wish that at one time or another," said the doctor, very gently, as he left her to herself.

Sylvia was as good as her word. On their very next meeting, Robert Burns made her an offer of his heart, hand, and the fortune that his ambition was so sure of winning—offered and was decidedly though gently refused.

CHAPTER IV.

Robert Burns came no more to the Wychesters' after this, and the parties and picnics went on without him—rather tamely, to Sylvia Clare. Several weeks passed before she saw him at all, then he came to church, one Sunday, looking pale, grave, and haggard; and, a week later, she heard by accident that he was ill.

Now, we have no reason to suppose that Sylvia Clare had anything to do with this ailment; indeed, the attending physician soon discovered a purely natural cause, in the shape of a miasmal swampy field, which Mr. Burns, as a good farmer, should have drained and cleared long ago; but our young woman, firmly believing that she had broken his heart and health, was self-accusative accordingly. Her anxious ears kept watch, but could hear little news of the sick man. He was "pretty bad," said the doctor, who called at Captain Wychester's once or twice, passing to and from his visits; and so said others who chanced to know. To Sylvia, they all seemed cruelly indifferent and heartless, and she blamed the Wychesters—who, good people, took kindly interest in their neighbor, but, having their own affairs to attend to, could not go to nurse him. He had the doctor and his old black housekeeper, one of the best nurses in the country; they would bring him through.

From her bed-room window, she could see the house on the hill, beyond the now brown and ripened cornfield—the house where he lay ill, suffering, perhaps slowly dying, she thought. Day after day—at morn, noon, and eve—whenever she could steal thither, her eyes turned that way by a sort of fascination, troubled and often dim with tears; and, at last, one hot scorching afternoon, when the low sun glared brazenly from a yellowish sky, she stole away from the boarding-house, ashamed yet impelled by restless misery, and went in that direction.

Not far within the great field, an old negro man was working alone, cutting the corn. Half a dozen shocks were behind him in a row, and, not far from another one half finished, he was hacking away with his great knife, singing feebly now and then—a grotesque and rather pitiful figure, looking very unequal to his task. She crossed the stile and went quickly up to him, as he stopped work willingly enough and took off his hat to the pretty white lady.

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"Your master—Mr. Burns: how is he, do you know? I heard he was ill," she said—or rather gasped—tired out by her swift walk, dreading his answer and her own desire to sit down and cry.

"He mighty bad, missy—mighty po'ly," he answered, scratching his gray woolly head. "He's sorter better now, I 'spec'. I hain't seen 'im sence dis mawnin'."

"Better?" she cried. "What makes you think so? Who is with him?"

"He-he! Well 'm," was the slow reply, "I reck'n he some better or wusser fo' now. My ole woman—she's mindin' him, an' dey won't fin' no better nuss 'n she."

"Can't you go to the house and find out for me how he is now?"

The old man looked doubtful.

"I dunno, missy," he said; "I'se sartain dat, if he wuz well 'nuff ter koer, he'd be mighty oneasy 'bout cuttin' dis cawn."

"Ah, poor fellow!" cried the little lady, with a sob; "he would be helping you himself, but for this dreadful fever. He has labored and toiled, and now all for nothing. You can't cut it all yourself. Is nobody hired to help you?"

"He never tole me nothin' 'bout hirin' nobody, missy. When he fust git sorter po'ly an' triflin', he say 'I'll be up an' out in de mawnin',' an' den ag'in 'in de mawnin'.' But, day in an' out, he's wuss an' wusser, an' now he don't 'pear ter think no mo' 'bout it—an' dis cawn fa'ly wastin' ter be cut."

"Too bad, too bad! He must be ill indeed. But you shall have help—you shall have money to hire help—all you want, if you will just go find out for me how your master is."

"Bless yo' heart, miss—you's a lady, an' dat's troof! I'll go, sence you so mighty cur'us; but dis heah cawn—"

"Oh, go—go!" she cried, in fretted excitement. "Give me the knife—I will cut while you are away."

The old darkey giggled outright.

"Law, missy! sich doin's isn't made for yo' lily-white han's. Ne' min'—I'll be back toreckly."

"Good old man! Make haste, and don't tell them I sent you. You shall lose nothing by going," she called after him.

He hobbled away quite fast, though all too slow for her eager haste, as she stood and watched him pass through the corn, up the long slope, over the far fence, and out of sight. Then for a full hour, it seemed to her, she waited out under the blazing sun, that blinded her sight and scorched her cheeks, with eyes and ears strained toward the house on the hill above her. A hot dry wind crept lazily by; but the voice of the corn was now changed from the musical whisper it had in early summer, to a harsh dry rattling; yet none the less did it recall that evening when she first saw Robert Burns near this very spot. The memory was sweet yet bitter, for various conflicting reasons. She cried a little, then laughed at her own present undignified position, then plucked aimlessly at the cornstalks about her and sighed for the hundredth time: "If he would only make haste and come!"

And, just then, the old man did come in sight, emerging from the miniature forest in front—hobbling along, stumbling now and then, pausing sometimes, as if—she thought—half fearing to advance. A messenger of how much good or ill? She ran to meet him, her violet eyes large, eager, and piteous.

"Well, uncle," she cried, "what is it? How is he?"

"I didn't see him myse'f, missy; but my ole woman, she say—"

"How is he?"

"Better, missy—bless de Lawd! heap better an' on de mend; an' I never tole 'em you sont me."

"Oh, you blessed good old man! Thank you, thank you! But are you very sure?"

"Sartain sho', an' no mistakin', missy. De fever clean gone off, an' he's powerful hongry, my ole woman say."

"You dear good old uncle! Don't tell anybody about my sending you to ask. I will bring you some money. But stay, here is my purse—how good that I happen to have it! Take this for yourself, and this for hiring someone to help you cut the corn."

The old man took it, chuckling his thanks, and said, with sly twinkling eyes:

"I'll be out here in de mawnin', missy, if you wants any mo' news."

"I will come to the stile," she said; then added, with dignity: "I have a friend who is anxious to hear from your master."

She fairly ran back now toward the stile, in her joyful excitement, and there paused, startled to meet Dr. Crafton. He looked at her, his face very grave and pale.

"I have just been hearing from him—from Robert Burns," she burst out, looking as he had never seen her before—flushed, eager, strangely reckless. "You know he has been ill—very ill, and I have been miserable; but he is better now. And you must go to him."

Crafton stared at her blankly, saying not a word.

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"You must go to him and nurse him," she went on. "Help him to get well. I've heard people say you can almost raise the dead with your skill. Can't you go to him for my sake? I love him. I don't care if he is a ploughman or even a coal-digger. I love him—do you hear? And I'll tell him so, if I ever have a chance. Will you go?"

A look of great pity and kindness came over her listener's face.

"Sylvia," he said, when she paused, "my dear child, I have something to tell you—some most sudden news. There's no use trying to break it gently to you, since the sad truth must out at last. The fewest words are the best. Sylvia, give me your hand—there, be brave, my dear. I have come to tell you that your father is dead."

CHAPTER V.

Sylvia Clare spent the next winter at the house in Washington City where her father had so suddenly died, and which had always been her own home. Having been an only child, and with no aunts, uncles, or very near kin, she had nevertheless plenty of friends—among others, Dr. Crafton; and these urged upon her the usual panacea nowadays for every trouble of life—namely, change of air and scene. But she would not change.

"I want to stay here," she said, pathetic but resolute, "in my dear old home—just here, where everything reminds me of papa. I don't want to go away and try to forget him.

So, without delay, a suitable companion, of the discreet, lady-like, elderly kind, was found for her, and she staid.

Her love for Robert Burns had fallen rather into the background lately. Her thoughts had run into another and still deeper channel, and she had heard nothing from him except indirectly that he was better, then quite well and strong again. The past summer was like a dream: like a dream, though very vivid that hour of waiting in the cornfield, very vivid still her farmer-lover's face—handsome, strong, with kind, honest, gentle eyes pleading his cause. She used to indulge in long looks at a picture of the peasant-poet Burns that hung in her library and feel that a certain coincidence of name and face had given it added beauty in her eyes.

One day in early spring, a servant brought her a card on which was written, in a plain, strong, most characteristic hand, "Robert Burns." He had come at last, then; and, with fast-beating heart, she went down to see him.

Sylvia's mourning was becoming to her as to most fair slight people. Her light-brown hair looked lighter and more golden by contrast, her skin very white, with just now a soft rose-leaf flush in the cheeks. Her big blue eyes were rather wistful of late, her little mouth had more of a downward curve, sadder but prettier than ever, and very lovely indeed to Robert Burns, as she stood before him.

"I will not trouble you long, but I have a few words to say," he began, hastily, even while he held her hand in greeting. "I have just heard how you thought of me—came to ask for me when I was ill that time. Your coming even that much nearer must have had a healing influence, for I was better from that very hour. Thank you for it and for the money you advanced to save my corn-crop. I was too weak and stupid at the time to give any directions myself. Here is the money. Indeed you must take it to ease my mind, though it may seem coarse and sordid to thrust it back upon you. And now, concerning a request I once made of you: I see how unsuitable, what a poor thing for you, what I wanted then would have been. You were wise, though I haven't changed and never will. No one has thought more of you in your trouble than I, and, if I can ever serve you in any way, let me know. And now, good-bye."

He turned to go, opened the door—in one moment more, would be gone out of her sight and life forever. Should she speak?

"Wait—listen," she said, with a little forward rush; "it is dreadful for a woman, but I must tell you. I am alone in the world now—and what good can my riches be unless they bring me happiness? And they can never do that unless—" She faltered, looked down, turned fiery red, and finished:

"Unless I can share them with you."

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THE LOVERS AT TUGGLE'S GAP.

BY JAMES T. PRICKETT.

HIGH up in a gorge in the Blue Ridge dwelt old man Tuggle, with his wife and daughter. The situation was desolate and wild; too lonely and wild it seemed for anyone to wish to live there, though old man Tuggle was contented with his lot. Here he had lived all his life. He knew of no brighter land than this—no happier place than his mountain home. The rugged soil gave him, in return for his hard work, an honest though poor living.

His house stood well up the side of a deep hollow. Just above it, an opening in the mountain—made as if by some throe of nature—was known both on the Virginia and North Carolina sides as Tuggle's Gap. The division-line of these two States passed along the top of the mountain, Tuggle living on the Virginia side. The only connection between the two sides was made by a path wide enough for a horse, but too narrow and steep for a wagon.

He had a daughter, an only child, Bet, noted through the region for her rustic beauty and especially for the graceful outlines of her fine figure. On this brilliant October evening, she was sitting on the porch, watching the setting sun. The scene was full of sylvan beauty. The tall maples flaunted their yellow leaves in the fading sunshine. Standing among its golden stalks, her father was busily cutting down the corn on the opposite mountain-side. There was a charm in the atmosphere, a hushed silence brooding over all, only broken by the far-off drumming of a pheasant and the shrill notes of the katydids calling to each other in the neighboring woods.

Presently the atmosphere was penetrated by a softer and more subtle sound. It was so soft and low at first, that Bet was not aware of it until it burst forth in the clearer, fuller, and more tuneful notes like a bugle-call. It was the whistle of someone coming up the path, and Bet heard it. She started, and a bright flush dyed her cheeks. She would have known that whistle among ten thousand. It had been a familiar sound for years. It was made by no other person than Hub Sykes, and soon that young gentleman was seen coming out of the woods into the clearing. He carried two or three squirrels in his hand and an old rusty musket on his shoulder. He was tall, powerful and muscular, a well-built rounded young man, yet whose every movement was awkwardness to perfection. He was dressed in a blue flannel shirt and brown jean pants that lacked about two inches in making connection with his shoe-tops. He paused a moment to glance inquiringly toward the house, and then resumed his former long strides as his eyes rested on Bet.

"Howdy, Bet," he said, on approaching.

"W'y, howdy, Hub," she replied, with a bright light coming into her face. "Come up an' hev a chair."

"No, thanky," he said, leaning the gun against the porch and throwing the squirrels across the railings; "I hev but a moment ter stop, an' I'll jest set down here on the steps."

"It's an uncommon fine evenin', Hub," she said.

"Powerful fine," he replied. "I see the old man's a-cuttin' his corn. That's powerful heavy corn over there—nothing like it in the mountings. I oughter be in our corn. It's dead ripe; but I heerd the old lady war sorter on the sick-list, an' I thought I'd kill her some squirrels. How's she gettin' along?"

"Oh, purty peerit. It's kind of you ter think of her," said Bet, taking the squirrels into the house. "Mother says thanky," she said, on resuming her seat after a moment's absence.

"Not worth thankin'," he said. "You know, Bet," with a marked softness in his manner and voice, "I would do anything for you-uns; an' for you 'specially I'd lay down my life."

"I know that, Hub," she replied, softly, with a warm light stealing over her sun-browned face. "I know that, Hub," she repeated, "an' I hev allers trusted you."

"Who wouldn't work for such a gal as you?" he exclaimed, passionately, turning his rough honest face full upon her. "W'y, Bet, I'd work my finger-nails off fer you, an' be happy in doing it."

"How are you comin' on with your house?" she inquired, after a moment's pause.

"Wal, you oughter jest see that house. More than half the logs are now up, an' if the fall work, together with the weather, don't hinder too much, I'll hev it under clapboards 'fore winter sets in. It'll be a spankin' good house, an' I want you ter be sorter proud of it, when I take you to live in it in the spring."

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"You know I will be, Hub. I'd like powerful ter see it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll come up arter you ter-morrow evening, an' we'll walk down. I'd bring the horse fer you ter ride, but I 'spect father will be a-workin' him. He's plowin' fer wheat. I s'pose the old woman is not too sick fer you ter leave. If it wasn't so late, we could go this evening."

"I'd just soon walk as ter ride," she replied, "an' mother is now peerit enough fer me ter leave."

"That's an understandin'," he replied, awkwardly gathering himself up to go.

He took his way down the path to his father's house at the foot of the mountain, pausing, however, on reaching the woods, to wave his hat at Bet, receiving in return a similar wave of the hand.

He had been gone but a short time, when another young man approached, though from the opposite direction. He paused in front of the house, as if expecting an invitation to come up from Bet, who still sat on the porch; but, when aware none would be given, he walked slowly up, taking off his hat and saying with a friendly smile:

"Good-evening, Miss Bet."

"Good-evening, Mr. Simmons," said Bet. "Won't you hev a chair on the porch?"

"I don't care ef I do," said Mr. Bill Simmons, mounting the two or three log steps at a stride and taking a seat, with his hat resting on his knees.

The newcomer was a different type of manhood from the one who had just left. He was not so tall nor so muscular. He was wiry, lank, and lean, with a stooping figure. His hair, mustache, and face were of a fiery red, and so were his eyes. He had a sly look, with a lurking cunningness in his ever-friendly smile. What he lost in physical comparison with the other young man, however, he partially regained in manners, which were those of a mountaineer indeed, but one who had had some acquaintance with the people of the valleys—at least with hired men who worked on farms along the railroad. Instead of jean, he wore black shoddy store-pants and a striped cotton shirt in place of a flannel one.

He lived with his father on top of the mountain and near the North Carolina border. He had been known in his younger days as a thriftless lad. When he had grown to manhood, he had suddenly disappeared; whither, no one knew until within the last year, when he had returned and given a vague history of his wanderings. The amount of loose change which he often had about him had more than once, since his return, given credence to the story of his being a dealer in illicit whisky. Money, in the mountains, indicated some financial connection with the valley or railroad people; and, as he had no visible means of procuring it, it would naturally be supposed that he got it by invisible means—that is, by carrying secretly, at the dead hour of night, illicit whisky to the small hamlets of the valley and exchanging it for ready cash. Be that as it may, it was evident that he was trying to renew an old boyish attachment for Bet Tuggle, but apparently without much success. For in manhood, as in boyhood, Hub Sykes was a stubborn rival who firmly disputed his way. Bet, however, treated him kindly, as an old friend.

"Whar hev you been, Mr. Simmons? I hevn't seed you fer a long time," inquired Bet, after he had at last managed to get his feet still.

"Me? I hev been skirmishin' 'bout in the mountings—no place partic'lar. Has Hub been 'bout lately?"

"He jest left awhile ago."

"Will you see him agin soon?"

"I s'pose so. Why?"

"When you see him agin, tell him ter look sharp," said Mr. Bill Simmons, in a very impressive and confidential tone.

"What do you mean?" inquired Bet, anxiously.

"I met an old friend from the valley, t'other day, on his way to North Car'lina, an' he told me that a feller from the mountings here had been seen selling whisky at Plank's Bottom; an' the revenue-men was fixing up for him, was a-goin' ter give the mountings a rakin'. He said he seed the same feller at the foot of the mountings ez he came up, an' recognized him as the same feller, as he had bought some whisky from him himself, an' was a-axing me who it was, an' I told him from his description it must be Hub Sykes."

"Hub Sykes a-sellin' whisky? You know yourself, Bill Simmons, that he never so much ez sold a half-pint; nary a pint did he ever sell," exclaimed Bet, disdainfully.

"That might be," replied Bill; "but you know, Bet, I am a friend of yourn an' a friend of Hub's, an' ef I was him I'd keep a sharp lookout. The feller described Hub Sykes up an' down, even ez ter the color of his eyes, an' you know thar's no one near like him in the mountings."

"I don't care if there ain't—I don't believe any sech thing. He's too honest an' too hard-

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workin' ter make his living that ar way," said Bet, in a rebuking tone.

"Well, you can do ez you like: tell him, or let it alone. I was only telling you of it, as a friend," said Mr. Simmons, with an injured look.

"Thank you, then," said Bet, in a kinder tone. "Won't you come in? I must go in an' get supper for father."

"I don't care ef I do," he said, rising and following her into the house, with an inward feeling of satisfaction visible, to a close observer, on his countenance.

It was growing late when he again appeared and started up the mountain-path. But he was not thinking of going home just then. After proceeding a short distance, he began to moderate his steps, walking slower and slower, and finally coming to a halt. Fully half an hour passed before his apparently inanimate figure was again put in motion; this time down, instead of up, the mountain. With a noiseless tread, he retraced his steps, passing stealthily the Tuggle house, and as stealthily on down the mountain—leaving the path, however, before coming to the Sykes cabin, and striking out through the woods. He never once stopped for bearings, but, with the rapid movement of an experienced woodsman well acquainted with his way, he crossed a spur of the mountain and held on straight down to a camp-fire burning brightly in the bottom of a deep hollow.

Sitting and lying around the fire, were half a dozen men, with carbines strapped across their shoulders. On his arrival, they bestirred themselves, listened attentively to what he had to say, and then fell into a silent sleepy order about the fire. An hour or so after, they again began to stir, and each man, going a short distance into the woods, soon returned, leading a horse. There was a moment of confusion, low talking, and the unstrapping of carbines, and then all were mounted, with their guns lying across the pommels of their saddles, while Bill Simmons, afoot, led them out the hollow into the path, half a mile below the Sykes house. Here they dismounted, tying their horses in the woods, and followed Bill to the Sykes house. He stopped them at the fence, and, pointing toward the house, said in a low voice:

"Thar's your game; I'm off."

With that, he struck rapidly up the path, only pausing now and then to look back or listen. The cold fog hung closely to the mountain-side and sifted gleams of white among the darksome shadows of the woods, with a faint sinking moon marking an hour long past midnight, as he crept silently by Tuggle's on his way home.

The next evening, Bet, neatly dressed in a calico frock, was expecting Hub every moment. But the evening faded into night without bringing him. Her father 'lowed "that he hed some work ter do that kept him, and that he'd be up early in the morning." On the morrow, however, he still did not appear, though at last Bet was sure she heard his steps coming up the path. But it turned out to be Bill Simmons, who was just fresh from the foot of the mountain, and who brought news that struck consternation to her heart. Hub Sykes had been arrested, the night before, by some revenue-officers, and taken to the town of Alton, fifty miles away, and placed in jail to await his trial in the spring.

"The law is a terrible thing," said Mr. Simmons. "When it gets a-hold of a man, it has him fast; though I hope Hub will come out."

"Of course he will," cried Bet. "I don't care ef all the laws hed him, he'd come clear. He never done nothing, never sold any whisky; an' the law ain't goin' ter touch a innercent man."

"We all know, Bill," said Mr. Tuggle, "that Hub never sold whisky—he's too honest fer that."

"Well," said Simmons, "he hes ter board free in the jail till his trial, be him innercent or guilty."

"That's kerrect, Bill," said Mr. Tuggle. "I'm sorry fer the boy."

"How long will that be?" inquired Bet, tremulously.

"Till April," answered Simmons. "The Federal Court comes off along the first of April. He'll hev a spankin' good time till then—livin' so high off of corn-bread an' beans an' dried apples an' cold water in cold weather, that he won't know us common folks when he comes back."

The light manner in which this was spoken failed in its effect of bringing a smile to Bet's face—in fact, it irritated her: what she wanted was sympathy, and not jocularity.

So, after Bill Simmons left, she sat down and had a long consoling talk with her father, feeling greatly encouraged by it, and afterward went about her work with a pensive though restful heart. She gained spirit, in her confiding faith in Hub's innocence. The law, she thought, was often harsh, but always right. She vaguely invested it with some divine power by which it discriminated between the innocent and the guilty, and so never once doubted but what Hub would return to her in the spring.

As much as she missed him at first, she missed him most when housed by the winter's storms.

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The mountaineer's work is done with the husking of corn, and winter to him is a season of hunting or idle weeks. It was customary with Hub to spend most of this time at Tuggle's, sitting about the huge wood-fire, caressing the dogs, and talking to Bet—or, on favorable days, taking long hunts with her father through the dreary wooded vistas of the mountains. It was the time she saw him most; and now she thought of him—not as she saw him last, but as he appeared then, with his rough-hewn good-natured face all akindle with light and animation. Her memory, in spite of her, would skip over the intervening time, to recall his actions, looks, and words of a year ago, and oftimes strike poignant grief to her heart. His old seat in the corner seemed strangely vacant, though often occupied by Bill Simmons. The latter had gradually become a frequent visitor, and his kindness and good spirits won favor in Bet's eye. Thus it came to pass that a rumor started in the mountains that, "as Hub Sykes war in jail an' out of the way, Bet Tuggle war takin' up with that thar Simmons boy." But her heart was more vacant than the chair in the corner; Bill could not supplant Hub there.

The long winter, to her, was filled with dreary suspense. And such a winter it was—the like had scarcely ever been known before. There was a strange wild threnody in the blast of the wind, as it went soughing through the desolate woods and driving great clouds of snow into the narrow gorge. There were times of frigid calm, when the gaunt sharp-ridged mountains stood shivering ghostly beneath a cold white sun and the dumb forest was filled with glittering icy splendor; when the thickly-crusted snow bore the weight of man, and birds fell frozen from the trees; when the breath of dawn chilled all warmth out the short-lived day, and the mountaineer ventured out only for wood.

But winter could not last forever—spring finally began to assume its prerogative. The snow gradually melted away on the mountain-tops and softer air was astir in the woods. Warm sun tipped many a tree with green, and fresh hope brought back the ruddy color to Bet's face.

As the time approached for Hub's trial, the girl grew more and more restless in spirit, but not in action. She was constantly thinking of her lover, as she went about her daily work, and, when moments of rest came, filled them with calm sweet reverie. Had he changed much since she saw him last? Would she easily know him? Would he come back to her with his old smile and homely speech? And would he be glad to see her again? She often asked herself these questions.

At last, the day came when he was expected home. Her father had gone to attend the trial, in place of Mr. Sykes, who was afflicted with his customary spell of spring rheumatism. In the afternoon, Bet arrayed herself in the calico dress in which she had waited in vain for Hub on that October evening, so long ago as it seemed to her now, and went down the mountain-path. The April sun was warm and bright on the alternating green and sombre hue of the forest. Her heart was buoyant and her face was crimsoned with a soft expectancy.

A little way up from the foot of the mountain and standing off from the path in a rail inclosure was a two-storied log house of ruinous appearance. A few wild-cherries stood in front, with a cluster of apple-trees and a stable in the rear. The door was ajar, and Bet entered without knocking.

"Who be that? Who be that?" querulously inquired a shaggy-whiskered man from the fire-place.

"Howdy do, Mr. Sykes?" said Bet, advancing.

"W'y, Bet Tuggle!" exclaimed the old man, in hearty surprise, rising up on his crutch and grasping her outstretched hand. "Well, well, Bet," he mumbled, "you hev come, sure an' sartin, ter see poor old crippled me—or maybe it's kase Hub's comin'. Do sot down."

"I don't care ter set," she said. "I did come down ter meet father an' Hub, an' I thought I'd come in ter see you a moment."

"Yes, Hub's comin'," said the old man. "It's powerful lonesome-like without him. He's a spankin' good boy, Hub is. I can't get along without him, 'specially now the spring work is settin' in an' I'm somewhat crippled up. He's been gone a power of time. His gun thar," pointing with one long bony finger at a gun stretched on pegs above the door, "is getting all eat up with rust. We hevn't touched it since he left."

"Yes," said Bet, "that's Hub's gun. He'll soon clear it of rust." And her eyes lingered fondly on it.

"Well, child, set down here—don't be a-standin' so long," he kindly urged her.

"No, thanky," she said; "it's time they war comin', an' I'll go an' meet them. I'll come in agin with Hub for a moment." And she went gently out, with the soft light of expectancy still on her face.

A few minutes' walk brought her to a cleared spot in the woods, above the path, with piles of brush-heap scattered about it and green sprouts

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shooting gracefully up from the blackened stumps of the year before. In the centre of the clearing, stood a small house—or, rather, part of a house, for no more than half the logs were laid. Here, in the doorway, she sat down and looked around, but with what sad retrospection and eager hope. For Hub had selected that spot for their future home, and with that anticipation his hands had felled the trees and laid the logs.

Presently, the dull thud of horse's feet, proceeding up the path, became audible. A succession of rapid flushes, coming and going with the regular beat of the horse's feet, deeply dyed the girl's face with red, to leave it at last pale and white when a solitary horseman came in view. A single glance told her that her father was alone, and all the glad light of expectancy faded from her eyes.

"Father," she cried, as he rode up, "whar's Hub?"

"Be calm, child," he said, in a strong quivering voice. "Hub's all right, only I didn't bring him along."

"Why didn't you? Oh, father, tell me the truth at once!" There was a piteous appeal in this which he could not resist.

"Wal, wal, child," said the old man, bending from his horse to lay his hand gently on her head; "only don't give way. Hub's a-lookin' fine, in the best sort of health; but that thar nasty jury—now don't blabber out: gently, child—found him guilty, an' the judge made it two years. Just think, it's only two years. I talked with Hub, and he said he hedn't fergot you, an' told me ter tell you ter wait for him."

She did not break down then; but the tears, in spite of her, would need be wiped from her eyes, as she walked silently by her father, with his hand still resting on her head as if blessing her. It was not until she had left him to tell the news at Sykes's and had walked half-way home that she gave way to her grief, and then she sat down and cried as if her heart would break.

She was so confused and stunned at first, that she had asked no questions. But, after her father had eaten a late supper and moved his chair to the fire, she sat down on the floor beside him, and, with her head upon his knees, received a full history of the trial. She was surprised to learn that Bill Simmons had taken part in it. The soft melting outlines of her subdued face assumed a harsh and unrelenting expression when told that it was his testimony and that of a friend which had convicted Hub, and that it was also by his instrumentality that her lover had been arrested. This latter information her father had received after the trial, from a revenue-officer.

So, when Mr. Simmons called, a few days afterward, he was not asked to take a seat. However, he sat down coolly, as if to wait for her affability to return. But, as she remained stern and silent at her ironing-table, he became uneasy, and, in a cool fascinating manner, essayed to smooth and explain matters. But, before he had uttered a dozen words, the smoothing-iron, which had grown cold in her hand, was firmly planted on the table, and she turned on him a face so indignant that he actually shrank from her. Advancing to where he sat, she poured on him such a storm of hatred, contempt, and scorn, that, when she ordered finally him out the door, never to set foot within it again, he was glad to escape her scathing tongue and withering looks.

After he left, she fell to crying bitterly over the ironing-table. Her father, coming in, tried to console her.

"Ah, Bet, Bet," he said, in a rough tender voice, "don't go on so; it'll come out all right."

But she shook her head.

"Oh, no; it never will," she said.

Miserable as she had been all winter, she was now more so than ever. All hope had gone.

As for Simmons, he left, feeling utterly foiled. He had had Hub arrested for a double purpose. The first was to remove Hub from the mountains, so that he himself could gain Bet's affection. Hub once away, he thought, the transfer of affection would take place as a matter of course. He had had no doubt but that he would be able to explain everything satisfactorily to Bet. But now he knew that she was acquainted with the full extent of his treachery, that it was impossible. His other motive was self-protection. His bold manner of retailing illicit whisky had aroused the suspicion of the revenue-department. By having Hub arrested, he thought, suspicion would be diverted from himself, and he could go on with his illegal traffic with impunity. But in this belief, as well, he was mistaken. That very week, he and his friend, who was his accomplice in his unlawful pursuit, and whose evidence had helped to convict Hub, were both arrested and placed in jail.

The trial came off at once, the Federal Court still being in session. His accomplice, to save himself, turned state's evidence, testifying, among other things, that Simmons had paid him for swearing falsely against Hub Sykes, to divert suspicion from themselves. When confronted by him, Simmons, his courage now all gone, acknowledged his guilt. He was at once sentenced to the penitentiary, while, at the instance

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of the judge and the officer, a release was procured for Hub.

All this happened so quickly that, before the news could penetrate through the densely-wooded and thinly-populated country to Tuggle's Gap, Hub himself had landed at the nearest depot, and, with a joyous heart, struck out afoot for home.

Meantime, Bet's heart almost failed her. Her only consolation was in knowing that he was innocent. But two years! It seemed to her the time would never end. Could she, with this grief, live that long? At early dawn, when stars had paled on the lonely mountain-tops, she would wake, thinking she heard his step, only to realize, with a sudden burst of tears, that she would not see him for two years, if ever. To-night, as the sun went down, she stood on the porch, her eyes turned to the spot where she had seen him last disappear.

Suddenly, there broke on the air a high note of gladness, trilled out jubilantly by a clear far-reaching whistle, the very sound of which brought the hot blood to Bet's face and made her heart beat wilder at every note. Was she dreaming? Could it be? On, on, up the path it came, nearer and nearer, clear, full, joyful. It was like the bugle-blast of a victorious chieftain, returning triumphant to his castle and his love.

At the clearing, it abruptly stopped. There was a moment's pause, and then a rush and a bound; and, before the echoes had died away among the heights, Bet was sinking into the arms of her lover.

THE YOUTH WITH THE VIOLIN.

BY MINNA IRVING.

White with the dust of travel
As his horse was white with foam,
Once on a time the stranger
Joyfully hailed it home.
But its guests are all departed,
And its glory is no more,
And tarnished the golden dragon
On the signboard over the door.

Elsie sat in its shadow
When the gilded sign was new.
The sun was bright on the blossoms,
The birds were up in the blue.
Elsie saw from the highway
Turn to the door of the inn,
A youth as fair as Apollo—
A youth with a violin.

The dew from the branches shaken
Was bright on his golden hair,
His cap was feathered and jeweled,
Such as the nobles wear.
And, as Elsie timidly served him—
For she was a maiden shy—
She saw, through her silken lashes,
The blue of his laughing eye.

Up on the oaken wainscot
The carven cupids smiled,
As he from the lips of Elsie
A nectarous kiss beguiled.
But they lifted their wings for rapture
And wept for sorrow and sin,
When he wakened the wounded spirit
That dwelt in the violin.

When soft the star of the twilight
Shone through a silver haze,
And the fires were lighted, he vanished
Into the wood's dim ways.
But he left in her ear a promise
Of a glad return some day,
When birds in the branches builded
And the hawthorn budded in May.

Shame on the fickle wooer!
For never again came he.
And woe to the maiden watching
The buds on the hawthorn tree.
Snow lay deep on the highway,
Blossoms smothered the inn,
And her soul grew weary awaiting
The sound of the violin.

She turned with tears from her suitors,
And sat in her room alone;
Woke in the long night-watches,
And thought of a churchyard-stone.
Each of the months, in passing,
Braided a silver thread
Into her golden tresses,
And the hawthorn tree was dead.

It chanced in a festal season
She went to the far-off town,
Like a leaf left over from autumn,
Soberly clad in brown,
And saw, in the gay procession
Of beauty and pride and sin,
Lo! in the Emperor's carriage,
The youth of the violin.

Hope, like the hawthorn, withered;
For it is a bitter thing
To lay the love of a lifetime
Down at the feet of a king.
For he has the love of many;
Soon does his own grow cold.
What though his brow be beauty,
And the curls of his hair of gold?

Home through the wintry twilight
She went with a footstep slow—
Fell ere she reached the threshold,
And died in a drift of snow.
Dust in the earth is Elsie;
But the walls of the ruined inn
Echo forever at midnight
The wail of a violin.

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"LOMY."

BY MAGGIE M'ADAMS.

WHAT is it that goes to make that subtle quality in a landscape that we call, for lack of a better word, picturesqueness? Whatever it is, the word applies to the view I have in my mind as I write, and I wish I could make you see it as I do. Here, the broad Ohio, its flashing yellow waters washing beds of gleaming white sand on this side, beating against the Kentucky hills on the other. There, in the distance, slips a silvery thread that we know to be the Scioto, winding down from the wealth and cultivation of the great State's centre. On the left, high and wooded hills, outlying spurs of the Alleghenies, genuine mountains to me, whose life has all been spent in the great valley-region until this summer.

I have been half-ailing for some months, and the physicians say "change of air," so I am spending a short season with my dear aunt, Mrs. McGregor, whose husband is chief of a band of surveyors "in camp" among these lovely hills. Here I pass my days most happily, and here I learn the little history I shall try to tell you.

We have a number of people in camp with us besides those whose business it is to be here: Colonel Norris, president of the railway, and his daughter, who is chaperoned by my aunt, and several ladies congregated in a cottage near. A crowd of young men, most of whom are busy all day and very much at leisure in the evening, are domiciled in the white tents down in the valley.

There is also Ben Van Dyke, who is a correspondent of one of the great dailies. He writes a column every morning for his paper, and puts in the rest of the time making sarcastic speeches and reading the lightest possible novels. Our only other "permanency" is the vice-president of the road, a mere boy for such a position, whom we call "The Youth," and unite, with one accord, to spoil. His name is Gleason, and he is the handsomest man I have ever seen.

We put in our time in various ways: fishing, reading, drawing, idle lounging in hammocks—all these make the days fly. Then, too, are our rambles among the hills. There is a sparse population in these wilds, as distinctive in manners as any people among the pines of Carolina or the mountains of Tennessee. They are, perhaps, more like the "poor whites" of Virginia than any other class, and about as shiftless. The men are giants—gaunt, bony, and good-natured—the women hags, as a general rule, when youth is once past. They hunt and fish, and cultivate their little farms. Here and there is a dairy, rudely carried on. There are still deer to be met with in these remote "Sunfish Hills," as they are called. Black bass and perch abound in the many swift streams, and fur-bearing animals are yet plenty. From one such family, we procure milk, butter, eggs, and poultry. We walk up the valley and across the hill to leave our orders, and they are filled next day by "ole man" Huddleson or his strapping son. There is a daughter of the house, who was no doubt christened Leoma, if christened at all, but whose name, in process of time, has been shortened to "Lomy," and as such we know her. She is a beautiful creature to look at, but her dialect is that of the mountaineers about her. She has, however, vague ideas as to the improvement of her mind, and, as I make friends with her, she confides to me her desire to be able at some future day to take a place in one of the stations on the new railway. To that end, she practices writing and adds up long columns of figures and reads many dry books in the intervals of dairy-work and poultry-feeding.

She has known some of the members of our party the year before, for this is "Camp McGregor's" second summer. Colonel Norris is very kind, but his daughter shows a singular aversion to her, unusual in Edith, who is generally too sure of herself to dislike anyone. The hill-bred lass and the city girl are singularly alike in form and face, and I wonder if this is what repels Miss Norris, but afterward I set it down to instinct. We can always call anything we don't understand "instinct."

"I knowed him last summer," Leoma says to me, one morning, in a communicative mood, nodding her tawny head at Gleason as he goes down the spring path. "He was a-layin' in his hammock, one forenoon, sultry like this yer, asleep, with his hand a-swingin' over the side, and there laid a copperhead right by him, jist waitin' fer him to move. I picked up a limb and killed it, and it woke him up. He like t'never got done a-thankin' me and a-thankin, me for 'savin' his life,' and he wanted to give

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some money to pap for me, but I tole the ole man ef he tuck it I'd leave home."

"You goose!" I say, "why didn't you take it and go to school?"

"I couldn't," she says, briefly. "He sent a lot o' books to me an' a dress an' things his sister picked out, 'n his mother wrote me a powerful pretty letter and sent me her picture, an' he gimme his'n. But, Miss Ada, don't say anything't I tole you about this; he might think't I was braggin'."

I promise, as Edith comes out on the porch and says a few kind cold words to Lomy. Curiously alike they are, as I have said, and the difference in dress only emphasizes the resemblance. The hill girl "'lows she better be goin'," and moves down the woodland path. Edith sits by me and tells me she has "something to confide."

"I'm not in the habit of making confidences," she says, "but I must tell you that Mr. Gleason and I are engaged since yesterday, for, womanlike, I want somebody to congratulate me. Are you surprised?"

"No," I tell her, "I have seen how it is with you ever since I came, though you have been very discreet. Still, I've intercepted some eloquent eye-telegrams from time to time. I congratulate you sincerely, dear. I think you very well suited to each other, and I am sure you must have a great regard for him."

"He is a prince among men," she answers. "I didn't know it was in me to love so deeply or indeed at all, and I am half shocked, wholly surprised, at my own intensity. The engagement, by the way, is to be a secret from everyone as yet, but I wanted you to know."

I kiss her tenderly and promise secrecy, and she goes upstairs again "to beautify," she says.

The summer days flit by as fast as hours in fairyland. Edith wears no ring, but she has a new locket, swung from a slender silver chain, that she opens for me one day with a smile and blush at her own "folly," as she calls her worship of Gleason, which I think is evident to no one except Ben Van Dyke and me. Perhaps the rest of them have grown past noticing love-affairs.

Lomy continues to bring me little gifts, bunches of rare ferns and flowers for painting, and to receive books for her improvement. One evening, I walk with her on her homeward way as far as the spring, where we stand and hold a little conversation. Lomy has begun to pick up the accents of cultivation, but she makes many lapses yet, and I correct her now and then as we talk. Finally she goes her way, and I lean against the great rock from which gushes the living water, musing on many things, among them a question propounded to me by Ben Van Dyke last night, which I am to answer to-morrow. As I sit, smiling dreamily over some of his tender speeches—no sarcasm for me—I see Edith wandering idly up the path, doubtless on her way home from Mrs. Lytle's. At the same moment, Mr. Gleason comes hurrying down, no doubt bent on escorting his beloved. Seeing her coming, he seats himself on the great log blown down many years ago and bares his handsome head to the cool evening winds. He takes her hand as she comes up to him in her stately graceful way, and says something to her which I of course do not hear, then rises quickly and kisses the uplifted face. I am ashamed to watch them, but I can't help it. It is not in feminine human nature to turn one's back on any such tender scene. However, it doesn't last long—they are not a demonstrative couple, though evidently warmly attached. Soon they go on home, probably to spend the rest of the evening in a hammock—blessed institution!

What brings me to myself is a low gasping cry close at hand, and I turn to see Lomy fall on the bed of last year's leaves. She has not fainted, but has simply fallen, writhing from emotion. I bathe her face and speak soothing words to her, and finally she breaks into a passion of weeping.

"I come back," she says, at last; "I come back to bring you a box little Bud made—he's always a-whittlin—an' then I seen them. Is he goin' to marry her, do you reckon?"

I do the kindest thing possible, and tell the truth, omitting nothing, with eyes studiously bent on the horizon. And then there is silence for a moment.

"I might 'a' seen this a-comin'," she says, brokenly. "But I was too big a fool to prepare for it. Besides, I didn't fairly know what it was—what made me feel so towards him—and towards her. But I reckon I ben lovin' him all this time, and now it's too late to help it. Oh, I wisht you hadn't a-seen me!"

I can't comfort her. It is the old-new story—the desire of the moth for the star. But the moth cannot reach the star, neither breathe the rare air round it. And the gods have made some moths mad, so that they wreck themselves in flight.

I say some lame words to her, and she rises. She puts back her tangle of yellow hair and says wearily:

"Miss Ada, I don't want you to think 't I ever dreamed of his marryin' me. I ben dreamin',

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though. 'Peared like everything 'd always stay the same, and I 'lowed to study so hard this winter, 'n' surprise him when he come up next summer. I wanted to be one of his clerks, 'n' he said I could get a place if I was a good writer an' speller 'n' could figure quick. But now I don't want to. I 'low to study; but I don't want to go to the city where I'll see him. You better go 'long home, Miss Ada; they'll be comin' to look for you, an' I don't want any of 'em should see me."

"And you, Lomy," I say, "you look perfectly ghastly. You'll be ill—I know you will—if you don't go home and take care of yourself. You're ill now."

"I've had a blow, Miss Ada. I've got something I won't get over in a hurry."

"But you must fight against it. Summon up your pride, your resolution—"

"I'm broken," she answers, pathetically, and takes the lonesome path up the hill.

Ben meets me as I go home, and I surprise him—and myself—by sobbing out the sad story on his shoulder. He comforts me even while he sees clearly, and says there is no hope for Lomy.

The poor child comes to the camp often and sits quietly by me—reading or sewing, seldom speaking, and then with an effort. I wonder if she is really growing pale and thin, or if I imagine it. Gleason takes the opportunity, one evening, when we are all seated on the porch, to relate, dramatically enough, the incident of last summer, and to speak laughingly of the munificent reward he made his preserver, to wit: one of his photographs.

"I have some that are better now, Lomy," he says. "Wait a bit and I'll get you one."

He brings it downstairs, and, out of sheer boyishness, clasps the hand she stretches to receive it, and I wonder how even a man's obtuseness can fail to see the look that comes over her face at the touch. Edith sees it; for she bends a rather severe glance on her betrothed, who is talking with bright untroubled face to the girl, teasing her about some strapping mountaineer. His carelessness reassures Edith; and, when we form a party to escort Leoma home, Edith walks beside her and is for the first time friendly.

Before we know it, September is upon us, and, loth as we are to disband, we must go. Lomy comes over to the station to see us off; she brings a little present for each of us, and I cannot fail to see that Edith's is the handsomest of the lot. We all say good-bye, and we women kiss her, and that is the last the most of us ever see of Lomy.

I spend the winter in Cincinnati, studying music and dabbling a little in paint, seeing all my summer companions occasionally, and one of them frequently.

I send Lomy some books at Christmas, and receive a little note in return; and the next letter I get is from "ole man" Huddleson, the middle of April. He says:

"DEAR MISS ADY:

"Madam: I take my pen in hand to let you no that Lomy is fur from well. Seems to 'pear like she want you to come and see her, seem like she say it'd do her good. Hoping you will eckscuze the liberty, I am yours to command,

"LUM HUDDLESON."

I take the next morning's early train and get over the hundred miles between me and Leoma before noon. She is a ghost of her former self, pale but for the soft scarlet that burns in her cheek, and evidently, even to my untrained eyes, about to start on that mysterious journey each mortal makes in turn. She greets me calmly; and I, who came to comfort, am the one to be comforted.

"Don't cry," she says, wistfully, after awhile. "I know it is better this way. I knew, last summer, I couldn't live—my heart hurt me so; it burns and aches so bad. Is—is he well, Miss Ada—and happy?".

"Very well—very happy," I assure her. And she lies and muses till she drops to sleep.

I have heard of people who died of love, but I never believed it till now. It seems incredible that this girl, with her magnificent physique, should have her life sapped away by a mere feeling for a fellow-creature. I wonder, as I sit on the old steps, if, having more to give—education, accomplishments, talent—she would still have given all and so perished.

"An alabaster box of very precious ointment," I murmur, and so return to Lomy.

"Miss Ada, I wanted to ask you: Do you think I can see him before I go? I do so long and long just to see him—to hear him speak. Oh, sometimes I can see him for hours at a time—everywhere I turn, there's his face. Oh, I want to see him so! And yet—" tears starting and long choking sobs checking her utterance.

My heart aches for her; and yet, in the best words I know, I show her the grand beauty of renunciation, and she follows me clearly. She sees the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for his sake that is never to know of it; and so the ointment is not only spilled, but the box broken.

"What do you all think o' Lomy?" says her mother, cob-pipe in hand "Lomy—she's

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studied a powerful heap, this winter: more'n's good for her. I've a dratted good mind to burn every book on the place. Don't you all 'low she'll be all right when summer sets in?"

Poor mother, poor daughter, never any more, never again; the old man, too, with words of cheer, hoping against hope.

"We all 'low you've chirked her up wonderful, Miss Ady. We're powerful obleeged t' ye," he says, hitching up to bring my trunk from the little station.

He drives back in the early April twilight, and, going into Lomy's room with me, blurts out:

"I seen two of them city fellers over to the depot, Lomy; it was young Mr. Gleason an' that writin' chap. I tole 'em you was powerful poorly, an' they 'lowed they'd come over this evenin', secin' 'twas moonlight an' they was goin' away in the mornin'."

So all her high resolves were in vain. I put a pretty loose gown on Leoma, and, as she lies back on her pillow, she looks very fair and sweet. The young men come up the narrow path, and Mrs. Huddleson shows them into Lomy's room. She has been weeping. Some of her neighbors are with her, and have told her she cannot keep her daughter long. The sick girl lays her hot slender hand in each man's palm for a moment, and I wonder how they can fail to see the yearning look she fixes on Gleason's pitying face. They stay only a few minutes, and, when they go, I walk to the brow of the hill with them and issue a command for them to come over again in the morning—they can go home another day. For I have determined to tell Gleason all.

So, the next morning, I go to meet them, and, sending Ben Van Dyke ahead, I tell Will Gleason that the girl whose life is going out so surely and so fast dies for love of him. Don't ask me to paint for you his pain and sorrow. I tell him, somewhat hardly perhaps, that it is too late—I know it was always too late—and that all he can do is to make Lomy's last hours—alas, so few—easy.

She has bidden her farewell to her mother and father, to stalwart John and "little Bud." Some of the good rude neighbors are there, and Van Dyke waits for us. He too goes in and says good-bye to Lomy, kissing the white brow and soft cheek as a brother might. Then Will and I enter, and he kneels by the little white cot and takes her in his arms.

"Ah, you know," she murmurs; "you know at last."

"Yes, I know," he answers, gently; "and I will not leave you again."

What tears are shed, what prayers prayed, I never know, nor seek to know. By-and-bye, I go in, and I see the end is very near. Once more the family enter and break into loud weeping, are hushed and comforted by Lomy, and go out. Once more Will Gleason and I are alone with the parting soul. Once more he takes her in his arms, and, as she rests her head on his breast and turns her lips to his, she whispers:

"I would have died—a year ago—for this." And, as he bends over her, the last breath dies into a sigh, and what was Leoma is but clay—beautiful indeed, but clay.

From far and near, the mountaineers come to the "berrin'." Flowers lie all about her: but they do not quite hide the little packet on the pulseless breast—only a photograph.

We lay her away in the soft light of an April afternoon and return to the lonely house with old Lum and his wife—lonely indeed to them. Ben and Will and I go back to the city and take up our round of work; but we each spare a day occasionally for Camp McGregor, going up with a box of flowers to wreathe around the granite cross over Lomy's grave. Edith Gleason goes with us sometimes; but she does not know that her husband was with the girl when she died, nor that she died of love for him. And I think she never will.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Adown life's backward path
They drift, these years,
And bear along, into the past,
Both smiles and tears.
To-day, I stand and look with wistful eye
Over that path where childhood's roses lie.

Still other years will drift along,
And, passing by this day,
Will wander to the realm of long ago,
Where lie— But stay:
Shall I stand here and watch them pass along,
Or shall I, too, have joined the silent throng?

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PUT TO THE TEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 447.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE weeks went by. The wedding preparations were going briskly on; Angela's exultation daily increased, and poor Burt bore his sufferings with a fortitude of which those who knew him best would hardly have believed his nature capable. He lavished beautiful presents on his bride-elect, and it had been the fond hope of her parents that he should provide the trousseau; but against this Angela rebelled, conquering in the battle which she fought with her father in regard to the scheme. She vowed that, if any such suggestion were offered, Burt should not pay Graham's expenses at Oxford, as she had promised to ask him to do during the honeymoon, nor would she have one of the girls with her in London for the season; so Mr. Fanshawe was forced to submit to her decree.

The husband and wife were sitting alone one day, very peaceful and comfortable, for the father had grown so elated as the marriage-day drew near that he proved a pleasanter companion than his spouse had found him in years, and the change was highly agreeable to her tired nerves. Mr. Fanshawe was dozing over his newspaper and his mate busy with her embroidery and enjoyable visions of her children's future, when the door opened and a servant appeared with a note, saying:

"For Miss Angela, ma'am."

"She is out," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "You can leave it on the table."

After the man had gone, she glanced at the envelope and observed:

"From Burt—I know what it is—he promised to send Angy two hundred francs this morning for Lady Dacre's crêche."

In these days, Angela did a good deal of showy charity at Burt's expense, highly enjoying the éclat it gave her and beginning to think herself a much more generous person than she had ever supposed.

"Ah, that is well—very well. I like to see young people thoughtful," said Mr. Fanshawe, with a philanthropic smile. Then he added, carelessly:

"Angela may as well give it in my name. It will have even a better effect than doing it in her own."

The door opened again. This time the servant entered with a card which he presented to Mrs. Fanshawe.

"Joanna MacTaggart!" exclaimed the lady, in surprise, as she took the bit of pasteboard from the salver.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated her husband, seizing the card as if unable to credit the information. But there was the name engraved in full state and grandeur—"Miss MacTaggart of MacTaggart." Mrs. Fanshawe bade the servant introduce the visitor, and, as he went out, Mr. Fanshawe continued:

"She must have just come. She was not here last night, I know. I suppose the old dragon thought she would put her temper in her pocket and come up to the wedding. How Angela will laugh!"

The sound of a heavy step and a wheezing voice became audible from the anteroom. The footman opened the door—was pushed aside before he could announce the guest—and in stalked the MacTaggart in a green dress and a blue shawl, her bonnet on one side, and she breathless from the haste with which she had mounted the stairs.

The husband and wife hastened toward her with beaming smiles, outstretched hands, and expressions of ecstatic delight. The amazon waved them off with her umbrella, then struck the point hard on the carpet and got her respiration back sufficiently to gasp in a triumphant tone:

"Here's a nice end! Pride must have a fall, and a haughty spirit goeth before destruction! He has lost every penny he had in the world, and, into the bargain, has been so dishonest that it's by no means certain he won't be had up for swindling!"

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"Who—what?" cried her listeners, simultaneously, staring at her in wonder.

"Who—who, indeed! Why, that precious American Angela had so much trouble to catch—Burton Newt, or whatever you call him—that you've all been so cock-a-hoop about!" crooned the Chieftainess, with fiendish exultation.

"You are mad!" Mr. Fanshawe exclaimed.

"It isn't true!" moaned the wife.

"I'm mad, am I? It isn't true, eh?" shouted the MacTaggart, pulling a letter out of her capacious pocket. "Read what my cousin, Sir Donald McNab, writes. Perhaps you will admit that he's not mad, anyway. He'd just got to Paris when the news came—wrote to me at once. I had already let him understand my opinion of the young gentleman. I knew he was a scoundrel the moment I set eyes on him! Read—read! I expected it—I had a presentiment! Where's Angela?"

Before she finished her rhodomontade, Mrs. Fanshawe was sobbing in incipient hysterics. Her husband was trying to unfold the epistle which the MacTaggart thrust upon him, but his hand shook so that he could not, though his trembling lips still ejaculated broken words of unbelief.

"Don't tell me I lie!" snapped the MacTaggart, snatching the letter again. "Listen to this!" She glanced down the page and began to read: "'I reached Paris this morning—' That's no matter—ah, here it is!" Then she looked up, with a baleful grin, to explain to her paralyzed listeners before proceeding. "This is how it was: Sir Donald went to call at the embassy. While he was there, in came a gentleman who, in the course of conversation, said—said—where is it? Oh!" and now she read aloud again, with one eye on the paper and one on her victims, delivering the lines with much emphasis and diabolical satisfaction. "'The gentleman said there had been another dreadful railway collapse in America, and a number of wealthy families were ruined utterly.'" Here the MacTaggart paused to parenthesize: "Serves 'em right! Thieves—the whole lot of 'em—those abominable Yankees!"

"Oh, go on—do! What is it?" moaned Mrs. Fanshawe.

"You'll hear it fast enough," retorted the MacTaggart, and now she resumed the letter: "'Then the gentleman turned to me and remarked: "By the way, aren't the Fanshawes relations of yours?" I answered: "Mrs. Fanshawe is a distant relative." He nodded, and went on: "Well, that young American their daughter is to marry—Mr. Burt Newton—is among the people ruined. Into the bargain, he had been transacting some business for the railway company when he was in London, and has got himself into a tight place by doing it. However, maybe he can prove that he was among the swindled and not the swindlers. Anyhow, he has lost his money."'"

The MacTaggart paused. Her listeners were speechless.

"Mad, was I?" she cried. "What do you think now? Sir Donald goes on to say that he hastened to write to me in order that I might warn you, and I've done my duty, little as that impudent Angela deserves I should take the trouble."

Mrs. Fanshawe only groaned and rocked herself back and forth in her chair, but her husband faltered:

"I—I dare say it is all a mistake."

"No, you don't!" thundered the MacTaggart.

"Oh, this will kill me—kill me!" sobbed Mrs. Fanshawe.

"No, it won't!" responded the MacTaggart.

The pair were too completely overwhelmed and stunned even to feel anger at the amazon's fiendish cruelty. They gazed at each other for a few instants in helpless despair. Then Mrs. Fanshawe hid her face in her hands with a heart-breaking groan which moved the Chieftainess no more than it would have done a stone image.

"Hysterics will not mend matters," she said, coldly.

The sufferer only responded by a second groan. Mr. Fanshawe darted a savage look at their tormentor, but her fierce glance warned him that now he could not afford to quarrel, so he turned away and began wandering up and down the room in an aimless fashion, with a blur before his eyes and a whizzing in his ears which rendered him blind and deaf.

At this moment, the door opened and Angela's voice called from the threshold:

"Mamma, Joseph says you have a note for me. It's from Burt, with that money for the crêche. I shall go over to Lady Dacre's. It is her at-home day—"

She got no further; she was in the room now. She saw the MacTaggart, upright and rigid in the centre of the apartment, glaring at her like a Gorgon; her mother lying back among her cushions, and her father white and shaken as if stricken by some sudden and terrible illness.

Naturally no perception of the truth startled Angela. She only thought that the Chieftainess had been making a scene and tormenting her progenitors to the verge of frenzy, and she

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turned on the visitor, ready for conflict—eager for a fresh opportunity to sting the old vixen, whose taunts and insults she had been forced to endure for so many years in abject silence.

"Miss Joanna MacTaggart!" she exclaimed, aware that the amazon always regarded the use of her Christian name as an intolerable impertinence. "This is an unexpected honor."

"I came because it was my duty," boomed the Chieftainess. "I never shrink from that—never!"

"At least you have one consolation and reward for your trouble. Fulfilling duty always means doing something unpleasant by somebody," rejoined Angela, with a gay laugh.

"Angela, don't—don't!" moaned her mother. "Oh—oh—Burt Newton is—is—"

An hysterical sob checked her utterance, and Mr. Fanshawe was still too near the verge of apoplexy to venture on speech.

"Yes—yes. We must break it to her!" chuckled MacTaggart, still eying the girl with her stony stare. "I am sorry for you, Angela Fanshawe! Bad as you are—bad to the core of your heart and the marrow of your bones—blood is thicker than water, and I cannot forget that I have the misfortune to be connected with you."

"Mother, what has happened?" demanded Angela, frightened by the poor lady's unfinished sentence, but preserving self-control enough to turn her back contemptuously on the Chieftainess. "Is Burt ill? Father, do speak, for heaven's sake!"

"Ruined!" gasped Mr. Fanshawe. "Ruined!" He could only repeat that dreadful word, while the whizzing in his ears dizzied him till he was forced to sit down for fear of falling.

"Lost every penny, your precious Bewton, and stands a fair chance of being arrested as a swindler!" snorted the MacTaggart.

"Oh, this is what you have been doing, Miss Joanna!" cried Angela, again confronting her with angry scorn. "Really, you are getting in your dotage—becoming simply ridiculous! Father, I wonder at you. The idea of believing for an instant any story that creature can bring!"

"Hold your tongue!" Mr. Fanshawe ordered, roused from his physical weakness by the recollection that now they must submit to any humiliation the Chieftainess might heap on them.

"I shall not!" retorted Angela, in a tone much fiercer than her parent's. "You ought to have turned her out of the house at once. If you don't now, I'll see that Burt makes you repent it!"

"I pity you, Angela Fanshawe, I pity you," chanted the MacTaggart, in a voice which shook with rage in spite of her efforts.

"That's good of you," said Angela. "But pray reserve your sympathy till my betrothed husband runs off to India to get rid of me as your victim did to escape you."

"The law will hinder him; he's going to jail. That's where he is bound for," responded MacTaggart.

"I shall believe in the efficiency of the law when it punishes your vile slanderous tongue, Miss Joanna," said Angela.

The MacTaggart's retort was drowned in the chorus of appeals and commands which the agonized father and mother poured on their daughter.

"Where is my letter?" demanded Angela, deaf to pleading or authority. "If it were my house, I'd have the infamous creature put out-of-doors. Since you've not spirit enough to do it, papa, give me my letter and let me go."

"Here it is," cried MacTaggart, pouncing on the epistle. "Read it before us, Miss Angela, since you are so certain I lie. Read it, miss, and see what your precious bridegroom can say for himself and his prospects."

Angela snatched the note, tore open the envelope, and began to read. She grew frightfully pale, put her hand to her head, and sank into a chair, so near fainting that she was powerless to resist when the Chieftainess drew the letter from her nerveless fingers and recited its contents in her deep nasal tones:

"Please stop at home, dear Angela—I will be with you at four. I have heard shocking news and must start for Paris to-night—I may even be forced to go at once to America. I must consult with you—will explain everything when I come. BURT."

"Now do you believe?" sneered the MacTaggart. "Ruined—ruined! Sir Donald wrote me from Paris—he never vouches for a thing unless certain of his facts. I felt it my duty, so I came to you at once—"

"To exult!" interrupted Angela, rousing under that cruel voice; "to exult—and you call yourself a Christian!"

"I do not exult; but he is a wicked young man—I knew it the moment I set eyes on him," rejoined the Chieftainess; "and this is his punishment, as it is yours for your pride and rebellion."

"Oh, you—"

But, between passion and despair, Angela's voice choked; and the MacTaggart went remorselessly on:

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"You might better have married that curate you treated so ill—that poor Mr. Travers. He's a fool—he is still fond of you. I have had a letter from him, and he's lately got a living worth five hundred pounds a year—"

"Even ruined, Burt will have more," interrupted Angela. "There must be something left out of a fortune like his."

"I don't believe it—"

"Hark!" broke in Mrs. Fanshawe, half rising from her seat, then sinking helplessly back. "I heard a ring—there he is now."

The MacTaggart and Mr. Fanshawe stood with their faces turned toward the door, stern and severe as judges about to pronounce sentence on a criminal. In another moment, Burt Newton was in the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

During the past weeks, there had been more than one day so hard to live through, that, at its close, Burt had said to himself he could not again suffer as he had done. There must be a limit to human capacity for feeling pain, after reaching which no later pang could be so terrible.

But all the misery of the recent weary months seemed to have been concentrated in the agony of the ordeal through which he had passed this morning.

The previous night had brought him trouble and anxiety enough, but he had a hope of putting an end to that—it was this new trial which had so completely unnerved him. It had been late when he fell asleep, and, as he had forgotten to give orders to be called, it was long after the hour at which he had meant to go out before he even awoke.

As soon as he breakfasted, he hurried off to the telegraph-office, and a good deal of time was consumed there sending and waiting for telegrams; but he did remember, at last, to write a hasty note to Angela, telling her when to expect him.

His business, so far as it could be arranged by dispatches, was all done, and he started back toward his hotel. He was passing up the broad street along the Arno, and, as his hotel was far on toward the Cascine, the promenade was nearly deserted, as the hour was not late enough for the daily stream of carriages and pedestrians toward the beautiful wood.

He reached a point where the wall is built out in a wide curve over the river and lined with stone benches. The sun was shining through a soft haze, the breeze and the river whispered musically to one another, and Burt sat down to rest for a few moments in the quiet.

He heard the sound of footsteps, looked up, and saw Blanche Mostyn, followed by a servant, approaching the spot where he sat. It would have been easier, much easier, to fling himself over the parapet than to walk forward to meet her; but she had seen him. He saw her give a quick start, then she paused.

He managed to rise, to get to her side. By that time, she was holding out her hand; her face, somewhat paler than when last they met, was smiling and serene.

"Oh, yes—it is really I," she answered, in response to several broken sentences from Burt, who had begun each without the slightest idea of what he was saying. "You doubt it because you had not heard of our arrival."

"Yes—no," stammered Burt, gazing at her through a mist which made her look far off.

"We only got here this morning," pursued Blanche. "I fancy Fred must have been at your hotel, though; he went out directly after luncheon, meaning to call on you."

"I missed him," Burt said, heavily. It was an effort to articulate, and then he had nothing to say—there was nothing he could say to her henceforth. It had been cruel in fate to force this meeting on him.

How beautiful she looked—as always an image of peace and rest—and he could not even have the privilege of telling her so; could only stand there stupidly and stare at her through the immeasurable distance which must forever separate their lives.

"Have you been ill, Mr. Newton?" she asked, wonderingly, with a quick sympathy in voice and eyes.

"No—oh, no; I'm always well," rejoined Burt, then recovered his senses sufficiently to remember that she must either think him intoxicated or insane, and added: "That is, I haven't been quite up to the mark lately, somehow; but it's nothing."

"We have not heard of you since we left Genoa," continued Blanche. "The Graysons were called back to America so unexpectedly, that they only wrote a few lines. Indeed, mamma's illness has kept us so closely occupied that we have been as much alone as if we had hired a desert island for the autumn."

Then she did not even know of his engagement; he could not tell her. Why should she care? A mad longing rose in his soul to ask her if, under other circumstances, she might have believed it possible to become interested in what concerned him; but it was not in his nature to be capable of this special weakness. There are men, many—men who think themselves

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strong and right-principled, too—who, in thei selfish desire for sympathy, would have revealed enough of the truth to give a glimpse of the wretchedness which was so horrible a burden to bear, but not Burt Newton.

"I must go home," Blanche said; "I only came out for a breath of air. We shall be here for a fortnight. You will come and see us—"

"Oh, I have to leave for Paris, to-night," Burt broke in. And he forgot the calamity which was forcing him to undertake the journey in his thankfulness that he need not be again exposed to an ordeal like this. Before his return, Blanche Mostyn would be gone; he was glad of that—very glad.

"For Paris?" she repeated. "Fred will be terribly disappointed. Perhaps you can manage to look in on him before you go."

"I—I'm afraid not," Burt said. "I have such a lot to do, and I'm behind time now—I mean, for an engagement."

She glanced up, a little hurt, even indignant; but Burt was too blind to perceive it, and the expression speedily gave place to that same look of anxiety and sympathy.

"I think you are hardly fit for a journey," she said, then turned at the sound of footsteps and added: "Ah, here come Mrs. Emerson and her sister—you don't know them; as you are in haste, I won't bother you to be presented. Good-bye. Perhaps you will be back before we leave. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey."

Then she was gone, and Burt made his way to his hotel, wrote a letter, attended to some other duties, and at last remembered that Angela would be expecting him—he must go.

As her betrothed entered the room, Angela hurried forward to meet him; but a glance at his pale troubled face smote down the wild hope which his coming had roused.

"Burt! Burt!" she cried, despairingly, "it isn't true—say it isn't!"

For a moment, he almost thought she meant some reference to Blanche Mostyn, then he remembered the business.

"Why, how did you hear?" he asked. "Yes, Angela—it is true."

Angela could not speak; she darted past him without a second look and hid herself in her own chamber. It actually seemed to her that she had loved the handsome young fellow, that her heart shared in the wrathful misery which shook her like a whirlwind.

In the salon, Burt stood confronting his Rhadamanthine judges with an expression of bewildered astonishment mastering the pain which had been visible in his honest face when he entered.

"So, sir," Mr. Fanshawe said, at length, in his deepest tones, "so, sir, it is all true?"

"Yes," Burt replied, in a voice which grew somewhat sullen; "you heard me tell Angela it was. How did you hear about it?"

"Perhaps you hoped to keep it secret,' burst in the MacTaggart, eager to come to the front. "I have no doubt you would have deluded that poor girl into marrying you when you knew you hadn't a penny left; when you are liable to be arrested; when—"

Burt walked away, deaf and blind to her speech and presence; he had grown even paler than before; but a strange light flashed into his eyes as he went up to Mr. Fanshawe and said:

"Will you have the goodness to explain the meaning of all this?"

"There's a question!" sneered the Chieftainess. "Before you presume to ask questions, you'd better say how much of an income—if any—will be left."

"Yes," added Mr. Fanshawe; "answer that."

"Perhaps five hundred dollars—a hundred pounds—certainly not more," Burt replied, quietly.

"My child—my poor deceived and injured child!" moaned the mother, beginning to wring her hands.

"Your conduct, sir, has been terrible—terrible," pronounced Mr. Fanshawe, but was interrupted by MacTaggart.

"He'll go to prison, too, I've no doubt—he ought!" she snapped.

"Mr. Fanshawe," Burt inquired, as regardless of the old maid as if she did not exist, "I ask you again what I am to understand by this treatment."

"He dares to ask!" cried the Chieftainess, waxing more furious at her inability to make the young man notice her. "Do you expect him to let his daughter go and live with you in a wigwam? Do you think any girl would look twice at you except for money?"

"Mr. Fanshawe, do you desire my engagement with your daughter to end?" demanded Burt, in a voice which trembled somewhat.

"Why, the man's an idiot!" chuckled the MacTaggart. "Did one ever hear such ridiculous questions? End indeed! How had you ever the presumption to ask that it should begin?"

"You cannot blame me—I must think of my child's welfare," said Mr. Fanshawe, his pomposity failing a little beneath the steady light of Burt's eyes.

"I wish to hear it from Angela herself," the young man rejoined: "I insist." And Mr.

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Fanshawe left the room, in search of his daughter.

While he was gone, Burt stood by a window, gazing down into the street, regardless of Mrs. Fanshawe's hysterical sobs and the storm of vituperation poured on him by the Chieftainess, who was driven nearly mad by his calm ignoring of her presence.

In a few moments, the father and daughter appeared. Burt went straight up to the weeping girl and asked in an ominously quiet voice:

"Angela, was it I or my money that you wished to marry?"

"But, Burt—a hundred pounds a year!" she faltered.

"Then our engagement is at an end?" he demanded.

"You must have expected this trouble," she said, beginning to grow sullen. "You ought to have warned me."

"Answer my question," he persisted, in the same calm cold voice. "You wanted my money—without it, you would not marry me?"

"You are unkind, ungenerous, Mr. Newton!" she sobbed.

"Brutal!" pronounced Mr. Fanshawe.

"A Yankee!" added the MacTaggart.

"Angela," continued Burt, stone-deaf to the exclamations of the elders, "I will have a distinct answer. Is our engagement at an end?"

Angela hesitated. She was conscious of wishing that she were a better woman—able to love him as he deserved—capable of putting by her miserable ambitions and going with him whithersoever destiny might lead. But that could not be.

"We must part," she faltered. "There is no help—we must!"

"Sir," put in Mr. Fanshawe, with renewed dignity, "you are giving my daughter unnecessary pain. You have treated her very ill; you have deceived and outraged us all in an abominable fashion. Your engagement with my child cannot continue."

Burt stood silent and motionless, with his face turned toward the window.

"Better give him your decision in writing, since he finds it so hard to comprehend," cried the MacTaggart, with her horrid laugh. "Here, I'll write it!" She strode to a table, seized a pen and paper, dashed off a few lines, and called: "Listen to this. 'In my presence, Angela Fanshawe, with the full approval of her parents, has refused to fulfill her promise to marry Burt Newton. Signed, Miss MacTaggart of MacTaggart.'"

Burt took the paper with an eagerness which he could not conceal, saying only:

"Good-bye, Angela."

"Oh, Burt," she exclaimed, honestly enough, "I am sorry, indeed I am."

"Thanks," he replied. "But I trust that I shall be able to set my cousin and namesake right. He is the man who has lost his fortune. Good-bye!"

Before anyone could move, he was gone. Angela tried for strength to call—to follow. Then, as she recognized the utter hopelessness of making any effort to soften Burt, her despairing eyes fell on the MacTaggart, who was attempting to steal quietly out of the room, for once in her life thoroughly frightened and aghast at her own work.

Angela seized an antique dagger that lay on the table and darted toward her, while the Chieftainess shrieked for help as loudly as the feeblest of her sex could have done, and Mr. Fanshawe, thoroughly alarmed, tried vainly to quiet his daughter.

"Let me alone, father!" cried Angela. "She has done harm enough. She shall never do any more!"

"Angela, if you marry Travers, I'll give you a thousand pounds," wailed the MacTaggart.

"You will promise to give it, you mean," retorted Angela, brandishing her weapon.

Mr. Fanshawe glanced at his child. His astute mind recognized the fact that, though she might be temporarily mad, there was method in her frenzy.

"I'll write a check here," shivered the Chieftainess.

"And an acknowledgment and instructions to your agent," added the wise Angela, now sufficiently mistress of herself to think swiftly and to the point.

It was all done. Then the girl left the house without a word to her elders. A new idea had occurred to her which she proposed to carry into immediate execution.

Half an hour later, she appeared in Burt Newton's salon and fell at his feet, as the young man sat there still fairly dazed by the suddenness with which freedom and happiness had been restored to him.

"Oh, Burt, Burt, forgive me; only say you do, and I can die content," sobbed Angela.

"Get up, please," returned he, coldly. "This is quite useless."

"Oh, Burt, think of the mortification and disgrace for me," she moaned.

"You broke the engagement. Say anything you like. I shall not contradict it," he rejoined.

"Oh, Burt, is there no hope?" she pleaded.

"None," he replied, firmly.

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"Oh, you are hard—cruel—utterly without pity—"

"Hush, Angela," he interrupted. "I am sorry for your disappointment; but, since you force me to defend myself, you must remember that you knew I did not love you."

"But I—I—"

"You held me fast through my exaggerated sense of honor," he continued, slowly, "because—because you wanted my money. And I so blind that, up to this very day, I really thought you cared. I have no wish to blame or reproach you—only you can't deceive me again, so please leave me to my freedom."

Angela persevered for a little while—bitter, pathetic, and tragic by turns; but she was too thorough an actress not to perceive that her scene, admirably as she played it, was wasted on her audience, so she wisely brought it to an end. But she was ready to essay the results of the inspiration which had been suggested by her pecuniary triumph over the MacTaggart—if she could not appeal to the heart of her escaped victim, she might at least to his pocket.

"I may as well kill myself," she said, in a tone of sullen despair. "Indeed, I don't see what else I can do. My father will turn me out-of-doors. He has wasted money on me that he could not afford—all my wedding-clothes ordered!"

"There at least I can help you," Burt said. Then he paused, hesitating even now to offer her money. But a glance at her eager face warned him that he need have no scruple, and he added quickly: "Angela, I will give you four thousand pounds."

"He offers me money—me!" she groaned, and hid her face in her handkerchief, adding: "But I am helpless; I must bear everything—everything."

"I offer the only consolation in my power," he said, rather weary of her histrionics.

Then she wept and moaned and upbraided him; but, as he took out his check-book, she gasped:

"Make it five thousand, Burt; oh, make it five!"

Angela departed with her wish gratified, and Burt Newton started that night for Paris, feeling as a man might who had unexpectedly escaped from a prison to which he had been condemned for life without even a shadow of hope that release could ever come.

These things happened more than seven years since. Angela did marry the parson, and, between her talent and her family influence, Mr. Travers is now a rising man in the Church. I saw the pair last spring in London. Angela had grown rather too broad, a little coarse, a little beefy, but was still handsome, and very, very religious—decidedly evangelical.

The conversation turned on Burt Newton and his wife, who had lately come over from America on one of their frequent foreign tours. The pair were always eagerly welcomed by the most exclusive circles in every European capital, and Mrs. Newton was even more beautiful at twenty-five than she had been, as Blanche Mostyn, at eighteen.

"Do you know them, Mrs. Travers?" someone asked.

"We were forced to decline their acquaintance," Angela replied, in a tone of blended firmness and pity, such as a primitive Christian might have employed when speaking of some misguided pagan. "We could not do otherwise; our duty was plain. My husband is a clergyman; ours is a God-fearing household. While in Paris, the Newtons went to the races on Sunday!"

Her voice sank to a thrilling whisper, a shiver ran through her ample frame, and her fine eyes were lifted in solemn protest and appeal. Then she dismissed the Newtons with a wave of her hand, and waxed eloquent in regard to her husband's plan for the furtherance of missionary work in Ireland.

My neighbor whispered in my ear:

"Travers will be a bishop yet, thanks to that woman!"

And I dare say he will. The MacTaggart is alive, but a helpless paralytic. She finds her home under Angela's roof and has made her will in favor of Angela's children.

As for Burt Newton and his wife, they are as happy as I can imagine any two human beings in this world, short of the days when Adam and Eve walked hand-in-hand in the Garden of Eden.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his only skill.

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AFTERGLOW.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A LONG stretch of yellow road lying in the late afternoon sun, overlooking a level tract of luxuriant farm-land intermingled with woody dale and waving meadow, edged by a noisy little silver ribbon of a brook, which went babbling and rippling under the old gray bridge and wandered off—the Lord knows where.

Down the road, as the clouds of purple lined with gold began to pile up in the west, came a traveling-carriage, drawn by a pair of fine bay horses. From the window looked a fair faded face, and a fretful voice quite in keeping therewith asked:

"Are we almost there, Will? I'm tired to death."

"Almost there, Sue," answered a strong manly voice, with a slightly indolent drawl in it. "We can see the house from the top of this hill, and get a view of a most glorious landscape."

"I don't care a fig for the landscape—I'm completely worn out. You haven't one bit of feeling for me, Will Humphreys!" was the response.

Mr. Humphreys had at least learned self-control; he only rejoined with his usual quiet drawl:

"Well, you can rest in a moment; we are almost at our own gate."

They were descending the hill, and Mr. Humphreys's eyes kindled as he looked out over the beautiful expanse of the estate which he had lately purchased in the hope that the country air and fresh river-breeze might improve his wife's delicate health.

He knew that doctors and friends agreed that more than half her illness was due to indolence and temper; but not even a look of reproach had he ever given her, not one complaint had fallen from his lips, though his daily life was little short of martyrdom.

He did not again speak of the beauty of the landscape, but gazed eagerly out until the carriage stopped at his own gate. In a few moments, they reached the verandah, where Mrs. Mason, the trusty housekeeper, who had come down before them with the two boys, stood waiting.

As he lifted his wife from the carriage, Will said cheerily:

"Welcome to your new home, Sue dear."

"I know I won't like it," was the ungracious reply. "There—do keep away, boys; you rumple my collar so. Where's Mason gone? She never is anywhere, and I want to go upstairs."

"Won't you have a cup of tea first, Mrs. Humphreys?" asked the housekeeper, promptly stepping forward, as Will drew back with a frown.

"No; you can bring it up to me."

"But you'll come down to supper, Sue?" said Will, kindly, as she turned toward the staircase, followed by Mrs. Mason.

"I don't know—I don't feel like exerting myself," was the answer. And Mr. Humphreys took his first meal in his new home with the two boys for company.

Sue appeared at the late breakfast, next morning; and, after the meal was over, she condescended to walk out with her husband to see the place. She seemed interested in the fine appointments of the stable and the newly-purchased horses and carriage, remarking:

"They are very nice, Will; but there's nobody to see them, down here."

"There are some grand things for us to see, though," replied Will. "Come: I want to take you to that point of rock overlooking the river. The view from the cliff is splendid."

She consented, and, in a few moments, they stood on the broad rock.

"Isn't that glorious?" cried Will, his fine face aglow, the lazy drawl gone from his voice. "Look at that sweep of the bank and the soft line of the hills beyond. See how the water catches the morning sunshine. Did you ever seea nything more beautiful?"

"Very pretty," answered Sue. "But I'm ruining my dress with this damp sand, and there's a horrid worm on my slipper. Do let's go to the house."

The glow died from Humphreys's face. He set his lips firmly, offered his arm, and took her back without a word. He soon found that his hope that she would enjoy her lovely new home was doomed to disappointment, like all the hopes he had indulged since his marriage.

In one month, Sue was fretting to go back to the city and making everybody about her miserable. Will knew it was useless to remind her that Doctor Norton had said her only chance for

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life was to get out of the ceaseless round of dissipation which made up her existence. But he decided not to return, and said so to her with quiet firmness.

"Yes, of course you'll stay—just because I hate it," she cried. "You know I can't bear to be alone, and there are so few neighbors one cares about."

The thought crossed Will's mind that she might think something of his society; but he only replied:

"If you are lonely, Sue, why don't you invite somebody to stay with you?"

"There's nobody I want," answered Sue, querulously.

"Where's that cousin you used to write to, up in Maine?"

"What! Laura Vale?"

"That's the name, I believe."

"Well—she might do. I wonder if she would come?"

"Better write and find out. Old maid, isn't she?"

"Aren't you ashamed?" cried Sue, with flashing eyes. "She's thirty, and she's not married; but she might have been, if she had chosen, and done better than some of her relations have."

"Thank you," said Will, laughingly. "If you want her to come, write and ask her, by all means. Where is she?"

"Teaching in Portland, the last I heard."

"A Down-East schoolmar'm," was Will's reflection; and the vision he mentally called up was not flattering to Miss Vale. But he only remarked:

"I dare say she'll be glad to escape from that. Better write at once and get her here."

Sue did write; for, as much as her shallow selfish heart could like any person, she liked her cousin and really desired her society.

When Humphreys took the letter to post, he slipped within it a note saying that Sue was certainly in wretched health, and, if Miss Vale could come, it would be a deed of mercy, and she should name her own salary. He also enclosed a check for traveling-expenses.

In a short time, an answer came, addressed to Mr. Humphreys, accepting Sue's invitation: stating that she had no need or desire for a salary, but would willingly be her cousin's companion as long as her services might be required. The check was returned without comment.

"Independent, certainly," said Will to himself, with a smile, as he read the note. "Cool, by George! I begin to have a curiosity to see this cousin."

When she arrived, he went to the station to meet her. She was so disguised—in hat, veil, and large linen duster—that he could hardly see what she was like; but, before they reached home, he discovered that she owned a good complexion and a pleasant voice.

She was at once carried off by Sue, and Will watched with some interest for her reappearance without the wraps.

When she came down, he saw a rather tall fine figure, simply dressed in gray silk, with pure fine lace at throat and wrists, a face whose bright eyes and fresh cheeks carried the bloom of all the New England valleys, a step elastic with health and life, and a frank winning manner. Altogether, his verdict was favorable, and he felt glad she had come.

But he did not propose to cultivate much acquaintance with her—he knew Sue's jealous disposition too well for that. He betook himself more and more to his books and cigars, and left Sue to her care, as well as everything else; and he soon felt the change her presence was making.

She could smooth all the little household-difficulties which Sue would not be bothered with and which were hopeless to him. She could coax Sue out for exercise when he could not. She could subdue those rebellious romping boys when anyone else would utterly fail. It was not long before Will, silently observant, saw that every member of the household depended more on her than on the nominal mistress.

But he seldom addressed a sentence to her of his own accord. He was sitting on the verandah, one evening, when she came out and said to him:

"Mr. Humphreys, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," replied Will, rising and offering her his chair, while he leaned against the railing. "Is Sue ill again?" he added.

"Oh, no. She is better than usual, I think. It is of your boys I wish to speak."

"Ah, what mischief have they been up to now?"

"None. They are not more mischievous than boys in general. But," hesitating slightly, "don't you think they ought to be learning more than they are?"

Will's handsome face flushed; but he tried to answer lightly:

"No doubt of it. They are untrained little colts—anyone can see that."

"Why don't you send them to some good school, then?"

Will flushed again, as he replied:

"I would have done so long ago, but Sue objected; and I did not like to do it against her will."

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"Don't you think she would let me teach them?"

Will gave her a glance of surprise.

"You?" he exclaimed.

She smiled at his astonishment and said:

"Yes. Why not? It is my profession, you know: else I might not have noticed how these little fellows were running wild."

Will knew that she understood the case as well as he, and suddenly determined to put confidence in her.

"Cousin Laura," he said, calling her so for the first time, "let me speak plainly for once: If you do anything for my boys, you must do it with your eyes open. There was a time when I took great pride in them." His voice broke for a moment, then he went on, almost sternly: "I wanted them to grow up well-trained, well-taught, manly young fellows—and I know that they are in a fair way to become perfect milk-sops. Sue will not allow them to go to school, lest they should come in contact with plebeian associates, nor have a governess for them, lest—well, lest I should admire her too much. I—In short, cousin, you know Sue when she is thwarted: I made one struggle, and gave it up."

"Was that right?" asked Laura, gently.

"No, it was cowardly!" he answered, promptly.

"Do not say that," went on Laura. "But—pardon me, please! I love and pity poor Sue. Still, I see her errors. If your boys needed care, should they lack it from father and mother too?"

"No." And Will's tones were unsteady with deep feeling. "I confess my neglect of my duty. Help me, cousin, help my poor boys, and I shall be grateful forever!"

"I will do what I can. Good-night," said Laura, simply, and then she was gone. Will went down the steps and out into the grounds alone. The summer stars saw, that night, something they would hardly see twice: Will Humphreys standing under the shadow of a tree with tears coursing down his cheeks—tears of bitter regret for a wasted life.

No more was said; but, in a short time, Laura had the boys under a regular course of study, with Sue's consent, and a great improvement was visible.

Will began to wonder how he should discharge his debt of gratitude. His first experience had taught him that money would not be received. But something he must do; so, meeting her one morning in the hall, he said:

"Cousin Laura, I see and feel what you are doing for us. Is there any way in which I can repay you?"

"Yes," she replied, smilingly, "encourage the boys all you can, and you will help both them and me. That is all the return I ask."

She would have passed on; but he took her hand, and, saying "God bless you, Cousin Laura!" touched it once with his lips.

Then he let her go and entered his library.

As time went on, there was no outward change in Will Humphreys, except that he seemed kinder than ever to Sue, more patient with her whims, and became the almost constant companion of his boys. Sue appeared improved in health, and began really to enjoy the evening drives which she had once utterly refused to take, even for health's sake.

It happened that a neighbor had a young horse which he wanted to dispose of, and Sue took a fancy to buy him. But Will refused decidedly.

"You could never drive him, Sue," he said. "The only reason Mr. Norris sells him is because he is almost unmanageable, even for a man."

"I know better!" cried Sue, her eyes flashing. "You say that because you don't wish me to have him. Mr. Norris is to bring him over for us to try this afternoon, and I shall go out behind him!"

"Very well; I will drive you," said Will, quietly.

So, when the horse was brought, Will took her out in a light open carriage. Humphreys was a skillful driver, and the horse behaved so well that, as they turned homeward, Sue wanted to take the reins.

"Don't insist, Sue. You cannot drive him," said Will, his heart sinking.

"I will insist!" she cried. "You always object when I want to do anything. Give me those reins or I will jump out and walk home!"

Will would not quarrel, but he turned deadly white and kept a firm hold of the ribbons.

"Give them to me, I say—this instant!" screamed Sue, her temper rising. "I will drive, and you shall not stop me!"

"Sue, be quiet. Don't you see you are frightening the horse?" said Will, sternly. "Sit still, or you will risk both our lives."

"I don't care if I do. I will have those reins!" She reached forward, and, before Will could prevent it, made a frantic clutch at the ribbons. The mettlesome beast gave a sudden swerve and a flying jump, and the next instant the husband and wife were lying senseless on the rocks, and the horse was galloping madly away with the wreck of the carriage.

An hour later, a sorrowful cortége passed through the gates of the Humphreys estate.

Poor Sue never moved or spoke again. Her

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neck had been broken by the fall. For days, Will tossed in delirious pain on the bed from which it was doubtful if he would ever rise. He knew nothing of it when they bore his wife to her last resting-place, or even whose hand it was that ministered to his wants, or dreamed of the revelations he made during his illness.

Of course, Miss Vale could not go away while Humphreys was so ill; but she knew that could be no home for her as soon as he recovered. When his strength began to return, he told her that he proposed to travel for a year, and begged her to remain and teach his boys until he came back.

To this, there could be no objection. Laura loved the lads and they adored her, so she promised to stay; and Will, as soon as he was able, started on his wanderings.

Of course he wrote often, and usually to Laura, who thus learned to know him as she could not otherwise have done. At the end of the year, he came back, so handsome and improved that Miss Vale would hardly have recognized him. She was proud of the improvement in her boys, yet sad to think that she must now leave them. But she knew that, in an ordinary community, a woman still young could not live any length of time under the roof of a single gentleman without causing gossip to run riot.

It was nearly a week after Will's return when she first spoke of her intention. She was helping Harry with a lesson, and told him he must very soon learn to do his tasks without her assistance.

"But you're not going away, Cousin Laura?" questioned the boy, in surprise.

"Yes, Harry. You will not need me now that papa has come."

"Oh, but we do need you! We can't spare you at all; you mustn't go!" insisted Harry. "Surely you don't want to leave us, Cousin Laura?"

"No, Harry, indeed I do not; but I must."

"I don't see it!" cried Harry. "I'm sure papa won't see it, either. There's his step in the hall. Papa! papa! come here! Cousin Laura says she must go away! We won't let her, will we?"

Will Humphreys advanced, glanced from Laura to the excited boy, and said gravely: "Not if we can help it, Harry. Willie is waiting for you; go down, and I will speak to Cousin Laura."

As soon as Harry had gone, he turned to Miss Vale and said: "Are you going to forsake your trust, cousin?"

She looked up at him, and, with a face full of pain, she answered: "Don't you know that I must go?"

"I know that you must not," he said, in tones of deep feeling. "I want you to stay with me forever! Will you, Laura?"

She gave him one startled glance. He quickly added: "I want your love and your presence in the home you have made so happy. Oh, Laura, I have missed so much of life! It is late in the day, but won't you brighten all that is left, dear one? Couldn't you love me a little, Laura?"

"Yes, I could!" was her low reply.

He passed his strong arm around her, and she felt his whole frame quiver as he said: "Will you be my wife, darling, and let us enjoy life's afterglow together? Will you come and make me and my boys happier than we ever hoped to be?"

"With God's help, yes, Will!" she answered, and then he drew her to the true heart which had ached so long, but now was healed forever.

JUNE.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

Under the moon of gentle June,
Where the leaves to the breeze in murmurs talked,
And the buds promised roses soon,
My love, my queen, the fairest flower
That blossomed in the world that hour—
My love and I in the moonlight walked.

Sweet is a flower for one short hour,
Soft is the murmuring dream of leaves;
But what if the fruit is bitter and sour
And the falling leaves bring not ripe sheaves?
What were it this: that love is a kiss
That is, and is sweet, and is gone with a breath—
A moment of June and flowers and bliss,
Then the fruitless and silent winter of death!

Shall I sigh that a moment so sweet
Came and went on wings that were fleet?
Dear lips to kiss, dear hands to hold,
In a life of iron, one moment of gold;
One hour of June, when all too soon
We lost the flowers, and the kiss, and the moon,
And found once more the toil and the pain,
And walked our ways in the world again!

Ah, love's but a memory, sad and sweet;
But a greeting of hands and a going of feet.
And our night, my queen of glorious June,
In darkness went down with the setting moon.

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THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 468.

CHAPTER XI.

AT the mention of the bequest—leaving all the property to John Elliott, to the entire exclusion of the son, who was not even alluded to—a ripple of excitement had been apparent among the lawyer's audience, and Harold Egerton, with a short but sharp ejaculation of pain or dismay, was seen to bury his face in his hands.

The general sympathy was with him. Apart from everything else, John Elliott was no favorite with those gathered there, and through more than one mind there flashed a suspicion of unfair dealing. When the minister spoke so unexpectedly, as recorded in our last chapter, the interest grew intense.

"Will you allow me to speak a few words?" he said. And, scarcely waiting for the lawyer's grave assent, he continued: "Friends, this is not the last will that Mr. Egerton made, nor is it the one which expresses his wish. I was at his side a few hours before he died, and he spoke of the long estrangement from his son with sorrow, attributing it to his own pride and obstinacy in a great measure—although he admitted that he had never received a single advance toward reconciliation."

As the clergyman uttered these words, Harold Egerton lifted his head, with flashing eyes, and was about to speak, but seemed to think better of it, and resumed his old position in silence.

"Mr. Egerton also told me," continued the minister, "that he had made a will some time ago, leaving his property to Mr. Elliott. This, undoubtedly, is the one that has just been read in our hearing. He said that he had made a later one, in which he had left the bulk of his fortune to his son and a sum of money to Mr. Elliott large enough to compensate him in part for the disappointment which he would undoubtedly feel. He spoke of his son with the warmest affection, and repeatedly expressed his hope that he could be with him before his last hour came. I am surprised that a man of Mr. Egerton's methodical habits did not destroy the first will when the second one was drawn up; but I have no doubt that a little search will put us in possession of the later document."

"I did not draw up Mr. Egerton's last will," remarked the lawyer. "I was absent at the time that he required my services. But I was aware that such a will had been made. Have you any knowledge of any other will, Mr. Elliott?" he continued.

"None whatever," answered John Elliott, calmly. He was fully master of his emotions now, and his self-control was marvelous. "Mr. Egerton kept his business-papers in the secretary in his room, and perhaps this later will that you speak of may be there. Will you look for it?"

He led the way upstairs, opened the door of the room, and, to all outward appearance, was as anxious to discover the missing will as if he had all to gain, instead of all to lose, thereby.

Of course, the search in the secretary was unsuccessful. Every pigeonhole, secret drawer, and shelf was thoroughly ransacked, but in vain.

"Perhaps he may have concealed it in one of these books," suggested the lawyer, looking at the well-filled shelves, taking a volume down as he spoke, and running his thumb across the leaves.

One by one, every book in the library was searched, but without avail.

"It certainly is not here," remarked the lawyer, at length, casting a shrewd glance at John Elliott, whose anxiety to find it seemed to him rather suspicious.

"The man's in a bad predicament, anyway," he thought. "I hardly know how I myself would act under the same circumstances, if I were innocent. If he were to take no part

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in the search, that would be against him; and yet this willingness to help looks equally bad. Appearances are against him. The will leaving Harold Egerton his father's estate was certainly drawn up. But where is it? If Elliott knew, he must have been tempted to put it in the fire and make an end of the matter: no one could bring proof against him."

The lawyer's meditation was interrupted by John Elliott.

"Gentlemen," he said, rather haughtily, "I am sure that none of you can regret the disappearance of this will more than I. It certainly places me in anything but an enviable position. With your permission, I will withdraw: so that, if you desire to consult, my presence will be no hindrance."

He sought the refuge of his own room. Once there, his assumed calmness gave way. Great drops of cold perspiration stood upon his forehead, and he trembled from head to foot with agitation which it was no longer necessary to control.

"I must go through with it now," he murmured. "It is too late to do anything else. Where can I hide the accursed thing?"

He drew out the paper and looked at it a moment irresolutely, then thrust it in his pocket and went downstairs.

"Ah, Mr. Elliott," said the lawyer, as he entered the room, "I was about to send for you, to see if we might count upon your assistance in a plan that has occurred to us."

"I will gladly be of any service," answered John Elliott, gravely, seating himself.

"With your permission, we think it would be advisable to have the house thoroughly searched. Mr. Egerton may have put it in some out-of-the way place, for greater safety, and forgotten to speak of it."

"Certainly; you are at liberty to search the house from cellar to garret," answered Elliott.

"Anticipating your permission, we have already sent for the assistance of a person who has often been singularly fortunate in finding missing papers."

Elliott bowed. He could not trust himself to speak, lest his voice should betray his agitation.

In a few moments, the door-bell rang sharply and a man entered whom Elliott recognized as a noted detective—one of the shrewdest and most successful officers on the force. Elliott felt as if he were already in the clutch of the law. What should he do? Should he confess all and give up the will, or should he hold out to the end and see whether fortune would favor him in his desperate venture?

He resolved on the latter course, and, rising, said: "You do not need me, I suppose?" glancing toward the man who stood by the fire, rubbing his hands briskly together as if anxious to get to work.

"Certainly not, if you wish to go," the detective answered, and, after a few moments' consultation with the lawyer, he expressed a desire to begin his search at the top of the house.

"I dare say that gentleman downstairs could save us a good deal of trouble if he only would," he remarked, dryly, as they went upstairs.

"That's just what I think," answered Harold Egerton, warmly. "I want to find the will, for I am sure that there is one somewhere. This Elliott is a crafty sort of fellow, who began to worm himself into my father's confidence years ago. He did all he could to embitter my father against me and ingratiate himself into favor, and he partially succeeded. If the will should never be found, I have the one great consolation of knowing that not even his influence was strong enough to deprive me of my father's dying blessing. I have that to remember, at any rate."

"It will be a hard matter to prove anything against him, if the will cannot be found," replied the detective.

As soon as John Elliott found himself alone, he sought to concentrate his thoughts upon some plan that would afford him safety. Where could he put the will? He asked this question again and again, the words seeming to fairly burn themselves into his brain.

His thoughts were in a chaos that he could not resolve into order. He was only conscious of a wild desire to escape. He opened the door leading into the hall, intending to leave the house; but, with a feeling of desperation, he saw that this avenue of escape was cut off.

Some strange man was seated in the chair by the hall-door, leisurely glancing over the columns of the daily paper. The man did not look up nor appear to notice Elliott's appearance, so the latter quietly retreated.

He had been stationed there, no doubt, by the detective, to prevent anyone leaving the house until the search should be completed.

Elliott felt his position to be hopeless. He heard footsteps in the room overhead. They had nearly finished searching upstairs; then they would come down to the parlor, and what then?

They would find the will on him, and he could hope for no mercy from Harold Egerton. Suddenly, through the chaos of his thoughts, flashed the remembrance of something he had once read about or heard of, he knew not which.

A will had been hidden; the ablest detectives

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in the country had searched for it and had been foiled by a simple ruse—what was it? He remembered. The will had been placed in an old soiled envelope and thrust carelessly into a letter-rack, and it had been passed over unnoticed.

Could not he hide this will in some equally simple way?

He seized this hope with the eagerness with which a drowning man grasps at a straw. He glanced around the room hastily; he had not a moment to lose.

A fancifully-decorated scrap-basket stood by the side of a little table, with a crumpled newspaper in it.

He took the paper out, opened its folds, and, dropping the will into it, threw it back into the basket, crumpled as before, to all appearance the same.

This done, he breathed more freely.

CHAPTER XII.

The deathly pallor of John Elliott's face, and his half-suppressed agitation, would have betrayed to a less experienced eye than that of the detective that he had a vital interest in the discovery of the will.

While the parlor was undergoing the same thorough and systematic search that had been bestowed upon the rest of the house, John Elliott stood by the window, looking out into the dusky street, watching the pedestrians that hastened past on their way home after their day's toil.

He was conscious that his face betrayed him, and he feared that he could not endure the keen scrutiny of the detective. But how escape? Nor was he wrong. Everything in the room was carefully examined, the detective feeling thoroughly convinced, by the evident agitation of John Elliott, that, if the will were concealed anywhere in the house, this was the place.

The search was in vain, however. Two or three times the daintily-decorated basket was pushed aside, but no one thought of looking in that crumpled newspaper.

Every time that anyone touched the basket, John Elliott felt his heart leap almost into his throat. He could scarcely breathe at times. His knees trembled so that they could hardly support him.

At last the search was over. The detective, shrewd as he was, had to confess himself unable to find the will, yet all the time confident that the man before him knew its whereabout.

"I am afraid we have to consider the will as either lost or destroyed, Mr. Egerton," he said, drawing his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his heated face.

"I will not give it up," exclaimed Harold, desperately. "My father did not destroy the will; of that I am convinced. I will fight this thing to the bitter end. I will not permit my father's last wish to be set aside in this way and the Egerton estate to pass into the hands of a rascal."

"Have a care of what you are saying," exclaimed John Elliott, fiercely, turning from the window, glad to have an excuse to show anger, that he might conceal his nervousness. "Am I to blame because your father disinherited you? If you dare to accuse me again of having stolen the will, that I only know of by hearsay, I will make you repent your words as long as you live."

"Will you take your oath that you have not destroyed that will or have not got it in your possession?" demanded Harold Egerton, striding forward.

For an instant, Elliott hesitated.

"Ah, you dare not!" cried Egerton, with a contemptuous sneer.

"I will take the oath," said Elliott. "I will take my oath that I have not destroyed nor do I possess any such document."

"Will you perjure yourself?" exclaimed Egerton. "Well, let us hear you take the oath."

With his hand on the large family Bible which lay on a small table, Elliott took the oath: asseverating that he had neither destroyed the will nor had it in his possession.

For an instant, there was silence. Then Harold Egerton, half choked with passion, exclaimed fiercely:

"Liar!"

"Put that man out of my house!" cried John Elliott, livid with rage. "This is beyond endurance."

"It is not his house! I will not leave it till I find my father's will!" shouted Harold.

"Mr. Egerton," said the detective, quietly, "if you will permit me to advise, you will come away. At present, you cannot prove what you allege against Mr. Elliott. You only injure your cause by allowing passion to control you."

"Yes—I will go," answered Egerton, after a moment's thought. "I will go; but I will come again," he went on, looking fixedly at the man who stood before him. "You have the best of me now; but it will not be for long. I will move heaven and earth for evidence to convict you, and my time will come: of that I feel sure."

When John Elliott heard the footsteps of his late companions descending the steps and echoing fainter and fainter as they passed down the

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street, he drew, for the first time for hours, a deep breath of relief. He had won in the hazardous game he had been playing; but he did not know how long the victory would be his. If Harold Egerton should carry the matter into the courts, all might be changed. He could easily now reduce the will to ashes, and get rid of them undetected: and that should never testify against him, at least.

"This has been a hard day for me," he muttered. "I would not go through it again for half my new fortune."

He rang the bell, and, when the housekeeper appeared, he ordered tea to be sent up to the library. Then he betook himself thither, first taking the will from its hiding-place.

His overstrained nerves were beginning to relax their tension, and he sank wearily into the depths of a luxurious lounging-chair.

"If I can only rest, to-night," he said, "now that all anxiety is off my mind, I shall be myself again to-morrow."

He drew the will from his pocket, after he had drained his cup of tea, and carefully straightened its crumpled folds, leisurely inhaling the fume of a fragrant Havana as he did so.

Suddenly, there was a sharp peal at the door-bell—so sharp, that he heard it even where he was. Directly, the housekeeper appeared.

"A lady to see you—on business, sir," she said. "I tried to put her off; but she would not go."

With a muttered imprecation, Elliott arose and went downstairs. Could it be that the girl whom he had so cruelly wronged and deserted had sought him at last, to obtain a tardy justice at his hands?

He opened the reception-room door, and found his fear realized. In the slender figure, closely-veiled though the face was, he recognized her.

"Doris!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XIII.

One afternoon, the doctor had seated himself at Doris's bedside when he had finished his usual round of visits, and said kindly:

"Now I have come to have a little talk with you. I want you to answer my questions like a sensible girl. I shall not ask anything from motives of curiosity, but because I am interested and think I can help you. You will never get well if you allow yourself to worry and fret all the time, so I want you to tell me what your trouble is and let me help you, if I can. I had a daughter once. She would have been about your age now, if she had lived, and I will be as good a friend to you as I would have wished anyone to be to her. Have you any near relations—any father or mother?"

Doris shook her head.

"I am alone in the world, except for my husband."

"Where is he? And why doesn't he take care of you?"

Doris shook her head again. "I cannot tell," she answered, sadly. Then, as the doctor's face grew grave, she exclaimed hastily: "Please don't think that I do not appreciate your kindness, for I am without a friend in the world; but I promised solemnly that I would not tell my husband's name until he gave me permission."

"Why did he ask you to make such a promise?" questioned the doctor.

Doris hesitated. She shrank from telling her sad story, yet perhaps this kind old man could advise and help her if he only knew all.

With blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, she faltered forth her story. The doctor's eyes grew moist with sympathy as he listened.

"If I could only see him," she concluded. "I want to know, from his own lips, whether he loves me or not. I cannot be contented until I see him."

"Well, I will make a bargain with you," said the doctor, kindly. "If you will try hard to stop worrying, and get well as fast as you can, I will take you to see your husband as soon as you are able. Is that a bargain? That's sensible; shake hands on it. Now I must be off, for my wife will be wondering what has become of me."

All the way home, he was thinking of the sad story which he had just heard.

"A precious scoundrel that fellow must be," he said to himself, "to deceive an innocent girl in the way I think he has done: deserting her, in her hour of need, to step into a dead man's shoes. I wish I could lay my hands on him and give him the horsewhipping he deserves. Anyhow, I'll see the little woman safe through her trouble. She shan't want a friend while I'm about."

Now that Doris had an incentive to get well, she gained strength wonderfully fast. She was soon able to walk across the room, and she celebrated Christmas by a short sleigh-ride with the doctor.

"Can't I go to see my husband very soon, now?" she asked, impatiently.

"If this drive hasn't been too much for you, I will take you there day after to-morrow," said the doctor, kindly.

Day after to-morrow! Doris could scarcely wait for the time to come.

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The next morning, she was amusing herself by idly glancing through a newspaper which had been laid on her cot, when her eyes fell on a familiar name in the list of deaths. With a beating heart, she read that Mr. Egerton was dead. She wondered whether John Elliott's ambitious plans had succeeded and if he were the old man's heir. John was free at last! But what would his feelings be toward her?

She still loved him, in spite of his base conduct toward her, and it seemed that death itself could not quench her love. A man would have wrenched the very memory of his affection from his heart and cast it away, when he found it was no longer returned; but love is a woman's very life: it is part and fibre of her existence, and she cannot easily break from its chains after they have once made her captive.

The day the doctor had appointed for Doris's visit to her husband was very stormy. All the morning the snow came down, whirling and eddying in the wind, and even Doris was forced to admit that she must wait.

The next day dawned bright and clear, although frosty and cold, and, when the doctor came to pay his usual visit, he bade Doris be ready for him in the evening.

At last, evening came, and Doris was seated in the sleigh, cozily tucked in and whirling along through the lighted streets.

After those quiet weeks in the hospital, shut away from all noise and confusion, the sudden change made her almost dizzy. Although Christmas was past, the shops still retained their gay dress and the streets were full of people.

The doctor and his charge had not very far to go, and, before Doris had time to realize that she was again to see the husband who had been so faithless to her, the doctor stopped his horses and exclaimed:

"Here we are!"

She trembled from head to foot, for she was still very weak; but she tried to prevent the doctor from noticing her agitation, lest he should think she was not strong enough for the interview.

"This is the house," said the doctor, as he pulled up at the door of the Egerton mansion. "I will ring the bell for you and wait here at the corner until you return. If he wishes you to resume your position as his wife, and offers you a satisfactory apology for his apparent desertion, just let me know. But I will wait until I see you again." With these words, he pulled the bell as if he would bring the house down.

As Doris heard the loud echo clanging through the house, her heart beat rapidly and her voice trembled as she asked to see Mr. Elliott. The housekeeper, as we have seen, refused at first to admit her. But, at this opposition, the courage of Doris rose. She actually pushed past the door. "See him I must," she said, in a tone of authority. So, after some further parley, she was ushered into the drawing-room.

Doris heard the sound of the housekeeper's footsteps ascending the stairs, and then the murmur of voices, one of which she distinctly recognized as Elliott's, for the doors of the rooms had been left open. The intensity of her emotion overpowered her. Everything seemed to grow dark before her eyes. So much depended upon this interview! If her fears were well-grounded—if her husband had lightly thrown aside his marriage-vows—then could life hold nothing more of peace or happiness for her.

But, if he still loved her and repented of his neglect, how joyfully could she forgive and take him back to the inmost recesses of her heart, to be loved and idealized as of old.

Yet why did he delay so long in coming? There, at last he was coming. That was his step. Her heart leaped in her bosom as if it would burst its bounds. She tremblingly rose to her feet, throwing back the long veil which had shrouded her features.

Her first impulse was to throw herself into his arms. Surely, her place was on his breast. But, on second thoughts, she restrained herself, for her place was not there unless he still loved her; and that she must find out first of all.

His face was pale and stern as he entered, and he made no gesture of welcome.

"I have found you at last," she said, advancing with simple dignity.

"Doris! You here?" exclaimed Elliott, with affected surprise. "Good heavens! have I not had enough to endure to-day?"

"Is this your welcome to your wife?" asked Doris, all the fountains of love which had been rising within her, at the sight of his face, suddenly becoming congealed at this speech.

CHAPTER XIV.

There was no misunderstanding his words. It was impossible to construe them into anything like welcome or pleasure at her presence. There was nothing but impatience in his voice.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, hastily, as she uttered the word "wife"; and he rose and carefully closed the doors of the room, that no one outside might hear their conversation.

He looked at her in silence for a moment after this. Was it possible that this wasted wan creature, with great eyes that stared reproachfully

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at him from dark-ringed hollows, was the pretty girl with whom he had fallen in love and had once actually intended to marry?

He felt a thrill of gratitude to Dick Graham, as he remembered the mock marriage. "Otherwise," he said, mentally, "I might be really bound for life to this ghostly creature."

His nerves, meantime, were all on edge with the events of the day, and he felt that he would give anything to get rid of Doris without any explanation of his conduct in the past or any promises for the future. But that could not be; for there she stood, trembling like an aspen leaf, yet a stern hard look on her face.

"Sit down," he said, not unkindly, pushing a chair toward her. "You are weak yet."

She seated herself, and, for a few seconds, no word was spoken by either of them.

Then Elliott broke the silence.

"It will be better for both of us to have an explanation as quickly as possible," he said. "You are weak and nervous yet from your illness, and I am worn out with the scenes of the last few days. What did you come here for?"

"What should I come for?" answered Doris, in the same hard tone in which he had spoken. "What should I come here for but for my husband?"

"It must be told sooner or later," thought Elliott to himself, "though it is terribly hard to have a scene with her, after all I have gone through to-day. If I put her off, it will only be prolonging the agony; and I do not care ever to see her again. Her beauty was her charm, and that is gone. I must end the thing now or I may find it harder to do a little later."

"Doris," he said, aloud, his eyes roving over the room, anywhere except meeting hers, which he knew were fixed upon him, "Doris, I dare say you will think that I have treated you badly, and perhaps in one way I may deserve your accusation. You are not used to the world and its ways, and, with your Puritanical notions, you will probably be greatly shocked and horrified at what I am going to say. That marriage-ceremony was not a binding one; and, although I will always be a friend and help you—if you ever need any help—yet you really have no claim upon me at all."

"Not binding?" gasped Doris, hearing these words as if in a dream. "Not binding?"

"No: it was only a sham. The man who performed the ceremony was Dick's uncle; and, as he is not a clergyman, it was nothing more than a meaningless form of words.'

Doris, for a moment, was speechless. Then she cried, wringing her hands:

"Oh, John! for heaven's sake, unsay those words!" She rose to her feet, as if to enforce her appeal. "Tell me you don't mean that! Anything, anything, but that! You cannot mean it—you could not have been so cruel! That old man, too, and Dick Graham! No: it cannot be true! You could not all have leagued together to deceive me so basely—when I trusted you so, too!"

John Elliott made no answer. He sat still, his eyes averted, that they might not see the white tortured face and imploring eyes of the girl whom he had so wronged.

"Why do you not answer?" she asked, at last, with trembling voice. "Why do you not say that you were speaking falsely? I understand what you are trying to do: You are tired; you want to get rid of me, and you don't know how to do it any other way. But you do not need to tell me such a horrible story to free yourself. Are you afraid that I will insist upon sharing your home and wealth? For I suppose you are master here now. You need not be afraid of that. If you say 'Doris, I do not love you,' I will leave you of my own accord and forever. Do you think I would stoop low enough to force myself upon a man who did not love me, even if he were my husband? Never! I want nothing from you but your love. Oh, John! it cannot be true! Unsay those dreadful words!"

She stopped, breathless. But there was no reply. That set cruel face might have been carved out of stone, for all the response it made to her.

"John—oh, God! John—answer me!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees before him and lifting her eyes, streaming with tears, in agonized appeal.

He drew back as if to avoid her touch, shrugged his shoulders coolly, and answered:

"I have told you the truth."

A low moan broke from the girl. She staggered to her feet. Without a word, but groping her way as if blind into the hall, she reached the door. John Elliott followed her. Even he, pitiless as he was, felt awed at the sight of her anguish.

"Can I do anything for you?" he said. "Do you need money?"

"Money?" she echoed, turning on him fiercely. "Do you dare to offer me money? No, no; oh, no, not that!" now almost hysterical. "Spare me this, at least. You have been cruel enough already. I am not your wife? Not a wife? Ah, what am I?"

The next moment, she was gone; and John Elliott, hard as his nature was, felt compunction

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for once—felt more than that: felt that the sin of deceiving this innocent girl was a millstone about his neck that would yet drag him down to the nethermost hell.

"I am glad it is over," he said to himself, rallying at last. "I have got rid of her for good. I won't have any more scenes of this kind to go through with—thank heaven for that! Confound it all—I was a fool to get caught by a pretty face, and a worse one to give her any hold on me. If it hadn't been for Dick Graham, I might now be tied for life."

Doris went out into the night, forgetful of all save her misery. She forgot that the doctor was waiting patiently for her—forgot everything except the longing to get away from herself and her disgrace.

Her old friend had been watching for her, and, when he saw a stream of light pour out into the darkness, as the door opened, he drove up to meet her. But she fled in the opposite direction. Touching up his horses, he overtook her in a moment, sprang out, and threw a strong detaining arm about her.

"Oh, leave me to my misery," she cried, shrinking away from him. "You don't know. You wouldn't want to touch me or look at me, if you knew all. Don't stop me. Let me go away somewhere—anywhere—and die. Oh, you don't know."

"No, I don't; but you shall tell me all about it," said the doctor, as tenderly as if he had been talking to a suffering child; and he put her into the sleigh and drew the robes around her, despite her protests.

"Now tell me," he said, as the horses started homeward. "What is it that I do not know?"

"You will not be a friend of mine any longer after I tell you," she said, shrinking from his touch. "It is your own doing, remember, that I am here, for I was going away without speaking to you. Do you know what dreadful thing I have to tell you? I am no wife. That marriage was all a mistake. It was not a minister who married us. He only pretended to be one, and I was deceived so cruelly—oh, so cruelly!"

The doctor's only answer was to draw the wraps more closely about her, lest the wind should chill her.

"Didn't you understand what I told you?" she cried. "You do not want to touch me now. I am no wife, I tell you. No child could come near me without being polluted. My place is no longer with good people. Ah, me! What am I? God knows I thought I was his wife. I have his ring yet upon my finger—it is burning into my very soul," and she tore off the glittering band with a passionate impulse and flung it into the street.

"There, there, it is gone," she cried; "but I feel it yet—it burns still."

"Poor child! poor child!" said the doctor, dashing aside the moisture which rose into his eyes.

"It was not your fault, remember," he went on. "Sin consists in the intention to do wrong. In the sight of God and His angels, and in the eyes of all that know you, you are as pure and unsullied as the snow. Don't let this crush you. Rise above it and crush it."

"The brute! the scoundrel!" he thought. "He isn't worthy the name of man. He is worse than an incarnate devil. If this isn't the death of the poor little thing, it will be nothing short of a miracle."

CHAPTER XV.

The doctor urged the horses to greater speed and turned into an avenue which Doris, even in the midst of her distress, saw was not the way to the hospital.

"Where are we going?" she asked, faintly.

"I am going to take you home," the doctor answered, cheerily. "Home to my wife, who will enjoy nursing and coddling you till you are well and strong and happy again. Ah, my wife's a wonderful woman, I tell you, for curing sick people. There's nothing she can't do."

The doctor, as he spoke, drew up before a large and handsome house, and, throwing the reins to a colored boy who had been watching for him from the office-window, took Doris in his arms as easily as if she had been a child and carried her up the steps. The door opened as he reached the top, and a kind-faced lady came forward into the full light of the warm hall.

"What have you brought me, Will?" said this lady, gently, as the doctor passed on and deposited Doris on a lounge in the sitting-room.

"It's the little girl," he said, in his cheerful voice, "whom I have been telling you about. Don't you remember?" And then he added, in a lower voice, but not too low for Doris to hear: "It is as I feared about her husband."

"Poor little girl, poor little girl," said the kind motherly voice, full of compassion, not a trace of scorn or contempt in it. The speaker bent over the lounge, and, with tender touch, began to undo the wraps which shrouded the girl's slight form.

Doris's head drooped low upon her bosom, as she yielded herself to the kindly hands. She longed, yet half feared, to look into the face that leaned over her. At last, summoning courage,

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she glanced up. The doctor's wife, seeing the imploring eyes that questioned her face so wistfully, stooped and imprinted a kiss on the girl's forehead.

The touch of those lips unsealed the tears that had been pent up in Doris's bosom. With a cry, she threw herself upon the floor and clung to the lady's skirt, sobbing convulsively.

"She will be better soon," whispered the lady to her husband. "It will do her good to weep. There, my dear, cry on as long as you want to," she said, gently stroking the girl's head.

"You don't know all, or you wouldn't be so kind to me," murmured Doris, between her sobs.

"Yes, I do know, my dear child. The doctor has told me about it. You have been cruelly deceived. Everybody loves you just as much, for you were not to blame."

Doris's sobs gradually grew fewer, and by degrees the torrent of tears began to abate.

"Then you don't despise me?" she asked, wonderingly, at last.

"Despise you, my dear girl? What for? Would you despise me, if I happened to be deceived? No, indeed; I'm sure you wouldn't. And now, when you feel like drying up your tears, we will go out and have some supper. I have been keeping it waiting for the doctor, and I know a little hot tea would do you good, too."

She raised Doris's face toward her own and gently dried the tears that were still coursing down it.

Doris caught the kindly hands in her own and pressed them impulsively to her lips, again and again.

"There, there, child; don't do that," said the doctor's wife, freeing her hands from the girl's and placing her upon the lounge. "Now, lie down there for a few moments and rest; and then, as I said, we will have our supper."

Doris did as she was bidden, a sense of restfulness stealing over her weary limbs as well as over her aching heart.

Had the girl been left to herself, she might, perhaps, frenzied as she was, have sought death in the nearest way, feeling that life, with its burden of disgrace, could no longer be borne.

But now it seemed easier. This kind good woman had not shrunk from her, even after she knew the dreadful story. The doctor himself was just as kind and fatherly; and perhaps, after all, existence would not be so very hard.

She could never be happy again! But she might still make others happy and put a little sunshine into other forlorn and dreary lives.

When the doctor's wife came back and gently sponged the tear-stained face and burning hands of Doris, the kindly lady was surprised to find how much her words had already soothed the girl whose heart had seemed to be breaking only a few minutes before.

Day after day passed, and Doris was still a member of the doctor's family. The physician had told her that, if she desired it, he could force Elliott to settle on her an amount of money sufficient to keep her in comfort; but he was not surprised when she indignantly declined such subsistence.

"I would rather starve than take a cent from him," she said. "Is there not some way in which I could support myself?"

"Yes, my dear child, I know of a comfortable home where you could more than earn your living," answered the doctor. "An old patient of mine wrote, the other day, and asked me to send her a young lady as a companion. My wife and I were talking about it last night, and we both thought it would be an excellent thing for you. What do you say to it?"

"I would like to go, if you think I could please her," answered Doris, her face brightening beneath its palor.

By this time, she had regained health and strength. Even her beauty was coming back. The hair, which had been shaved close to her head in her fever, now lay in close golden rings all over it, making her face look almost infantile in its youth and innocence. Her cheeks had recovered their roundness and bloom, and her eyes had got their old light once more.

Arrangements were soon completed for her new vocation. Doris was busy, meantime, in preparing her simple wardrobe. She had no money with which to purchase an outfit, but she had all that was necessary for her comfort, with some alterations, in the trunk which she had brought from her old home.

One of her first cares was to write to Elspie and assure her of her well-being; but she made no mention of Elliott, shrinking from letting even her old nurse know her sad story.

The night before she left for her new home, she had a long talk with the doctor's wife.

"Will you tell me something, Mrs. Foster?" she said, as she sat in her favorite position on a little ottoman, her head resting in that lady's lap.

"Certainly, dear child; what is it?" asked her friend.

"Does this lady know anything about me?" faltered Doris, hiding her face to conceal her crimson blushes.

"She knows all I could tell her," was Mrs. Foster's response. "I told her how pleasant a little companion you had been to me, and I said

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that I had no doubt she would find you good-humored and obliging and—"

"I didn't mean that, Mrs. Foster," interrupted Doris, with burning cheeks. "I wanted to know if you had told her anything about—about—"

"No, my dear child," answered Mrs. Foster, tenderly, guessing at the girl's meaning. "No; I told her nothing of your sorrows. Your past belongs to yourself, and no stranger has a right to inquire into it. You have never done anything wrong, and you have no guilty secret to keep. I know that Miss Nixon would be very sorry for you if she knew all that I know about your life; but I thought you would rather bury your grief in the past, which indeed would be wisest, so I held my peace."

"Thank you," said Doris, lovingly kissing the hand that was caressing her; and, after this conversation, she no longer dreaded going to her new home.

She had thought that perhaps Mrs. Foster would think it but right to tell Miss Nixon her history before she went to her, and she feared lest instinctively Miss Nixon should shrink from her in consequence.

Her heart failed her for a moment, however, when her trunk had been placed on the carriage that was to take her to the station, and when the time came to bid farewell to the good friends who had been so kind to her when she needed kindness so sorely.

She burst into tears and clung to Mrs. Foster's neck as she would have clung to a mother's. The caresses were returned with equal warmth, for the doctor's wife had grown much attached to the beautiful loving girl.

"Good-bye, doctor," Doris said, extending her hand. "I can't begin to thank you, nor tell you how grateful—"

"There, there, my dear child, never mind that," interrupted the doctor. "It was a great pleasure to both of us to have you here, and we enjoyed it as much as you did, every bit. It's your own fault, your independent spirit, that you are going. Now we must be off, or we will miss the train."

"Now, remember, if you be homesick or unhappy, you have a home and a welcome waiting for you here," he said, as he put her in the car. "Good-bye—good-bye—God bless you, my child."

In another instant, the train had steamed off, carrying the young girl afresh into the labyrinth of sorrow which her feet seemed destined to tread.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BABY MAY.

BY CARLOS

When the apple-blooms were blowing,
Clouds of rosy petals sowing;
  When the birds were softly cooing
  To their feathered mates, and wooing:
Then she came, our baby treasure—
Golden-haired, with eyes of azure,
  Clinging, helpless, dimple-fingered
  Where the angel-touch still lingered;
Little blossom, pure and fair,
Budding in this world of care,
  Thus upon a glad spring day
  Angels named thee "Baby May."

Summer came. The April showers
Had wooed the earth to bloom in flowers;
  Golden sunbeams kissed the clover,
  Tufting it with crimson over;
Wafted on the fragrant breeze,
Winged the butterflies and bees.
  So the little one grew fairer,
  Gaining graces new and rarer,
Peachy-cheeked with dimples hiding,
Rosy lips with smile confiding:
  Thus upon a summer day
  Is thy picture, Baby May.

Autumn's blush was soon laid over
Field and wood and fragrant clover;
  Crimson leaves and golden-sprinkled,
  Through them rosy apples twinkled;
All the earth was one vast, gay,
And richly-laden harvest-day.
  Then the winsome little fairy
  Grew in dainty graces airy,
Ever crowing, lisping, smiling,
All our sober cares beguiling:
  Thus upon an autumn day
  Lived and laughed our Baby May.

Winter came. The snow was falling—
Angels Baby May were calling.
  Wan our darling grew and weaker,
  Dim her violet eyes and meeker,
Till they closed, no more to waken,
Leaving us alone, forsaken.
  Lightly lying on her breast
  A bunch of snowy roses rest.
And then a wintry bed they made her,
Deep beneath the snow they laid her:
  Thus upon a winter day
  The angels claimed thee, Baby May.

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IN HARVEST-TIME.

BY ANNA M. HOYT.

The railway at Trotter's Corners was in no wise different from other railways; in no wise different or better, in spite of a smart new station and a prospective hotel. After the manner of railroads, it cut its way with merciless straightforwardness right through the best farming-land, the favorite timber, and the thriftiest orchards, leaving behind it a jagged line of sand-hills or uncovered boulders scarring the country for miles. Oh, no: it was in no wise different from innumerable others of its compeers—except, perhaps, as the neighbors would have assured you, if anything, in being a little more "ornary" than usual. They "hadn't wanted a railway, none on 'em, though some ne'er-do-wells like Farmer Jacques had made no end o' money by sellin' off their lopsided farms. But what o't? The money wan't no good to him, and the railroad jest completely sp'iled the place." Such was the judgment of the gossips down at the village store, nodding wisely over their pipes.

Yet, to-day, the sky overhanging the Corners was so mildly beautiful, so gently brooding and Sabbath-like, that it even made dreamily picturesque this solitary track stretching away through low hills out to the far horizon. A dimness rested on its last distant curve as if it touched the sky-line, wandering thence invisibly out, out, to eternity itself. Here and there along the jagged hills, a golden-rod nodded its shining head. Here and there, a ragged army of grass held its way with straggling steadiness toward the top. Here and there, a scantling tree struggled to maintain a footing and clutched with knotted roots the bare rock and crumbling sand. Nature was doing her best to tone down and give softness and healing to the things that marred her loveliness.

Harvest was ripening over hill and valley; the air was freighted with sweet scent and pleasant sound.

I do not know that young Farmer Jacques felt the poetry of this autumn-time, as he wandered leisurely along the track, his straw hat slouched over his eyes, and his dog following, wagging an uneasy tail or skirmishing on ahead to look back at his master with wistful meditative eyes. Poor Towzer—he had his misgivings that everything was not quite right when harvest was waiting and they two were wandering idly in the sunshine.

Farmer Jacques's old mother was sorting the strings of dried fruit suspended from the garret-rafters. Glancing from the dormer-window, she caught a glimpse of her son, as he strolled down the road. The good lady put on her iron-rimmed spectacles and peered thoughtfully out after him.

"Whatever can 'a come over the lad?" she said, leaning forward to watch his retreating footsteps. "He's gone clean daft, I misdoubt—clean daft in harvest-time."

Harvest was waiting indeed; but it waited, as it had waited last year and the year before that, while the harvester wandered from the scene of labor. Everybody said that Gilbert Jacques was running down; his place, which used to be the tidiest in all the region, had a certain negligence about it, a certain slackness and irresoluteness of aspect, like its owner.

"Ay, ay—he's going down, I should say, but not on the run," said Farmer Trotter to his son, as the young man passed them on the road, absorbed and unrecognizing.

They saw him stand for an instant under the great wayside willow and look far up the track, shading his eyes with his hand. Then he walked on again out toward that distant curve, where the road branched toward the new station and so out of sight.

Would she come this time? So many summers he had walked this road since she went away, looking back archly and shaking her finger at him with playful threatening.

"Not another step—you must not come another step. Good-bye. I'll come back this way someday; and, if you're not here to meet me, then—" He heard the rattle of carriage-wheels, and she disappeared over the hill.

She was Squire Lyndon's daughter, and she was going away to be made a fine lady of and to pass out of his life altogether.

He stood at the crossing where the great sign bridges the way "Look out for the Train!" Look out for the train? Why, yes, of course. He was looking out for it with all his eyes. He had looked out for it, this time of year, oh, many and many a day. He was looking out now—more hopelessly, more absently than of old.

Looking out, however, and then, as he stood, feeling the earth thrill with the distant coming of the train, there rolled down at his very feet,

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loosened from the overhanging ridge above, a huge mass of rock and earth. With a heavy thud, it lay there, right across the track, inert, immovable, as if some fell spirit had loosened it for destruction.

On came the train. He heard it dashing along, unconscious, with its freight of human beings. He waved his hat—shouted wildly, with frantic gesticulations—but no one heeded. And, all about the solitary place, no helping hand appeared. Great heavens! Should this fearful thing happen in his very sight, with none to rescue? Are they blind there—are they deaf there on that train, speeding on blindly to fate and to death? He flung himself with frenzied strength upon the mighty mass, with sinews cracking, with straining muscles and swelling veins, all that was in him bent to one mad gigantic effort. One moment more—oh, God! one moment more, for she may be aboard. And, in that awful instant—how, he knew not: it seemed as if invisible hands joined his—the great rock lifted, lifted, one single finger-span from the iron track and rolled, dragging him with it, in a cloud of dust and debris down into the hollow among the grass-grown sleepers and railway rubbish. The engineer espies him now, as, torn and fainting, he falls back while the train sweeps past. Then it slackens speed, there is a hum of voices, a waving of hats, a great cheer rends the air, a thousand voices seem to bless him, and, rousing from his stupor, he hears himself called a hero.

A hero? He? Bah! He might have been a hero once. But now, hasn't he been running down these four years—the idlest, roughest, most hopeless fellow in the village? No, no, he will none of it! He is faint and sick. He seats himself on a stone by the wayside, while the train moves slowly on to the station.

Will that engineer never have done waving his cap and shouting? Towzer yelps at the departing monster with sharp short yaps of disapproval. It has done his master an ill turn somehow; of that he feels sure. The master's hands are torn and bleeding, his clothes are disheveled and dust-covered. "What will the old mistress think of all this?" Towzer ponders, thoughtfully wagging his tail.

The young man sits, gazing dreamily before him. His eyes are dim and weary. The mighty effort is over, and he cannot gather strength to walk from the scene of it. Half asleep he is, perhaps, and dreaming; for there beyond him on the curve of the railway track, just where it seems to gather dimness and mist, a fairy-like shape appears, as if dropped down from that faint white cloud hovering on the horizon's edge.

It is she herself, with her golden hair glinting in the sunlight just as she left him four years agone. He must be dreaming! He rubs his eyes and looks again. The vision is not alone; her hand rests lightly on the arm of a stately gentleman—a gentleman in a silk hat and fine coat, who carries her crimson shawl on his other arm and seems to exercise a gentle supervision over her. But, as the two linger there for a moment, she raises her fingers airily to her lips and playfully wafts a kiss from them to earth and air. A greeting, perhaps, to the sweet summer-time, a greeting to old remembrances. Yet Farmer Jacques seemed to feel that kiss float lightly down and rest upon his forehead. She can never be anything more to him, of course. She is the wife of that fine gentleman who would disdain to touch the hollow-eyed unkempt wretch watching him wolfishly afar off, but it cannot be wrong to take that kiss and keep it in remembrance of her forever.

Groping blindly, he rises and staggers homeward. It is getting dark, it is getting late, when the good dame at the farmhouse stumbles over her son at the threshold, and wonders with uplifted hands what has befallen him.

"It is the dumb-ager, I guess," she says to Martha, the housemaid.

Dumb enough; for neither by word nor sign does the young man intimate what has happened to bring him to this pass.

But others are not so reticent. The village is ringing with his exploit, and every neighborly soul for miles around drops in at the farmhouse with comment and jelly and prescriptions.

"And I called him daft, the lad, that very morning—God forgive me—an' a ne'er-do-well, when he went out like one that is sent for and forgot about the harvest. And look you," says the good dame, remorsefully: "the lives he saved that day were worth more than a hundred harvests. Heaven help me!"

She says this to a tall slim lady, leaning over the gate—a lady with golden hair and a silk gown: a very grand lady, thinks the old woman. "But, bless me, I've known Jeanette ever since she was so high." And Jeanette can never outgrow this village recollection, were she a princess.

Perhaps she does not desire to. She blushes and glances brightly up at the tall gentleman beside her, as she says:

"We must take care of our hero, Mrs. Jacques. You must let us do something, or Ned and I shall feel ashamed of ourselves. Shan't we, Ned?"

"Why, yes—of course," is the quick response.

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Upstairs, the "hero," sitting propped on pillows at the window, hears these voices and groans aloud.

The old lady has a bowl of gruel in her hand, cooling and stirring it as she stands.

"It's e'ena'most time to give it him now," she says. "He hain't eat a morsel all day, an' he can't seem to a-bear the gruel, neither."

"Oh, let me take it in," says the girl, impetuously. "He won't mind an old school-fellow."

All the fine lady drops away from her, as she grasps the bowl in her slim fingers.

"I know the room," she says, looking back radiantly from the top of the old stairway.

"Happen she'll find him all 'tossicated," says the old lady, apologetically, to her other visitor. "What with the fever and all, I can't keep him straight two minutes."

Having reached the upper room, Jeanette pauses a moment, with her hand on the latch, perhaps to get breath after her rush upstairs, then she opens the door softly and steps in.

The room is dusk. The sick man sits propped up on pillows, which, as his mother feared, are anything but orderly—they lie about the floor and chair as if tossed by a feverish hand.

Jeanette stoops and picks one up, as she approaches.

"Gilbert dear," she says, "I—I've brought you some gruel."

That is not sentimental for a first meeting after so many years.

The sick man looks eagerly up, as he hears the voice.

"Jeanette!" he cries, holding out a thin and shaking hand. "Oh, Jeanette!"

Jeanette sobs as she takes the wasted hand. All the fortitude she has been gathering deserts her, as such fortitude will in the hour of need.

"It takes a deal to kill a strong young fellow like me, Jeanette," he whispers, with a pitiful smile; "but there can be but one end to all this—I've been dying these four years. And I'm full of dreams and dying fancies, darling; I thought, do you know, Jeanette, that day I hurt myself, I thought I saw you somewhere, hovering over the old trysting-place, and you—"

"Kissed my hand to you?" said Jeanette, brightening up. "Oh, yes! and everybody said you were a hero. Oh, that was a grand day!"

"Then," said the young man, solemnly, "I'm ready to go, Jeanette, and I wish it were over."

"It can't be over, and it shan't be over, Gilbert," cries the girl, excitedly. "You must get well. You shall get well. Drink this gruel, every drop of it. I'll stand and hold it for you, dear. I told Cousin Ned not to wait for me."

"'Cousin' Ned?" echoes the invalid, eagerly. "Oh, heaven, what a fool I've been!"

"Of course you have!" said Jeanette, smiling brightly amid her tears. "There, I've half spoiled your gruel, crying into it. I always told you so, you know—a queer old foolish fellow. But I suppose it takes a good deal of queer stuff to make a hero. Why, I half feel as if I could be one myself, sometimes, if—"

"You couldn't love a poor wretch like me, could you, Jeanette?"

"Not if you're going to die, you know."

"Well, I've changed my mind about that. That gruel has cured me, for I saw you drop a tear into it, Jeanette. And, though I am not rich nor bright nor strong, I know that—"

"That your farm's the biggest!" laughingly interrupted Jeanette, "and that I always did covet that old elm."

And presently—not a fortnight after this—young Farmer Jacques surprised the neighbors by "getting about" again. He gathered in the waiting harvest; he mended the broken fences; he held up his head once more like the man he used to be.

"I wonder what on airth cured him?" said Farmer Trotter to his neighbor. "It do beat all how he's come up, arter running down clean past anything I ever see!"

"They say," responded the neighbor, "it was along of something or another his wife put into his gruel. You know she was eddicated in foreign parts, and they know a power o' medicine."

A SPRING SONG.

BY MARGARETTA LIPPINCOTT.

Robin sings in the tall elm tree,
The dew still lies on the clover;
He trills and trills his song to me
Over, and over, and over.

Cherries are turning red and black,
Gay little flies are roving;
Robin sings, as he flits back,
"Life is but loving and loving!"

Robin flies to his tiny mate,
Flinging a parting note to me:
"Now spring is here, why do you wait?
Living is loving—don't you see?"

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A PLEA FOR THE SICK.

BY MRS. MARIETTA HAVEN.

"A GOOD nurse is of more importance than a doctor" is a frequent remark, and certainly a nurse with good judgment holds a very high place in a sick-room. Of her watchfulness, her quickness to appreciate changes, her readiness to act in case of emergency, it is not our purpose to speak. Neither are we alluding to the professional nurse, or not to her chiefly, but to the wife, mother, or daughter who may have the care of a loved one devolving upon her. She should see that the chamber is properly ventilated, but that the invalid should be kept out of all draughts. If doors and windows are open and a regular-made screen is not to be had, a clothes-horse with a shawl, quilt, or blanket thrown over it and placed close to the sick-bed or chair will keep off a draught—which is, of course, most important. Frequent sponging of the whole person with alcohol or bathing-whisky diluted with water is not only refreshing, but necessary, especially in cases of fever; but at the same time care must be taken that no cold is caught. The room should be of a little higher temperature than ordinary, and but a small portion of the body should be exposed at a time. For instance, the neck, chest, and arms can be sponged quickly and quickly dried, then covered up immediately; then the rest of the body in small portions at a time, always remembering to cover quickly. Of course, if the illness is severe, the patient may be too weak to allow of the whole body being thus treated; but the watchful nurse will soon discover this. Such bathing is, as a rule, not only refreshing, but important, as it cleanses the skin of the secretions thrown out through the pores. While this is being done, the pillow should have been aired—if in winter-time, however, it should afterward be just passed before a fire, to take the chill off—a fresh pillow-case put on, and then, with a fresh bed-gown, it is most probable that the patient will say: "How nice it feels!" and gradually fall into a refreshing sleep.

Have everything about the tray on which the meals are served as delicate and tempting as possible. If there is an extra best cup and saucer or a dainty glass in the house, bring it out for the invalid's benefit. Let the napkin over the tray be as white and fine as you have, and, if possible, add a flower or two.

If tea is used, have it fresh made and served at once; that which has stood on the range stewing into bitterness is not only not appetizing, but very unwholesome. Let the toast be as crisp and hot as possible, not allowed to stand till it becomes like leather. Of course, it is not possible to go into the dietary for a sick-room, but it is of the greatest consequence that every article served should be carefully prepared, not only because it is more tempting to the languid appetite, but because it is so much more wholesome. Fried articles should never appear on any table, much less on an invalid's tray.

All loud or grating noises should be avoided, as well as all unnecessary whisperings; perhaps the latter most annoy to the sick. No one can quite count on the notions of a sick person, mind as well as body are so often demoralized. The step across the room should be firm and light—be very careful to avoid noisy shoes. "Her tip-toeing will drive me mad," an invalid once said.

So much depends upon the mood of an invalid, that no rule can be laid down for all cases; but a good nurse will soon learn to humor sick-fancies. Usually, we think, a patient likes to see the hands of the attendant occupied with bits of work, crocheting, or knitting—the colored silks or worsteds sometimes interest her insensibly; but reading to herself, on the part of the nurse, seems to be too absorbing. In many cases, reading aloud is of great benefit to the sick. The book should be carefully chosen, however—never a depressing one—and the voice well modulated, not rasping nor too loud, though very distinct. If the invalid is fond of poetry, the rhythm is often very soothing and will insensibly lull her to sleep. In this case, continue the reading in a low and monotonous voice for awhile, till the sleep is fully established.

Let everything about the sick-room be as dainty as possible. Do not overcrowd it with furniture; but a few good engravings hung upon the wall, a pretty piece of embroidery on the bureau, a vase or so on the mantel, often arrest the attention and form an agreeable source of thought.

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The light and shade in a sick-room are of the first importance. The early-morning sun, if not directly in the patient's face, is usually very pleasant. If the night has been a long restless one, the breaking dawn is most acceptable; the weary eyes will watch the faint changes of the "daffodil sky" turning to rose-color, then to gold, and perhaps at last close in a refreshing slumber. Later in the day, care must be taken that, while the room is made cheerful by sunlight, there should be no glare to tire eye and brain; blinds or shades should be carefully adjusted with this object in view.

An open fire is a cheerful companion for anyone, especially for the sick, if the weather admits of it. If it is of wood, the tongs should not be too constantly employed, with their sharp snapping noise, and all smoke must, as a matter of course, be avoided.

The night-light should be carefully adjusted and shaded so as never to make a point of light in the patient's face; and, before retiring, the nurse should have all drinks, medicines, and needful articles systematically arranged on a table where they can be had at any moment.

As for the nurse, it is plainly her duty, to the patient quite as much as to herself, that she should get a fair amount of sleep, fresh air, and exercise. The good health resulting will enable her to nurse longer and better, and she will go to the sick-room with brighter eyes, better spirits, and a buoyancy that will react on the invalid.

NOTES ON FLORICULTURE.

BY MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

Summer-blooming bulbs give the amateur as much satisfaction as anything in the floral line. Among the very best, I must class gladiolas. One great beauty of these—you can plant them at so many intervals during the summer, that, if you plant some very early, say in April, and continue to plant every two weeks until July 4th, you will have a succession of bloom until frost. Those who have only cultivated the more common sort have but little idea of the wonderful beauty of the newer varieties of this class of plants. And then, the ease with which they are grown is much in their favor. Given rich soil, a sunny situation, and thorough cultivation during all their growth, and success is certain. Tigridias, another of our summer-flowering bulbs, are too pretty and curious to be lost sight of. They are gay as bright-winged butterflies, but one blossom only lasts for a day; but there is sure to be another to take its place on the morrow. Cultivation same as for gladiolus; may be grown in more shade though, if a sunny spot is not available.

For a border for bright-hued plants, nothing excels the little oxalis, with its pretty clover-like leaves with the dark zones. It grows in such pretty masses and makes a fine unbroken outline, and blooms nicely too. The bulbs may be planted any time after the ground is warm, and in the fall may be stored away the same as gladiolas. They are so cheap and increase so rapidly that one need not be without an abundance of them. For one of the finest fall flowers, commend to me the dahlia, and we have it now in the greatest perfection. With what wonderful skill the florist has succeeded in bringing to this gorgeous flower, as to many others, such beauty of form, size, such a variety of color, and, in fact, everything to make it everyway desirable. It may now be grown from seed, and blooms the first year the same as an annual. Then, if you have grown some fine specimens, as you will be apt to if you have purchased choice seed from a reliable florist, you may store the tubers, after digging in the fall, in barrels of dry sand in the cellar, for use another year. The dahlia must have the richest soil, in fact it can hardly be too rich. Frequent stirrings of the soil are needful, and at least once a week it should be well watered with soapsuds. Be sure to tie up to a strong stake, as they need support, they are such rank growers. Hundreds of the most showy flowers will reward you if you have given them their just requirements. They grow readily from cuttings, and florists propagate them in this way; but, for an amateur, they are really not so satisfactory as seed, but they are not so expensive as the tubers.

I have always grown hyacinthus candicans in much the same way as gladiolas. Though said to be hardy, I have always feared to risk them out to the severity of our winters, so have planted them in spring and then removed to the cellar in the fall. It is one of the best flowering bulbs I have tried. I am more and more pleased with it every year. Grown in groups of a dozen or more, it shows to better advantage than if grown singly. No trouble from the time it is put in the ground until digging-time again, and none then if you are willing to risk them to Jack Frost. They may never be injured, but I am not prepared to say, having never tried the experiment.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-dress, of either zephyr, gingham, or sateen. The underskirt is in wide kilt-plaits all around. The over-drapery forms

No. 1.

a long point in front, the back in irregular loopings, side-plaited to form a jabot, as seen in the illustration. The bodice pointed back and front. The material is fulled into the shoulder, opening over a V-shaped front of velvet or surah; cuffs and collar to match. Loops of narrow velvet or gros-grain ribbon trim the skirt on left side. Hat of straw, veiled in dotted lace and trimmed with butterfly bows of velvet or gros-grain ribbon to match the gown. Parasol of the same

No. 2.

material as the dress. Fourteen to fifteen yards of material will be required.

No. 2—Is an embroidered nainsook dress. The foundation of plain nainsook has a narrow plaited ruffle on the edge. Over this, a deep flouncing of the embroidery is kilt-plaited. The over-drapery—also of the wide flouncing—is arranged to form a deep point in front, also in

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the back. The bodice is a short basque trimmed with an edge of the embroidery—the same edges the plaited vest. Hat of straw, trimmed with band and loops of ribbon. Eight to ten yards of flouncing will be required. To make the dress less expensive, the deep flouncing need only be used for the kilted skirt, and a narrower one may be used for the over-drapery, or it can be entirely of the plain nainsook.

No. 3—Is a walking-dress, of pin-striped woolens, tennis-flannel, or gingham. The underskirt

No. 3.

is entirely plain, the over-drapery long and full, both back and front. The long basque is of jacket-form, opening in front over a white woolen vest, if the dress is of wool, or over a white corded piqué, if of gingham. Cuffs and collar of velvet, even upon a gingham. Hat of straw, trimmed with band of velvet and faced with the same. Ostrich-tips and some loops of velvet complete the trimming. Eight to ten yards of

No. 4.

double-fold goods or fourteen yards of gingham will be required.

No. 4.—Boy's sailor or tennis suit, of navy-blue flannel. The collar, undershirt, outside sailor-collar, cuffs, etc., are of blue and white striped tennis-flannel. Cap and stockings to match.

No. 5.

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No. 5.—Blouse suit, with first pants, for little boy of four years. It is made of navy-blue or white flannel. The collar, belt, and cuffs are of wide white Hercules braid.

No. 6—Is a blouse apron for a girl of three to four years. It is made of nainsook and trimmed with an embroidered edge. The yoke is laid in narrow plaits. The apron fastens in the back, and the wide collar is separate.

Nos. 7, 8, 9—Are "Three little Girls from School." The first one's dress is of dark-brown sateen, braided with écru braid. Straw hat, trimmed with ribbon to match.

The second dress is of marine-blue serge, trimmed with red worsted braid. Straw hat, trimmed with red and blue ribbons.

The third dress is of light-blue cashmere, trimmed with galloon. Muslin cap, with lace frill and loops of blue and white satin ribbon.

No. 10—Is a pretty blue zephyr lawn, figured with white. The skirt is put on the waist in full gathers. The waist has a fullness back and front, and is shirred at the bottom. The waist-band, collar, straps on the shoulders, and cuffs are made of plain pink cambric striped with white Russian braid.

Cross-stitch embroidery is now so much used for children's dresses, that it can be applied instead of braid, if preferred, and is a dainty work for mothers or aunts in their leisure moments. Blue and red embroidery-cottons wash better than other colors, and they may be used combined, or either color alone, depending upon the color of the dress.

No. 6.

No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10.

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BLOUSE BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, a simple bodice for seaside or country wear. It can be made either in the same material as the skirt or in contrasting color and fabric. Our pattern consists of five pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Half of Front Yoke.
4. Half of Back Yoke.
5. Sleeve.

The full sleeve is gathered into a wristband. The letters and notches show how the pieces join. If a checked material is used, it is the fashion to cut it on the cross, so that the lines appear as seen in illustration, or it may be made bias, though the shape is not so well kept.

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CROCHETED SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

White, fawn, or pale-blue split zephyr or Shetland wool. About three ounces for a shawl one yard square. The crochet-hook to fit the wool, not too large. It is begun in the centre; make a little circle of the wool and draw through this a single; work three chain, one double-chain, three chain, one double-chain in this circle to make eight loops; fasten this round with a double-chain in the middle stitch of the next loop, and in the same hole make three chain, one double-chain—this will be the corner and is worked in the same way every round—three chain, double-chain in the middle stitch of the next loop, then the corner again and repeat. All the centre of the shawl is worked in this way with the hook through the middle stitch of the three chain of the last round, taking up the stitch double on the pin to keep the work close and even. Work about thirty-four rounds, then begin the border, first ascertaining that there is an odd number of loops between the corner loops.

THE BORDER.—First round: In the corner loop work two treble, two chain, two treble, two chain, two treble, two chain, two treble. * Make one chain, double-chain in the centre stitch of the next loop of the last round, one chain; two treble, two chain, two treble in the middle stitch of the next loop, repeat from * till the corner, which work like the last. Second round: Work two treble, two chain, two treble into every loop of three chain of the last round. Third round: Make one chain, double-chain between the two trebles of the last round, one chain; in the corner loop work two treble, two chain, two treble, two chain, two treble, two chain, two treble, * one chain, double-chain between the two trebles of the last round, one chain, two trebles, two chain, two trebles into the next loop, repeat from *, work the corner as before. Make the border about twelve rounds deep. The edge is done after a repetition of the second round. Join the round, make two chain up at the back of the work, three treble into the next hole, then work three chain fastened by a single into the stitch below the chain three times in the same hole, then three treble in the same loop, * one chain, double-chain between the trebles of the last round, one chain, three trebles, three loops of three chain, three trebles into the next loop, and continue all round from *.

Run a ribbon the width of the first holes of the border all round the shawl, fastened by a stitch at each corner, and tie a looped bow on the right side out at the upper folding-over corner.

TRAVELING-SHAWL COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of number, a strap in webbing, decorated with fancy stitches in bright-colored wools or arrasene, for a traveling-shawl cover. The two circular bands are united by a loop or holder fastened at the side with a large bone button. The end of each band is shaped as a triangle and stitched with wool or thread. A pattern of flowers may replace the border.

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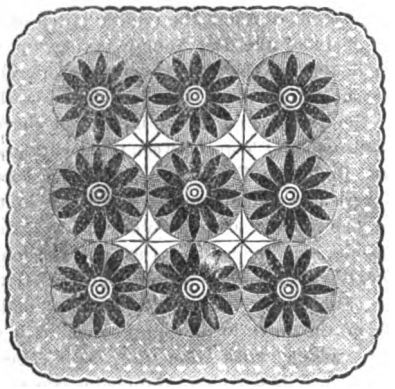
A DAHLIA ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A very handsome antimacassar can be made as follows: Get one and three-quarter yards of two-inch ruby satin ribbon and one and a quarter yards of olive-green or any pretty contrasting color; old-gold and blue or orange and peacock-blue would be good for contrasts. Cut the ribbon into twelve-inch lengths; there will be five of the one shade and four of the other. Sew each piece together to form a circle, turn in a quarter-inch and gather twice, drawing the centres almost together, not leaving an opening larger than an ordinary pencil. Sew iridescent cord over these two gatherings. Join the rosettes on the back, alternating the colors; and, to fill the spaces between them, weave the gilt cord from the opposite points and fasten the threads in the middle, as seen in the illustration. Quite wide Oriental lace is slightly frilled on the edge and set well back under the curved edges of the rosettes. If properly made, this is very showy, and requires but little time to put the whole together.

UMBRELLA-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of number, a case for holding two or three umbrellas. The case is made of gray linen embroidered with red working-cotton in outline-stitch, bound and tied with red worsted braid. Three-quarters of a yard of linen, two skeins of working-cotton, one piece of braid, will be required. When finished, the length of the case is thirty inches, just the width of the linen. Turn a hem two and a half inches deep at the open end; stitch this twice across to make a casing for a drawing-string; then turn the lower part up over the other eight inches. The remaining eleven inches are for the lap-over. Divide this and work a vine in outline on the middle of the upper part, after rounding off the corners. When worked, baste the lining of this lap under the turned-up part and stitch it across. Divide the bottom into equal parts, and sew again through the length of the case. Then bind the open edges, sew two strings on the lap, to tie the case when rolled up, and run a drawing-string in the casing at the open end, to keep the umbrellas in place. We give the illustration open and closed.

CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give a very uncommon and beautiful pattern on the Supplement. The original design, in the Louis XV style, was for a cushion in a beautifully-furnished house. The cushion was of cream-white satin. The embroidery was done in silks in the natural colors. The basket was of a yellowish brown; the roses, forget-me-nots, and daisies were in pink, blue, and white; the ribbon in blue; the fuchsias in shades of pink; and the wreath around the whole in the various colors employed for the flowers. Of course, this exquisite design may be used in any color or material desired. Olive-green is suitable for most rooms, and wears well.

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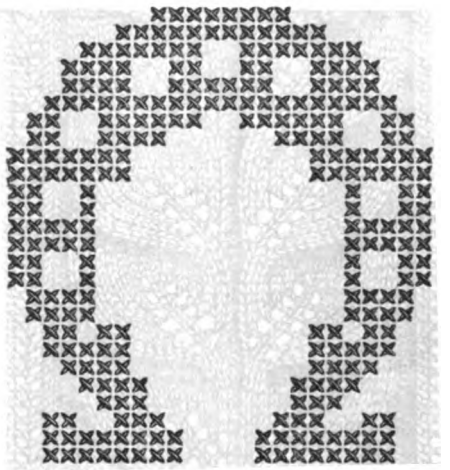
HORSE-SHOE DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design may be worked in colored cotton, finen floss, or wash-crewel, in one or two colors, on Java canvas, butcher's-linen, etc. It is suitable for boy's school-bags, office-bags, etc.

PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of number, a pincushion which is intended to be suspended from the wall by a brass-headed nail. The foundation is perforated cardboard, which can be purchased at any fancy shop in various colors. The cushion in the centre is formed of colored flannel, and the fancy stitches are put in with different colored filoselle silks.

We also give, on same page, two details of such kind of embroidery, in cross and long stitches. These may be done on pinked-out cloth for the edge of such cushions.

COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The colored design in cross-stitch, of a cat, in the front of the book, is to be done in crewels on Java canvas, and is suitable for a rug, chair-cushion, or footstool. Of course, the colors used are entirely optional. The black marks can be varied to black and white, tortoise-shell color, shaded grays, etc. Two different designs for corners are given.

DESSERT-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design in outline for a dessert-cloth or for a side-table cloth, to be done on coarse linen, either in black or in the natural colors in silk.

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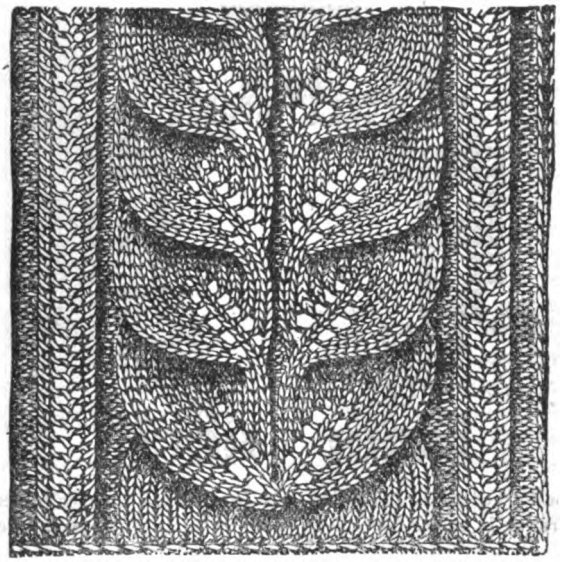
STRIPE, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Stripe, in knitting, adapted for the centre stripe of a chairback. On each side, a border of olive-green plush. Brown tassels at each end. Material: Messrs. Walter Evans & Co's Maltese cotton No. 10, a middle tint of rich brown color. Steel needles No. 14.

Explanation of terms: K, knit; M, make; P, purl; S, slip; K 2 T, knit two together; P 2 T, purl two together, crossed. Thus done, insert the pin from left to right at the back of both stitches and purl both off together.

Cast on fifty stitches.

First row: purl.

Second row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 11, K 2 T, M 1, K 1, M 1, P 2, M 1, K 1, M 1, S 1, K 1, draw S over, K 11, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Third row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 10, P 2 T, crossed; P 3, K 2, P 3, P 2 T, P 10, K 3, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3.

Fourth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 9, K 2 T, K 1, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 1, P 2, K 1, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 1, S 1, K 1, draw S over, K 9, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Fifth row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 8, P 2 T, crossed; P 5, K 2, P 5, P 2 T, P 3, K 3, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3.

Sixth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 7, K 2 T, K 2, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 2, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 2, S 1, draw S over, K 7, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, K 3.

Seventh row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 6, P 2 T, crossed; P 7, K 2, P 7, P 2 T, P 6, K 3, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3.

Eighth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 5, K 2 T, K 3, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 3, P 2, K 3, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 3, S 1, K 1, draw S over, K 5, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Ninth row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 4, P 2 T, crossed; P 9, K 2, P 9, P 2 T, P 4, K 3, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3.

Tenth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 3, K 2 T, K 4, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 4, P 2, K 4, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 4, S 1, K 1, draw S over, K 3, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Eleventh row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 2, P 2 T, crossed; P 11, K 2, P 11, P 2 T, P 2, K 3, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3.

Twelfth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 1, K 2 T, K 5, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 5, P 2, K 5, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 5, S 1, K 1, draw S over, K 1, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Thirteenth row: S 1, K 2, P 2, M 1, P 2 T, K 3, P 2 T, crossed; P 13, K 2, P 13, P 2 T, K 5, P 2 T, K 3.

Fourteenth row: S 1, P 2, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3, K 14, P 2, K 14, P 3, K 2, M 1, K 2 T, P 3.

Begin again with the first row.

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HANGING SCREEN, WITH ROPE-TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A new style is now in vogue for trimming the pretty screens and hanging panels that are painted on Indian matting—which, being about a yard wide, gives ample scope for beautiful designs of figures and flowers. The idea of trimming with rope is quite original and very effective. A white manilla rope of clothes-line size is used. The matting is hemmed to make a firm edge, top and bottom; and across this is sewed a line of rope cut long enough to form a tassel fringed-out about a quarter of a yard deep at each end. Through this, is passed the rope that makes a coil at the top, as seen in the illustration. The lower edge is worked in the same way, excepting that here the ropes are cut in lengths of about three-quarters of a yard, passed over and under the straight line, making a series of loops-and-tassels. One would not imagine that, out of this rough material, so pretty a finish could be made, and an ingenious person can apply the idea to a variety of fancy articles.

CARRIAGE OR SHOPPING-PURSE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This kind of shopping-bag seems to be more in use and more fashionable than the old shopping-satchel. It can be made of plush, lady's-cloth, or antique brocade. If of cloth, it may be embroidered in outline and in a darker shade of silk. The tassels may be of ivory, with rings to match, or of silk, and the rings may be of polished steel or gilt; either looks well. The bag should be lined with some pretty-colored silk or satin.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Our Closing Volume.—The present month closes the first volume for this year, and it has proved at once a success pleasant to look back over and a hopeful augury for the future. We never made so many promises for a new year as we offered for this; but the united voice of press and subscribers bears witness that, so far, every pledge has been even more than fulfilled. Of course, this verdict is extremely gratifying; and, though we do not mean to assume any mock-modesty in regard to its acceptance, there is one thing we can truthfully assert: it will only spur us on to renewed efforts—for, as our readers unanimously admit, our ambition is to make each fresh volume in some point superior to its predecessor. Apropos to this vigilance on our part, the Boston "Traveller" not long since paid us a compliment well worth quoting, from a journal of its prominence. It says: "There seems no limit to 'Peterson's' resources; its unfailing variety is a constant surprise to its oldest readers, and its circulation far exceeds any other magazine of its kind." And there, of course, is the real secret of our success—never relaxing attention, constant care that each department is kept up to the mark, always displaying some fresh and original feature without allowing any one of the numerous departments to assume sufficient proportions to overshadow the others. We never forget that we have before us a task far more difficult than that of any other magazine in this country. Our contemporaries are divided into distinct classes: one is a magazine of literature, another of fashion, a third is devoted to artistic needs; and each of these publications does its duty bravely in its special line. But ours is the one periodical offering the combination of literature, art, and fashion; universally admitted to be, in each of its departments, the peer of any rival; and, therefore, the one monthly in America which can present a claim in itself to supply the attractions of three separate magazines.

These claims are worth any person's serious consideration in these expensive days, and that they are widely comprehended and acknowledged is a truth every year more deeply impressed on us. The volume which the next month will usher in has already a long list of fresh subscribers awaiting its appearance, in addition to the formidable array which greeted its predecessor. We can safely assert that both new and old friends will find their highest expectations fully realized: and, secure in that certainty, we await their verdict with pleasurable anticipation.

The Brahmins Say: "He that is wise, let him pursue some desire or other; for he that does not affect some one thing in chief, unto him all things are distasteful and tedious." Carlyle tells us: "Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness." And Emerson declares that "the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets or broadswords, canals, statutes, or songs."

Don't Lend Your Magazine.—We give the following extract from a lady's letter, as a warning to subscribers, though we forbear to mention the name of the State or county: "My magazine-patterns are scattered over this and the adjoining county, and the books get completely worn out going from one to another."

In the Garden.—There is plenty to do in the garden, this month. Some seeds may yet be sown, if there is any room left. Among those which may still be planted is the old-fashioned hollyhock. It should be sown in light rich soil at the beginning of June. The plants must not be allowed to grow too near together, and they must be carefully staked and the side-shoots taken off as soon as they begin to grow tall. If the soil is light, they can safely be left out all winter. Wallflowers, too, may be sown now for next year's flowering.

Bedding-out plants are arranged in the garden now and need well watering in dry weather. Much of the seed sown last month, mignonette especially, will need a good deal of thinning out.

Window and greenhouse plants must be watched for green-fly, and the infested plants washed and syringed frequently.

The grass must be constantly mown and rolled, and, if the weather is dry, a thorough watering once or twice a week improves it.

Imitation is proverbially the sincerest flattery. Undoubtedly, in most cases, such flattery is agreeable, but the owners of a popular proprietary article are pardonable if they resent such imitation. Pearline, an article whose merits have been judiciously advertised and are widely known, has achieved a popularity which makes it the mark of imitators. These latter are being overhauled in various courts throughout the country for peddling a compound put up like Pearline which they represent to be the genuine article. As some persons have been deceived by these unscrupulous tricksters, the exposure of their methods will have the effect of stopping a traffic by which many have been victimized.

Culture For Our Own Pleasure.—How enormously culture enhances the enjoyment of life—giving eyes, in fact, where others see not, and ears where others are deaf. In every book read and in every work of art seen, there is an added world of pleasure; and, besides all this, the mind is, to a great extent, raised above the circumstances of life and can find satisfaction in itself to a degree little realized by those who are without what we might call this extra sense.

Hints for Housekeepers.—Tissue or printing paper is the best thing for polishing glass or tinware.

A bit of soda, dropped into the cavity of an aching tooth, will afford relief.

Egg-shell, crushed and shaken in glass bottles half filled with water, will clean them quickly.

The juice of half a lemon, in a glass of water without sugar, will frequently cure a sick-headache.

Thirty-nine Years.—A lady, in sending a subscription, writes: "My grandmother took your magazine over thirty-nine years, and I desire to keep it in the family as long as I live. She thought there was no magazine like it."

"Ladies Have Not a Monopoly."—A gentleman writes: "The ladies do not have a monopoly of prizing 'Peterson': it was one of my boyhood's best friends, and is one of my chief favorites yet."

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 10.—Diseases of Children Arising from the Improper Use of Foods.

Having briefly noted the food most suitable for children in our last article, it seems proper, in concluding this subject, to impress upon mothers the fact that many diseases arise from the improper and ignorant use of foods. Water often conveys organic poisons into the stomach and spreads disease, as well as inorganic poisons—such as lead, copper, etc. The poisonous toadstool (*Agaricus muscarius*) is often mistaken for the edible and harmless mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*). Urticaria or nettle-rash, well known by its elevated whitish wheals of the skin, accompanied by intense itching or stinging, is often induced by certain kinds of fish, mussels, pork, and even by an undue hearty meal, when there is a predisposition to the affection.

Game, venison, and other foods in an incipient decomposed state may be eaten with impunity. For, in the stomach, putrid matters are rendered innocuous—which, if applied to a cut or wound, would be deadly poisonous. Thus, the poison of the rattlesnake and the rabid dog can be swallowed without injury, if the integuments are sound; but woe unto him if he has the least sore or crack of lips, mouth, or gullet through which the poison can be absorbed and carried into the blood. The so-called entozoötic diseases arise from the presence of parasites—different species of worms, trichinæ, etc., etc.—which enter the stomach on infested vegetable or animal food partaken of, in the form of larvæ: minute living germs, hatched from still more minute eggs. The large common round worm is one of the more common parasites affecting the young, and is developed and retained in the intestines and often causes convulsions in children, and, in time, much emaciation is apt to follow. The thread or wire worm infests the lower bowel and is generally confined to children, and is often a source of great annoyance to them—especially in the early part of the night, in preventing peaceful slumber. An excessive use of salted foods to the exclusion of vegetables induces that peculiar disease to which the name of "scurvy" or "saline purpura" is applied. A prolonged recourse to salted bacon produces a physical change in the blood, rendering it so fluid that it pours out, so to speak, from a wound with great freedom. It exudes especially from the gums and infiltrates here and there into the skin, causing large dark vascular blotches. This condition of the system demands at once a largely-increased acid vegetable diet.

Tea exercises a special influence over the nervous system, and, in excess, is a disturbing agent to the healthful economy, and is more or less injurious especially to the young. In children, the effects of tea upon their sensitive nervous systems are often well marked; first, by an excitability followed by a lowness of spirits; secondly, a peculiar timidity upon the approach of darkness: an unexpected shadow or any unusual phenomena are sufficient in themselves to cause fear. The free indulgence in lemonades and other acidulous fruit-drinks is often productive of harm, as well as preserves, sweetmeats, etc. But the irritations produced by the thoughtless and hurried habit of eating, as well as in swallowing, the seeds or pits of fruit and the tough rinds of vegetables generally—also the eating of radishes, cucumbers, etc., etc., and hard dried fruits without or with but slight stewing—are the great sources of mischief to the economy of children; for over these various articles the gastric juice or digestive process has but little or no solvent power, and therefore mothers cannot be too careful to keep them far removed from their young children. Want of allotted space prevents further consideration of foods and drinks.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lomb Prize Essays. Concord, N. H.: Republican Press Association.—Until recent years, sanitary literature could easily be divided into two distinct classes: one, so severely scientific as to be generally unintelligible to any save specialists; the other, while written in popular style, usually so inaccurate as to facts and absurd as to inferences as to work much harm by their erroneous teachings. The American Public Health Association, a voluntary organization, counting in its ranks cultured men and women of all professions, has labored hard to correct the evils growing out of this order of things and to furnish the public at large the sort of knowledge that is needed to preserve life and avert disease. Three years ago, Mr. Henry Lomb, of Rochester, offered prizes for essays on certain topics of vital interest to every intelligent person. There are four of these essays, all written by professional men of wide reputation, and, while the most rigid scientific demands for accuracy are complied with, every detail is made clear to the most unscientific understanding. The subjects treated are: "Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes"; "The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of School-houses"; "Disinfection against Infectious Diseases"; "Preventable Causes of Injuries and Death in American Manufactories and Work-shops." Too high a value cannot be placed on these pamphlets. They should be in the hands of every man and woman, and the fairly nominal price at which they are sold—twentyfive cents for the four—places them within the reach of all.

A Life's Mistake. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The book is an autobiography—to many persons the most attractive form in which a story can be told—and the heroine puts a great deal of force and passion into the narration of her youthful joys and troubles. In spite of the unsatisfactory denouement which the title suggests, the novel ends happily, as a love-tale ought always to do, and leaves both hero and heroine wiser and stronger from the suffering caused by their mutual blunders and errors.

A Blind Lead. By Josephine W. Bates. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The scene of the story is laid in a mining-village of Montana and is full of local color and incident. The characters are numerous but sharply defined, and two or three stand out like types drawn from life. Montana is still sufficiently new ground for the romancer to possess the charm of novelty, and readers fond of scenes and characters out of the beaten track cannot fail to find "A Blind Lead" highly attractive.

Musical Studies at Home. By Margaret B. Harvey. Philadelphia: Walter E. Hering.—These studies are intended to reach persons remote from centres of musical culture; those whose early education has been neglected; those who have become discouraged by wrong methods of teaching; and those whose time and means for self-improvement are limited. The book, which is handsomely bound in cloth, sells for one dollar. The chapter on church music alone is well worth the price.

How to Get Rich in the South. By W. H. Harrison, Jr. Chicago: W. H. Harrison Publishing Company.—This is the most valuable book of the kind which has ever been published, and gives clearly every sort of information that can be required in regard to the great opportunities for making a fortune in the South. It tells exactly what to do and how to do it, and, while it is a complete treatise on Southern resources, it will also take its place as a standard agricultural work.

A Book for Every Woman is the most fitting name to give "Tokology," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. It is a work that no woman, especially no mother, should fail to study; and we hope that the sale of a hundred thousand copies, which it has already reached, will be quadrupled before many years.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ECHOES FROM THE PRESS.—Full of praise of our efforts as they have always been, the newspapers generally are this year even more lavish than usual in their encomiums. To print a tithe of the notices which each month brings would be impossible, and it is difficult, where all are so flattering, to decide which to select for publication. The Phillipsburg (Pa.) Journal says: "The attractive features that have always characterized 'Peterson's Magazine' have made it the foremost periodical of the kind published." Indianapolis (Ind.) News says: "'Peterson's Magazine' continues to stand at the head of high-class literature for ladies. The steel-plate, wood-engravings, and dress-patterns are all of superior merit, and the literary portion deserves the highest praise." The Ellsworth (Wis.) Herald says of "Peterson": "No lady can afford to be without this cheapest and best of the lady's-magazines." The St. Louis (Mo.) Christian Sunday-school Teacher says: "'Peterson's Magazine,' which for almost two generations has been one of the most popular household magazines, was perhaps never more attractive." The Meriden (Conn.) Daily Republican says: "Between its artistic claims, its literary excellence, and its thorough reliableness as a guide to dress and fashion, 'Peterson' covers a wide range." The Schenectady (N. Y.) Evening Star says: "'Peterson' is a live first-class magazine, up to the needs of the times in every respect, and this is the secret of its ever-growing popularity." The Springfield (Ohio) Sunday News says: "'Peterson' is one of the best-known periodicals in the United States. It is a monthly budget of literature and fashion, and is an invaluable household companion." The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle says: "'Peterson's Magazine' is as fascinating as ever, and will be eagerly read by all the ladies." Port Chester (N. Y.) Journal says: "'Peterson's' stories are intensely interesting, and the entire magazine shows a vitality that gratifies its old readers and attracts many new admirers. It may truthfully be called 'A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Fashion,' and every lady should take it."

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—For some time past, the question of purity in baking-powders has formed quite a feature of newspaper discussions, and eminent doctors of philosophy have given opinions as to the ingredients which compose many of the articles sold under that name. The investigations have narrowed down to the limit which awards the Royal Baking-Powder the palm of purity, and several of the most distinguished scientists have testified to their conviction that no extraneous or deleterious matter enters into its composition. The Royal Baking-Powder Company have achieved a world-wide reputation for the success which has marked their preparation of cream of tartar for baking-purposes. It is indisputably shown that they have eliminated all elements of tartrate of lime, alum, or other impurities, and present to the public a healthful and chemically pure article. Such widely-known chemists as Henry Morton, E. G. Love, H. A. Mott, William McMurtrie, and others have verified its superiority over other manufactures, and testified, through practical experience, to its excellence. It is well for families to observe the fact that it costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking-Powder than any other; but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the one "absolutely pure" baking-powder made.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Strawberry Isinglass Jelly.—Into a clear syrup, made by boiling three-quarters of a pound of refined sugar with one pint of water for fifteen minutes, place one quart of ripe strawberries. Put two ounces of isinglass into a saucepan with one pint of water in which has been beaten half the white of an egg. Stir this mixture until all the isinglass is dissolved—being careful to remove the scum, which may be subsequently used for sweetening puddings—strain the mixture through a muslin jelly-bag, and, when only lukewarm, mix with it the syrup which has drained from the fruit, then add a little lemon-juice. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly together, and place the jelly into a well-damped mold. A cheaper plan may be adopted by exchanging the isinglass for gelatine. Fruit-jellies may be preserved from moldiness by covering them a quarter of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf-sugar. Thus protected, they will keep for years.

Rhubarb Jam.—Early rhubarb contains so much water that jam made from it is likely to ferment. The later, therefore, in the season that this jam is made, the better. Peel the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. Weigh these and allow a pound of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of an ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, to each pound of fruit. Butter the saucepan, put in the rhubarb, and boil it, stirring it constantly, especially at the beginning, and before it has yielded its moisture, to prevent burning. When it simmers equally, put in the sugar and boil again rather quickly until a little put upon a plate will set. Last thing, stir in a wineglassful of whisky for each seven pounds of fruit. If liked, two-pennyworth of bleached ginger for each pound of fruit may be substituted for the almonds and lemon-rind.

Preserved Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants, Blackberries, and Cherries.—Measure a bowl of fruit and the same quantity of sugar. Put in a preserving-kettle, over night, a layer of fruit and then one of sugar. In the morning, cook slowly without stirring until the liquid is clear and the fruit soft. Skim thoroughly before putting into the jars. Cherries should be stoned. The pits may be used if the flavor is desired.

No. 2.—Use only large and selected fruit, and allow one cup of sugar to a pint jar of fruit. Pick over the fruit and put at once into the jars, with as little handling as possible, and sprinkle each layer with sugar. Place the jars in a boiler of water and let the water boil ten minutes. Have a little syrup boiling, and fill each jar to the brim with the boiling syrup, and seal at once.

Strawberries Boiled Alone.—Many people who are exceedingly fond of the flavor of strawberry jam object to it because it is so luscious. When this is the case, the following recipe is to be recommended: Pick the strawberries, weigh them, and boil them for half an hour, stirring frequently. Add half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and boil till the jam will set.

Green-Gooseberry Jam.—Top and tail the fruit, then weigh it and bruise it. Put it into a pan and boil it, stirring constantly till soft. Rub it through a sieve and boil the pulp, but not the skins, with four and a half pounds of sugar to six pounds of the original weight of fruit. The sugar must be added gradually. Boil till the jam will set.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. 1.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF MAIZE-COLORED FIGURED SATEEN. The underskirt is composed of two deep side-plaited flounces. The lower one extends as high as the knee, the upper one nearly to the waist. Over this, a panier-drapery is arranged for the front, being gathered into the waist. The back drapery is short and quite bouffant. The waist is full in front, plain in the back. A pointed Spanish waist-belt of black velvet laces in the back. Bows of black velvet ribbon trim the full sleeves, the high velvet collar, and a larger one ornaments the skirt. A jabot of

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lace is added down the front of the bodice, and the same edges the sleeves. Straw hat of Milan braid, faced with black velvet and trimmed with maize-colored ostrich-tips, with loops of ribbon to match. Parasol of white pongee, edged with lace and finished with black velvet bows.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GOBELIN-BLUE FIGURED AND PLAIN SATEEN. The underskirt of the plain material is laid in box-plaits all around; the overdress and bodice all in one, as a polonaise. The front of bodice laps over and fastens at the left shoulder under a passementerie ornament. The waist is confined by ribbons which begin at the side-seam and loop in front under a crescent-shaped buckle. The front drapery turns up to the waist, under the back drapery, which is long and slightly bouffant over the modified tournure. High turban hat of coarse straw, turned up with Gobelin-blue velvet and trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon forming a wind-mill bow.

FIG. III.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF SALMON-PINK NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is entirely plain. The overdress is very simple, being cut long and full and simply caught up on the left side. The back is looped over the tournure and then falls straight. Full waist. Fine tucks form the yoke and tops of sleeves. A wide sash of surah in a light mahogany-color ties loosely around the waist, is knotted at the left side. The cuffs of the full sleeves are of the same surah. A turban hat of straw is trimmed with the two shades of surah silk to match the costume.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF MAHOGANY-COLORED BENGALINE. The lower skirt is trimmed with three bands of passementerie insertion. The overdress is full and slightly looped over the underskirt, under a large butterfly-bow of the material at the left side. The full waist opens over a vest of the passementerie. Three bands of narrower passementerie form the lower part of the waist. These only come from the side-seams. Full sleeves, high collar. Poke hat of straw, trimmed with maize-colored gauze and standing plaited bow of the material of the dress.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF VIOLET CASHMERE OR NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is of striped material to match. The overdress loops high on the left side, seemingly under a long loop of wide ribbon, which ties in a long bow-and-ends. Back drapery long and slightly puffed over the tournure. The round waist has revers of the stripe cut on the bias. A jabot of lace fills in the vest. Cuffs and collar of the stripe. Fine straw hat, faced with black velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips in violet, tied with a bow of ribbon to match.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BORDERED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is plain, the border forming the trimming. The overskirt forms a long pointed drapery in front. Back drapery long and slightly looped. Long loops-and-ends of moiré ribbon ornament the right side. The bodice opens in front over a full vest of surah to match. Collar, revers, and top of sleeves are of the border, as seen in illustration. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with moiré ribbon and ostrich-plumes.

FIG. VII.—LACE HAT. The foundation is entirely covered with rows of black lace, the brim of the same. A row of jet beads finish the edge. Ostrich-tips in black or color, with agrafe for the trimming.

FIG. VIII.—BOY'S SUIT, of white twilled flannel. Front of blouse, cuffs, collar, and pants braided and embroidered in navy-blue.

FIG. IX.—SLEEVE, trimmed with loops of velvet, moiré, or gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-PINK SATEEN, studded with a Pompadour pattern in colors. The foundation-skirt is silk and the double delaine tunic is draped with velvet ribbon bows-and-ends. The pointed bodice is bordered with a frill, and the folds of the bodice are fastened to the left shoulder with a velvet bow.

FIG. XI.—GIRL'S FLANNEL TENNIS-SUIT, for six years old girl. Skirt is box-plaited. A pointed apron-front ends in a sash bow-and-ends at the back. Blouse-waist, collar, vest, and cuffs in English embroidery. A bow of narrow ribbon ties the collar.

FIG. XII.—GIRL'S HAT, in fancy straw. The crown is covered with dotted mull. Field-flowers and loops of ribbon trim the hat, from the back up to the top of crown.

FIG. XIII.—PELISSE, of figured black bengaline, over a box-plaited skirt of black surah. The pelisse opens down the front. Fine plaits of black surah form the trimming. Passementerie ornaments are on the sleeves and front of bodice. Small bonnet of black lace, trimmed with white and gray wings and loops of ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, for young girl, of fancy straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with field-flowers and loops of ribbon.

FIG. XV.—MORNING-BODICE, of tennis-flannel, striped blue and white. The full plastron is cut the reverse way of the material.

FIG. XVI.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, of black silk and grenadine or lace. The underskirt has three pinked ruffles set on full. The overdress is full and draped on the right side, with a cascade of bows of watered or gros-grain ribbon. The bodice has a full plastron in front, trimmed with smaller bows to match. Sleeves likewise. The bows on the shoulders are quite new and very popular. Hat of black lace, trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

FIG. XVII.—GARDEN-HAT. The foundation-shape is covered with rows of Swiss embroidery. The inside is of plain mull, shirred. Some bows of ribbon around the crown and on the top compose the trimming. Strings of the same.

FIG. XVIII.—BOY'S SUIT, of checked or plain woolens. The waist and skirt are kilt-plaited. Yoke, waistband, collar, and cuffs of black velvet or velvet to match the prevailing color of the cloth.

FIG. XIX.—VISITING-DRESS, of figured China silk. The underskirt is plain, the overdrapery long and full. The pointed bodice has a full plastron of plain silk to match. Lace trims the edge of bodice and one side of the plastron. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with a bird and loops of ribbon.

FIG. XX.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT. In marine-blue tweed. Knickerbocker pants. Pea-jacket, with anchor embroidered in white on front of collar. Cap of cloth to match.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The latest news with regard to fashion is that the skirt-springs are subsiding, and naturally the extreme bouffant appearance of the back drapery is much reduced. Two springs, at the most, are being used now, and those of the smallest dimensions.

Directoire gowns, for the street, are of light Suède cloth, camel's-hair, or Henrietta cloth. They are made with a long straight overdress, with revers on the waist, opening below over a cloth skirt that is trimmed with flat bands of galloon or of embroidery, sewed on lengthwise from belt to foot.

Directoire gowns, for the house, are without steels or bustle, and are made with a basque and straight-hanging skirt-breadths falling on a lower skirt.

Tailor-gowns, for the street, are of cloth or light-weight camel's-hair. The underskirt of many of these gowns is perfectly plain, with a four-inch border of metal braid, either copper, silver, or gold and steel combined.

Full bodices, shortened waists, and full sleeves are accepted for house-wear only as yet. All close materials still are made with plain pointed bodices and tight coat-sleeves. Round corsages are made with two draperies crossing in front or with a single drapery crossing to the other side, which is plain. These bodices are worn with a belt or long girdle tying at the left side.

Green promises to be the favorite color, in every conceivable shade, from the pale Nile-green to the dark cedar and ivy shades. The grayish-green or mignonette are the most popular.

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Strawberry, or bois de rose, is one of the new shades and is seen in a mixture of wool and silk, which comes also in stripes, diagonals, plain red, or red with white, brown, or blue hair-stripes, half an inch apart, will still attract. Many people will hail with delight the fact that long polonaises will be much worn during the summer.

Smocked bodices, so novel and pretty for young girls, are made of three widths of material. This is gathered four inches deep from the neck and drawn to fit neatly over a well-fitted lining. The sleeves are made to correspond—three and a half inches long by two and a half wide at the top of the sleeve, and four inches at the wrist.

Blue and white striped flannel is used for tennis and boating dresses, and all colors of wash or tennis flannel for mountain and seaside morning-costumes.

Bonnets.—The large hats of straw or net are reserved for more ceremonious wear and garden-parties. Flowers, sprays of real wheat, silvered wheat, and loops of ribbon and velvet will be the favorite trimmings. Some lace bonnets, trimmed with soft crushed roses, are veiled over the flowers with tulle of the same color as the bonnet. This has a very soft and pretty effect.

Children's dresses, of wash-material, such as gingham or batiste, are made with one skirt, tucked, short waists worn over white guimps, or else with simple yoke and full gathered waist and sash of the material.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Black lace dresses have lost none of their popularity. They are now made up over colored taffetas, and are trimmed with fringes of jet beads. Very stylish dresses are composed of a fabric formed by sewing together wide black lace insertion and strips of colored surah or satin of the same width as the lace, and made up over taffetas of the same color as the satin or surah. A wide sash in colored watered silk to match adorns the skirt. This style is especially effective in pink surah and black lace. Sometimes, the silk stripe is in black watered silk. One of the prettiest of the new foulards has a black ground, printed with a design of ears of wheat in pale-yellow. The dress is trimmed with bands of black lace insertion over pale-yellow ribbon. A new material, called "æroline," is among the novelties for summer-wear. It is a thin silken fabric, something between a foulard and a gauze, and is designed to replace the former. The most attractive styles are in cream-white or pure white grounds, printed with small sprays of flowers in their natural colors. Black gauzes, embroidered by hand with scattered leaves in black floss-silk and jet beads, are among the more elegant materials of the season; but they are very costly. Black laces and insertions heavily beaded with steel are used for trimming black dressy toilettes, and are exceedingly effective.

The prettiest cambrics of the season are in solid colors, violet and the new Marseilles-blue being the favorite hues. They are made up over taffetas of the same shade. A very practical style for one of these thin dresses is to have it made with a polonaise, opening up the side over a skirt in two wide flounces of cream lace on a taffeta underskirt of the same hue as the cambric. Bows and long ends in watered ribbon to match compose the trimming. The polonaise must be made very long, coming nearly to the lowest edge of the lower lace flounce in front. Simpler cambric dresses have the skirt laid in large flat plaits and ornamented either with a Directoire sash in watered silk or with loops and long ends in finger-wide watered ribbon. Usually, the sash or ribbons match the dress precisely in shade; but a very effective toilette for a young Spanish brunette was in cherry-red cambric, trimmed with black watered ribbons.

Tulle evening-dresses are extensively worn. They are shown in very brilliant colors—such as rose-red, Marseilles-blue, the new morning-green, and an exquisite shade of lilac. The skirt is made short and perfectly plain, in several superposed thicknesses of tulle over a taffeta foundation. Silk stockings and satin slippers matching the dress in hue are worn with these aerial toilettes—though, with the rose-red tulle, black silk stockings, black satin slippers, long black kid gloves, and a fan in black ostrich-feathers have been used as adjuncts with admirable effect.

There has been a very decided change in the styles of wedding-dresses. Plain materials—such as white faille, or corded silk, or satin—are no longer in vogue. Fashion now decrees heavy brocades, the pattern large leaves and flowers in satin on a faille ground or a very rich silk in wide alternate stripes of corded silk and satin. The satin stripe may be plain or may be brocaded in a narrow pattern of small vines and flowers. Watered silk and moiré antique are also fashionable. These rich silks form the corsage and train, the skirt-front being in draperies of lace. Very few orangeblossoms adorn the toilette: a cluster at the throat, one at the waist, and a third set at one side of the lace of the skirt-front being alone admissible. No wreath is worn, a knot of orangeblossoms confining the folds of the tulle veil at one side of the head.

There is but little change in the style of hats and bonnets during the past month. The Tosca hat continues to be popular, but is rather too "loud" and eccentric to be destined to a protracted vogue. Lilies-of-the-valley and lilacs, both white and purple, are extensively used for trimming these large hats when in black straw. Crocuses and buttercups adorn black lace bonnets with their brilliant yellow clusters. Capotes composed entirely of flowers are popular for full-dress bonnets. Large hats in Leghorn straw, trimmed with cream-white or pale-yellow ostrich-plumes and faille ribbon, are considered the height of elegance. A very picturesque hat is composed of interlaced rose-branches without leaves but retaining their thorns, mounted on a wide-brimmed frame on a foundation of white net and having a wreath of wild-roses as a trimming. Black straws and braids in all varieties are much used for both hats and bonnets for demi-toilette. Long finger-wide strings in black or colored faille are set underneath the edge of the back of the crown of the large wide-brimmed hats. They are to be drawn forward and tied under the chin, replacing the gauze scarfs that were worn in this way last autumn.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BLUE FLANNEL FROCK, for girl of four years, trimmed with blue worsted braid and white embroidery. The large bib-collar is fastened at the back. Poke hat of coarse straw, trimmed with standing loops of blue and white striped ribbon.

FIG. II.—SCOTCH SUIT, for boy of three. Scotch plaid for the kilted skirt, cut on the bias. The jacket is in plain cloth, ornamented with brandebourgs in mohair braid. Scotch cap.

FIG. III.—COSTUME, IN CREAM CAMEL'S-HAIR, trimmed with spotted navy-blue braid. Sailor hat in straw, trimmed to match.

FIG. IV.—HAT FOR GIRL OF SIX YEARS. Fine English straw. The brim is faced with red velvet, and above it are bows of red and blue ribbon; or, if more suitable, navy-blue and beige-colored ribbons may be substituted.

FIG V.—RUSH STRAW HAT, trimmed with gauze ribbon and spotted gauze; a cluster of poppies and Marguerites in front.

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Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

SUMMER DAYS.

SEE STORY "JACK'S MOTHER"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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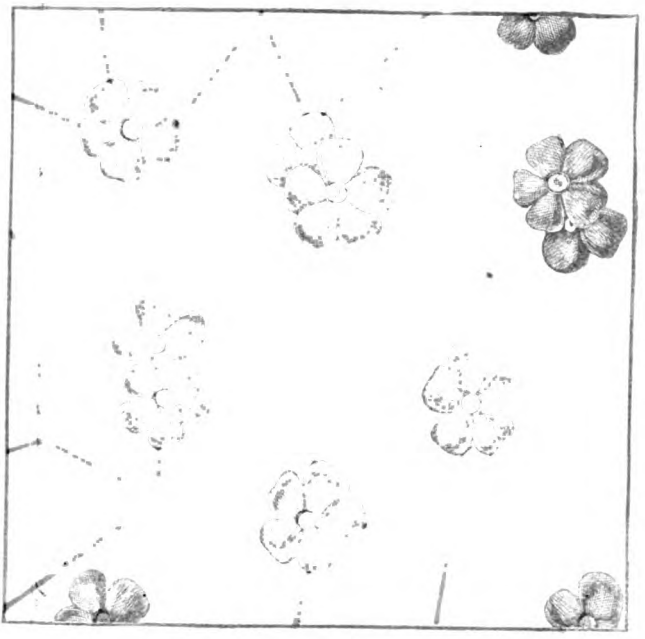
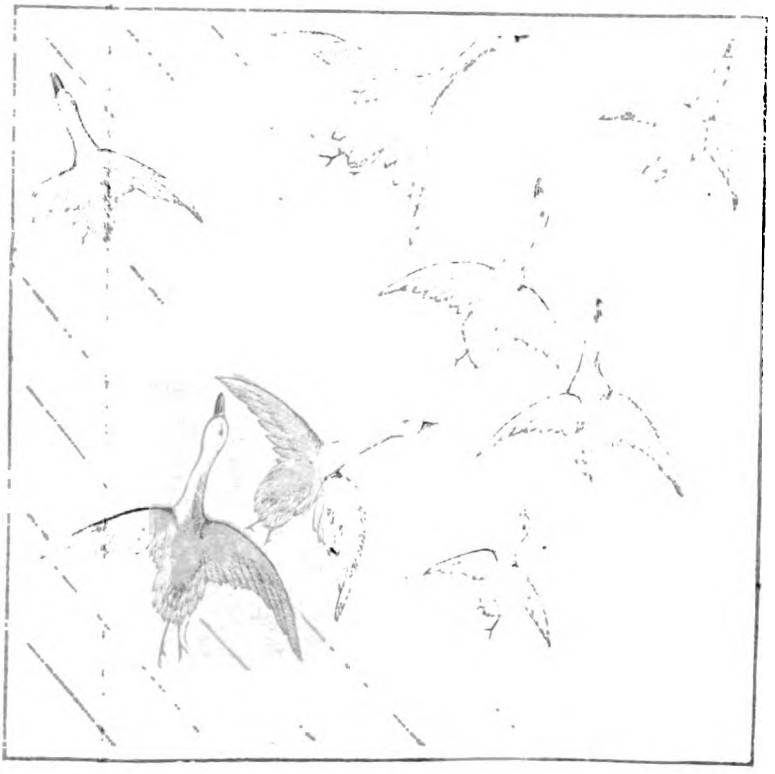
JULY, 1888





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Fashions for August, colored.
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Fashions for September, colored.
A Reverie.
Fashions for October, colored.
Enticing the Butterflies.
Fashions for November, colored.
A Cruel East Wind.
Fashions for December, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Designs for D'Oyleys.
Braided Slipper-Pattern.
Water-Lilies: in Outline or Embroidery.
Design for Chair-Tidy or Panel: Darned Work.
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Branch of Lilacs: for Screen, Piano-Front, or Panel: or for Embroidery on Satin.

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In the Sultry Summer Noon.
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WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

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August number, Fortyfive Engravings.
September number, Fortytwo Engravings.
October number, Fiftythree Engravings.
November number, Fortytwo Engravings.
December number, Fortyeight Engravings.

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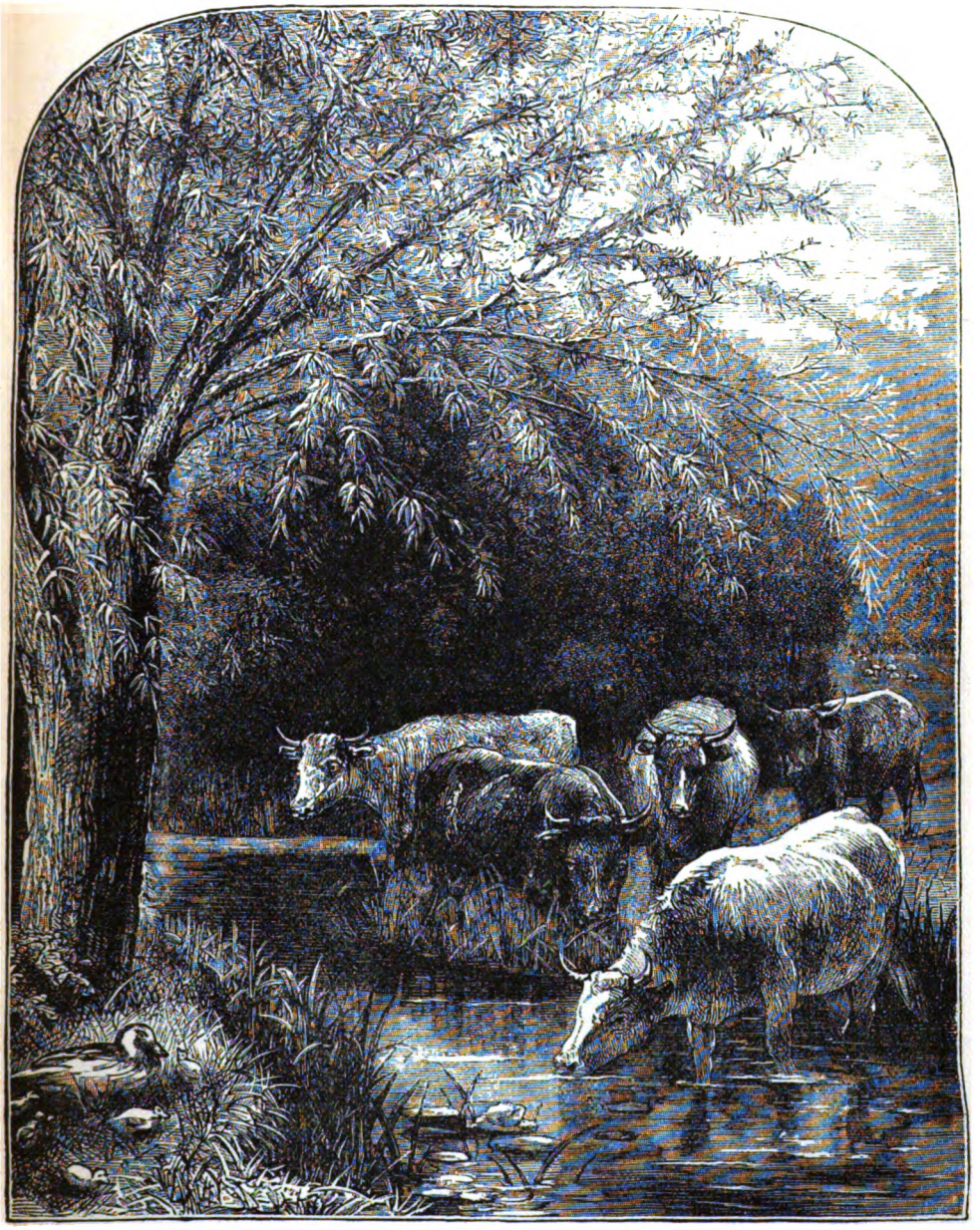

IN THE SULTRY SUMMER NOON.

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THE COMFORTER.

"She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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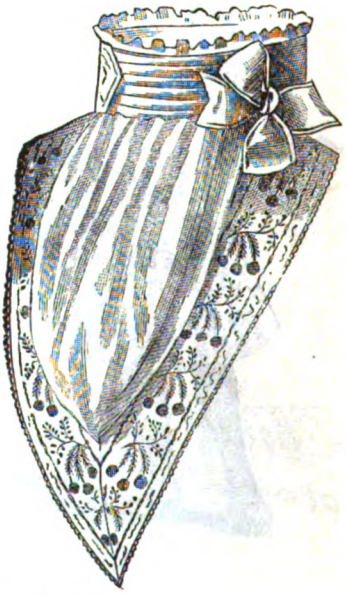

WALKING-DRESS. LACE CAPOTE. PLASTRON.

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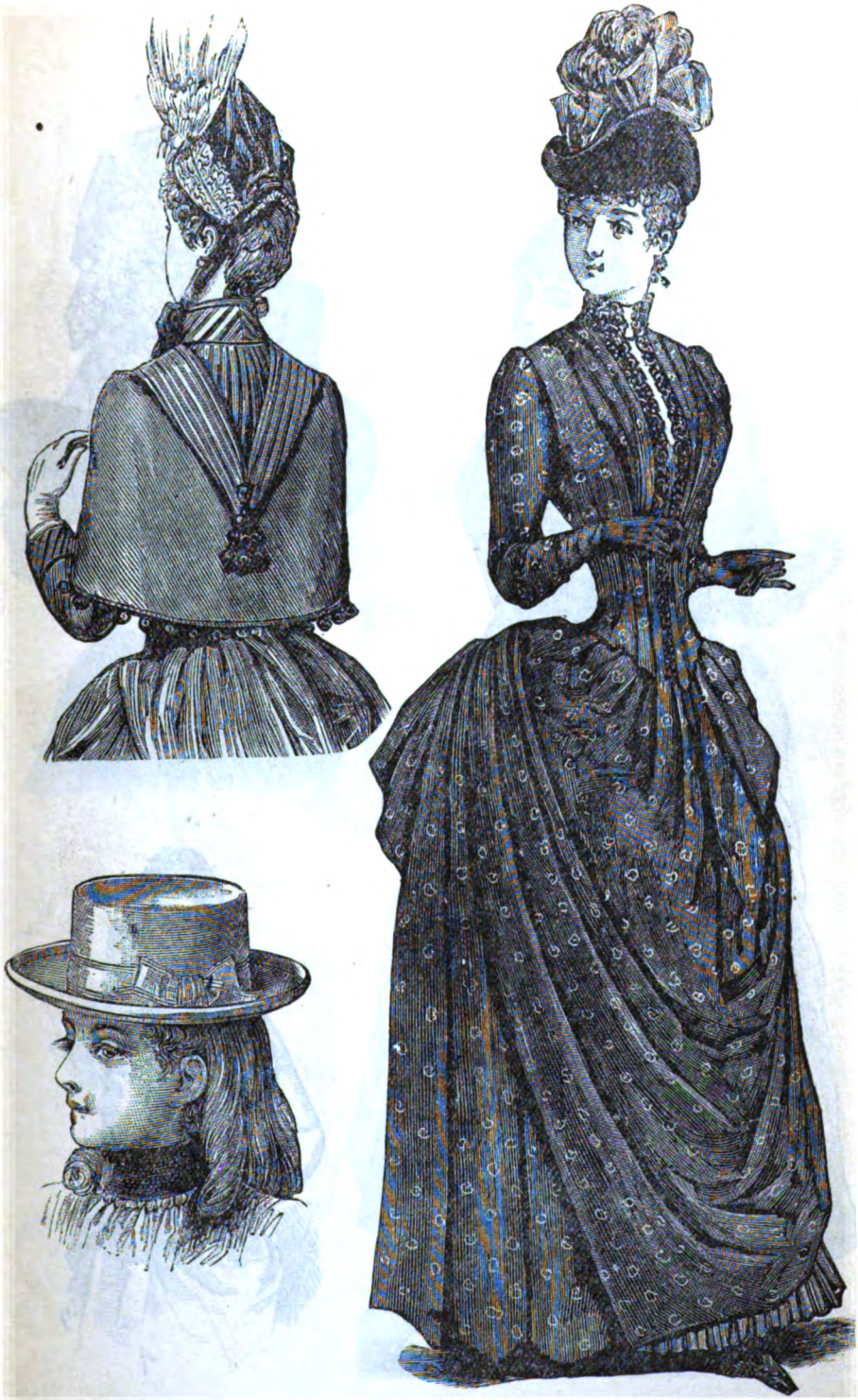

WALKING-DRESS. MANTELET. SAILOR-HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. GARDEN-HAT. GARIBALDI BODICE.

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WALKING-DRESS. TENNIS-BODICE. GIRL'S HAT.

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DETAIL OF DESIGN FOR FRUIT-CLOTH.

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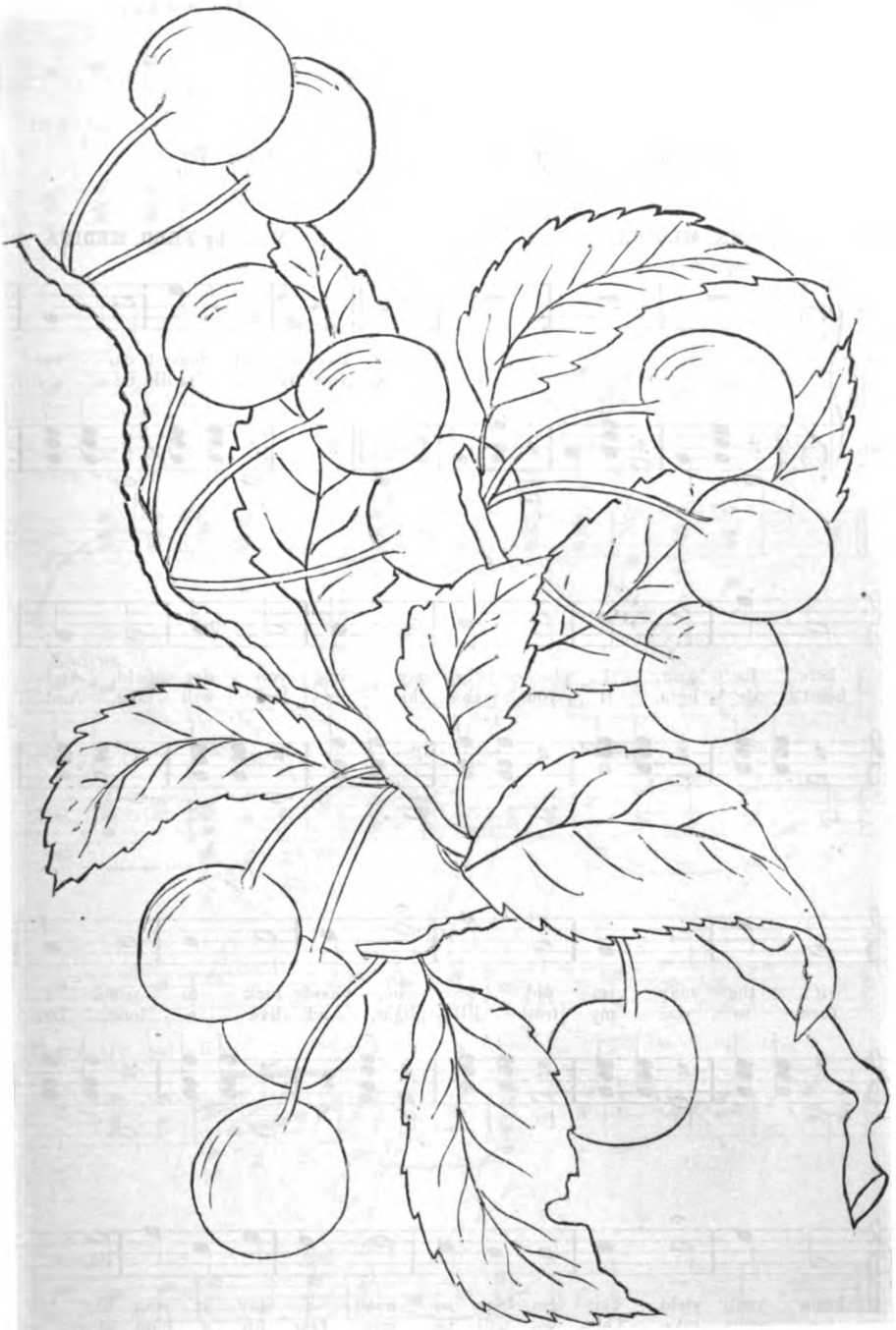

DETAIL OF DESIGN FOR FRUIT-CLOTH.

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GOOD LUCK TO THEE.

Waltz Song Arranged for the Guitar.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.

Words by FRANK MEDINA. Music by FRED. MEDINA.

Tempo di Valse. *Tempo.*

Voice. Guitar.

1. I've a four leaved clo - ver here for you, I plucked to - day, in yon - der field, And if the max - im old be true, Good luck to you I know 'twill yield. This em - blem so neat, I lay at your feet,

2. Now my love 'twill be my heart's de - light, If you this clo - ver leaf will take, And then to you my troth I'll plight, And live a - lone but for your sake. Then we will be gay, Our life a long May,

Copyright, 1887, by SEP. WINNER.

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Hop - ing to you its mem - 'ry be sweet; In for - tune 'tis true, There's
I love my love, be - lieve me I pray; I'll ne'er part from you, And

noth - ing a - bove, The for - tune of hav - ing, my dar - ling, your love.
when we are gray, We'll cher - ish this clo - ver I give you to - day.

rall.

Chorus.

Dar - ling to thee, True I will be; Love as I do,

There are but few; Come un - to me, My bride to be,

rall.

tempo. *rall.*

These are but truths I now whis - per to thee.

f

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EVENING-DRESS.

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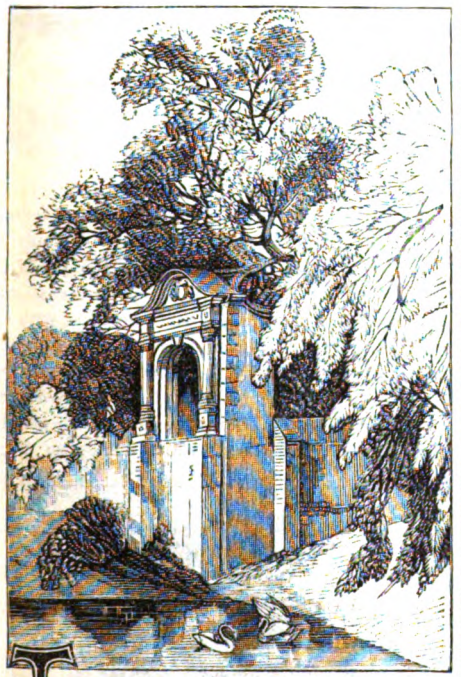
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1888. No. 1.

HOW A GREAT ENGLISH NOBLE LIVES.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



THERE are those who believe, even in England, that, in a generation or two, what D'Israeli called "the high nobility" will be as extinct as the mammoth. Even if the peerage survive, these writers say, its members will be so impoverished by the fall in the price of land and the consequent decline of rents as not to be able to live as they do now. As that life, in the sense in which we use the word, is lived not in London, but at their ancestral seats—Hatfield House, Chatsworth, Knole, Alnwick Castle, Longleat, Arundel—it may be as well, if these predictions are to come true, to put on record what sort of life it is. But, whether such prophets prove correct or not, a description of one of these great country-houses, and a glance at the splendid hospitalities dispensed there, may not be uninteresting to our fair readers.

For this purpose, we select Hatfield House, the ancestral home of the Marquis of Salisbury, present prime minister of England. This princely mansion is about nineteen miles north of London, and was erected in 1612, by Robert Cecil, second son of Queen Elizabeth's great minister, Lord Burleigh. This distinguished statesman, himself hardly inferior in ability to his father, practically succeeded Burleigh as the counselor of Elizabeth and afterward of James the First, becoming Secretary of State under the former, and being raised to the peerage as Earl of Salisbury by the latter. Such advancement brought, at that time, great wealth. The fashion of the age was to build grand houses, on the acquisition of a great fortune, a fashion copied from Italy, where the higher ecclesiastics and nobles spent lavishly in this way. It was, perhaps, the best period of English domestic architecture. For, while Italian influence was more or less perceptible in the palatial country-houses of that day, enough of the old Gothic feeling remains to give them individuality and to make them picturesque.

The size of these old English mansions is the first thing that strikes an American. Hatfield House, for example, is three hundred feet long. It is built in the form of a half H, the south front being recessed, with two wings advancing at either end. The east and west sides are about a hundred and fifty feet deep. The north front looks on the park and is approached through a splendid avenue. The park itself is celebrated for its trees, many of which are of great girth. Among them is an oak whose trunk is ten feet in diameter, and which is credibly believed to be a thousand years old. The east side opens on a superb terrace, overlooking a flower-garden beautifully laid out.

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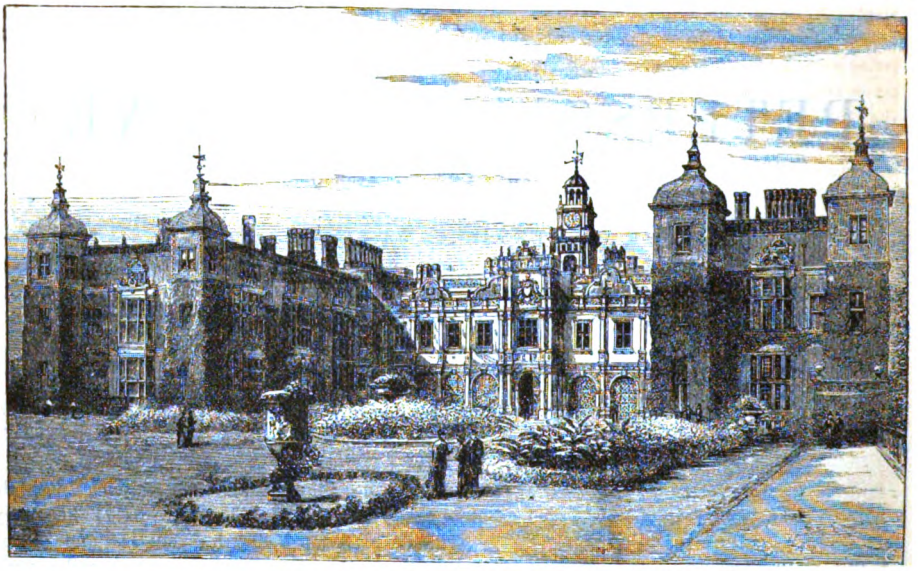
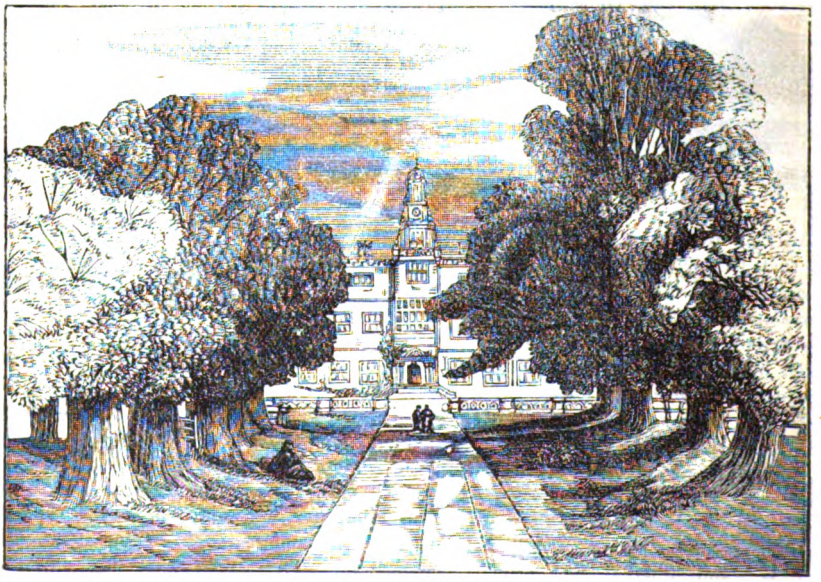


THE SOUTH FRONT.

The interior is on the grandest scale. The principal staircase ascends by a succession of low wide steps and has a massive balustrade on which, at intervals, stand statues carved in oak. The great hall, called the Marble Hall from its pavement of tesselated stone, is fifty feet long and thirty wide, and is lighted by three immense bay-windows extending to the lofty ceiling. This magnificent room is paneled in oak one-third of the way up, the wall above being filled in with superb old Spanish tapestry. The ceiling is coved and is finished with panels dividing it into ten compartments, in which the heads of the Cæsars are let in, in relievo. The east end is closed in by a massive carved screen, with an open gallery above it, adorned with the heraldic devices of the family. In this gallery, in the old times, minstrels sat and played while dinner went on below. There are numerous stately bed-chambers, in one of which James the First



THE GRAND AVENUE.

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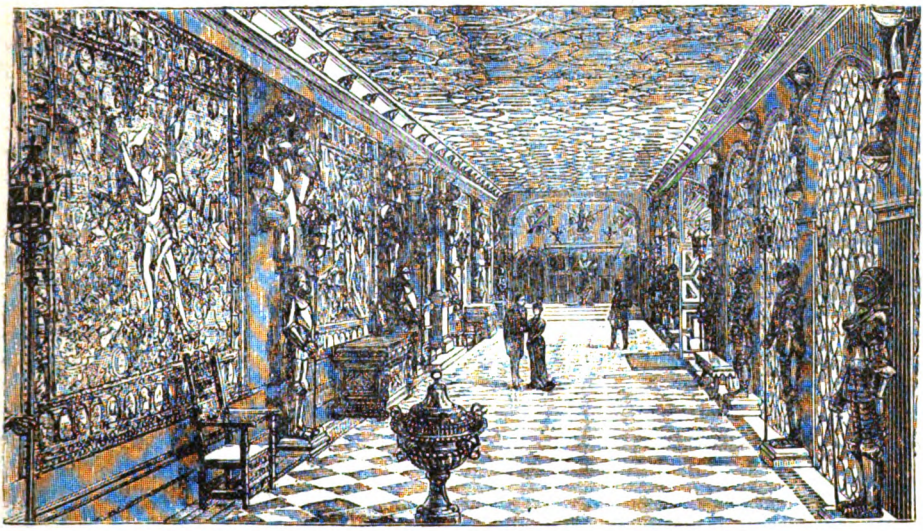
slept. What is called the long gallery extends across the entire south front. These long galleries were a feature of the great mansions built three centuries ago, for here the fair dames of the family took exercise on rainy days. It is a fashion that might be followed with advantage even now. At present, in these old houses, the long gallery is generally turned into a picture-gallery, a purpose for which it is especially fitted, as it is lighted, along the whole of one side, by a range of windows, with a blank on the other. At Hatfield Hall, there is a very fine collection of armor in the long gallery.

Now how does the owner of this splendid place live when there? For he only spends a portion of his year at Hatfield House, the rest being passed in London, when Parliament is in session, or at his seaside villa, to which he goes for part of the autumn. He lives, so far as the nineteenth century will permit, in the grand style of the Middle Ages. He does not, indeed, like Warwick the king-maker, crowd his hall with armed retainers, but he fills the house with guests; and every day, at dinner, from forty to fifty sit down at table. And these dinners at such places, when at their best, represent the very flower of modern social civilization: men of distinction in arms, of lofty rank, or eminent in art, literature, or law; splendidly-dressed ladies; a perfect menu; that rare combination of culture, ability, beauty, rank, thorough breeding, conversational ability of the highest order, which is found in England, after all, better, perhaps, than anywhere else. At Hatfield House,



THE ARMORY.

both host and hostess are lettered persons. Originally, the present marquis, being only a younger son, had little expectation of succeeding to the title, and eked out a rather limited allowance by writing for the press, especially the "Saturday Review." His wife, the daughter of a judge, but not "born in the purple," herself also wrote for various periodicals. The death of his elder brother changed the whole course of young Lord Cecil's life, and, from having only narrow means and merely titular rank, he became one of D'Israeli's "high nobility."

Hatfield House is crowded with objects of historical interest. You see there the veritable helmets and hauberks in which more than one doughty knight immortalized by Froissart went to battle. You see scores of portraits, painted from life, of great personages about whom you have read from childhood. One of the most characteristic of these paintings is a small picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, painted for Lord Burleigh, and which has been in the possession of his descendants ever since. It is, therefore, unquestionably authentic, which many, exhibited as such, are not. Of all the portraits of this celebrated princess, it is the one which most favors Froude's view of her character; for there is a peculiar look in the eyes, not exactly cunning or treachery, but suggestive somewhat of both. One says, on seeing it:

"I would not trust that face."

The Guise expression is the term which best describes this peculiar look, since it is visible in the pictured lineaments of every man or woman,

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THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

young or old, down the entire length of that illustrious and unscrupulous line.

But, studying the face longer, the pathetic loveliness of eyes and mouth makes its influence felt, and there steals over one something of the subtle fascination which rendered the woman so irresistible to almost every person who came within reach of her spells. The sympathy which she has always wrung from posterity, whether believing her wronged or wicked, makes the gazer forget his first judgment, and gives him, be he among her detractors or admirers, a fuller comprehension of the potent charm which has come down to us in the records of her sorrowful history.

But we must not linger in the picture-gallery. Let us come back to modern existence in Hatfield House.

The daily life, with the guests, begins at half-past nine, when there is morning service in the chapel. Lord Salisbury makes it a point to be present, and the whole body of servants is expected to attend; but visitors, of course, are perfectly free to follow their own inclinations in the matter.

The religious services ended, host and guests meet in the great hall, the post-bag is made to yield up its contents, and everyone receives his or her share. At the conclusion of this important business—for, in a house holding two scores of visitors, it really is such—breakfast is served. At this meal, no guest has any special place assigned to him, and the entire arrangement is made as informal as possible, most of the servants being dispensed with. In such houses, of course, breakfast includes all the luxuries of the season suited to that meal.

If Lady Salisbury herself should chance to be late, the repast would begin without her. Guests come in at their own pleasure—although, knowing the punctiliousness of the marquis, they would hardly present themselves so late as is done in some English houses of high rank.

After breakfast is over, the company disperse to amuse themselves as they may fancy. The young people find various means of enjoyment. Some go out on the lawn and play tennis, others drive or ride or go shooting. The dowagers, less actively disposed, generally seek their rooms and write letters or gossip with each other. In rainy weather, indoor amusements, such as billiards, help to pass away the time until luncheon.

This meal is quite as informal as breakfast and is served at two o'clock.

The dinner-hour nowadays being almost as late as the supper of former times, it is thought necessary to serve tea about five. The women who have been out taking exercise appear in riding-habit or walking-dress, and are quite cast into the shade by their more indolent sisters who have remained within-doors and attired themselves in elaborately-made tea-gowns of the richest materials.

Dinner, of course, is the important meal of the day. The dressing-bell rings at seven o'clock, and, half an hour later, every guest is expected to be in the drawing-room, awaiting the

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announcement of this repast, which is conducted with the utmost ceremony and formality, and presents a really beautiful sight. The table is adorned by the splendid family plate, and the numerous servants wear the livery of the Cecils —blue breeches, flesh-colored silk stockings, buckled shoes, blue waistcoat, and black coat. The magnificent costumes of the ladies add to the brilliance of the scene, suggesting, in contrast with the sober dress of the men, birds of gorgeous plumage.

Lord and Lady Salisbury sit facing one another at the centre of the table. At the right hand of the host, is placed the lady of the highest rank present; at that of the hostess, the gentleman who can boast the grandest pedigree. Even in England, however—the most rigid country in the world in matters of table-etiquette—this rule of precedence is sometimes broken through and the seat of honor given to a guest whom the others have been specially invited to meet.

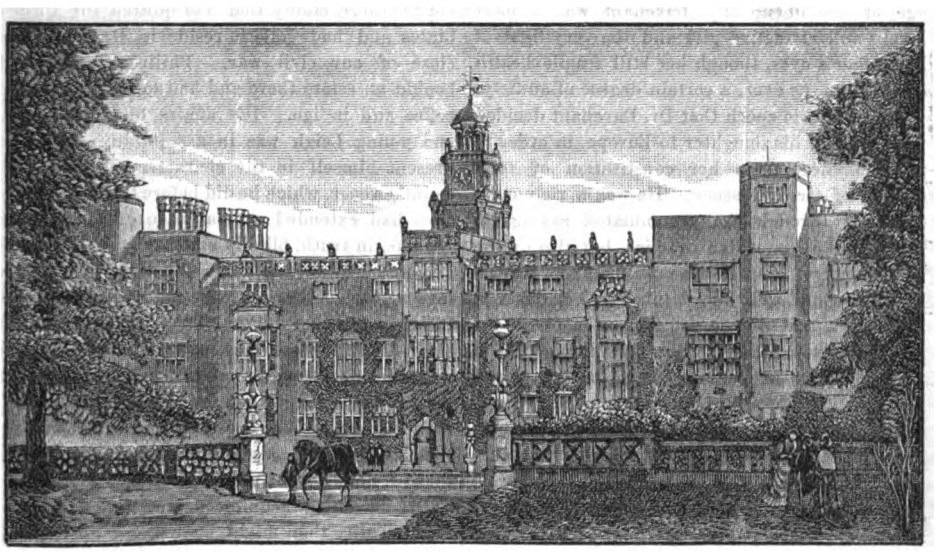
When dinner, which is served "a la Russe," is over, the ladies rise and leave in the order of their rank. The gentlemen stay to drink and chat for a short while, and then join the ladies in the drawing-room. At the Christmas season, an orchestra plays during dinner and in the evening, and dancing is allowed if the young people are so inclined.

Once a year, and sometimes oftener, a ball is given at Hatfield House, to which everybody in the county, belonging to what is called "the gentry," is invited. Guests also come from London. All things, on these occasions, are conducted on a grand scale. In every way, indeed, Lord Salisbury, when at Hatfield, acts out the "great noble." The rest of the year, however, he lives in accordance with his own tastes, which are of the simplest. He is not even a smoker or wine-drinker. In fact, except in his ancestral home, where he thinks it the "proper thing" to keep up the traditions of the family, anything like show is repugnant to him and regarded as excessively bad taste.

This is not the place to descant on Lord Salisbury's success or failure as a public leader. If we are to accept the verdict of the Tory party, England has had in our century no prime minister more capable of holding the helm of state. If we are to believe the Opposition, no premier in this or any other age has proved himself at once so thoroughly incapable and utterly unscrupulous.

Posterity will probably find a reasonable medium between these two extremes, and, if not ranking the minister among the masters of statesmanship, will give him credit for endeavoring to act honestly in a trying position. It may decide that he leaned too much toward the interest of his own order, although it will probably admit that he did so from a mistaken, not an intentionally wrong, motive.

And even in our own day, in the very face of party animosities and class dissensions, the fiercest radical must confess it hardly surprising that the descendant of the Cecils and the inheritor of Hatfield House should be so deeply imbued with the teachings of the past that he genuinely believes the upholding of that order to be for the real good of the people at large.



THE NORTH FRONT.

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DR. DAVENANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

SHE was an exquisite creature, as fair and fragile as a flower. Her beauty was of so delicate and ethereal a type that Dr. Davenant seemed to have been endowed with a sense of premonition when he called this only and beloved child "Lily." She was all that was left to him to recall the perfect happiness of the four years during which his beautiful young wife had been spared to him. And, from the moment that he had carried her, a three-year-old child, from the death-chamber of her mother, he had seemed to live for but two things on earth, his daughter and his profession. Often and often had it been said of Lily Davenant that, had she been the child of any other father than an experienced and learned physician, she would never have survived to grow to womanhood. All that science, guided by love, could achieve—all that an intelligent and affectionate watchfulness could foresee and avert, had been brought into play to guard her fragile health. There was, indeed, no organic disease to contend against; but so delicate was her constitution and so sensitive her nervous system, that a breath seemed capable of disorganizing the one and of disturbing the other. But, under her father's watchful care, she gradually outgrew the more alarming of her general symptoms, and, at the age of seventeen, Lily Davenant was a most lovely and attractive girl and the very light of her father's eyes, though her still fragile health caused him, as ever, a certain degree of anxiety.

It was at this epoch that Dr. Davenant decided upon taking his daughter to Europe, in order to try the effect upon her constitution of total change of air and scene. He was a rich man, not only through the accumulated savings of long years of extensive practice, but also by the inheritance of his wife's ample fortune. Therefore, he could well afford to close his office in New York and devote some months to a tour through Switzerland, Italy, and the south of France. The experiment succeeded perfectly. Under her father's watchful guidance and incessant care, Lily bloomed into more stable health and into added beauty; and, by the time that they reached the Riviera, on their homeward journey, the season being the month of January, she was quite capable of taking part, in some degree, in the brilliant social gayeties of Nice and of Cannes. The climate, too, of that lovely shore, as yet unshaken by earthquakes, suited her admirably. She was so well and so happy that Dr. Davenant, delighted with her increasing strength and bright spirits, hired one of the most charming villas at Nice, with an extensive garden full of rose-trees and orange-trees and situated on the heights of Cimiez, so that Lily, from the balcony in front of her bed-room windows, could look abroad over the sparkling Mediterranean and the blue hills of the Esterel.

It was to be expected that so lovely and winning a creature should attract a host of suitors; and, in fact, Lily had not long mingled in the gay whirl of Nice society before she had become an object of serious attention to half a dozen wooers, including a German baron, a French count, and a Russian prince, all with more or less authentic titles and more or less dilapidated fortunes. On none of these did the young beauty seem inclined to smile, and Dr. Davenant had begun to cherish an unavowed hope of keeping his darling to himself, for some years longer at least, when chance or destiny brought to Nice a young American—a Virginian by birth, but a resident of South America—by name Philip Leigh. He was a fine-looking young man, of an ardent impetuous temperament, the scion of an old Southern family that had quitted the United States and had gone to reside in Brazil at the close of our civil war. Philip's father had bought an estate there and had taken to growing coffee and indigo. His affairs had prospered, and young Leigh was in a suitable position to present himself in the character of Miss Davenant's wooer, which he did before their acquaintance had extended over a space of many days. He was, in truth, blindly and madly in love with her, and Lily returned his devotion with all the fervor of which her sensitive nature was capable. It was a case of mutual love—of love at first sight—which sometimes, even in our prosaic nineteenth century, proves that Shakespeare was not so far wrong when he depicted the swift fatal passion, sudden, mutual, and all-absorbing, that lends the tragedy and the charm to the history of Romeo and Juliet.

Dr. Davenant acquiesced in the engagement more readily than might have been anticipated, from his fond devotion to his only child. He

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was a man of great intelligence and strong common sense, and he was able therefore to keep in check his natural yearning to retain sole possession of the society and affection of his idolized daughter. Yet the engagement was far from obtaining his unqualified approval. It is true that all the information that he had obtained, respecting Philip Leigh's fortune, family, and business standing, was highly satisfactory. The young man was handsome, intelligent, well-bred, and highly educated. Of the depth and sincerity of his passion for Lily there existed not a shadow of doubt. Yet Dr. Davenant noticed with uneasiness certain marked defects in young Leigh's character and disposition, which led him to dread the entrusting of his delicate sensitive daughter to his care. He was frenziedly and unreasonably jealous, watching Lily's every glance and gesture as though he could not feel assured of the stability of the love she had confessed for him. His temper was violent and his disposition moody, and he tried the poor girl sorely by his alternate bursts of temper and scenes of morbid sullenness. Dr. Davenant often remonstrated with him concerning these unjustifiable alternations of violence and sulkiness. But Philip always declared that it was the very intensity of his love for Lily and his dread of losing her that so tried his temper. "Once she is mine, Dr. Davenant," he declared, with fervor, "I shall be happy; my mind will be at rest, and I shall be able to devote every moment of my time, every faculty of my being, to rendering Lily's existence perfectly happy." The vigorous mind of the good doctor was by no means satisfied by these assurances, but the young ardent lover had won Lily's whole heart. To have parted them would have been to deal a fatal blow to her fragile nature, and Dr. Davenant could only let matters take their course and hope for the best.

The engagement was ratified in March, and the marriage was to take place in September at Dr. Davenant's country-seat on the Hudson. The father and daughter were to leave for the United States in May, and Philip was then to sail for South America to complete the important business arrangements for the furtherance of which he had visited Europe, and also to settle up his affairs preparatory to taking up his permanent residence in New York. For Dr. Davenant would by no means consent to having Lily transferred from her luxurious home to a dwelling in South America. To this condition of his engagement, Philip had willingly acceded. His family ties did not seem to be of especial strength. He spoke sometimes of his father and mother, and occasionally of his married sister, who had become the wife of a Brazilian gentleman and was living in Rio Janeiro; but he did not seem to care much about conversing respecting his family, and appeared, on the contrary, to avoid all mention of his relatives, a fact that by no means tended to reassure Dr. Davenant concerning the peculiarities of his future son-in-law's temper.

It was in Paris that the lovers parted with many fond embraces and much deep emotion. For so brief an absence, the anguish displayed by Philip Leigh was really extraordinary. He clasped his young betrothed to his heart as though he could never bear to let her go. Overcome by her own emotion, as well as by the agitation of seeing him so moved, poor Lily fainted in his arms, and Dr. Davenant, taking from him the insensible form of the fragile girl, bade him depart in terms of genuine indignation. "Your selfish distress is injuring the being you profess to love so dearly, Philip," he said, sternly. "Go—it is unmanly for you to give way to such exaggerated grief concerning an absence of a few months." Without heeding him, Philip caught the cold hands of his betrothed in his own and kissed them passionately. "Farewell, Lily, farewell!" he cried. "I go—and when shall I return? Perhaps never!" And, with one last hand-clasp to Dr. Davenant, he hurried from the room, and, a few moments later, the roll of carriage-wheels outside the house announced his final departure.

It was long before Lily recovered from the shock of this agitated parting, nor was it indeed till they had been for some time established in their charming country home on the banks of the Hudson that her transparent cheek regained its usual wild-rose bloom and her large brown eyes their soft and tender lustre. A very impassioned letter, written on shipboard by Philip, gave the first impetus for the better to her reviving spirits, and the influence of the sea-voyage and of the pleasant home influences that surrounded her on her arrival had much to do with reanimating her drooping spirits. The visits of her friends and acquaintances, the preparations for the wedding, and the inditing of long letters to her future husband filled with agreeable occupation the first few weeks after her return to her native land.

But the weeks grew into months, and not a word was heard from Philip Leigh. After that first letter, all tidings from him utterly ceased. The ship in which he had sailed reached Rio in safety, but no news of his arrival ever came to his betrothed. A silence, as inexplicable as it

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was profound, enveloped all his movements and his very existence. The days wore on, and mail after mail arrived from South America; but the letter so ardently desired and expected by Lily never was received. The poor child, under the pressure of suspense and anxiety, became the prey of nervous terrors and unspeakable misery.

"Philip is dead—I know that he is dead—else he would have written to me," became the burden of her plaint, and Dr. Davenant could find no arguments, in the face of that inexplicable silence, wherewith to reassure her. Finally, Lily fell ill with a low nervous fever which baffled all remedies, and which, without ever taking a form of aggravated intensity, slowly undermined her strength and reduced her fragile form to a mere shadow. And still there came no news of the absent lover. The summer wore away, and the date originally fixed for the wedding approached, and yet the bridegroom came not, neither did he vouchsafe a word of information as to his movements. And Dr. Davenant beheld, with cruel forebodings, intensified by his medical skill and science, the rapid ebbing of the vital forces in the frame of his beloved child. She lay on her couch beside the window all day long, with scarcely strength at her command to give a faint sad smile to her father, or to murmur, as she did from time to time: "I shall soon be with my Philip. I am fast going to him."

One evening, toward the end of August, Lily seemed more feeble and more averse to exertion than ever. She had begged that her chaise-longue might be drawn out on the piazza; and, as the weather was warm, her request had been granted. She lay there, watching in silence the gold and crimson of a splendid sunset, with a far-away look in her eyes that seemed to tell of other regions to which her thoughts had wandered. And Dr. Davenant sat gazing upon her with an aching heart, in whose depths was hidden a dread more terrible than he dared to reveal to the sufferer or even to confess to himself. The sunset-light faded, Lily's eyes closed, and she sank into a deep sleep that was less like natural slumber than the insensibility that precedes death. The doctor, fearing the effects of the night-air, was about to give orders for the transferral of the couch and its occupant to the house, when suddenly Lily started from her recumbent posture and uttered a wild cry. The sound of an approaching carriage was heard.

"Father!" she shrieked, "it is Philip—he is here. Look—look!"

And there, through the shadowy twilight, came the long-looked-for form of her betrothed. With a scream of overwhelming joy, Lily sprang to her feet and fell fainting on the breast of her lover.

During the long and death-like swoon that succeeded, the hurried explanations that took place between Dr. Davenant and the returned wanderer were apparently satisfactory; for Lily, on reviving, found the latter seated beside her couch, with one thin burning hand close locked in his own. She was not allowed to speak to him, or indeed to do more than to give him a parting glance and smile, before she was hurried away to her chamber by the peremptory orders of her father. During the days that succeeded, her extreme weakness caused her to be confined to her room, and she was permitted to see Mr. Leigh only for a few minutes daily, nor was she allowed to ask for any explanation respecting his long silence. He was there, however, and safe; and he loved her, and the drooping and almost dying girl revived as a fading flower, parched by the drought, revives anew under the influence of a gentle shower. The gladness at her heart furnished forth a well-spring of vitality for her whole being. The fever left her, strength and appetite and a capacity for sleep returned, and in less than a fortnight after Mr. Leigh's return Lily had entered into full convalescence.

But it was long before she could support the fatigue and agitation of any prolonged conversation with her betrothed. At first, he was only permitted, under the watchful supervision of Dr. Davenant, to sit beside her couch in the shaded twilight of her room, holding one of her hands in his own for a few minutes daily. He was not allowed to talk to her, except to reply in monosyllables to her faint murmurs of delight at his return and perfect content in his presence. She was told by her father that the long absence and strange silence of Mr. Leigh had been caused by illness; and, though Dr. Davenant entered into no details respecting this mysterious malady, Lily was fully satisfied. Philip had returned to her, safe and well, and that was all she asked. Gradually, as her strength revived, she would fain have talked over with him the long period of their separation; but he seemed to shrink from the subject. He preferred to linger at her side in comparative silence, talking very little and that only on indifferent subjects, or else he would spend hours in reading aloud to her, displaying a talent for the delivery of verse with which she had before been unacquainted, and with which she was greatly charmed.

"You never told me that you could read so beautifully, Philip," she once said, when he

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closed a volume of selections from the old English dramatists. "How came it that you left me in ignorance of your possession of so delightful an accomplishment?"

"Ah, dear one," he answered, "we had so much to say in those days about love and each other that we had no time to bestow on the utterances of the old poets. You are still an invalid, and I must try to make these great masters of speech and song speak to your soul in their language, since I dare not use my own."

But there were other things about Mr. Leigh that puzzled Lily sorely when she meditated over them at her leisure. When he was first admitted to see her, he did not, as she well remembered in her hours of revived strength of mind as well as of physique, evince any of the passionate ardor that he had been wont to display toward her before their separation. His manner was kind, gentle, and compassionate, but nothing more. Gradually, indeed, the old fervor had returned, but with a difference. He was as fond, but less vehement, the gentleness of a parent seeming to have become mingled with the tenderness of a lover. He was unselfish instead of exacting, watching over her health with a patient affection not to be surpassed even by the paternal love and care of Dr. Davenant. He was no longer jealous, unreasonable, and violent. Even the character of his beauty seemed to have undergone a change. The dark deep eyes no longer caught an unpleasant if vivid lustre from impatient irritation or causeless anger. The whole expression of the well-cut features was different, and the alteration was for the better. Dr. Davenant seemed to rejoice in the change, and was far more happy in the prospect of his daughter's future than he had been before Mr. Leigh's departure. Oddly enough, Philip seemed to have forgotten most of the minor incidents that had diversified their stay at Nice. Lily would sometimes allude to events that had transpired during their sojourn on the Riviera, but he would either change the conversation or lay the blame of his forgetfulness to the long and severe illness from which he declared that he had so lately recovered.

"Do you know, you frighten me sometimes, Philip," Lily said to him, one day. "You are changed—you are not the Philip that I first knew. You are another man—someone nobler, gentler, more perfect. How does it happen that you are so different? You seem to me as Philip might have been had he died and returned to earth, stripped of all his faults and weaknesses. Have you come back to me from heaven?"

Her voice sank to a tone of awe-stricken appeal. Mr. Leigh only replied, smiling as he spoke:

"In one respect, I am unchanged, dearest, am I not? I love you as I have ever done."

"Even your love is different. You are so kind, so thoughtful, so unselfish in your devotion. Ah, Philip, your malady has been like the fires of Purgatory; it has consumed all the dross leaving the pure gold of your nature. But tell me—"

"I will tell you nothing, exacting child, except that we are to be married in three weeks' time, and that I love you with my whole heart and soul. Believe me, dearest, if I am indeed changed for the better, I can only rejoice in being more worthy to become your husband. For you still love me, changed as I am, Lily, do you not?"

To this query, Lily gave, smiling, a full and satisfactory response, and there the matter rested for the time being.

But, with her restoration to perfect health, her intelligence regained its vigor and her perceptions their keenness. The change, inexplicable, vague, and yet most real, in the manner and the nature of her lover, seemed to preoccupy her mind and to fill it with troubled apprehension. She would sit at times and gaze into his face with a wistful look of inquiry, questioning, she knew not whom, respecting the alteration that she could not comprehend. Mr. Leigh was always rendered, to a certain extent, anxious and uneasy by her scrutiny, but he could not escape from it. The daily readings, that had once furnished a resource and a pretext for avoiding all personal or agitating topics in their intercourse, had naturally been given up when Lily's complete recovery had allowed her to resume her usual occupations, and her questions respecting the early days of their attachment and his unaccountable lapses of memory concerning that period were neither to be averted nor satisfactorily answered. When Dr. Davenant was at hand, he usually managed to change the subject or to contrive some response for Mr. Leigh. But, during the long tête à tête interviews between the lovers, Lily's amazed perplexities seemed only to strengthen and to increase.

At last, the crisis came. One evening, Lily, on returning from a visit to New York with her father, was surprised on arriving at the house to hear the full soft tones of a fine baritone voice filling the distant drawing-room with melody, while a skilled touch accompanied on the piano the notes of the singer. The air was Massenet's beautiful "Sita, Vision of My Life," from "The

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King of Lahore." All the tenderness, the fervor, the exquisite charm lent to the song by the composer were redoubled by the fine execution and noble voice of the singer. Lily paused to listen as she entered.

"Who is it that is singing?" she asked of the servant who had admitted her.

"It is Mr. Leigh, Miss Lily."

"Mr. Leigh? Philip? It is impossible. He cannot sing!" And she hurried to the drawing-room, wholly disregarding her father's efforts to detain her.

It was indeed her lover who sat at the piano, absorbed in the tender fervor of his song, the glow of the cloudless sunset illuminating his countenance. Lily paused on the threshold and listened, gazing, herself unseen, upon the features of the singer, and with the agitation of a strong conviction visible in her kindling eyes. As the song ended, she came swiftly forward, and, placing her two hands on Mr. Leigh's shoulders, she looked eagerly and intently into his face.

"This is not Philip!" she cried. "Philip hated music—he could not sing! I realize it now as I look at you. Who is this that wears the features of Philip, that looks at me with his eyes, that speaks to me with his voice, that bears his name, and yet that is not Philip? What is this strange mystery? Tell me who you really are."

"I am your future husband, Lily. I am he who loves you!"

"But you are not Philip!" she exclaimed, in ever-increasing agitation. "Father, tell me, who is this man, and where is Philip?"

"The truth must be told," said Dr. Davenant, in his deep low tones. "Answer her, Leigh. The moment has come for a full explanation."

"Yes, answer me—answer me! Who are you?"

"I am Raymond Leigh, the twin-brother of Philip."

"And Philip?"

"He is dead."

A cry of exceeding distress broke from the lips of the young girl. But Raymond's arms were stretched out to shelter her, and it was upon the breast of Raymond that her tears were shed.

The likeness between the twin-brothers had, from their birth, been really extraordinary, far surpassing even the usual degree of resemblance in such cases. Even their parents, when one or the other of the brothers entered the room alone, could not tell whether it was Raymond or Philip that stood before them. When they were together, many minute points of difference might be detected; but, when they were seen apart, a confusion in their identity was unavoidable. But the resemblance between them was of an external nature merely. No two young men could have been more dissimilar in character and in disposition. Philip seemed to have absorbed into his nature all the evil qualities, and Raymond all the nobler ones, that they ought to have shared between them. The first was passionate, moody, and unreasonable, intensely selfish, and given to dissipation of the most vicious type, while Raymond, gentle, intelligent, affectionate, and self-sacrificing, was the very light of his home and the idol of his parents. A very disgraceful affair, on Philip's part, which had caused much scandal in South America, had forced his father to send him abroad, ostensibly to take charge of some important matters of business, but really to get him out of the way of the consequences of his base conduct. His passion for Lily had been vehement and sincere, but he had never told his family of his engagement, owing to the jealousy he had ever felt of his more lovable brother. An uneasy consciousness of Raymond's superiority in all essential respects had caused Philip always to shun any possibility of comparison between them, and he had bitterly resented all his life long the fond affection with which Raymond was regarded by their parents. He had looked upon Lily's love for him as a treasure to be guarded from all encroachments, especially from the being whose rivalry he most dreaded. The night after his arrival at Rio, he had been attacked when on his way to his home, late at night, by some unknown person, presumably one of the family which he had injured. He was desperately wounded by several blows from a long sharp knife or dagger, and was left for dead. From his terrible injuries, he had partially rallied, and for some time there had been hopes of his recovery. But his constitution, undermined by excesses of all kinds, had not the strength necessary to sustain such a shock, and, after lingering for some weeks, he had found relief from his sufferings in death.

Then, and then only, was the whole history of his love for and betrothal to Lily Davenant revealed, an examination of his papers having led to the discovery not only of the young girl's letters, but of a very lovely miniature of her which Philip had treasured amongst his most precious possessions. He had so neglected the business with the management of which he had been entrusted by his father, that it was found necessary to dispatch Raymond at once to the United States to take charge of it. Before his departure, the elder Mr. Leigh had written a long

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letter to Dr. Davenant, giving the news of Philip's death, as well as the information of Raymond's speedy arrival. This letter had reached Dr. Davenant at the most critical point of Lily's illness. He did not dare to tell her of the melancholy news that it contained—the confirmation of her worst fears—lest the sudden shock should extinguish at once and forever the feeble flame of life in that sensitive heart. And, when Raymond finally appeared, the doctor, struck by his wonderful resemblance to his brother, which was less a likeness than actual identity of feature, form, and expression, had prayed him to humor for a short time the sick girl's delusion, and to personate Philip till she was strong enough to bear the revelation of the truth. The gentle and kindly nature of the young man led him to become at once interested in the fragile sufferer, and he gave a willing consent. But, before Lily's recovery was perfected, from personating her lover, he had become her lover in earnest. Her beauty, her gentleness, her fond and clinging nature won his heart as completely as they had won the affection of his brother, and he had not long lingered beside Lily's couch before he made to Dr. Davenant formal proposals for her hand. It was at his solicitation that the doctor had deferred all statement to Lily of the true condition of affairs. "Let me win her—really win her, doctor, before she learns that I am not Philip," pleaded the young suitor, and the doctor, himself half afraid of the effect of his communication, had suffered matters to drift till chance had brought about the long-delayed catastrophe.

For some time, Lily mourned very bitterly for her lost love, and refused to be comforted. But Raymond was at her side—Raymond, who was all that Philip had been, or, to speak more correctly, all that she had ever imagined Philip to be. He was, indeed, far more the realization of the idol she had enshrined in her soul, and that, so far as her first lover was concerned, was chiefly the work of her own imagination. Gradually she forgot to weep for the dead lover in the presence of the living one, who was so tender and patient with her in her sorrow, who cherished her so fondly, and who rejoiced so sincerely in her first moments of reviving cheerfulness. So the wedding was not long postponed, after all, and Raymond Leigh, more fortunate than many another heir, inherited the happiness that his brother had not lived to enjoy, and which doubtless in that brother's hands would have been marred and wrecked by the influence of an evil and selfish nature.

SONG OF THE BOBOLINKS.

BY THOMAS H. MUZZEY.

PLASHING, plashing, dip the winged boats,
  Rippling on the sun-flecked waves of air—
Dripping, dripping silver water-notes
  Down a crystal stair.
Swell your melody, O liquid throats!
  Time, with all its aging fret and care,
Is dissolved, and in your music floats
  Back to youth and bides eternal there.

Let me drift upon your charmed tide,
  Aye forgetting that the years are long—
All the hopes that cheating time denied
  Thrill again in song.

Buttercups and daisies blowing wide,
  Fevered pulses beating high and strong,
Down the lane we wander, side by side,
  Sweetest sweetheart; but the years are long.

Sing, O bobolinks! I would not miss
  The pure transport in your song ensouled:
Once again I linger, dazed with bliss,
  In that lane of gold.
Paradise can hold no joy like this,
  When, by thrilling hand-touch grown more bold,
On her lips my heart throbs in one kiss
  Eloquent—and all our love is told.

ONLY.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND.

ONLY a uniform faded and old,
  Folded away with a weary pain;
Only the tale of a young life told,
  The hope and light of a household slain.

Only a grave where the boy was laid,
  Out on a hillside cold and bare;
Only a sword with a rusted blade,
  Hanging over the mantel there.

Only a memory, pure and clear
  As sun of summer in cloudless skies;
Only the meed of a tender tear,
  Stealing down from a woman's eyes.

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A LOST JEWEL.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"A DIAMOND of six carats!" John Langley exclaimed. "Well, Roger, you are careless. How did you come to lose it?"

"That is what everyone asks me," Roger Everman replied, with a comical gesture of despair. "My dear John, how can I say? If I had known how I lost it, when and where, there would be no use of wasting my substance in advertisements."

"You have advertised, then?"

"Advertised?" Roger echoed, running his hand through his curly hair till it stood straight up in glossy perverse little screws. "I have advertised till I feel like an installment man or a Chicago beef house. The trouble is that I am going to sail on Thursday—my sister and I, you know—for Rio de Janeiro, and, if I don't find it in the meantime, I suppose I never shall."

Just then, a youth of elaborate style, attached to the house of Everman Brothers & Co., thrust his head from behind a glass door and announced:

"A lady to see you, Mr. Everman."

"All right. Show her in," was the careless reply. "Don't go, John. You can smoke in the back office."

"No, thank you," Langley replied. "You know I look upon your intercourse with the fair sex in awe and wonderment. I'll call in again before you sail."

Langley was just passing out, when the nameless "lady" slipped by him, and, as he glanced at her lovely young face, he shot a look of admonition toward Roger Everman.

"I wonder how many girls Roger has had in love with him, anyhow?" he mused, on his way out, while Roger, with a most urbane air, had risen to receive his visitor.

She was a shy sweet-looking woman, dressed plainly, but still with a touch of elegance.

"I beg pardon for intruding," she said, with a slight blush; "but I believe you offered a reward for the recovery of a diamond."

"Yes," Roger cried, eagerly. "Is it possible you have found it?"

"I think it must be yours," she said, opening a little silk purse, from which she took a diamond wrapped in soft pink cotton. "It is so large and brilliant—and it is rose-cut, too."

"That is mine," Roger said, triumphantly. "Well, I must say, I never expected to see it again. Where did you find it?"

"On the gravel walk toward Wyandotte," she said, simply.

"I remember being there on Saturday," Roger answered. "You are very kind to return it to me. It is quite valuable, as you see, but would not have lost it for twice its value: it has some special associations for me."

"Of course, I should have returned it if there had been no reward," she said, quickly. "The fact is, I do not approve of rewards for doing what is merely honest. I would not think of taking anything from you, Mr. Everman, only I—I am very much in need of the money, and—"

"Of course, you are entitled to it," Roger said, heartily, and he rose to open his private cash-drawer.

"No—really, I am not sure of that," she said, looking down. And then Roger noticed, for the first time, what dark circles there were under her eyes and how pale she was behind her vivid blushes. "But, you see," she went on, "I am very much in need of money. I hope you will excuse my speaking so to a stranger; but I am anxious to justify myself, if I can. I have been very ill, and have lost a position that was very necessary to me. Then I have a doctor's bill to pay, and I am trying to arrange for a sea-voyage which he has recommended. But I shan't need all the money you offered. I find that I can go to Cuba, on a schooner, for very little. And," she concluded, in great embarrassment, "I have made up my mind not to take more than a hundred and twentyfive dollars, if—if you will give me that."

"I think you are unnecessarily sensitive," Roger said, warmly. "You are entitled to the money. And the fact is," he continued, "it would go against my conscience not to give it to you."

He had opened his cash-drawer, and was about to count out the notes, when he glanced at the young pale face beside him and suddenly closed the drawer again.

"I must insist upon your taking the full amount," he said. "But I shall have to trouble you to call again for it. Could you come to my sister's house this afternoon? I can meet you there, and it will be pleasanter than coming down-town again. I know ladies hate business-

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houses. We close here at three. My sister is Mrs. Wetherill. She lives at No. 97 Clinton Place."

"Thank you!" she murmured, rising. "You are very kind. I will call at four, if that is convenient."

"Perfectly. But—one moment, please. Don't you think you'd better take the diamond with you until—"

"Oh, no!" she answered, with a blush and a smile. "I am afraid of losing it."

That smile and blush lingered pleasantly in Roger's memory long after she had quitted the banking-house and he was on his way to his sister's.

"Poor child!" he said. in a tone that seemed to him very paternal. "What can a delicate conscientious little thing like her do toward self-support? I wonder if Amy—"

But what he wondered he did not speak then. It was only when his anonymous visitor called to keep her appointment that the result of Roger's cogitations came to light.

It was Mrs. Wetherill herself who received her. Roger was not there, and the sensitive little woman at first felt bewildered by her sudden introduction into Mrs. Wetherill's boudoir. It was an exquisite room, with white and gold hangings, and furniture of the old French style. A lady past her youth, and dressed in mourning, received her on a couch.

"My brother told me about you," she said, in a sweet kind way, and she held out her hand very cordially. "But we don't know what to call you yet. You are merely the lady who found Roger's diamond."

"My name is Abercrombie," she answered, readily. "Ethel Abercrombie."

"That is a nice name," Mrs. Wetherill said, pleasantly. "It is pretty, and it is a very good name."

"My father was very proud of it," she said, simply. "I was named for my mother."

"Roger said you were to have this envelope when you came," Mrs. Wetherill continued. "But there is something else I want to talk to you about. My brother says you are ordered to take a sea-voyage for your health."

"The doctor says I ought to, though I can hardly spare either the time or the money."

"Still, if it did you good, you could hardly call it extravagance. You don't look well. You look just as I feel, and I have had nervous prostration ever since my husband's death. We are going off on a sea-voyage this week, my brother and I, to Rio de Janeiro. Do you think you would like to go along?"

"I, Mrs. Wetherill?" she cried, in utter amazement.

"Why not go there as well as anywhere else? I want a traveling-companion. It shall not cost you anything to go, and I shall not require anything of you except your society. Perhaps you will be able to read to me now and then, for my eyes are so miserable! But you won't have any regular duties, and I promise not to make the position irksome or unworthy of you."

"You are very kind," Ethel stammered. "If you really think I could be of any service—I am sure—I should be glad to go."

"I shall be only too thankful for your society," Mrs. Wetherill replied, making nothing of her own kind motive in asking the girl. "You don t know how forlorn it is for an American lady to travel without a companion, especially in South America. Shall I say you will go, then?"

This is how Ethel Abercrombie went upon the long voyage, where Roger saw her day after day, with a growing sense of her sweetness and worth.

It was one morning in Rio, when they were looking from the windows of their comfortable hotel out on the beautiful bay that is girdled with palms and swelling hills and crowned with golden blushing sunset.

"I never told you the story of my diamond, did I?" Roger said, as he glanced from the lovely prospect without to the stone glittering on his finger, set in a dull gold ring.

"Is there a story?" Ethel asked, with interest.

"Yes; rather a sad one. I have never told it before, but it seems only fitting that you should know it, only I would not tell it till I knew you better. This diamond, set in this ring, was the gift my father gave his betrothed when she promised to marry him."

"You mean your mother?"

"No; not my mother. His first love proved false to him—that is, she broke off her engagement because she was of a different religion from my father and he could not embrace hers, as she insisted. I think my father always loved her, though she married someone else, and he was a faithful husband to my mother. My mother was very different from him. She never seemed to be in the least jealous of this early love. That was not her temperament at all."

"But this first love of your father's?" Ethel exclaimed, eagerly. "What became of her? What was her name?"

"She died some time ago, I believe. I don't know whom she married, but her maiden name was Ethel de Wint."

"Then she was my mother!" cried Ethel Abercrombie. "How strange! She never told

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me this, and yet—I understand now why she would not influence my religious conviction, but left me to choose my own way. I understand now a great many things."

As she spoke, she moved away a few steps and seated herself on a low couch, with her hands loosely clasped before her in the attitude of a person lost in thought.

She looked so lovely in that graceful pose, that, for a few seconds, Roger stood gazing at her in passionate admiration. Then he followed her quickly and took his stand at the end of the sofa, looking down on her bowed head with a face growing always more eager and passionate.

"Ethel!" he murmured.

She started, and, glancing up, said with a smile and blush:

"I beg your pardon—how rude you must think me—but the story you just told brought the past up so vividly."

"What are the things made so clear to you?" Roger asked.

"Oh, so much in my mother that always puzzled me. She was so good, so sweet—yet somehow I comprehended that there was some memory which saddened her. She was an angel in her home—my father's least wish was her law."

"Very likely, the feeling that she might have erred in her girlish tenacity made her more yielding," Roger said.

"That was it, no doubt. Poor mamma. Yet she was content—I am sure she was. How could she have helped being? My father fairly worshiped her."

"I have no doubt of that," Roger exclaimed, with great energy. "You look like the picture of her which you once showed me. If she resembled you, any husband must have adored her."

"Ah, Mr. Everman, you ought not to tease me with such exaggerated compliments," Ethel rejoined, half playfully, half in reproach.

"Compliments?" he repeated. "Surely, you know me better than that. Oh, you cannot be so blind, so careless, as not to have seen the truth long since."

"The truth?" she echoed. "I don't understand. I—indeed—"

The sentence died away. She had lifted her head; her eyes met Roger's, and a sudden perception of his meaning struck her. A vivid color surged into her cheeks and a confusion that was mingled pleasure and fright caused her to start to her feet with some half-defined intention of running away.

"Don't go—please don't," Roger urged; "you must not: it would be cruel. And you don't wish to be that, I know—say you do not."

"No, no," she murmured.

"Your mother was my father's first love?" Roger continued, softly; and then, drawing the fair girl to his side, he added: "Ethel, will you be mine? Surely, heaven has chosen to consummate in us the happiness our parents missed. I love you. Will you be my wife? Will you wear this ring for my sake, Ethel?"

"I would do anything you asked," she answered, in a low tone, "but this I will do gladly."

She held out her hand to him. He clasped it and placed upon her slender finger the great glittering diamond that had brought them together. Then he drew her to him and kissed her.

"You are the most precious jewel I have found yet," he whispered, and, when Mrs. Wetherill came in, she smiled upon them with a still more tender meaning when she learned the whole romantic story.

"You two were born to marry each other," she said, kissing Ethel. "God bless you, my dear. Roger is a good boy. I am sure you will be happy."

And so they are.

IF.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

If you could bear to know that I was false
  To every vow I made
In that sweet time long years ago,
  Under the deepening shade
Of trees that drooped their branches
  Low o'er the summer land,
While birds sang soft their night-songs
  In nests by breezes fanned—
If you could know all this, yet hold me dear,
Then could I give you all my love without a fear.

If you could stand above my grave,
  Knowing I was at rest,
And look into a newer lovelier face
  And say "I love her best
Who lies here, calmly sleeping—
  No newer love, however fair,
Can ever hold her place within my heart,"
  If, standing there,
You could speak thus, my loving heart
Should hold your image from the whole wide world apart.

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A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's steamer "Corsican" had blown her whistle for the port of Kingston, and slowly came up to the pier.

It was a fine summer morning, and nature was arraying herself in her fairest smiles.

The light fog of early dawn, that lay upon the water, was lifted like a veil by the golden sunrise, as a bridegroom lifts the veil of his bride and salutes her with her newly-crowned happiness.

Across the bay came the faint rippling music of the waves, and, somewhere close at hand, a bird sang its matin song, as if it were an epithalamium.

The peace and beauty of the scene, together with the arrival of the steamer, seemed especially gratifying to two gentlemen waiting upon the pier. The younger of the pair at once cheerfully assumed the lion's-share of the luggage, as he said "Come on, Wexy," and proceeded to board the steamer.

It would be hard to find two men more unlike each other in personal appearance. The younger was tall and slight, very trim of figure, with light-brown hair and mustache, a clear complexion, and merry blue eyes. He had an almost boyish radiance of countenance which was especially attractive. His companion, the senior of the two by several years, was tall, heavily-built, and moved slowly. His dark-brown beard was worn in the English cut and his eyes were full of latent fire and mischief. One felt he lived well and wished everyone well.

Stopping a moment in the office, the younger, with a haste characterizing all his movements, seized the pen and inscribed on the register: "Francis A. Ralston, Cincinnati, Ohio." After which his companion wrote slowly: "John R. Wexford, ditto." They then stacked their hand-baggage and strolled out on the guards.

It was so early, that the deck was as yet uncrowded by those who would later be summoned from their staterooms by the announcement: "Just entering the Thousand Isles. Breakfast at seven."

A few passengers were astir, however; and, well forward on the deck, young Ralston's quick eye caught sight of something that evidently held his attention. A young girl was sitting in the bow of the boat, clad in a gray traveling-costume, that set forth the dainty figure to a nicety. A coquettish little sailor-hat, wound about with a long soft silk veil, crowned the coils of her dark hair. She held in her hands a curious little guitar, ornamented with a bow of yellow ribbon, and she was playing a tinkling accompaniment to the song she was humming.

There was no one near, and she seemed oblivious of everything save her contented song.

Ralston sought a glimpse of her face. He touched Wexford's elbow and pointed toward her suggestively.

"Well—yes: it is usually termed 'a woman,'" returned that imperturbable person. "It is best to leave such undisturbed until after breakfast. Let it alone, Frank, and take a cigar."

"No—thank you, Wexy—not now. I would rather not smoke just yet. By Jove! this is a lovely scene." And he walked forward, placing his chair at an angle with the object of interest.

Wexford followed slowly, settling himself comfortably in one chair, with his feet on the rounds of another. But he was not without his glance of inquiry toward the damsel.

She seemed unmoved by their approach, and still hummed her little song.

"Isn't she pretty, though, Wexy?" Ralston said, softly.

"Can't say," laconically from Wexford. "So far, I only see the back of a well-shaped head and hear a little humming like a honey-bee. Do not let it turn your head, Frank, or she may turn hers and disappoint you."

"Never fear. But where do we breakfast?" anxiously.

"We will wait until we reach the Bay," Wexford replied.

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"Until then? Oh, I'll never keep out of mischief so long as that, Wexy," glancing roguishly toward the girl.

As he spoke, she moved for the first time, and caught his glance full upon her. She dropped her eyes and he looked away, coloring furiously. But the incident evidently roused her to the consciousness that the deck was filling with other passengers, and she slipped her little instrument into a flannel case on her lap and rose.

"Come, Francis," Wexford said, with affected sternness, but carefully lowering his voice: "You have already taken the first step toward ruining that girl's peace of mind. I beg that this may go no further. As the guardian of the interests of sweet Kate Carey, I beg you will desist and—"

"Oh, shut up!"

The inelegant response only woke a new light of mischief in Wexford's eyes.

"Now, Frank, that is insolence born of a momentary ire. Curb this spirit of wrath, my son, for she has a diamond on her left hand that defies misunderstanding. She is engaged. Hello! What are you up to now?"

For Ralston, seeing that two elderly people had joined the young lady and were looking for seats, started up, took his own chair, jerked the one from under Wexford's feet without ceremony, and proceeded to present them to the gentleman of the party.

Wexford also rose and sacrificed his remaining chair, but with a certain aggrieved air and a half-reproachful glance toward Ralston, which was wasted, for the young man had darted away.

Wexford stood a moment irresolute.

"Are you looking for your—son, sir?" said a demure voice at his elbow. "He went into the cabin."

"Oh! ah—thanks!" stammered Wexford, and beat a hasty retreat, vexed to think that lovely girl could fancy him old enough to be Ralston's father.

He established himself on the other side of the deck, feeling certain Ralston would hunt him up in a few moments, and he knew he had the advantage, insomuch as a glimpse of the elderly gentleman convinced him of the lovely damsel's lineage.

Frank soon joined his friend.

"Well?" said Wexford.

"The old gentleman is very polite, but slow," came the answer.

"In other words, he did not present his wife and daughter. Don't you know who they are, Ralston?"

"No—why, do you know them?"

"It is old Colonel Gillespie and his family. Don't you remember little Gillespie, who made her début last autumn, and then was whisked away to the Sandwich Isles, owing to her father's liver or lungs? Russell Wentworth was wild about her. You refused to be introduced, the day of the Bickworth excursion. You said Russ was such a cad!"

"So that is the little Gillespie? I say, Wexy, I believe I'll go on to Montreal; I never have been over the rap—"

"No, you won't, Ralston! I will not be deserted in that way, besides letting you make such an ass of yourself! There goes the whistle for Rockport; so get your luggage, boy, and come on."

Ralston, with a discontented frown, gathered up his share of bags, then suddenly exclaimed in an undertone:

"Why, they are going to get off here, too."

"Exactly," said Wexford, dryly. "They have doubtless changed their minds also within fifteen minutes. Come!"

As the two stepped off the gang-plank, Miss Gillespie and her mother were a little in advance and crossed the pier to board the small steamer "Nellie," waiting to take them to Alexandria Bay, on the American side.

Wexford was looking for his especial boatman and quarreling with Ralston for his desire also to board the "Nellie," when a curious incident occurred. Miss Gillespie's veil was blown off her hat and wound its folds completely about Wexford's head.

She gave a little exclamation of surprise, and Ralston flew to release the struggling Wexford. It was "the very devil of a veil," as Wexford muttered, for it was so long, silky, and fine, that it baffled Ralston's attempts to disentangle it, and caught on Wexford's buttons and cravat-pin, until he finally tore it from its last hold, leaving a long shred still fast to the pin, and returned it to the blushing girl, glowing with his apologies and embarrassment.

"Give me the remnant, Wexy," cried Ralston, roaring with laughter, as they reached the boatman employed on previous occasions, and Wexford sank into his place with a rueful countenance.

"Take it, Frank, take it! The Lord deliver me from all such scenes. P-h-e-w! but I am warm. Quick, John, row to the Crossman House!"

CHAPTER II.

SCENE: Balcony of the Crossman House, three o'clock in the afternoon: the sunlight abroad

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over the water, and a lazy peace pervading the atmosphere.

Looking out across the bay with a vexed expression on her brow, Mrs. Ballard tapped her foot lightly on the floor and tried to hum a little air. Her brother, John Wexford, who was her sole companion, had evidently perpetrated the treason which ruffled her spirit. He tried to look profoundly indifferent, but only succeeded after a clumsy masculine fashion in looking exceedingly conscious.

"Of course, it should make little difference to me," Mrs. Ballard said, finally. "You have continually put aside opportunities rarer than this one. If I did not know you so well, I should say you had had some disappointment in love, and had resolved never to marry."

"Oh, not so bad as that, Carrie," smiled Wexford. "But, when I come up here for a quiet vacation, to fish and be lazy, I do not choose to have you get your match-making little brain bent on having me caught and safely landed in a matrimonial net. But there is Frank Ralston, wild for a flirtation with the very girl you are commending to me! Now, bait your hook carefully with—"

"John, you are absolutely coarse! Talking as if dear little Nina Gillespie were a worm or a fly to be used on a fish-line! I should like to know why you brought Frank Ralston with you. I knew the Gillespies were coming here. I should have written, protesting against Mr. Ralston's accompanying you, had I known your intention."

"What is the matter with Frank?" inquired Wexford.

"He is so abominably presuming! Did you meet the Gillespies on the boat this morning?"

"No—yes—that is, I only know the Colonel by sight. Miss Gillespie was on deck, and Frank took a great fancy to her. But, Carrie, she does not wear that diamond on her left hand without a deep and subtle import."

"Her father can cover her with diamonds, if he wishes. They are very wealthy; have traveled everywhere. They are from California now, and spent three months last winter at the Sandwich Islands."

"What a tender mouthful Miss Gillespie would make for the natives," chuckled Wexford.

"Now, John, do be sensible, and try and win this sweet girl! I am sure I speak from most disinterested motives. I want to see you comfortably settled with a nice wife! Besides, I think it high time you made a choice. You are growing older all—"

"Carrie," Wexford sat very erect as he spoke, "how old am I?"

"Well, let me think," she said, deliberately. "I am thirtyfour; you are just thirtyone in May."

"Do I look decrepit? Is my hair white? Do I show signs of mental decay?"

"No, no. Why, what is the matter, John?" she cried, half laughing at his earnest manner.

"Because—well, no matter! I have been reminded so often of advancing years. in the last twelve hours, I wanted to assure myself that dotage had not overtaken me."

"Who in the world has said you were looking old?"

"No one; only Miss Gillespie took me to be Frank Ralston's father this morning."

"Good gracious! How ridiculous! But I thought you did not speak to them."

"I didn't; but Frank got them chairs, and must needs be polite, and so forth."

"Just like him. He is so politic. Isn't he engaged to Kate Carey?"

"Little Kitty Carey? She is his cousin, you know," and Wexford looked intently at the sun on the water until it must have dazzled his sight.

"Nevertheless, he was reported engaged to her, and he danced attendance on her all last season."

"Humph! Did he?"

"You know he did. I used to wonder sometimes why you did not like Kate yourself. I have always thought young Ralston an unprincipled flirt. I have not a doubt Kitty loves him to distraction. You remember how he flirted with Mamie Carter? It was awful! I shall warn Nina—"

"By Jove! you will do nothing of the kind," Wexford cried, warmly. "You have no right to speak of Frank in this way! Kitty Carey can manage her own affairs, I— Hello! What was that?"

Mrs. Ballard started also, as a sliding cracking noise reached them.

"It sounded like someone climbing into this verandah from the one beneath. Some boy, probably," she said, carelessly, after a moment's pause. "And now, I see the Colonel and Mrs. Gillespie coming. Nina is not with them. Do sit up, John, and try to make yourself interesting. I want you to like them."

There was no escape, and Wexford grumblingly braced himself for the trying ordeal.

At the same time, a youth of prepossessing countenance was walking rapidly away from the Crossman House, with tingling ears and a face still glowing from anger and mortification. It was no other than Mr. Francis Ralston, who had

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been an unwilling listener to the tête-à-tête between the brother and sister.

The verandahs surrounded three sides of the hotel, and Ralston was lazily swinging in a hammock just around the corner from Wexford and his sister. He had been half asleep, when he was roused by hearing his own name spoken. Even then he lay quiet, hardly realizing that he could be the objectionable party scornfully referred to by Mrs. Ballard. But a few moments sufficed to make him very uncomfortable. To rise and confront them might lead to disagreeable consequences; to walk the length of the verandah and back would not deceive them as to his close proximity. At last, in his dilemma, he stole to the end of the piazza, climbed the railing, and, by the aid of the column and balustrade, lowered himself to the verandah below, and from thence to the ground. It was not a very perilous descent —the small boys reveled in such feats of daring. But it was not a very pleasant thing to do when one felt the eyes of a great many people might be upon one, wondering why a handsome youth, clad in dark-blue flannel and wearing a straw hat, should be forced to climb a porch rather than use the stairway. It looked strange, to say the least; and Francis Ralston was one of those men who never like to appear ridiculous or eccentric. Fortunately, few witnessed his discomfiture. He paused when some distance from the house, to examine his garments, afraid they must have suffered in his rapid descent. Finding they had sustained little injury, he walked on, vexed and sore in spirit, making a dozen different resolutions, with which mingled a strong desire in some way to interfere with Mrs. Ballard's future enjoyment.

He had consented to join John Wexford in spending his vacation at Alexandria Bay, because he was attached to his old friend, and, for the past three summers, they had always spent their vacations together.

Until he reached the Bay, he did not know Wexford expected to meet his sister. Even then he felt that her presence would only enliven their sojourn. Wexford laughingly said: "Carrie is here without her husband, so you can become her chevalier and abet her in her picnics, straw-rides, and so forth, while I shall fish, row, and take mine ease."

Now, matters had assumed an entirely new aspect: Mrs. Ballard was evidently bent on a matrimonial scheme regarding her brother. Ralston could not decide what the effect might be on Wexford. It would hardly surprise him to have John propose their leaving Alexandria Bay at once, and this would be more unacceptable than a sojourn there under Mrs. Ballard's espionage.

"An unprincipled flirt." Those words cut Ralston sorely. Kate Carey, indeed! And what if he did carry her picture in a medallion on his watch-chain and had at present a letter in his pocket from her? If Mrs. Ballard could only see that letter and decipher Miss Carey's remarkable chirography, he wondered whom she would decide to be the "unprincipled flirt."

Ralston was a sensitive fellow; moreover, he was five years younger than his friend Wexford, and had not yet learned to bear feminine criticism calmly. He was indignant that Mrs. Ballard should speak of him thus, and, furthermore, determine in every way to impede his acquaintance with Miss Gillespie. He drew from his pocket a little scrap of blue veil, and laughed aloud as he remembered the incident of the morning. It was a grim laugh, however, and implied an intention of revenge rather than a mirthful memory.

Then he suddenly began to look about, to find that indignation combined with a rapid pace had taken him far up the shore of the bay and quite out of sight of the Crossman House. He was glad of it; at this moment he hated the Crossman House, as representative of Mrs. Ballard and his recent chagrin.

Beyond him, the shore rose for a short distance in a miniature bluff, and Ralston fancied there was a sheltered nook beneath, if one could reach it by a venturous step on a little sand-bar that intervened, running out into the water.

Exploring was one of Ralston's delights. He made the venturous step and paused in the midst of the sand-bar to survey his haven, when a sight met his eyes which transfixed him: a boat was riding the waves, tied to an oar that had been wedged in between two or three rocks; a shawl of gay hue lay on the sand, across it a small guitar, and a book was stretched open over the strings of the instrument; beyond lay a dainty sailor-hat wound about with a blue veil, and sitting on a rock at the edge of the water was Miss Nina Gillespie, wholly unconscious of his gaze; for, with her pretty boating-dress well tucked up, she was paddling her little white feet in the water and singing softly.

Close at hand stood her tennis-shoes, foaming over with her dainty hose, and a glimmer of silk garter and scarlet ribbon making an effective bit of color against the gray rock. She looked so childishly happy, that Ralston felt guilty at having discovered her, and was about to turn quietly away when he was seized with that tantalizing sensation in the nose that prefaces what Dundreary terms "a magnificent sneeze."

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It took him so unawares, that he had no time to make use of any of the preventives recommended, and he awoke a tremendous echo as the sneeze burst forth.

The girl sprang to her feet with a scream, and, in the violent start, brushed one little shoe, with its burden of hose and garter, into the water.

"Pardon me. I beg— I never meant—" Ralston began, entreatingly.

She confronted him a moment, crimson with shame.

"Oh, go away—please, please do!" she burst forth. "I— Oh, dear—oh!"

Then, suddenly catching sight of her shoe as it floated away, she exclaimed:

"My shoe! my shoe! Oh, what will become of me?"

"I will get it," cried Ralston, eagerly; "stay where you are. Let me take the boat."

He dashed past her, and, springing into the little craft, pushed out toward the floating shoe. It was a goodly distance in advance of him, bobbing along in an aggravating way, a glimmer of ribbon floating on the water in its wake.

Now he neared it, now he reached for it, when it gave an elusive dip and got beyond him.

But he was not to be outdone by a little leather and elastic. He persevered; at length, he surely had it within his grasp; and he heard the girl give a little hysterical cry of delight—when he leaned too far, and, in endeavoring to recover his balance, plunged head foremost into the water, grasping frantically at the floating shoe.

CHAPTER III.

With the first surprise and shock of the cold water, Ralston sank, but, a moment later, struck out for the shore. He was an excellent swimmer, and caught at the rope of the boat and towed that with him. He had never released his hold on the shoe; and, reaching the bank some distance beyond the sheltered nook, he managed to secure the boat. He then shook himself like a huge Newfoundland dog, feeling very chilly and uncomfortable.

The girl came running toward him, regardless of the rough beach which cut her tender feet.

"Oh," she cried, breathlessly, "you are safe! I never was so frightened in my life. Suppose you had not known how to swim. It was awful—and all about that paltry shoe. How can I thank you? I—I don't even know you," she added, suddenly becoming conscious and blushing scarlet.

"No; I hardly had time for a formal introduction, under the circumstances," said Ralston, with grim humor, as he wrung the water from his hair. "If you will believe it now, this pitiably damp object is Francis Ralston, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and I think I am addressing Miss Gillespie."

"Yes. But I am so ashamed, and—and—" she stammered, and looked on the verge of tears.

"Don't feel that way about it; it was all my fault," said Ralston, shivering a little. For, no matter how warm the atmosphere, it is not pleasant to indulge in a plunge-bath without warning.

"No, no. It was so foolish of me, to want to paddle in the water. And now you are shivering; you will take cold. There is my shawl. Oh, is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes," said Ralston, "there is something I would be everlastingly grateful to you for doing. You have a dry handkerchief: if I may wipe my face on it, I shall be your debtor for life."

"How thoughtless of me!" she cried, giving him a seven-inch square of linen, of which it is honest to admit Ralston made the very best use and assumed a less moist, if not a decidedly more cheerful, countenance.

"I have lost my hat. It will be food for fishes in a short time," he said, with smiling resignation, as he thrust the handkerchief in his damp pocket.

"Oh, dear! How will you get back to the hotel? And I had forgotten—the shoe is here—but—"

She sank suddenly down on a rock close at hand, looking blankly at the empty tennis-shoe. Her lip quivered, while blush after blush passed painfully over her face. Ralston felt equally embarrassed, but wisely remained silent. Finally, she looked up at him, and, dropping her arms at her side, said, half defiantly:

"I don't care!"

"That is the most sensible remark I ever heard a young woman make under trying circumstances," cried Ralston, relieved at her tone. "If you take my advice, you will continue in that frame of mind! Let me get the other shoe and your traps and bring them here. I will get the oar which you fortunately used as an anchor. I will put you in the boat and you can row back, and no one be the wiser for your loss and my misfortune."

"But what will you do? Walk to the hotel bareheaded and in wet clothes? I will not hear of that."

"I am very tough; it won't harm me," he said.

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"No; it would be the basest ingratitude on my part, after all you have done, to permit it," she cried, with a girlish exaggeration which made him smile.

"I was the chief cause of the catastrophe," he replied. "I should have minded my own affairs. But no matter; I will get the things."

He came back, carrying the little musical instrument, the book, shawl, and remaining oar.

"I have a suggestion to make, Mr. Francis," Miss Gillespie said, shyly, and Ralston was unkind enough to let her mistake in his cognomen pass unnoticed, since his Christian name slipped so sweetly from her lips. "I know of a little pier below the hotel, where we can land and walk to the house almost unnoticed. Will you go with me?"

"You are very kind. To be honest, there is one thing I dread more than the walk. Perhaps you do not know the nature of flannel clothes? I have no desire to dry out before I reach the hotel."

"Oh, I see," she said, trying to repress a smile.

"Now, I will rig the vessel while you—replace your shoes," he said, with becoming gravity. And he went to busy himself arranging her belongings in the boat.

In a few moments, she stood beside him. He helped her to her place and pushed the little boat out of the shady nook into the sunlight. Then, as they looked back on the scene of their late adventure, their eyes met, and the girl broke into irrepressible laughter. Ralston was not slow in joining her.

"Oh, if you could see how funny you look!" she gasped. "I know it is horrible of me, but I should laugh if you were my grandfather. Oh, it is awful, awful! But I can't help it, when I think how you looked as you went under."

"I am glad you can laugh," he answered. "Did it strike you that you were a great stickler for conventionalities when you demanded a formal introduction?"

"I do not know what I said. It was altogether the most absurd thing that ever happened to me," she returned.

"It is a delightful absurdity. I, for one, shall not regret it," said Ralston, gallantly. "And now let me ask, Miss Gillespie, what is the little instrument you have in your lap."

"This," she replied, running her fingers over the strings and emitting a sweet chord, "is a Taro-patch fiddle, brought from the Sandwich Islands, where I spent last winter."

"Why is it called a fiddle? It is like a guitar. And why 'Taro-patch'?"

"Taro is a weed that the natives cultivate. It grows like a beet and in marshy land. The people live in and about their Taro-patches and use this little instrument, and so it is called a Taro-patch fiddle. This is one of the native songs." And, touching the strings, she sang softly some unintelligible syllables to their accompaniment.

Ralston forgot his own situation—forgot that his cravat was spreading its color over his shirt-front, that his clothes were partaking of that prerogative of shrinkage granted to flannel. He was lifted above such mundane trifles, and the spell was only broken when they reached the pier.

"Miss Gillespie," said he, "we have friends in common at the Crossman House, and in all likelihood the introduction you deemed so necessary will take place."

"Please do not remind me of that silly speech again," she pleaded.

"I was going to suggest, for the sake of conventionality, that we meet as strangers to-night and never divulge a word of this eventful afternoon."

"Thank you very much. It is a compact between us, then. You will be silent regarding my conduct?"

"It is a compact, and I trust will effectually seal our friendship. Thank you, Miss Gillespie," he replied, with a gravity only half assumed.

They parted, taking different approaches to the hotel, and Ralston reached the privacy of his room without comment upon his hatless condition.

Miss Gillespie, in her apartment, made a somewhat enigmatical statement to her own image in the mirror.

"Didn't he look absurd? but so handsome, even when so very wet." Then, as her eyes fell on the diamond ring which Wexford had deplored earlier in this narrative, she paused and bit her lip reflectively, then added: "No; I shall not tell even Russell about this. It was a promise made, and I must keep my word."

* * * * * * * * *

As Ralston anticipated, he was formally introduced to Miss Gillespie that evening by Mrs. Ballard; and even that discerning chaperone failed to detect any sign of mutual understanding between the pair. Miss Gillespie was looking very lovely in a white dress, the tint of her neck and arms glimmering softly through its delicate lace trimmings. Her dusky hair was caught back with a band of brilliant stones and coiled in a low knot on her neck, and her eyes were like stars. She carried a large fan of

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white feathers, fingering the ivory handle with the same indolent grace with which she had touched the Taro-patch fiddle.

Somewhat to Ralston's surprise, Wexford betrayed a lazy inclination to show Miss Gillespie a certain degree of attention. He talked more than usual in his droll manner, calling forth silvery peals of laughter from the young lady. Mrs. Ballard, whose acquaintance seemed unlimited among the hotel guests, was helping the young people to organize an impromptu hop, and demanded Ralston's assistance, complaining that her brother never danced. Ralston approached Miss Gillespie as she sat near Wexford, her father and mother a short distance from them. The first strains of "My Queen" were being drawn forth from a piano, with the usual emphasis which accompanies an effort to make that instrument essay the rôle of an orchestra. For the first time that evening, Ralston permitted a conscious glance to meet Miss Gillespie's as he bowed and asked her to waltz with him. She looked at him with a half-mischievous smile which showed her comprehension of the meaning in his eyes. Then the diamond on her left hand flashed, as she gently swayed her fan and answered:

"I have forsworn waltzing, Mr. Fran—Ralston." She stopped to bite her lip over her blunder, then added: "I will be glad to dance the Lancers with you."

"Thanks; then we will have the music as soon as possible," Ralston said.

"Oh, Mr. Ralston, won't you go ask that poor little wall-flower yonder to waltz?" asked Mrs. Ballard, bustling up to him. "Then I will introduce you to Miss Grant. She is the belle of the house."

So Ralston was forced to move away, leaving Wexford tête-à-tête with this charming girl. A galop and another waltz followed before the Lancers, and then he eagerly sought Miss Gillespie; but she had vanished. Ralston was ready to believe Miss Gillespie might have been carried away on a moonbeam, but he refused to imagine Wexford, the Colonel, and Mrs. Gillespie wafted off by any such ethereal agency. Nor was he comforted by Mrs. Ballard when she said:

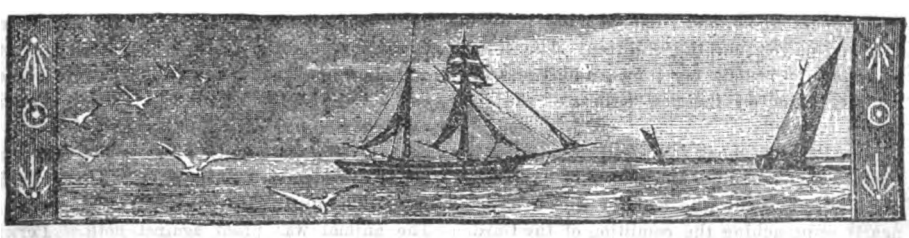
"John and Nina went out on the water, I think. Mrs. Gillespie has retired; I said I would chaperone Nina. Lovely girl; is she not, Mr. Ralston?"

Ralston was rapidly growing to dislike Mrs. Ballard. He turned away, so vexed he could hardly repress an impatient exclamation. He could not understand Wexford's conduct. What would his cousin say? And suddenly he felt in his pocket for her letter, remembering afterward that it was lying soaked in the pocket of his flannel suit. Well, there was no more to be had of Miss Gillespie's society that evening, so Ralston lighted a cigarette and strolled out into the night. The moon was high in the heavens and Ralston in a mood for self-communion. He walked until once more he saw in the soft light the nook and treacherous little sand-bar of the afternoon's adventure. Once more he conjured up the vision of the girl in her pretty boating-dress, the dark hair blown about her anxious face, as she bent toward him, crying: "Oh, you are safe!"

As he stood thus, a sound struck his ear. Across the water, came the tinkling notes of the Taro-patch fiddle, mingling with Miss Gillespie's sweet voice. Knowing Wexford to be rowing the boat, a sudden anger possessed Ralston, and he turned to retrace his steps, when he noticed some shining object lying just at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was soft and had a glimmer of scarlet ribbon on it, and formed the emblem of eternity. Ralston smiled. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," he murmured. "It is her garter. I must have saved it with the shoe to drop it here. I suppose I ought to return lost property, but, under the circumstances, I think I shall be justified in keeping this souvenir of the afternoon's adventure."

He put the small relic in his pocket and strolled away.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



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MR. PERKINS'S FARMING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"LIFE in the country is a dream of perpetual happiness." So read the newspaper extract that Harry Perkins was pondering over; and he was so much impressed by it that he read it aloud to his wife along with the half-column of similar sentiments which followed it.

Evidently, the writer had become enamored of farm-life, in theory if not in practice.

"Now, Anna," said Mr. Perkins, crossing his legs and throwing himself back in his chair, as he invariably did when he was commencing an argument, "that sounds promising! That fellow knows what he is talking about. And you know how we have always thought we should enjoy the country. Fresh milk that has not passed through the milkman's manipulations; butter, golden as buttercups; strawberries every morning for breakfast; chickens of one's own raising; honey fresh from the comb; pure air and water; natural society, no gossip. Anna, the experiment is worth trying."

"But, Henry, you have a good situation, and the children are at school, and you don't know anything about farming!"

"Do you take me for a fool, Anna Perkins?" cried her husband, indignantly. "Don't you suppose I have got brains enough to learn, if indeed there is anything to learn? Don't you think I am as bright a man, naturally, as old Ducy, who brings us our cabbages, or the red-haired milkman, who brings butter and eggs and charges five per cent. more for them because he knows they are fresh? Humph! fresh! If he knows they are, it is more than we know when we come to use them."

"Oh, of course, Henry; you know enough in your way," said his wife. "But it don't seem to me that you can know much about farming, having never had any experience."

"I can learn. Anybody can learn in two weeks' time as much as any of those old rural clodhoppers know, and I have a mind to try it. It would be good for the children. The change of air would benefit my lungs, and you would get fat, Anna, on the new milk and the good things generally."

Mrs. Perkins shook her head doubtfully, but Perkins was sanguine, and that very day he saw a real-estate agent who had for sale a farm so nearly approaching the condition of the Garden of Eden before it became infested with snakes that Perkins went out to look at it and concluded to invest four thousand dollars in it.

"Real estate," said the agent, "is by all means the safest of investments. Railroad bonds are ticklish, savings-banks are risky because Canada is so near, and it takes a small fortune to buy a hundred-dollar Government bond; and as for mining-stocks — why, a man must be mad as a March hare to think of them! But real estate, my dear sir, real estate is right there every time! It can't be stolen, and you have got it where you can see it. And farming is the noblest and most independent life in the world."

Mr. Perkins became the proprietor of Walnut Dell farm and took his family thither. Why it was called "Walnut Dell" it would have puzzled a philosopher to determine, since the nearest approach to a walnut-tree on the premises was a horse-chestnut which looked as if the "sere and yellow leaf" had overtaken it in its prime. It had a discouraged appearance, and so had everything else about Walnut Dell farm. But this was owing, Mr. Perkins informed his wife, to the fact that, since the owner died, two years ago, the place had been rented, and it was a well-known truth that nobody ever took much interest in a place which was hired.

"We'll soon slick it up and make things boom!" said Perkins, rubbing his hands. "You'll have a flower-garden on the lawn, Anna, and I shall raise peas and cucumbers and celery and — by George, we'll send some in to Brown! Brown has laughed at the idea of my turning farmer, and I shall make him laugh on the other side of his face!"

It was early in April when Mr. Perkins took possession of his estate, and he set at once to work to get things in trim.

He bought a horse and hired an Irishman, and the two set about ploughing the ground for the early vegetables. But the horse did not believe in early vegetables. He preferred to stand still and chew his bit and stamp his forefeet viciously and let the plough rest in the furrow. Perkins exerted his powers of persuasion, but all in vain. The horse only planted his feet more firmly and declined to move on. Then Perkins tried the whip. The Irishman tried profanity. The animal was proof against both. Perkins

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took him by the bit and offered to help him by pulling with all his might at his head. The horse declined the offer with thanks.

The sun was hot, mosquitoes were plentiful and attended strictly to business. The neighbors gathered to see the circus and brought their dogs with them. All of them—except the dogs—gave some advice. A good deal of it was tried and proved ineffectual. At last, Perkins got mad and indulged in some forcible remarks. Mrs. Perkins, with the baby in her arms, appeared on the scene and asked Perkins what he thought of himself for giving way so, and she asked him where he expected to go to when he died, both of which conundrums only made him the madder.

"Prick his hind leg with a penknife," said an old teamster who was passing by with a load of fence-rails and climbed over the fence to see what was going on. "Never knowed that to fail to start 'em."

And Perkins pricked the hind leg as directed. The effect was electrical. The horse elevated his heels, gave a snort, and plunged off down the field, and Perkins went up in the air as if shot from a pop-gun, and came down in a ditch a rod off, and was hauled out by the crowd, half suffocated with the muddy water. The horse kept right on till he came to a stone wall, where he left the plough, and struck a bee-line for the barn of his former owner, where he brought up all right in due time, sweaty, but triumphant.

Perkins gave his original proprietor ten dollars to take him back and hired his ploughing done He considered it cheaper.

He bought some books on farming and worked by their instructions. He did not take any stock in the advice of the old hayseedy fellows who lived around in that vicinity; he believed in science.

He planted his early beans and peas and corn, and every day he went to see if they were coming up. At last, he was rewarded by seeing the first green shoots of the peas, and the next day the ground began to crack open and rise up, and lo, the beans appeared!

But what was Perkins's consternation to perceive that the beans themselves—the beans he had planted—had come right out of the ground on top of the shoots!

He told his wife about it, with great distress of mind.

"It must be that I put too much phosphate in the hill, and it has blown them right out of the earth. Now, those beans should have staid in the ground for the plants to have rooted in and got their nourishment from. That's the natural way of things. And all I can do is to set 'em out right side down; but it'll be a tormented hard job!"

"I'll help you," said the dutiful wife. "We'll take it early in the morning, while it is cool, and before anybody gets round. I wouldn't let Patrick know anything about it, if I were you, for it might make him have less respect for you. He would think that you did not know how to plant things."

So, in the early morning, Mr. Perkins and his wife went out into the field and began transplanting the beans and sticking the bean end down into the ground.

Of course, one never can do anything privately if one tries, and old Farmer Jones cut across lots, from driving the oxen off to pasture, and came down upon Perkins and his wife before they saw him.

"What in natur' are you two a-doing?" asked he, turning over his quid and adding a fresh morsel of tobacco to it, by way of assisting his understanding.

"My—er—my beans had a little too much phosphate in the hills," stammered Perkins, "and they came up wrong end first, and we thought we'd set 'em down right—"

"Land of Goshen!" said Farmer Jones. "Strange that folks can be so 'tarnal green! Why, beans allers come up that way. Where have you been all your life that you don't know beans?"

Mr. Perkins never liked to hear anything about beans afterward; but all the old residents of the Walnut Dell farm vicinity always instanced him when there was anything said about the farming operations of city-bred men.

Perkins next invested in hens. He read a book on poultry which set forth the advantages of hen-farming in glowing colors. A man could realize two dollars a year on each hen, so of course it followed that, with a thousand hens, he could make two thousand dollars; and so on in like ratio. But he listened to his wife's advice and began modestly. He could work up to something big by degrees, she told him, if he found that the business paid.

He purchased twenty hens, and they went right to business at once and scratched out ten dollars' worth of dahlia-bulbs and about a peck of gladiolas and all the choice seeds which Mrs. Perkins had planted with so much care in her flower-beds.

And by and by Perkins thought he would set a hen. Chickens were such lovely and interesting creatures! So he put fifteen eggs in a box, and caught a hen and put her on them, and she

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pecked the skin off his wrist and then flew into his face and broke five of the eggs and screeched bloody murder and exhibited signs of total depravity of temper, and finally flew through the wood-shed window into the top of the horse-chestnut tree, where she sat all day, and would not be poked out with a fishing-pole or stoned out by any number of stones hurled in her direction. And Mr. Perkins told his wife that probably the reason she would not "set" was that the man who sold her to him had been a cheat and sold hens that had never been taught to "set."

Perkins's next venture was a cow, "a gentle creature and a great milker and a pet for women and children," said the mild-mannered old granger of whom our hero purchased her.

So, when Perkins got her home, Mrs. Perkins and the hired girl and the two boys and the baby all came out to see her.

"We'll have bread and milk for supper," said Mrs. Perkins. "It'll be so nice to know just what we're eating. No filthy adulteration! I declare, I am quite in love with her already. She has beautiful eyes and such handsome antlers!"

"Them is horns, ma'am," said Biddy, the hired girl, "and foine ones, too! And faith, I never seen any finer in this counthry."

"Can you milk her?" asked Mrs. Perkins, addressing her husband a little doubtfully.

"Milk her? Of course I can," said Mr. Perkins. "Here are the directions in this book on dairying." And, pulling a book from his pocket, he began to read: "'Always be gentle with a cow. Never speak loud or cross. She will yield her milk more readily if the milker sings or whistles while performing the operation of milking. Sit well forward, and keep the pail just in front of the hind legs. If the animal whisks her tail so as to be troublesome, tie it to the leg.' There, Anna, what can be easier than that? You can hum some soothing tune, I will whistle, and we shall succeed as well as if we had been born farmers."

Perkins placed himself in position on an inverted feed-box and started up his whistling, and Mrs. Perkins began to hum. The hired girl stood with her hands on her hips, and the two young members of the Perkins family looked on with eager delight.

The cow looked surprised. She stopped chewing her cud and turned out the whites of her eyes, as she glanced apprehensively behind her. She fetched her tail a vicious switch and knocked the glasses out of Perkins's spectacles and filled his eyes with strong-smelling dust.

"I must tie her tail," said he, after he had got his eyesight rubbed back again. "That is what the book says. Strange that I did not do that at first!"

So Mr. Perkins proceeded to tie it. The cow evidently did not relish this method of being anchored to herself, and she lifted her foot and sent the milk-pail spinning across the yard, and the half-pint of milk that was in it spattered over the front of Mrs. Perkins's brown silk dress.

"Oh, the burning shame!" cried Bridget. "All that illigant milk wasted!"

"There is enough more," said Mr. Perkins, "but the cow does not like having her tail tied to her own leg. Let me see; is it possible I have misunderstood the meaning of the author of this book? I must have. It reads thus: 'Tie the tail to the leg.' It must mean to the leg of the milker. Of course that is what it means! How stupid of me not to understand. Bridget, you bring me a piece of line, and I'll fix her."

Bridget brought the line, and Perkins took a twist with it around the animal's tail and secured it to his own leg.

"Now she's all right," said he. "Anna, you may sing a little, I guess. Something soft and soothing, to show her that we are her friends."

As he spoke, he put his leg forward to sit down, and the motion tightened the line on the animal's tail. She gave a leap forward and upward, vented a loud and angry roar, and over the wall she went, and streaked it through the back yard with Perkins in her wake like the tender to a locomotive.

"Tarnation!" yelled Perkins, frantically.

This wild exclamation was wrung from him by the cow's dashing against one of the beehives.

By a mighty effort, Perkins wrenched his leg free, and the cow, thus set at liberty, leaped the back-yard fence and went off down the road, with the bees in hot pursuit.

Perkins picked himself up and limped into the house, where his wife did him up in arnica and cotton-batting and put him to bed.

Next morning, a neighbor brought home the cow, considerably swollen around the eyes and with the end of her tail amputated.

"Keep her, keep her!" said Perkins. "You're welcome to her. I never want to set eyes on her! And Walnut Dell is for sale. I am going back to the city. Country air don't agree with me. Nobody is fit to live here but some old mossback that has been bred to the business."

And the reader will appreciate the Christian character of Mrs. Perkins, when we say that she refrained from exclaiming: "I told you so."

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JACK'S MOTHER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MRS. LYDGATE was descending the terrace-steps, on her way through the elm-tree alley to the garden and shrubberies. There was not a soul in sight, and she was glad of a little solitude; for, since she had come to her father's country-seat, her society-loving mother had kept the house so full of guests that, between her duties as assistant hostess and other imperative claims on her time, the young widow had scarcely been able to find a moment to herself.

This morning, most of the visitors had departed, and those left were either elderly people who preferred the quiet of their own rooms during the early hours of the summer afternoon or young couples who could be trusted to amuse themselves for awhile.

As Jeanie reached the foot of the steps, her six-year-old boy came bounding round the corner of the house in hot haste, crying:

"Mamma! mamma! I was down near the gates, and Mr. Effington was going by. He says I may go with him, over the hill to Royston—it's shady all the way. I told him I knew you would let me; but he said I must come and ask you."

"I hope you would have done so in any case," returned his mother, gently.

"Oh, I—well, I hope so. Only, when a fellow's in a hurry, he might forget," rejoined truthful Jack, sobering down for an instant from his excitement to contemplate the possible weakness of the flesh under strong temptation.

"Where is Mr. Effington?" his mother asked, not feeling it necessary to enlarge, just then, on the necessity of not forgetting—indeed, fully occupied in hiding her amusement at the small man's words and manner.

"Oh, he's coming; let's go and meet him. He said we'd go through the grounds to the grove—it's shorter," cried Jack, all eagerness again as he pulled at his mother's hand, to draw her toward the avenue. "Oh, there he is! Mr. Effington, mamma says I may go—I knew she would."

The handsome young artist came up and saluted Mrs. Lydgate, disclaimed any thanks for taking Jack, declaring that he was glad to have his society: whereat Jack swelled with pride and immediately stood on one leg with as much ease as a stork could have done, while he waved the other in the air with an agility which the bird might have envied.

The pair watching laughed at his antics, then remained conversing for a few moments while he ran into the house to bring his mother a basket, she having been suddenly inspired with the idea of going down to the brook, to gather some rushes and other wild plants that grew there in profusion.

The boy soon returned, and Effington, having made his adieu, regarded the embrace with which mother and child parted with a certain vague feeling of envy. Indeed, for a few moments after they started, Jack might have thought him a very silent companion if he had not himself been talking all the while. However, Effington soon roused himself from his fancies to remember that he was speculating on matters which might concern his friend Torrance, but certainly did not regard him who had only known Mrs. Lydgate for a couple of months.

Meanwhile, that lady made her way through the shrubberies to the grove that stretched to the foot of the hill along which the flower-bordered brook ran impetuous and swift.

She filled the basket, and then went back through the shrubberies, meaning to go directly into the house.

But just where the long old-fashioned garden ended and the thickets and trees began, stood a delightful vine-covered arbor which was a favorite retreat of hers, and she could not resist entering.

She sat down, and at first began idly arranging the rushes, but presently forgot them—and the fact that she might be needed indoors—in deep earnest meditation.

Jeanie Lydgate was not yet five-and-twenty, but she had been a widow for more than four years. Until the previous winter, she had gone little in society even since her period of mourning ended, but had yielded at length to the persuasion of friends and more to the decree of her mother. To this latter force, she would probably have been obliged to submit a good while before, had not the autocratic lady found ample occupation in marrying-off her two younger daughters.

In reality, Jeanie's own marriage had been a good deal owing to the maternal influence, though its brief course had held quiet happiness enough,

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adored as she was by her middle-aged husband—who, besides being an exceptionally handsome man, possessed talent and reputation sufficient to convince a girl whose heart had never really wakened that he was the realization of her vague maidenly dreams. But he passed out of this sphere, leaving Jeanie rich in worldly goods—richer in the possession of a little son whom she idolized; and, when widow's-weeds had been for a good while put aside and Mrs. Drayton had her mind at leisure, that tactician decided it would be a wicked misuse of precious gifts to let Jeanie's youth and beauty waste longer in retirement.

The acute matron had a passion for marrying-off her fledgelings, and had shown herself as anxious as if they were penniless, instead of the daughters of a wealthy man. She had provided spouses for her sons, too, and was that miracle—a mother-in-law warmly beloved. She could no more tolerate the idea of a widow in her family than she could a spinster; so Jeanie was introduced anew to society, though without having any inkling of the maternal designs.

Society was exceedingly happy to welcome back the young woman, with her beauty and her wealth—and a very brilliant season she had; though, in spite of much real enjoyment, Jeanie often longed for the quiet of the past few years, the leisure for books, music, and painting—above all, the ability to keep small Master Jack constantly at her side—and secretly determined that, another winter, she would find courage to resist even her mother, in order to guard against such complete absorption of her time. But Mrs. Drayton intended, before that period, to see Jeanie safe in the guardianship of an unexceptionable husband; and when, in February, Herbert Torrance returned from the South and joined the young widow's numerous train of admirers, the mother's Machiavelian intuitions assured her that she had found the fitting mate for her charge.

Only thirty, more than ordinarily good-looking, money, excellent family, a reputation for cleverness, the best match of the season in every way: what more could anxious parent desire?

Like a wise man, Torrance made a confidante of Mrs. Drayton. She knew his hopes and wishes in regard to Jeanie almost as soon as he discovered them—and that was the second time he ever set eyes on the bewitching creature; and the pair were firm allies long before the young widow had thought of marrying Herbert Torrance more than any other man—and that was not at all.

The idea, when first presented, gave her a sort of shock; but, as she grew accustomed to it, she could not help admitting that she liked and admired him exceedingly; and this, her mother declared, was as much as any woman needed to feel toward a future husband: and, judging by the light of her own experience, Jeanie honestly supposed that it was.

The next few months were all hurry and confusion to her; Torrance overwhelmed her with delicate attentions which she could not easily—and, perhaps, had no mind to—refuse. Then, somehow, she suddenly perceived that relations and friends acted as if they expected an engagement to be announced, and felt half frightened. At this crisis, that female Napoleon, her mother, came to the fore, declaring that she had given the man every encouragement and she was no longer a girl to be able to plead thoughtlessness. Then Torrance pressed his suit with a fervor and eloquence which not only made Jeanie feel sympathy and dread to hurt him, but moved her sufficiently half to persuade her that her own heart was really touched.

Yet, to a certain extent, she held firm; by spring, she had been urged into a conditional engagement; but she would go no further; each was to have six months' space for consideration.

It was the end of June now. During the last six weeks, Jeanie had been at her father's country-house. Torrance was visiting his sister, whose place adjoined the Draytons'; and, after this period of gayety and absorption, Jeanie had wakened to the fact that everybody, from Herbert Torrance and her mother to the furthest relation on every side—including her dead husband's, who seemed as much pleased as the rest—appeared to consider her irrevocably bound; of late, even hints that the marriage was looked for early in the autumn were thrust on her and added to her rapidly-growing trouble.

For, as time had gone on, Jeanie's heart had not warmed toward her lover: as his character showed more clearly, she saw faults the hardest for her to bear—jealousy and a tyrannical disposition. Beside the fears these qualities roused, she dreaded the thought of giving up her freedom, and other impulses, less tangible, unavowed even, made her begin to see how greatly she had erred in temporizing, thereby placing herself in a position which gave all her advisers such a hold on her.

An hour passed, and Jeanie's unquiet reverie, growing ever deeper, rendered her so unconscious of the lapse of time that she was fairly startled when she heard Jack call:

"Mamma! mamma! where are you?"

"Here, darling," she answered, rising quickly,

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glad to be brought out of her meditations, especially by that voice.

She hurried forward; but, before she could pass the clump of trees, Jack had bounded toward her, crying excitedly:

"Such a splendid time as we had! Oh, if you'd only been along, mamma!"

"What a hot dusty little boy," she said, stooping to give him a hearty embrace.

"It was just splendid!" continued Jack. "See what a stunning top Ford bought me. And he's so good-natured. I like him ever so much better than I do that Mr. Torrance; he scolded me, the other day, when he took me out—"

"Hush, dear," Jeanie interrupted; "you must not talk about people being cross; and never call gentlemen by their Christian names—it is not proper."

"He said I might—didn't you, Ford?" shouted Jack. And, rising quickly from the grass where she had bent on one knee by her boy, Mrs. Lydgate perceived Ford Effington standing at a little distance, regarding them as intently if he had been mentally making a study for a picture.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Effington—this child was so nearly smothering me that I did not see you" Jeanie said, as the young artist came forward.

"You did say I might call you 'Ford'—didn't you?" demanded Jack, in great haste. "And mamma says it isn't proper. Oh, that's what Mr. Torrance is always saying about everything a fellow wants to do."

Effington saw a blush color Jeanie's cheek, and was at no loss to understand what it meant—his friend Herbert had confided the secret to him weeks before; so he hastened to observe:

"I'm afraid I am the culprit. Mrs. Lydgate. I told Jack to try 'Ford,' since he found 'Mr. Effington' such a mouthful."

"Well, it is long," cried Jack; "but, anyhow, it's ever so much prettier than 'Torrance.'"

Ford's effort to relieve the young mother's possible embarrassment had only resulted in another mal-à-propos speech on Master Hopeful's part; but Mrs. Lydgate wisely paid no attention thereto, merely saying:

"Please go into the house and ask Rose to wash your hands and brush those clothes."

"We were chasing a chipmunk and Jack got a fall," Mr. Effington explained, with his pleasant laugh.

"You bet, it was a header!" added the small wretch, turning to comply with his mother's request. "Only just please look at my top, though, mamma—it's a regular beauty."

The new toy was duly admired, and Jack sped off down the walk.

"He's a wonderfully obedient little chap, with all his high spirits," Effington said.

"Yes—I think he is," she answered, with a gratified smile, "though I suppose I spoil him more than I know; and he has learned such a stock of slang from the Bedford boys—they are just enough older than he to make him want to imitate them."

Effington recollected having heard Herbert Torrance speak to her, a couple of days previous, in regard to the spoiling and the boy's style of remarks, so he said quickly:

"I think, so far, you may feel very well satisfied with the results of your bringing-up, Mrs. Lydgate."

"At least, he is very affectionate and easily controlled. He's an exceedingly sensitive child, too—though he hides it wonderfully." Then she added, with another smile: "Of course, you are thinking that, like all mothers, I am blind.'

"I think," he rejoined, "that it is well to be somewhat blind where our friends and relations are concerned, small and large."

He fancied he heard her sigh, but she said gayly:

"And they to ours, for that matter; at least, I can speak for the necessity where I am personally concerned."

"I imagine you would find it difficult to convince your friends of that fact," Effington responded, so seriously that it preserved his words from any appearance of an intended compliment.

"I wish I could think so; but somehow, lately, I seem to be constantly discovering new faults in myself," she rejoined; and this time he was positive that he caught a sigh. There was nothing more for him to say without falling into mere banal flattery—a thing he abhorred—and she changed the conversation by asking quickly: "Do you know what time it is?"

"Half-past four," he said, after consulting his watch.

"Good gracious! I have been here nearly two hours, forgetting all about visitors and poor mamma. They will certainly set me down as the rudest woman alive."

"Then you will have developed a new fault with a vengeance," Effington replied, and she echoed his laugh with a swift thought of how genuine and musical his laughter always sounded and what a frank genial nature he daily proved himself to possess—so unlike men of genius in general, with their countless caprices and moods—so unlike most men, for that matter, she mentally added, remembering the difficulty she had

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of late to satisfy the exactions of the man who wanted to marry her. As the two were turning toward the elm-walk, that very gentleman appeared, looking unusually stately and grave. Jeanie recognized at once the air of injury which he was given to assuming when something had displeased him, and Effington was as familiar with it as she, though probably it disturbed him less.

"Hallo, old fellow!" he called. "Who would have thought of seeing you? I thought you weren't coming back till evening."

"I did not say so," rejoined Mr. Torrance, in an aggrieved voice. He took the hand which Mrs. Lydgate extended, and added to her: "I have been waiting for you half an hour. Your mother had no idea where you were. We only just found out from Jack. Mrs. Drayton, by the way, thought he must have been in the dust-heap."

It was a speech which might have passed from a husband, as husbands go, but it was inexcusable in a lover, especially to a woman who had from the first made it clearly understood that she was only conditionally engaged to him.

"I am afraid poor mamma finds Jack and myself very troublesome charges," Mrs. Lydgate replied, carelessly; but Effington caught a quick flash in her eyes that was unperceived by Mr. Torrance.

"I must be off," Ford said. "I shall say good-bye for the time, Mrs. Lydgate. Thanks for lending me Jack. He proved a most entertaining companion."

"Don't forget that you and Mr. Torrance have promised to dine with us," returned Jeanie. "We are nearly destitute of men to-day, and there are several nice elderly ladies for you to entertain."

"What a prospect, as Torrance will be sure to leave them all to me!"

"I hope I am not in the habit of shirking any duty, social or otherwise," replied that gentleman, still under the influence of his grievance.

"My dear fellow, you are a paragon. That is why I am envious and abuse you," cried Effington, gayly; and, lifting his hat to Mrs. Lydgate, he hurried off with his light springy step.

"He will always be a boy," Mr. Torrance said, disapprovingly.

"A very fortunate thing, if it always keep him so genial and considerate," Jeanie responded.

She possessed a large share of patience, and could endure a good deal from her friends; for, besides being always ready to make excuses for those she liked, she had a morbid fear of hurting anybody's feelings; but there were limits to her forbearance. A lack of tact or a liberty was very offensive to her, and she was much annoyed by Mr. Torrance's rapidly-growing airs of proprietorship as well as disturbed by the way in which their mutual relatives appeared to consider their engagement settled.

Her recent meditation had decided her to tell him so, and now she was wrought up to a pitch which rendered it comparatively easy for her to express herself very clearly. Mr. Torrance had to lay by his injured tone and sue for peace; but he so skillfully ignored the conditional side of their engagement that, when she thought over the conversation later, she perceived that she had not dwelt half so strongly on that point as she had meant to do.

For a few days, Torrance appeared a little less masterful; but, by the end of that time, he fell back into his unpleasant habit, for he had held a consultation with Mrs. Drayton, who explicitly declared that it was absurd at this late day to talk about "conditions." Everybody considered the matter settled. He need not feel troubled. Jeanie was like any much-admired young woman: she wanted to play queen-regnant to the very last moment.

To make matters worse, Master Jack overheard Torrance say that "he needed a master," and indignantly repeated the speech to his mother in happy unconsciousness of the fact that she had any idea of allowing the man he disliked to assume that position; and, though the young widow gave her son good advice on the necessity of behaving so well that people would not volunteer such remarks, she could not refrain from reflecting that she could desire her future husband—if she must have one—to think of regarding her child in a fatherly light instead of one so suggestive of numberless disagreeable possibilities.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Drayton's fresh troop of guests had arrived. Mr. Drayton had deserted his multifarious gigantic business operations for a holiday at home, and brought several friends with him, so that the house was again as crowded as if it had been a hotel and Jeanie as much occupied as a chief chambermaid. Sometimes she used almost to wish she were. It would be easier to attend to the people's rooms than be forced to entertain and invent constant amusements for them.

Ford Effington was still a guest under the roof of Torrance's sister. He had promised a long visit, and neither his hostess or her brother would hear of his departure. He tried to make himself believe that he remained because he had no good pretext to offer for going away; but

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each day he knew more surely down in his soul that there was a reason which kept him there, and, whenever he dared to face it, saw clearly that it was one which ought to send him to the ends of the earth without delay.

Ford was only a couple of years younger than Torrance and had been his father's ward, so the two had grown up together. The affection between them was brotherly in its genuineness, including that fraternal faculty of seeing each other's faults very plainly without the fact in the least militating against the warmth of their liking.

Torrance had not been guilty of intentional deception, but his manner of talking had led his friend to believe him definitively engaged to Mrs. Lydgate, and the conduct of the various relatives countenanced that supposition. The day following the scene in the arbor, Torrance, feeling in an expansive mood, could not resist speaking of it, and then the real facts of the case came out, though, immediately after, he showed as much skill in ignoring them as he had done with Mrs. Lydgate herself.

Effington did not press that branch of the subject, did not consciously reflect on it, any more than he meditated on a sudden lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit which rendered life unusually bright; though, if he had done so, he might have perceived a subtle connection between the two rather startling to his strict sense of honor.

From the first, he had been received in the Drayton household as if he were Torrance's brother, and their mutual love of art and music, together with numerous other congenial tastes, had rapidly brought about the most friendly relations between Mrs. Lydgate and himself, greatly aided by Master Jack's extreme fondness for him. The boy's affection increased to such a height, that he was constantly begging to be his companion on fishing or sketching expeditions, and Ford's patience with him was as great a marvel to Torrance as it was a pleasure to his mother. Jack and his future "master," so far from affiliating better as time went on, only got further apart, and matters reached such a pitch that the child could hardly be induced to remain in Torrance's presence.

More and more did Effington realize that, if he had any regard for his own peace of mind, he would go away, and at length a favorable occasion seemed to offer: a party was arranged to visit, for a fortnight, a quiet watering-place within a day's journey, and at the last moment Ford announced his intention of choosing that opportunity to make a sketching-tour. Torrance and his sister were quite in despair, and the former begged Jeanie to try the effect of her persuasions.

"Of course, you don't think of deserting us; I had counted on your going," was all she said. But Ford accompanied them.

The pleasure of Mrs. Lydgate's trip was a good deal marred by Torrance's exactions and a very unusual fit of fault-finding on her mother's part, and about the only comfort she found, since Jack had been left at home, was in Ford Effington's society. They talked as freely as brother and sister on most subjects; but the private affairs of either were never mentioned, and there was not a conscious feeling in Jeanie's mind which could militate against the ever-increasing pleasure she found in his companionship.

When the sojourn ended, Ford again essayed to escape, but was universally opposed, and again he yielded; for Mrs. Lydgate said in her winning confident way:

"Everybody expected you to go back; I am sure you cannot be hard-hearted enough to disappoint us."

Soon after their return, Torrance was called away on important business; but he extracted a promise from Ford to remain till he came back; and his absence was prolonged to ten days—days dangerous as they were blissful to Effington.

Mrs. Drayton had provided herself with a new stock of visitors; Jeanie was much occupied; and her lover, owing to certain business-anxieties and not being well, arrived in a peculiarly difficult, almost fractious, state of mind. He complained bitterly of her neglect and developed more strongly than he had ever done that morbid jealousy which was as likely to display itself where her women-friends were concerned as in regard to the men about her.

When he moaned to Mrs. Drayton, that lady found fault with her daughter; and, what with the behavior of both and her own rapidly-growing desire to end matters and get back complete freedom, Jeanie's state of mind was unquiet enough.

One day, she had gone through two unusually disagreeable scenes, first with Torrance, then her mother; both behaved as if any thought of drawing back would be a wicked forfeiting of her word; and, worn and tired, when she got an hour's liberty, she took refuge in her favorite retreat.

She was a woman who seldom indulged in the solace of tears; but she had a hearty crying-fit, that afternoon; and, just as she was trying to

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calm herself, she was found, of all people, by Ford Effington.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in great distress. "What has happened? I— Are you ill?"

She shook her head, wiped her eyes, and smiled.

"There is nothing really the matter," she replied; "I hardly know why I am making such a Niobe of myself. I am tired—nervous. A woman's plea, if you will; but it ought to count more than it does. There's nothing worse than nervousness, just because it is so intangible or unreal that no remedy can be found."

"Nothing but peace of mind and quiet," Ford said, bluntly. "You are greatly overtaxed, Mrs. Lydgate, and nobody appears to perceive it."

"Oh, I am very well—always strong," she replied.

"Then something troubles you. I wish I could be of some help," he exclaimed, impulsively; and, the moment the words were uttered, realized that he, of all men, had no right to speak them.

She did not propose to elect him or another her confidant; but the sympathy expressed more in face and eyes than in his language touched her deeply. She was in that state of mind we have all experienced: she wanted somebody to feel sorry for her without any explanation of her special sorrows.

"I am only in a mood when I feel as if life were difficult," she said. "Everybody has felt it."

"And with some people it must last," Ford said, so sadly that she looked at him in surprise: and again he reminded himself that he must be on his guard.

"Ah, well," she rejoined, after a slight pause, in which she had had time to remember that she had no desire to confide in Mr. Effington and should regret any silly speeches, "I suppose life would be better to us if we were easier on life. We must be very difficult subjects to manage." Then she tried to laugh, as she added: "I dare say half the time what we suppose feeling is only dyspepsia."

"I am very sure of it," said Ford, thinking of Torrance.

Now she laughed outright and got her self-possession fully back with the ease of a woman of the world. It was bad enough that Mr. Effington should have caught her crying—she need not talk like a sentimental school-girl. All the same, that look of earnest sympathy in his eyes touched her deeply.

"I am glad of the warning conveyed in your words," she said, merrily. "I dare say I should not be gloomy if I had had strength of mind to let chocolate alone, this morning."

He understood that it was an effort for her to talk persiflage. Between the necessity for restraining himself and his desire to make her understand how he felt any trouble of hers, a sudden rage against fate, existence, all things, seized him—he was ready to pour out his secret and rush away into the gloom of the outer world, beyond the reach of her anger.

Two interruptions came from different ends of the arbor at that very moment: at one appeared Torrance, saying:

"Mrs. Lydgate, I believe you have forgotten you promised to go out to walk. I came over half an hour ago."

"If you please, madam," said the footman, "Mr. Drayton begs you will come to his study. It is about some papers to sign. He said I was to tell you."

"I must ask you both to excuse me," Jeanie said to the gentlemen. "Mr. Torrance, we shall be obliged to put off our walk, but I dare say I can go later. Good-bye for the time, Mr. Effington."

She hurried away. Involuntarily, Ford's eyes followed her. When he looked back, Torrance was intently regarding him.

Herbert Torrance's manner, which ordinary acquaintances found so winning, was a very thin veneering, and, in the society of those with whom he was intimate, it rubbed off easily, showing a certain coarseness of texture beneath, which was far from attractive. When matters went wrong with him, he must take refuge in crossness and suspicion. Abnormally active as his demon of jealousy had been since his return, it had never fluttered in Effington's direction; but to come on him and Mrs. Lydgate engaged in pleasant conversation, when he had himself been awaiting the lady, was enough to irritate him to a point where he felt irresistibly impelled to say something that would sting and hurt.

Ford was accustomed to his weakness, and at such moments prepared himself to present an invulnerable front.

"Good gracious, Bert," he said, "you look like a detective making a mental photograph of a suspected criminal."

"Do I?" retorted Torrance, goaded by the words to a speech which he had not the slightest intention of making. "I was just wondering if I ought not to suspect you. If you were any other man, I should."

"You have not hesitated to suspect me of

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many things many times, when your abominable temper was out of order," said Effington, quietly. "Pray, what is the special crime or misdemeanor that you feel inclined to charge me with at this moment?"

This speech was enough, in Torrance's present mood, to rouse him to a white heat of wrath.

"I believe you are in love with Mrs. Lydgate!" he exclaimed. Effington turned somewhat pale, and, drawing himself still more erect, looked full at his friend with strangely solemn eyes.

"I am," he said, in a slow stern voice.

Torrance was so utterly confounded that, for an instant, he could not speak; then he rejoined, tremulously:

"Either you are joking, Ford, or you are the basest traitor that ever drew breath!"

"Don't talk like an old-fashioned melodrama," returned Effington, his composure unshaken.

"Well, if you consider such a speech a jest—"

"I meant just what I said," Ford interrupted. "Now, perhaps, you will let me go away. I've tried hard enough."

Certainly, one moment previous, he had no idea that he should utter these truths; but he was tired of fighting his heart, tired of seeing Torrance torment that peerless woman—so nearly desperate, indeed, that an outbreak of any sort was a relief.

"Perhaps you have told her so," Torrance began; but again Effington interrupted him.

"Don't insult Mrs. Lydgate," he said. "I don't mind your personal aspersions! You know I should never have ventured to affront her by word or look that could betray my feelings; but I've told you, and that is the end. Now I'll go to the house and pack my traps! Don't make a scene. We probably shan't meet again for a long while, Bert, and, first and last, I have been as fond of you as if you were my own brother, though you've often tried my patience severely. In a cooler moment, I suppose I shouldn't have admitted what I have; but it is said, and I'm glad of it! I leave here by the evening train and I shall sail for Europe to-morrow. So good-bye."

He was gone, leaving Torrance convinced that he was the most unfortunate and ill-treated man in the world. Less than half an hour after, he was roused by the sound of voices. He looked out from among the vines and saw Mrs. Lydgate walking along one of the alleys with a gentleman. The fact that her companion was elderly made no difference. She was a flirt; she should know what he thought in real earnest at last; she was to be his wife, and there were limits beyond which she must not pass. The truth was, an old neighbor had called just as Jeanie left her father's room. Mrs. Drayton, being occupied, asked her daughter to take him out to see her flowers by way of entertaining him till she should be at leisure, and Jeanie supposed Effington and Torrance had both gone, and that the latter would return later to claim his promised walk.

Torrance sat and watched. Every smile, every gesture—she was always animated in conversation—added a fresh proof to his sudden decision in regard to her. She was a flirt of the most audacious sort! The idea of losing Effington was very hard. His companionship had long been a necessity, and now he arranged it in his mind that poor Ford was a victim! Oh, his future wife should learn that neither his comfort nor the peace of his friend's mind was wantonly to be trifled with!

Mr. Drayton, coming out of his study, heard of the visitor, entered the garden, and took him away to inspect some improvements in the stables; and Jeanie, as she fancied, was once more free for a little.

She turned toward the arbor, and at the entrance met Herbert Torrance, by this time so fully under the sway of his demons that he could hardly be considered an accountable being. His very first words were such as a proud woman would not easily forgive, even from a man she loved, much less from one against whose yoke she had for a good while revolted with a rebellion deeper-seated than she was herself aware.

And, while the "conditionally engaged" couple were holding a momentous interview, Ford Effington, instead of being occupied in the task of packing his boxes, still lingered in the Drayton grounds, employed in trying to comfort his small friend Jack. As he passed a wing of the house to reach the avenue, that young gentleman had burst out on him in a tempest of grief and had to be taken into a secluded nook to tell his tale and receive consolation.

For some time past, certain suspicions had troubled Jack, but, with the odd reticence children can show, he had held his peace. Just now he had been playing in the carriage-house, and a difficulty had arisen between him and the cross old coachman who was smoking a quiet pipe there, and, before the altercation ended, Jack had heard again that "he needed a master," and added to the opinion, the information that he would soon have one. A little contemptuous incredulity on the young gentleman's part, rendered more offensive by a few impertinent remarks, brought the reply which had driven Jack frantic.

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"Why, I thought you know'd your ma was going to marry Mr. Torrance. Just you wait till he has the trimming of you, my fine young man!"

Jack ended the story of his woes and called on Ford to deny the truth of what the old servant had said. Ford could only aver that he knew nothing about the matter; but that, even if it should prove true, Jack must remember that his mother had a right to decide and his duty was to submit.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind, if it was you!" sobbed Jack.

Effington laughed outright, half in pain, half at the unconscious mockery of poor Jack's words, and said with playfulness that poorly disguised his feelings:

"Well, I wouldn't mind, either, Jockie boy, but we must both put up with what we get."

There was a cry from Jack, a shout of "Mamma, mamma!"

Ford looked and saw Mrs. Lydgate approaching from a side-path, pale and excited. She was very near them before she or they knew. Jack dashed up to her, calling:

"Oh, mamma, it isn't true—say it isn't! Don't, don't—it'll kill me! Promise not to marry that horrid Mr. Torrance!"

Jeanie stooped and kissed the boy, saying in an odd tremulous voice which reached Effington's ears:

"I am not going to marry him, my Jack. Don't be afraid."

"I'm so glad! Oh, I didn't believe it when Thomas said so."

At that instant, he espied Effington trying to steal quietly away, loth in his great delicacy to be seen by Mrs. Lydgate, and shouted: "Ford, Ford! she says she isn't going to! Oh, mamma, I told Ford I wouldn't mind if it was only he, and he said he wouldn't, either. Didn't you, Ford?"

And that discomfited gentleman was forced to step forward, and Mrs. Lydgate had to meet him. They were two very white people who looked mutely in each other's face for an instant.

Torrance's insults had suddenly taught Jeanie a secret which she had not suspected, and, as she met Effington's eyes, they told her his whole story without the need of a word.

Jack had disappeared. He had just perceived his favorite dog attacked by a larger one and flown to the rescue. Looking about, after that first glance, just to gain a little composure, for the interchanged look had made them both fairly dizzy, the pair perceived that they were alone.

"I did say it!" Ford exclaimed, in a voice as breathless as that of a man who had been running up-hill. "It is true you are not going to —to marry him?"

Jeanie only shook her head. Their eyes met again. Neither could have told how it happened, but in an instant she was in his arms.

It was nearly an hour after, as Ford was taking his leave, that Jack appeared again. He looked at them both with a queer vague comprehension in his childish searching eyes.

"Jack," said Ford, "can you keep a secret till your mother gives you leave to speak?"

"Of course I can," returned Jack, proudly.

"Well, you remember what you said—"

"Oh, please, please do. I know what you mean—please!" cries Jack, ecstatically.

"I am sure you can't resist such an entreaty," Jeanie says to Ford, laughingly, though the tears rise in her eyes.

Then their two hands meet across the little one's head, and the promise to guard and cherish him as his own is so clearly revealed in Ford's face that no words are needed.

"THE COWS ARE COMING HOME."

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

Soft glows the western sky with red,
And clouds pile up a golden foam,
The birds have found their leafy bed,
With tinkling sound
Of bells around,
Slowly "the cows are coming home."

Across the fields, the shadowy light
'Twixt day and dark has glimmering come,
And twilight veils the sunset bright.
Slow down the hill,
Past race and mill,
Meekly "the cows are coming home."

On, down the meadow's flowery path,
'Mong purple mists of evening's gloam,
Knee-deep through scent the clover hath,
Where daisies sweet
With harebells meet,
Slowly "the cows are coming home."

Then up the shady cherry lane,
And lowing for the calves to come,
The Jersey sleek, the speckled, plain,
Are at the bars;
The twinkling stars
Will find my cows are safely home.

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MY TYRANT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"LETTERS for you, Miriam," said my brother-in-law, as he came in from his office and tossed them into my lap. There were three: one a business-looking document, postmarked "Weston"; another, from the same place, sealed with black; and the third remarkable only for the flourishes which decorated my name.

The reception of these letters marks an important epoch in my history.

The black-edged envelope contained the news of the death of a distant relative whom I had, a few years before, nursed through a prolonged attack of inflammatory rheumatism, in return for which care the business-document stated I was made the sole legatee of her snug little fortune.

Miss Stetson had never been a favorite with the young people of our family, and, when she wrote to my father, begging him to send one of us girls to attend her in the illness of which I speak, neither of my three sisters could be prevailed on to go.

"Send Miriam: she's always on the lookout for queer characters," said they; "and Miss Stetson will be queer enough, goodness knows."

So I had gone, and Miss Stetson had certainly verified my sisters' prophecy. She never gave me a word of thanks, but seemed to take everything done for her as a matter of course, finding fault whenever she possibly could. Still, the three months I spent with her afforded a discipline I sorely needed, and now the poor soul's kind remembrance of me showed she had not been ungrateful, and threw a mantle over whatever was harsh and disagreeable in my recollections of her.

"Who would have thought that you were making your fortune during your martyrdom, as we called it?" laughed sister Sue. "Well, I am glad that you have your reward at last. But why don't you read your other letter?"

"Oh, I had forgotten it. I wonder from whom it can be? I didn't know I had any friends at Vinton," said I, breaking the seal.

The very first lines proved almost as great a surprise as the one I had just received, and I exclaimed:

"Will wonders never cease? Such transcendent presumption!"

Then I read aloud:

"'DEAR MISS MIRIAM:

"'As we are both alone in the world—my dear companion having departed this life some two years since—and as I know you to be eminently qualified for the position you would be called on to fill, I have, after due deliberation, decided to ask you to become my wife. You could assist me in my pastoral duties, and thus turn to beneficent use the talents intrusted to your care.'"

I did not stop to read further, but flung the letter into the grate, from which Sue, in a spirit of mischief, rescued it. "'Reverend Theophilus Brown,'" she laughed, glancing at the signature. "What a high-sounding name. Of course, you'll accept?"

"I shall write immediately," I answered, too much ruffled to perceive any joke in the matter; "and I fancy he will not want to propose to any woman again in a hurry—the idiot!"

"Don't be hard on the poor man, Miriam," said John, laughing.

"Besides, Mirry, you will soon be an old maid, if you throw away your chances in this fashion," added Sue, rather gravely. "There was young Hepburn—"

"A conceited vain little dandy," I interrupted.

"And the doctor—"

"Old enough to be my father!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I will never marry anyone just for the sake of marrying. Spinsterhood has no terror for me. Much better be an old maid than tied for life to an uncongenial companion."

"But you are so odd, Mirry. You hate every man who pays you any attention, I do believe," persisted Sue.

"Well, let them wait for some encouragement, then."

"They didn't expect you to do the wooing, probably," rejoined Sue.

I answered defiantly that it would save me the trouble of refusing them, if they would wait till I did.

I was twentyseven years old, and it was a grievous offense, in the eyes of my relatives, that I had let all these years go by and leave me still unprovided for. I supported myself by teaching and certain literary labor, notwithstanding the earnest desire of my sisters that I should make my home with them; but the

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thought of dependence was intolerable to me, and I only visited their houses during my vacations.

"Well," said Sue, when we had really assured ourselves that the astounding news was true and that I was indeed an heiress, "I am heartily glad of your good-fortune. Your absurd notions of independence won't doom you to drudgery any longer, and you shall stay with us all the time now."

"No," I said; "I love you all very much, and I shall visit you often; but I have always had a plan in my head that I intend to carry out, now that my ship has come in: a cottage of my own, with bay-windows and porches and lots of little outs-and-ins; plenty of room, but cozy and home-like, with a neat little lawn with roses and evergreens—this is what I am going to have. The situation must be good—in some suburban village, I think—healthful and neat. You shall come and visit me then, dears, as often as you can—all of you. You shall spend your summers with me when the city is hot and uncomfortable."

So it wasn't many weeks till we were busy house-hunting. And such a work as we had! Suburban residences—elegant and commodious and just what I wanted, as the smooth-tongued agents would have me believe—turned out snares and delusions. I was about giving up in despair, fearing I never could find my ideal nook, when John came home, one evening, in triumph.

"I've found just what you want now, sure. Jennis came to the office to-day to tell me of a bargain that he had on hand, and I went with him to see the place. Handsome residence, good neighborhood, pleasant quiet village, only an hour's ride by rail, and street-cars only a square away."

Sue and I went out the next day and found the pretty nest just what I wanted. Sue was in raptures. "Oh, Mirry, you could be so happy here, if only—only—"

"Of course I shall have it furnished in keeping," I said, as she hesitated.

"Oh, that isn't what I mean. I meant if you only had a—a—well, I will say it—a good husband to share it with you."

"I assure you my happiness doesn't depend on any man, and I wouldn't want one of the tyrants domineering over me," adding, as I saw her indignant look: "And the men that my sisters have appropriated are the only ones who come anywhere near my idea of what a husband should be. But I'll think about it, and, if I find I can't be happy without being tyrannized over, I'll do as I did about a house—look till I find one to suit me."

"That means, I suppose, that you will do your own courting," laughed Sue, only half propitiated.

What a merry time we had furnishing the house. It was so pleasant to choose just what would be prettiest and most appropriate, without being stinted as to means or worried about bills. I had everything to my fancy, from the carpet with its delicate green, matching the oak finish in the parlor, to the crimson and walnut of my sitting-room, with its bay-window and folding-doors opening into the well-furnished library.

Books had always been a passion with me, and now I gloated as a miser over his gold, when I looked at my well-filled shelves, where the crimson and green and gold contrasted with the substantial leather-bound volumes.

A sitting-room should have nothing stiff or conventional about it. It should be the very embodiment of cozy comfort, and so mine was. Busts gleamed from their brackets, while on a small table stood one of Rogers's inimitable groups. Two landscapes—one, "A Midnight Sun in Norway," where the sun, just above the horizon, shot out brilliant rays across the water; and the other, "Indian Summer," in mellow tints—graced the walls.

A couple of tête-à-têtes in walnut and crimson velvet and two or three easychairs; my own writing-table, with its litter of manuscript; my organ, with its well-filled music-rack; the bay-window, with its vines and a few choice flowers—and the room was complete.

Well, I was at last settled. A stout Scotch-woman and her husband, faithful and efficient servants, took all care from my mind and left me free to read, write, or drive, as I chose.

And I enjoyed myself to the utmost for a while. I dabbled a little in art, I visited the poor—there were few in the thrifty little town—and then, when I found the transition from my former busy life becoming dull, I would run up on the train to my sisters.

They visited me also, and I used to count the days with undignified impatience till the time when they would come and fill the house with merry voices and childish laughter. And, when they and their little ones went away, they seemed to take the sunshine with them. I would not admit, even to myself, however, that I was not perfectly happy; that there was something lacking. I had indeed a home, cozy and elegant, but a home lacking a soul.

"The gentleman ha' come hame to the big house, mum," said Hannah, in her broad Scotch, one morning. "He ha' been abraid e'er sin' the

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old lady died. She was seventy year old, they say, and ha' lived here mony a year. He caught the fever on board ship, and ha' come hame sick, the housemaid said."

I could just discern from my window the top of the "big house" through the trees which overshadowed it. It was a gloomy-looking pile, and had been shut up ever since I came to the village.

So the old gentleman had come home ill. "Poor creature," I thought, "it must be very sad and lonely now in that great house, without the companion of his youth to cheer and care for him in his sickness." And, as I pictured to myself his white locks and bowed form tremulous with age, I thought it would be merciful in the Good Father to make their separation brief.

Then I sat down to read and soon forgot there was any trouble in the world, so absorbed was I in my favorite author.

The next morning, I was informed by Hannah that the gentleman was raving in the delirium of fever, and the doctor thought he would not live. A few nights afterward, Matthew asked permission to go and watch with the "puir soul," as the nurses were worn out. The following day, Hannah told me that the sick man had fallen into a stupor, from which it was feared he would never rouse.

In a day or so, however, Hannah announced joyfully, with tears in her eyes: "The Lord be praised, the dochter says he wi' get well wi' good care."

And I thought: "Poor old man! God knows best, but it seems almost a pity to call him back to life." I sent Hannah over with some of my choicest wine and a bouquet of hot-house flowers. And, every day during the tedious convalescence, I sent fruits and flowers.

Hannah delivered her daily bulletin.

"The sick gentleman rode out yesterday for the first. He loves flowers, and them you sent over, I heard him say: 'The leddy must ha' fine taste who arranged them.' "

So the poor old gentleman liked flowers. Well, I had so many I could surely afford to gratify his fancy in this respect; and every day I arranged for him a bouquet.

"I wish to spend two or three weeks in the city," I said, one morning, to Hannah, "and I think I will shut up the house and allow you to pay that visit to your daughter you have thought of so long. Matthew can get his meals out while you are gone."

I had a delightful visit with my sisters and their children. The three weeks lengthened into six. The little ones had been wild with delight at my arrival, that auntie had come to stay so long. Now they were clamorous with complaints that I must go away.

May, a dainty little pet of three summers, exclaimed, as she clasped her chubby arms around my neck and half smothered me with caresses: "Auntie, I love 'oo. I wis' 'oo'd 'tay here forever." "Yes, do," the other children chimed in, and sister Nell added, in her impulsive way: "I don't see any use in your living like a hermit. Why can't you stay with us altogether?"

I said nothing, but I was glad to hide my tears in baby May's sunny curls. Love and home—the two were inseparable. I felt this all the more as I left the city and went back to my lonely house—lonely, indeed, although Hannah was there to welcome me, and the fires were burning brightly. Hannah brought in my tea on a tray.

"How is the old gentleman by this time?" I asked, thinking with a little tinge of shame how entirely I had forgotten his existence.

"The auld who?"

"The sick man over the way,' wondering that Hannah, who had been so interested in him, had proved as forgetful as myself.

"Almaist weel. Matthew was spoken with him, and he said when the missus coom hame, let him know. He wanted to thank her for her kind thocht of him while sick."

"Quite proper, 'tis true, but very unnecessary," I said. "I only did what, as a neighbor, I considered my duty. You may take the tea-things away, Hannah."

Then I sat down to my long-neglected correspondence and wrote till bed-time.

The next day, I was out early among my rose-bushes, which were just putting forth buds. Hearing steps outside the gate, I looked up and met the gaze of a pair of hazel eyes. A stranger, I thought, as I glanced at the tall form, tawny mustache and beard, and well-fitting raiment of the handsome man who was regarding me so inquisitively. Who could it be? He went into the "big house." Some friend of the old gentleman's, probably.

About the middle of the afternoon, the door-bell rang, and soon after Hannah appeared. "The sick gentleman have coom," and she handed me a card. "Edward Burton," I read on it.

"I shall be in immediately, Hannah," and I just glanced in the mirror to see that my hair was smooth.

How young I looked; not a day over twenty, and my new cashmere, with the scarlet geranium

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at my throat and in my hair, suited well my dark complexion and lustrous black hair and eyes. But the gentleman was waiting, and I hastened to the parlor.

The tall handsome stranger of the morning came to meet me. How could Hannah have made such a blunder?

"There is some mistake; I expected to see Mr. Burton," I stammered, in my confusion, glancing at the card I still held in my hand.

"I am Edward Burton," said the gentleman, bowing, "and I called to express my gratitude for your kindness during my long and severe illness. It is not often one is so favored with kind neighbors who would minister so delicately and unobtrusively to the taste of an entire stranger. I can never express my thanks."

"Please do not attempt it. You are under no obligation whatever. I only did my duty as a neighbor, and it was really a pleasure to me." And I smiled to myself to think how I had taken this handsome young fellow to be an old gray-haired man. Of course, the deceased lady was his grandmother instead of his wife, as I had fancied. I recovered my equanimity, and we were soon chatting pleasantly; and, when he at last took his departure, it was with the understanding that he might call again.

And he did come again, and again, sometimes bringing a poem which he had thought beautiful and wished to read to me, or sometimes: "Here is one of Emerson's ponderous sentences, Miss Montrose, that has proved too much for my comprehension, and I want your opinion concerning it."

The weeks went on so rapidly that I had no time to think how fast our acquaintanceship had ripened into warm friendship.

We both loved the same authors, and, while I sewed or was busy with some fancy-work, he would read in his full rich tones until some striking thought would claim our attention and furnish food for spirited discussion. We had got on such familiar terms that sometimes we almost quarreled, or we might have done, if he had not always met any outburst of my rather hasty temper with a patience which always made me ashamed.

One day, as I was sitting in the grape-vine arbor, Mr. Burton came sauntering in as was his wont.

"I have found a little gem of a poem in this magazine, Miss Montrose, and I could almost swear as to the authorship. May I read it to you?"

I signified my readiness. The color rose to my cheeks as he read, for I recognized the poem as a little scrap I had sent to that periodical—a mere waif I had never expected to hear of again.

"Ah, you cannot deceive me, Miss Montrose. Those blushes betray your secret. Why did you not tell me you wrote poetry?"

And, when I declared that I made no such pretensions and had never written anything worthy the name, he interrupted me: "It is the very soul of poetry, pure and sweet and good, just like yourself. I would have known it anywhere as yours, I do believe. If you underrate it, I shall have to quarrel with you."

Well, I had to let him have his own way; for, if I demurred against such wholesale praise, he would only add fresh encomiums.

A week or so after this, he came into my sitting-room, flourishing a newspaper.

"I have found you out again, Miss Montrose. So you write prose as well as poetry? Did you think that, under any nom-de-plume, you could escape my eagle eye? This bears the very stamp of your individuality."

My face fairly flamed. To think he had read and recognized as mine the love-tale I had been so foolish as to allow to be published.

It was rude in him to take advantage of the knowledge his discrimination had gained. It would have been polite and kind to have said nothing concerning the authorship of this last especially.

I felt vexed, humiliated. For what writer does not reveal more or less of his inner life, in the productions of his pen? He had treated me unfairly, and I would never forgive him—never.

"If Mr. Burton possesses such wonderful power of discernment and can read so plainly even the thoughts of those about him, I don't think I shall be safe company just now—he might read something in my mind by no means in his favor. I will relieve him of my presence for fear of annoying him."

I rose as I spoke.

"Miss Montrose," he exclaimed, "do not go—I beg. Please forgive my thoughtlessness—I did not mean to wound you."

But my hand was on the door-knob. I realized how rude my behavior was; but, between anger and morbidly-hurt feelings, I could not control myself.

He crossed the room quickly, took me up as though I were a child, and placed me on the tête-à-tête on which I had been sitting, and then sat down beside me, his arms around me despite my effort to escape.

"Miriam—little bird, do not flutter so. My own little darling, did you think I would let

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you leave me? You are not vexed with me, are you?"

"Let me go, Mr. Burton," I said. "I hate you!"

"I will not," he cried, obstinately. "I love you. I have loved you since the first day I saw you. Miriam, darling, do not let a few thoughtless words separate us forever. We are one in tastes and sympathy. Do you realize the strength of the bond which unites us, since I recognize even the work of your pen? I will not let you go until you promise to be mine. Only say 'I love you,' and I am satisfied."

I felt that his will was the stronger; but my anger sustained me.

"I hate you!" I repeated, violently. "Let me go!"

"Not till you own that you love me."

Horror! Someone was ringing the door-bell. Hannah would appear in a minute! What should I do?

There were footsteps in the hall—Hannah tapped at the door.

"Only this: 'I love you.'"

And I had to say it. Then he made me kiss him—the tyrant; but he let me go.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor as wishes to see you," and Hannah departed.

"I shall call, this evening—may I not?" said the "tyrant." And I did not tell him no.

So I had found my master, after all. I never could have married a man whose will was not stronger than mine.

We had a grand wedding, and my sisters were delighted; but how they did tease me!

"I was really afraid, Mirry, that, just to be perverse, you would live an old maid," said Sue. "But did you do your own courting?"

"Yes," said the "tyrant." "She did the courting while I was ill and couldn't defend myself."

I let them have their own way.

There is no sunnier happier home than ours in all the wide land: for love is there. And have I not told you that love and home are inseparable?

LOVE AND SUMMER.

BY MARY ROWLES.

Down the flowery meadow way,
At the ending of the day,
Love and Summer used to stray
  In the happy June-time;
Clover clustered at their feet,
Twilight shadowed their retreat.
Oh! the throstles' songs were sweet,
  Sweeter than at noon-time!

Apple-blossoms fluttered down,
Woodbine wove its fragrant crown
On the hedgerows, overgrown
  With a wealth of roses.
Never roses were so fair
As the buds unfolding there;
Never flowers grew anywhere
  Like the orchard posies.

That was long and long ago:
You were Summer, dear, you know;
I was Love—you told me so
  In the glad June weather
Long ago; but joys begun
In that haunt of shade and sun,
Like its flowers, have overrun
  All our years together.

Though life's winter now we see,
You are Summer still to me;
And my love transcends for thee
  All its promise olden,
One in heart and aim below,
When for us the amaranths blow,
Hand in hand, dear, may we go
  Through the gateway golden!

SONG OF A ROSE.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

I'm the loveliest thing of morn,
Yet on a thorn
My dazzling loveliness is born.

My tender face, all wash'd with dew
Of golden hue,
Reveals my inmost soul to you.

Petal on petal, I unfold
Until, behold!
A silver goblet filled with gold.

My breath is sweet with fragrance rare,
And, queenly fair,
I sit and dream with bosom bare.

I nod and bend, swing to and fro
When breezes blow,
Enchanting all the world below.

Yet nothing am I but a rose,
A pure white rose,
Whose being into splendor flows.

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THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 557.

CHAPTER XVI.

DORIS was soon thoroughly domesticated in her new home. She found it a very comfortable one, and she never realized that she was merely a paid dependent, instead of a member of the family.

Miss Nixon was a dear lovable old lady, who soon grew much attached to her young companion and took pleasure in adding to her happiness.

In many quiet ways, she contrived to benefit Doris. It was discovered that the girl had a wonderfully clear and rich soprano voice, which only lacked cultivation to be unusually fine. Miss Nixon immediately engaged a good teacher; and, when Doris offered to pay for the lessons out of her salary, the old lady declined, saying that, as she was to have the pleasure of listening to the singing, it was fair for her to pay for the lessons.

"I am going to have a visitor for a few weeks," Miss Nixon said, one day, to Doris, looking up from a letter she was reading. "My nephew is coming to stay with me, and we must make things as pleasant as we can for him. Poor fellow, he has had much trouble in the last few months, and it has broken him down completely."

She paused a moment, to glance over the rest of the letter, then went on:

"Yes—I don't know of anyone that's had a harder life than he has had. He was brought up in the greatest luxury. There was nothing that money could buy that he didn't have. He was an only child, and his father and his mother—that was my sister, my dear—just loved the ground he walked on. His mother died, and that was his first sorrow; for, if she had lived, I dare say none of these other troubles would have come upon him. The poor boy fell in love and married without his father's consent, and there was a bitter quarrel between the two. The father turned his son out-of-doors, and said he would never forgive him nor speak to him again as long as he lived. And he kept his word, too. I have no doubt but that he would have relented in time, for his heart was bound up in his son; and it must have been a sore trial to shut the boy out of his life as he did. But there was someone constantly at hand to keep him firm in his resolution and to whisper things to strengthen his anger. He died last Christmas, unforgiving and unrelenting to the last. No word of his illness was sent to my nephew, who only happened to hear of it by accident. The poor boy reached the house as the old man was dying, but was locked out of his father's room. He broke in, just in time to see his father draw his last breath. The only will that could be found was one in which his father had left all his wealth to a stranger. There was talk of another will made in Harold's favor, and he is going to law about it; but I am afraid he won't get a shilling."

"Is his wife living?" asked Doris.

"No. She died soon after her second child was born. She was a pretty girl, but very vain and trifling. I am afraid she only married him for his money, thinking that his father would forgive him after awhile. When she found that he would not and that they had to fight their way along against poverty and trouble, she ceased to love him and grew very ill-tempered. He was wonderfully patient with her; but it was a continual grief to him: for he had loved her dearly and had believed that she loved him in return. He idolized his children and found all his happiness in them. It did seem as if the last blow might have been spared him. About three weeks before Christmas, they both died of scarlet fever, within three days of each other. I thought that would kill their poor father, but somehow he lived through it. Now he is alone in the world. I am his only near relation."

"He has indeed had a sad life," exclaimed

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Doris, her eyes misty at the thought of another's troubles.

"We must try to make him forget, if we can, my dear. Now, will you go up and see if the spare room needs anything? He is coming to-night. So, after dinner, you might cut some flowers and make some bouquets for his room and for the parlor."

When Doris went out into the pretty garden, with her basket and scissors, she paused, lost in thought before a bush of fragrant jacqueminots.

Only a year ago, and yet how long it seemed since, she had been sitting on the vine-shaded porch, with roses nodding around her and flooding the air with their perfume.

She remembered Elliott's first visit and how he had carried away her heart with him. One by one, memory retraced the events of the past until they grew too painful for retrospection and her eyes became dim with unshed tears.

She put away these thoughts, however, with a resolute hand. She was happy now, and no sad recollections of the past should darken her present.

She went from bush to bush, gathering fragrant buds and roses, until her basket was full to overflowing; then she returned to the porch, to arrange her treasures in the vases which she had placed there.

"That is beautiful, my dear—beautiful," said Miss Nixon, coming up to her. "You have great taste with flowers. Now, after you put those in the rooms, it will be time for you to dress. Wear a white gown and some roses."

The old lady was no matchmaker, but she had taken Doris into her warm heart and loved her almost as if she had been a younger sister; and she could not help thinking how fortunate it would be if Harold should take a fancy to this beautiful affectionate girl and let her comfort him for all his griefs.

Doris was upstairs when the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced the train, and, thinking that the aunt and nephew might be glad to see each other alone for a time, she remained up in her room until she heard Miss Nixon call her to come down.

"I must introduce you to my companion, Harold," his aunt had said, and Harold had expected to see a prim old maid appear.

When the door opened and a beautiful vision in white, with appealing violet eyes and a mist of golden curls, entered the room, he was so astonished that, for a moment, he lost his self-possession.

"Your young friend is a very lovely girl," he said, later that evening, to his aunt.

The old lady smiled.

"That's my opinion, Harold; I'm glad you like her."

"No one could help liking her," exclaimed Harold, with enthusiasm.

Doris was filled with a great pity for him when she saw his sad face and eyes, that always seemed to be regarding a past filled with bitter memories, and she put aside all thought of her own troubles in the attempt to lighten his.

He had been there nearly a week before she knew his last name, for his aunt had always spoken of him and to him as "Harold." She had gone down to the post-office for the mail, one morning, and, on her way home, as she looked over the letters in her hand, she saw one directed to "Mr. Harold Egerton."

Her heart seemed to stand still for a moment. There could be no doubt but that Miss Nixon's nephew and the son whom Elliott had labored so persistently and so successfully to supplant were one and the same person.

Her pity and sympathy went out to him at once. He too had suffered injuries at the hand of the man who had ruined her young life—who had deceived her so cruelly. This seemed to constitute a bond between them.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HAROLD," said Miss Nixon, one day, some weeks after his arrival, "have you still a good opinion of my little companion?"

Harold looked at the white figure moving among the rose-bushes out in the garden and paused before answering. Then he said, quietly: "I think she is the sweetest girl in the world."

"Harold," said the old lady, in rather a deprecating tone, "do you know what I have been hoping? Before you came, even, I thought about it, and thought what a happy thing it would be if you could love again and find some happiness in your life, after all your troubles. I could ask nothing better for you than to have—"

Harold started and changed color as he caught the meaning of his aunt's words. For an instant, his face lighted up. Then the old sad look came back. "No, that could never be," he said.

"Why not, Harold?"

"Because I have no right to ask her to unite her glad young life with mine. My troubles have made me prematurely old. I am cynical and morose, a disappointed man. Besides, I could not offer her any but the plainest home. If I had inherited my father's money, I might have ventured; but now it can never be."

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"Dear boy, if Doris loves you, she would share the meanest hut with you as gladly as she would a palace. So I would not let that hold me back. Besides, Harold, you know I am getting old and have not much longer to live. All I possess will be yours then. Why not enjoy it now? Live with me—let my home be yours."

Harold looked at his aunt with a grateful smile and touched his lips affectionately to her forehead. But he shook his head.

"No—I cannot do that, dear aunt," he said; "though I thank you for your generous offer. Besides, I have not the slightest reason to think that she cares anything about me. She is very kind to me; but that may only be because she has a tender heart and is kind to everyone and everything."

The entrance of Doris, at this moment, stopped conversation. But Harold did not forget his aunt's suggestion.

"I have never regretted the money, since the children died, until now," he said, bitterly, to himself, as he thought how he gladly would have laid his princely wealth at Doris's feet.

For now his eyes were opened to the fact that he loved her dearly—not with the impetuous affection of a boy, but with the deep love of the man, which is as much deeper than the former as a quiet river is deeper than a babbling brook.

He could not tell whether his affection was returned. It might be that Doris loved him; but, if so, she kept her secret well. In truth, she was unconscious of her feelings toward him. She had never analyzed them, and would have been much astonished if anyone had told her that she was in love with Harold Egerton.

Miss Nixon would not hear of her nephew's departure. Every time it was suggested, she insisted upon his prolonging his stay for a few weeks, and she made it such a favor to herself that Harold, nothing loth, yielded to her entreaty.

The golden days of summer crept away, one by one, and autumn had begun to tint the foliage with crimson-and-gold before any of the party at the little cottage realized how time was flying.

An urgent invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Foster for Doris to come and spend two or three days with them could not well be refused, and, in truth, Doris was delighted at the thought of seeing her old friends again, though she did not like to leave Miss Nixon. Perhaps, too, someone else had a place in her regret, though she did not realize it.

She set out on her journey with a light heart; for she was deeply attached to the doctor and his wife, who had shown her such kindness in her darkest hour.

"I should have died if it had not been for them," she said to herself. "I wonder what it is that Mrs. Foster wants to see me about so much? She wrote as if it were something very particular—some kind of good news."

Suddenly, there was a crashing sound and a violent shock which threw Doris from her seat. Then, for a time, she was unconscious.

When she opened her eyes, it was to find herself lying on the ground, her head pillowed on a shawl, and a lady bending over her and bathing her forehead.

"Where am I?" she asked, in bewilderment. "What has happened?"

"There has been a collision," answered the lady. "Your train was run into by a freight-car coming in the opposite direction."

Doris sat up and looked about her. She had been carried some distance from the scene of the disaster; but the wrecked train was still visible, and the sight was a fearful one. Men were busily at work trying to rescue the wounded from the débris of the train, and pitiful groans and cries for help filled the air.

"Are you hurt?" the lady asked Doris's friend.

"No—I believe not. My head feels a little dizzy; but that is all."

"I thought you seemed to be only stunned," rejoined the other, as she assisted the girl to rise. "Now, you must come home with me, until you are able to go to your friends."

"I believe you offered to take one of the badly-wounded—didn't you, Mrs. Newton?" asked a man who was carrying one end of a stretcher, on which was lying a motionless form covered with a shawl.

Doris shivered with fear, as she looked at the body; but the lady put her arm around her reassuringly.

"Yes; take it to my house," she answered. "I will be there with this young lady as soon as you are, if not before." And she hastened on, half supporting the trembling girl.

They had but a little way to go, and Doris was glad to find herself tenderly placed on a couch and cozily covered with a warm afghan, while her hostess hurried upstairs, to attend to the disposal of the quiet form on the stretcher.

Doris shuddered, as she heard the men pass through the hall with their burden.

Then she lay still for some time on the couch, too nervous and excited to sleep, but thinking over the events of the day. How happened it that she had escaped? It must have been because she was in one of the last cars, and so missed the hardest shock of the collision.

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She rose and went to the window, trying to look through the darkness down to the railroad-track.

The dizzy sensation in her head had vanished, and she wished that she might do something to help the sufferers.

Presently, Mrs. Newton came downstairs, to light the lamp. She had been so busily engaged in attending to the necessities of the sufferer upstairs, that she had nearly forgotten the young girl.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"How do you feel now?" she asked, kindly.

"I am all right," answered Doris. "Isn't there something I could do to help the others who are badly hurt?"

"Do you feel able to do anything?" asked Mrs. Newton.

"Yes, indeed," answered Doris, earnestly. "Couldn't I?"

"Well, if you could take care of the gentleman upstairs, I could go over to the station and help with some of the others. If you will sit in his room and wet the bandages around his head once in awhile, that is all you will have to do. He has a bad hurt on his head. Nothing necessarily fatal, the doctor says. With good nursing, he may get well."

"I will do my best," rejoined Doris. And she followed Mrs. Newton upstairs to the dimly-lighted chamber, where a figure lay motionless in the snowy bed.

"He hasn't moved or spoken; he only groaned once when the doctor was arranging the bandages. Here is the liniment for wetting the cloths. Now, good-bye. I will be back before morning." And she started off on her mission of mercy.

Doris sat in a low chair at the further end of the room, her eyes resting on the bed with a curious sort of fascination.

Was it a young man who was thus cut off in the prime of his life? Or was it some octogenarian whose last days had been hastened but a little? She could not resist her desire to look on the face and see for herself. She crept noiselessly to the bed and leaned over the pillow. A screen shut off the subdued light of the lamp from his face, and she could not distinguish the features.

She gently moved the barrier, and the light shone full upon the countenance.

The face was that of John Elliott!

For a moment, she thought her eyes were deceiving her. Was it possible she saw aright? Was this the man who had so cruelly wronged her—who had won her heart and her love only to throw them aside and spurn them, a little later?

She stood staring at the face which once she had loved to look on and longed for—staring at it with a sort of curious horror.

She recalled the last time she had seen it. Ah, how indelibly it was burned into her memory! How his cruel words had scorched themselves into her brain! Never, so long as life lasted, could she forget the anguish of that hour.

But she was not the only one whom he had wronged: she thought of the pale sad face of Harold Egerton and the heart-ache that was always his when he remembered how a stranger had shut him out from his father's love and home.

The light fell full on the wounded man's face. He stirred uneasily, as if it disturbed him. In another moment, his eyes opened and turned toward Doris. But there was no gleam of recognition in them, only a fixed look that seemed to see nothing. As yet, the concussion dulled his brain.

Presently, in a weak broken voice, he began to talk, but in rambling disconnected sentences that evidently came from a disordered intellect.

"Yes—here it is," he muttered. "No one can find it. It is dragging me down, down. It is as heavy as lead about my neck. It will drag me down to hell. But I will not give it up—I will not give it up!"

The girl, leaning over him, listened eagerly.

"I tell you it is all right," he went on, wildly. "The fortune is mine—it is mine!—and no one shall take it from me. Haven't I spent my life working for it?"

Then there was silence for awhile, broken only by stertorous labored breathing. By and by he spoke again.

"Old fool, so you forgave at last? But it does you no good: I have the will, and I shall keep it. No one can find it. You may search the house. Look where you like, but you can't find it. Oh, it chokes me! it strangles me!"

With a moan, he dragged the coverings from his neck, and Doris saw something suspended there by a silk cord. With trembling fingers, she drew from its hiding-place what proved to be a small leather bag.

She had gathered, from Elliott's broken sentences, that a will was concealed somewhere. Could it be possible that it was a will in favor of Harold Egerton, and was this the document? Her breath came quick. Yes, the contents of the bag felt like paper folded smoothly. But it was carefully stitched around the edges, and

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there was no way of getting into it without removing the bag from his neck. This she proceeded to do.

Mrs. Newton's work-basket was standing on the table. Doris went over to it, and, taking up a pair of scissors, cut the threads across one end of the package. Then, crouching down by the light, behind the screen, so that, if consciousness should return, John Elliott would not see her, she drew, with trembling fingers, the paper from its hiding-place.

She could scarcely repress a cry of delight as she unfolded the page and glanced over it. For it was, as she had suspected, a will, bequeathing everything "to my beloved son, Harold Egerton, whom I freely and lovingly forgive."

She almost fainted in her excess of joy. She felt that she could forgive Elliott the wrong he had done her, now that she was to be the means of restoring Harold to his rights. She did not, however, lose her self-possession. Taking a needle and thread from the basket, she sewed up the bag again and replaced it on Elliott's neck. But the will she retained, putting it in her bosom, her heart beating with triumph all the while.

Every spark of her old love for Elliott had died out. She felt nothing but scorn and dislike for him. Yet she went on wetting the bandages, as she had been told. She would, as a matter of duty, do all she could to save his life. Patiently she sat through the long night, smoothing his pillow.

Toward morning, the sick man grew restless and began to mutter again. This time, it was not the will which absorbed his thought. Perhaps the touch of Doris's hand had reminded him of his lost love and stirred his slumbering conscience.

"What became of her?" he asked, and Doris felt instinctively that he was speaking of herself. "I did not mean to wrong her at first. I thought I loved her. But then I got tired, and I was afraid I would lose the money—the money. I could not risk that. But I didn't wrong her, after all, did I? Curse Dick Graham! He said it should be his uncle, and it wasn't. Fool that I was, not to have known. It was a clergyman, after all. The ceremony was legal. She was really my wife when I told her she was not. Oh, how she cried and moaned. I remember it all. I feel her tears now. They are burning my head like molten drops of lead. Oh, it hurts so! My head, my head!"

Then he sank into an uneasy slumber again.

Doris pondered over the words he had just uttered. Were they true, or but the wanderings of a disordered brain? Could it be possible that the one dark shadow which hung like a cloud over her past was to be lifted? Had that marriage ceremony been real? What would she not give to know? She tried to rouse him again to speech, but she could not; he had sunk into lethargy once more.

As the first streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, Mrs. Newton returned, pale and tired from her night's vigil among the wounded and dying. She hastily prepared a simple meal for Doris and went upstairs.

"How is your patient?" she asked, glancing at the motionless figure on the bed. "Ah, better, I see. The fever has gone down. He will recover consciousness before long, and then, with care, will soon be well. I hurried home to tell you that, in an hour more, a train will be here, going in the direction that you were when the accident happened. But, if you don't feel able to travel, you are welcome to stay."

"Oh, no, no," cried Doris, "you are very kind. But I feel quite able to go on, and I think I ought; for I know my friends, having heard of the accident, will be alarmed until they see me." To stay there and be recognized by Elliott when he recovered consciousness was, she felt, impossible.

"Then go downstairs and eat your breakfast," said Mrs. Newton. "I will stay here until you are ready to go."

Doris was too excited to eat, however. Every mouthful seemed as if it would choke her.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TELEGRAM had been sent announcing Doris's arrival, so the doctor and his wife were waiting when the train reached the station, and, as Doris stepped from the car, she was clasped in Mrs. Foster's motherly embrace.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "we have just heard of the dreadful accident, and have been so frightened. We were not sure whether you had taken that train."

The short drive was spent in talking about the accident. But, as soon as they reached the house, the doctor peremptorily insisted on Doris's taking a composing draught and lying down for a nap.

In vain she protested. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes showed that she needed rest. So, after a little refreshment, which her hasty breakfast made necessary, she submitted to be led up to the room which had been hers in the old days and put to bed like a little child by Mrs. Foster's kindly hands.

The sedative draught did its work well, and Doris, in spite of her excitement, was soon lost

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in a dreamless refreshing slumber, from which she did not awaken till late in the afternoon.

She rose, startled, when she heard the clock strike, and realized the lateness of the hour. She looked wonderfully better for her sleep, however. Her pallor had vanished. Besides, the thought of the joyful surprise which she had in store for Harold Egerton brought a happy light to her eyes.

She went downstairs and glanced into the sitting-room, but no one was there. She crossed the hall and entered the parlor. At the sound of her step, a manly form sprang forward to meet her.

"Thank God, you are safe!" exclaimed a voice broken with emotion, as Harold Egerton took her hands.

"How did you come here?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"I heard of the accident and started at once to see whether you were hurt or not. They told me, at the station where the collision occurred, that you had escaped comparatively uninjured, and had come on here. I could not rest until I had seen you, so I followed."

"Doris," he exclaimed, suddenly, "I have been trying to keep myself from speaking, but I can no longer control myself. I have something that I must say to you, and then I will go away and never see you again. May I say it?"

Her heart was beating wildly. She could not speak. She could only bow her head in silent assent.

"I want to tell you how you have won my love," he said, with emotion, "the best love of my life. My aunt has told you all my sad story. You know how lonely I am. But I am a poor man. I dare not ask anyone as bright and beautiful as yourself to share my lot. But I cannot help telling you of my love. Perhaps I owe it to you to do so. I can only lay it at your feet. Yet I dare not ask you to accept it. It is not worthy of you. That is all. Now I will leave you." And he turned to go.

"Harold," said the sweet voice, trembling ever so little.

He turned back.

"Have I told you to go?" she faltered.

He glanced at the sweet shy face and paused, irresolute.

Did she love him? Was he reading the eloquent face aright?

"Shall I go or stay?" he whispered.

His quick ear caught the murmured answer: "Stay!"

But the word was followed immediately by others. "I have something to tell you," said Doris, drawing back, as he would have come nearer. "Hear it first."

She had a keen feeling of pain that her happiness might be of short duration after she had told Egerton what she felt bound in honor to reveal.

"I too have a sad story that I must tell you," she said, motioning him to a chair. "Perhaps, after you hear it, you will not care for me. I shall not blame you."

"Nothing in the world could make me love you less," answered Egerton.

"Don't be rash," said Doris, with a sad smile: "you may change your mind."

With faltering tones, she told him the story of her ill-fated love and the false marriage—as she still believed it, in spite of the sick man's words. It was too nearly connected with the will, and she was holding that surprise back for a little while.

"Now, do you love me yet?" she asked, as she concluded.

"My own darling, I love you even more, if such a thing is possible," he exclaimed. "You are as pure as the angels, in my sight; and you must never think of your misery again."

She had not yet told him the name of the villain who had wrecked her happiness.

"Last night," she said, "I was left to nurse one of the wounded. I found that it was this man who had wronged me so grievously. And it was," she added, watching him as she spoke, "the same man who had wronged you by estranging you from your father."

He started.

"Yes: it was John Elliott. I found this," producing the will, "in a leather bag about his neck, and I have brought it to you. It is the missing will."

She placed the package in his hand as she spoke. Egerton took it, opened the paper, and read it, trembling with excitement. A great joy lighted up his features.

"At last—thank God, at last!" he cried. "At last I have proof that my father forgave me."

He read the will over and over. He scarcely realized its contents, at first. It was almost incredible that, just when he had made up his mind to a lifelong battle with poverty, he should be freed from its galling chains.

"And I owe this to you, Doris, as I do all my other happiness," he said. "How shall I ever repay you?"

It seemed, that moment, to Doris, as if no cloud could ever again dim the brightness of her

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future. She did not know that fate had raised an insuperable barrier to her union with Egerton.

CHAPTER XX.

One evening, a short time before the events recorded in the last chapter, just as the doctor had cozily ensconced himself in slippers and dressing-gown and drawn his easychair up to the fireside, that he might the more comfortably enjoy his evening paper and cigar, a sharp peal at the door-bell aroused him from his dreams of comfort. It was a summons, as the messenger said, to "come right off quick and see a man that was dying, sure."

The doctor had not far to go, and soon turned aside from the main thoroughfare into a side street, where the dwellings were poor and shabby. Here, in a back room in one of the dingiest of the tenements, lay the patient.

The doctor's quick eye saw that the illness was fatal. The man was young, but dissipation and disease had done their work. No physician's skill would be of any avail.

"I'm almost gone, you see, doctor," gasped the sick man. "You can't do anything for me, unless you can give me a little more strength, so that I can hold out till I tell you something that I want you to know, so that you will have wrong made right. I know you are a good man."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted his words, and he sank back too utterly exhausted to speak for awhile.

The doctor mixed a cordial and held it to his lips. When he recovered his breath, he said, feebly:

"I must tell you now, for I'm afraid I won't hold out much longer. Another spell like that will be my last. Have you a pencil and paper about you? I want you to write the confession down, and let this boy, whom I sent for you, witness it, so it will be all right—my ante-mortem statement, you know. My reason for telling you, instead of anybody else, is that you are a good friend of the young lady who has been wronged, and I know that you will see that she has justice done her."

The doctor started at these words. "Do you mean Miss Maynard?" he cried.

"Yes, Doris Maynard is her name. John Elliott is the man who wronged her, or meant to wrong her. It was no fault of his that he didn't. She came to the city alone, after her father died, and somehow she got thrown in Elliott's hands for protection. He didn't know just what to do with her. He was afraid to marry her, for fear the old man, whose money he was scheming to get, should find it out and disinherit him; and he knew the girl was a good pure girl and wouldn't live with him in any other way. I met him while he was in this dilemma, and before I had seen the young lady. I am ashamed to confess that I urged him to deceive her by a mock marriage that would leave him free to do as he liked when he came into the fortune he expected. He agreed to this, and I went to get my uncle, who was to personate the minister. I couldn't sober him up enough for the ceremony, for he was on a regular spree, so the idea occurred to me to get a real minister and have the knot tied in earnest. Elliott wouldn't know the difference, I said to myself, and so I would have a hold on him and could make him shell out now and then, if I got hard up. I don't wonder you shrink from me," he added, as he noticed an irrepressible gesture of indignation on the doctor's part. "I've been a hard case, and have done many a thing that I'm sorry for now; and that business was the worst of all. Still, it isn't so bad as it would have been if it had been only a mock marriage instead of the binding one that it really was. I found an old minister, and the marriage was gone through with all right, witnesses and everything, and I have the certificate to prove it. I've always kept it, though I promised Elliott I'd destroy it. I think, at the time, he really meant to marry the girl at Mr. Egerton's death; but he soon got over his love and was glad enough to cast her off, which he did, telling her that there was nothing between them. She left him and never came near him after that. When I told him how matters really stood, he flew into a terrible rage. But I kept cool and let him know that I expected to be well paid for keeping silent. He saw he was in my power and was liberal enough for awhile; then we had a quarrel, and he vowed he would never give me another cent. He has kept his word. I don't care about that now, though. All I wanted was to tell you this story, so you could see that the girl has her rights."

He raised himself on his elbow and slowly drew a small box from beneath his pillow. Opening it, he took out a folded paper and put it in the doctor's hands.

"There is the certificate," he said, "and you will see that all is made right—won't you, doctor? I want to die clear of the sin of deceiving an innocent girl. I want to make reparation for all that she has suffered. Ask her to forgive a dying man and tell her—"

Another paroxysm of coughing interrupted these words, and they were his last, for half an hour afterward he was dead.

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It is impossible to tell how thankful the doctor was that the stain of dishonor was removed from Doris, for whom he had conceived an almost fatherly affection. Feelings of mingled joy and sorrow filled his heart as he walked slowly homeward. He was glad, on the one hand, that Doris had nothing in her past life for which she need blush. Yet, on the other, would not even that have been better than to be united, in a bond which nothing but death could loosen, to such an unscrupulous scoundrel as Elliott?

It would be impossible now for him to refuse to acknowledge Doris as his wife, and she could share his wealth with him, if she chose. But the doctor, knowing her proud spirit, was sure that she would prefer earning her livelihood by her own efforts.

His good wife's astonishment was great when she heard the narrative. At first, she was delighted; but, after a few minutes' thought, she shook her head dubiously.

"I think we must send for her to come and make us a little visit, and then we can tell her all about it, and let her judge for herself what she wants to do. I believe with you, that she will spurn Elliott, even with his wealth."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE doctor and his wife had resolved to wait for a day or two and let the young girl recover somewhat from the fatigue and the shock of the accident before they told her of the dying man's confession, so that as yet Doris knew nothing. But, when after Egerton's departure she told Mrs. Foster of his confession of love, her friend felt that she must not suffer her to indulge, for a moment, in hopes of happiness that now could never be realized.

As tenderly as she could, therefore, the doctor's wife told Doris that she was not free to accept this new love; that she was bound by fetters which nothing but death could sever. So great was Doris's contempt and loathing of the man who had sought to wrong her, that it was hard to learn that she was really his wife. Her one thought had been that he could no longer exult in his ill-gotten gains. Now she realized that to love Egerton was criminal. He must be put away forever from her heart.

"You must tell him of this new trouble," said Doris: "I cannot—oh, I cannot! I cannot! Will you?"

So that very day a note summoned Egerton to the Fosters'.

Gentle Mrs. Foster's sympathetic face warned him, as she entered the room, that she was the bearer of sorrowful news. He looked at her in mute inquiry a moment before he spoke.

"Doris has told you," he said, "that, with her past, though so innocent, she will not come to me. But oh, persuade her differently! I would do my best to brighten her life, that has had such bitter sorrow in it already, young as she is. All that love and wealth can lavish upon her shall be hers: for, thanks to her, I am a rich man now. You, who love her, will not fear to intrust her to my care."

Every word made Mrs. Foster's duty seem harder; and, as he paused and waited for a reply, she sought refuge in true woman's fashion in a flood of tears.

"Oh, how can I tell you?" she cried. "It is too hard. You can never be anything to Doris. You must go away and never see her. Yes, that will be best. Poor child, it will be easier for her never to see your face again, than to bid you farewell."

"What do you mean?" asked Harold, with an intensity of emotion that made his voice seem stern and hard. "Is it anything but her innocent past? Why must I leave her? Why can she not be my wife? What insuperable barrier can fate raise between us now?"

He paused for an answer. The moment that elapsed before Mrs. Foster could control her voice to speak seemed like an eternity to Egerton.

"Because she is not free. She was legally married."

Everything seemed to reel before Harold's eyes. He caught at a table, to keep from falling; then he recovered himself.

"Surely, this is some mistake: she is not married. She told me of the cruel deception that was practiced on her, of the mock marriage; but that was not binding. The man that she had believed to be her husband told her himself that there were no ties between them."

"But it was a real marriage," said Mrs. Foster, "though Elliott believed it to be a mockery at the time."

Then she repeated the dying man's confession and showed him the certificate of marriage, duly signed and attested.

"So the poor girl is bound to that infamous wretch and separated from the man who loves her by this?" said Harold, bitterly, crushing the paper in his clenched hand, while a gray look of hopeless misery settled down on the face that had been but a little while before so radiant with love and hope.

"You are right, Mrs. Foster—it will be best

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that I should go away now and not add to her pain by bidding her farewell. Tell her that, for her sake, I will spare the scoundrel, who richly deserves punishment for his treachery. Say also that I will not make him restore his ill-gotten gains, lest she should suffer want. But I will see him and make him confess that he was the cause of my separation from my father, and I will at least terrify him by threats of letting the law take its course and deal with him as he deserves. I cannot yet realize that I must crush out my love, lest its existence should do her wrong. Oh, only an hour ago, I was fool enough to fancy that life had kept its richest blessing in store for me until now. It is hard—hard!" and he groaned aloud.

"I am glad I can leave her in the care of such a good friend as yourself," he said, finally, rallying, as he wrung Mrs. Foster's hand at parting. "God bless you for your kindness to her."

He strode away, trying to distance the keen pain that seemed to pierce his heart like a knife.

He walked rapidly for some time, without any aim or purpose, and then suddenly paused and consulted his watch. He found that he had just time to catch the next down-train, and he made up his mind to have an interview with John Elliott as soon as possible and give utterance to the contempt and loathing he felt for him.

This decision once arrived at, he lost no time in carrying it out. He sprang aboard the train as it was moving out of the station, and, settling himself in a seat, pulled his hat over his eyes and gave himself up to his bitter thoughts.

When the train reached the station where Egerton was to get off, he had no difficulty in finding the house which sheltered John Elliott.

He asked to see the sick man; and, though his hostess hesitated for a moment, she assented finally and led him upstairs to the chamber.

"He is asleep," she said, as she quietly opened the door and cautiously approached the bed where Elliott lay. "He has recovered his senses, and the doctor says sleep is now the best cure. If you are not in a hurry, you can sit down and wait till he wakes."

Egerton seated himself in the easychair beside the bed, while, excusing herself on the plea of household duties, the lady withdrew.

Had the man been any other than the one who had so grievously wronged him in the past, and now stood between him and happiness, Egerton would have pitied him as he lay there, his face pinched with suffering and as white as the pillow whereon it rested.

"And yet they say he will recover and stand forever between me and happiness," said Harold, bitterly.

CHAPTER XXII.

The sick man slept on. Harold drew the will from his pocket, meantime, and read it. Its perusal always afforded him incontrovertible proof that his father's heart had relented at the last and fully and freely forgiven him. A low gurgling sound suddenly attracted him. Turning toward the bed, he saw that Elliott had wakened and was staring at him with wild frightened eyes and a horrified face of incredulity, apparently doubting the testimony of his vision.

For a moment, neither of the men spoke. Then Elliott gasped:

"How came you here? Can you not let me suffer in peace?"

"I have come," answered Egerton, sternly, "that you may confess your treachery and restore to me my father's rightful will."

"I have no will," responded Elliott, though his hand instinctively clutched the little leather bag about his neck. "What are you talking about? I do not know where any will is."

"You say you don't know, and you do not," answered Egerton, drawing the document from his pocket and unfolding it. "Here it is—the will which you dared to steal, but did not dare to destroy."

A look of incredulous amazement seemed to petrify Elliott's features, and, with sudden strength, he tore the bag from his neck and wrenched it open.

The will was gone! Though, how it had ever left his possession and come into the hands of his arch enemy, he could not conceive, except by some supernatural intervention.

He clutched at the paper in Egerton's hands, resolved to regain possession of it by some means, and his unexpected movement was so sudden that it was successful.

There was an open fire burning in the grate, and, impelled by an unreasoning impulse to destroy it, even at this late hour, he sprang from the bed with unexpected strength and started toward the fire.

"Madman, what are you doing?" cried Egerton, springing after him.

He had caught his arm, and for an instant the two men struggled together, Elliott with a strength that was astounding in his condition. But his hatred of Egerton and his intense desire to destroy the will had completely overmastered his weak body. His false strength could not

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endure, however. In a moment, he fell prone upon the floor.

Realizing that he could not reach the fire, he made another abortive attempt to destroy the will by thrusting it into his mouth in a crumpled ball and trying to swallow it; but Egerton snatched it from him before he could execute his purpose.

He held on to it with a grip, however, which was hard to loosen; and, when Egerton at last freed the paper from his grasp, his strength suddenly ebbed, and he lay on the floor as immovable as a corpse, a faint moan issuing from his parted lips.

Egerton raised him in his arms, unheeding his faint gesture of aversion, and bore him back to his bed.

There he held a strengthening draught to Elliott's lips, and would have gone to summon assistance, but the sick man laid a feeble detaining hold upon him. "Tell me how you got that will," he asked.

And Egerton told him—told by what mysterious providence the girl whom he had tried to wrong so grievously had been the appointed instrument to restore the will to its rightful owner; and that, for the sake of the woman he had loved before he had learned that she was the wife of the man who had estranged him from his father's heart and home, Egerton had resolved to take no measures to punish him.

"If I could only live!" fairly hissed Elliott. "But I feel now, for the first time, that I must die. My getting out of bed has killed me. Even if you have the fortune I would have kept from you, my life would stand between you and happiness. But curse my luck! It has played me false at last. I am dying, and I shall leave her free. Ah, 'the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small'—exceeding small," he repeated, "and they have caught me at last. Your revenge is sweet, is it not? You can sit here and see me die while you hold that will in your hand that will restore you to your father's home. Curse you! If I could have lived! And I might, but for your coming."

He fixed a look of malignant hatred on Egerton, but he never spoke again. The ashen lips moved, yet no sound issued from them.

Egerton hastily summoned the nurse to the bedside; but there was nothing that human skill or care could do. He left the chamber, that he might not torture the dying man by his presence.

At last the end came; and yet, as the nurse closed the eyes that were so fixed and glassy, it seemed as if an expression of hatred still lingered in them.

The next train carried Egerton back to the city.

It is six months later, and at the altar stand Doris and Harold, before the white-robed priest who is making them man and wife.

"Until death do us part," they repeat, and Doris clings closer to the manly arm that she knows will shield and protect her through every sorrow. Her sweet blushing cheek tells her joy, while in Harold's face there is an expression that fairly transfigures it. They are happy at last, while the man who so cruelly injured them lies in his unwept grave.

Verily "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

"GOOD-BYE FOREVER."

BY ANNA W. RHETTS.

"Good-bye forever." I held her hand.
The sun had sunk to rest,
And a crescent moon, like a silver cloud,
Climbed the faintly glowing west.

The grass was dewy, the air was sweet
With roses and mignonette;
As I close my eyes in the twilight glow,
It seems I can breathe it yet.

There were beds of blossoms and clumps of trees
A-stretching riverward,
And the night so calmly closed around
That scarcely a leaf was stirred.

"Good-bye forever." So faint, so low,
So sad—so kindly spoken;
'Twas a quiv'ring sigh and a whispered prayer
From the depths of the heart I had broken.

Oh, lightly I prized her love that night;
I smiled at her parting sigh
As I pressed her hand in the twilight glow
And answered: "My love, good-bye."

Then I hied me on, and the night grew dark
As I crossed the rushing river;
Still soft and low came her tender wail:
"Good-bye, sweet love, forever."

Then died the echo; the night was dark—
No star, no laughter, no song;
But how could I know, O heart of mine,
That forever was so long

Too late I waken. The past lies dead.
My love—I can reach her never;
Too late I know that I loved her true,
And love her, though parted forever.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

THE MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THE first question which presents itself in considering the subject of the moral education of children is: When ought it to begin? Some people say it is of no use to try to enforce obedience before the age of two or three. Then reason can, to some small degree, be appealed to, and the child will understand that it must yield to a superior will. Poor little mortal! The injustice of such treatment does not seem to strike the advocates of it.

Who would think of training any but a human creature in this fashion? Two years of indulgence in every whim, two years of willfulness in full career, and then suddenly the heavy hand of correction shall fall! It may sound very pretty to say laughingly that baby is a tyrant and must be obeyed; but, if he is not to continue to tyrannize, in justice to the little mite, let him recognize this fact at once. A child's training must be begun while it is yet an infant in arms. As soon as it knows that crying will not conquer, it learns the wisdom of submission. A victory gained thus once over a rebellious child, however much it may cost the tender-hearted mother at the time, is well won. Next time, the fight will not last so long, and gradually the little child learns the necessity of obedience.

"I cannot let the child go on crying so," cries many a weak woman, and the baby is caught up and rocked to sleep with soothing caresses, and night after night the same spoiling is continued. It is, doubtless, easier at the moment to comfort and soothe the willful child, who will sink peacefully to rest as soon as it obtains what it so vociferously demands; but the parent is buying her own ease and satisfaction at a terrible cost to the child. It is a snare into which those who have to deal with delicate children are very apt to fall. We remember well the case of a little fellow of seven, a very delicate child, who passed into the keeping of an aunt while his parents were abroad.

"If you let me cry so, I shall kill myself," said the boy, through sobs and truly heart-rending weeping; "mother says so!"

He had been used to gaining his way by this means from infancy, and was taken considerably aback to find it was no longer successful. It is injurious to weakly children to cry lustily, and therefore everything is done to hush the screams. But is it not wiser, kinder, and less selfish to teach the child not to cry? Children cry from two causes: either from temper or from illness. It is the duty of every mother to ascertain whether the latter cause induces the fretfulness in her child, and, if so, to take means at once to remove this cause, if possible. But, if no symptom of suffering is discovered, the case immediately demands other treatment, and the passionateness or obstinacy must be overcome by moral force.

This brings us to the point at which parents encounter their second great difficulty. The little one must be broken of his naughty ways, but how? What means are to be used? And then the great question of corporeal punishment comes in. Shall the rod be spared and the child spoiled? Let the rod, indeed, be unknown in the house, we answer, but the child need not suffer in character. Obedience can be taught without blows; indeed, the temporary obedience that ensues is not obedience at all, but merely cowed submission, which breaks forth into rebellion as soon as the restraining power is removed. Such servile submission lowers the nature. The child who only obeys from fear of physical suffering will become a coward and a deceiver.

We speak of this chiefly in considering the ordinary every-day misdemeanors of childhood. The little slaps that an impatient mother bestows on a refractory infant are but the expression of her own uncontrolled temper; the box on the ear—a most dangerous punishment—which stings a spirited boy into a passionate outburst, would never be given if the angry governess or nurse paused for one moment to reflect on the reason and the consequences of the violent correction. Such punishments shame both the giver and the recipient, while they undoubtedly harden the hearts of both.

There are, indeed, cases when grave offenses call for a whipping, but we should say that they hardly ever occur in the nursery, and certainly girls should never be made the subject of a beating. Occasionally—but very exceptionally, if the early training has been what it should be—some very stubborn boy of five or six may be guilty of such repeated and persistent acts of

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naughtiness that the rod must be resorted to. Probably one example will suffice for the remainder of his nursery-life. Cruelty, too, sometimes calls for this treatment; but even then the castigation must not be inflicted by mother or nurse. It seems a very hard thing to make papa the "bête noire," but we fear there is no help for it. A boy receives this sort of punishment from his father with very different feelings from those with which he would regard his mother if she inflicted it. It lowers her in his young eyes, whereas, if the offense is reported to his father, and judicially punished by him, it assumes a very different aspect.

As to the punishments to be inflicted—for it is vain to hope to pass through the stages of childhood without employing them—they must be adequate without being unreasonable or unduly severe.

Prolonged penances are objectionable—such, for example, as an endless task to be performed, or hours of sitting still in idleness. To be sent to bed early is the most dreaded penalty, and is unproductive of harm, mental or physical. It is, of course, open to the objection of its being deferred; but this cannot be helped. We are afraid lesson-tasks must sometimes be resorted to, but with discretion, for it is a pity to make study and punishment appear synonymous terms.

Temporary isolation in a room, where no temptations to mischief present themselves, is generally found successful with little children; but on no account must dark closets be chosen. It is, morally and mentally, most harmful to play on the fears of children. Copying impositions is not to be recommended, because it spoils the handwriting, and it is physically injurious to a child to stoop for an hour or more.

A task which exercises a boy's arithmetical powers, and is neither useless nor harmful, is that of making him multiply seven by seven, and the result by seven, and each successive result by seven. He may either have to do it for a certain time or until a certain result is gained, and the teacher should have a book with it all worked out, so that the child's results may be easily tested.

It is wearisome, indeed, and dispiriting, to have to consider children from this point of view. It would be so delightful to have only the pleasantness and none of the disagreeables of bringing them up. But, if they are to be indeed a happiness to us, the good work of training the young plants carefully cannot too soon be taken in hand. The delicate sapling must be gently nurtured, the crooked tendencies corrected, the weaknesses strengthened lovingly, tenderly. The healthy vigorous ones demand a different treatment; they can be firmly grasped, boldly directed.

And so, in the nursery, each little child needs a distinct treatment; the character, the disposition, the temper of each is different—a study in itself. Infinite solicitude is needed to make our nurseries the beautiful gardens we would have them. And the hours of patient thought and care and loving endurance given to the little ones will certainly bear their fruit in due season, when our daughters have become "polished corners," and our sons truly "pillars of the house."

HOW TO SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back against anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing; for, unless the skin is in good condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness passes away, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do this is debilitating.

Never stand still in the cold air, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose and never with the open mouth.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon-dress, of embroidery and figured muslin or batiste. The figured material may be either white or colored. The underskirt has first a plaited ruffle of the material; over it, on the front and sides, is a wide flouncing of embroidery. The front drapery may or may not be cut with the bodice. It is perhaps more

No. 1.

convenient to have all the drapery properly arranged upon the skirt, and the bodice separate. In our model, the short apron-front is plaited quite high at the sides, when the back drapery falls straight, only being slightly looped over the low tournure. The bodice is round and full, crossing from right to left in front under a wide sash of soft white mull or surah, which ends in

No. 2.

two long loops at the left side. The bodice may be left open at the throat or crossed over a full vest of muslin or surah, as the taste may suggest. If worn open, a band of black velvet around the throat will add much to the style. One and one-quarter yards of wide embroidered flouncing and ten to twelve yards of figured muslin will be required.

No. 2—Is a stylish model for a gingham or sateen. The drapery is long and almost entirely covers the underskirt. The front is edged across the bottom and up the left side by a handsome Hamburg edging or torchon lace. The pointed basque has a vest-front covering the fastenings,

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No. 3.

also edged with embroidery or lace to match the skirt. Cuffs to correspond. Twelve to fourteen yards of gingham or sateen and six yards of edging will be required for this costume.

No. 4.

No. 3—Is an apron for cooking and housekeeping purposes. It is made of pin-striped gingham. As seen by the illustration, it is intended

No. 5.

No. 6.

to cover the dress almost entirely and preserve it from injury. It is gathered back and front and cut like a square-necked chemise, with a

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long full skirt, edged with a bias band and ruffle. A pocket—for handkerchief, keys, etc.—is on the right side. A belt of the material ties around the waist to keep the apron in place.

No. 4—Is a frock of plaid woolen for a girl of five. It is all cut on the cross and trimmed with plastron-folds. The shoulder-knot, plastron-folds, and sleeve-tabs are all of sicilienne of a lighter shade of the pattern. This model will also serve for a plaid gingham, with plain gingham to match for trimmings.

No. 5—Is a corsage-blouse, of striped French tennis-flannel, intended to be worn in the morning over any skirt when a little extra warmth is needed. The yoke and cuffs are shirred, and the fullness from the yoke is fitted to the waist, and then forms the skirt of the blouse. A belt with oxydized clasp fastens at the waist, and a clasp to correspond also fastens the collar.

No. 7.

No. 6—Is a frock of white nainsook, with yoke and insertion of English or Hamburg embroidery in an open design. The frock opens in the back, and the waistband is gathered over a straight band.

No. 7—Is a seaside-dress in Turkey-red twill or serge for a girl of five years. The skirt is kilted and the blouse-waist has a deep collar and cuffs in écru embroidery. Straw hat, trimmed with loops of red gros-grain ribbon.

No. 8.

No. 8—Is a seaside-costume for a boy of five or six years. It is made of pin-striped blue-and-white flannel, trimmed with white worsted braid on the wide sailor-collar, cuffs, edge of blouse, and down the sides of the pants. A belt of the

No. 9.

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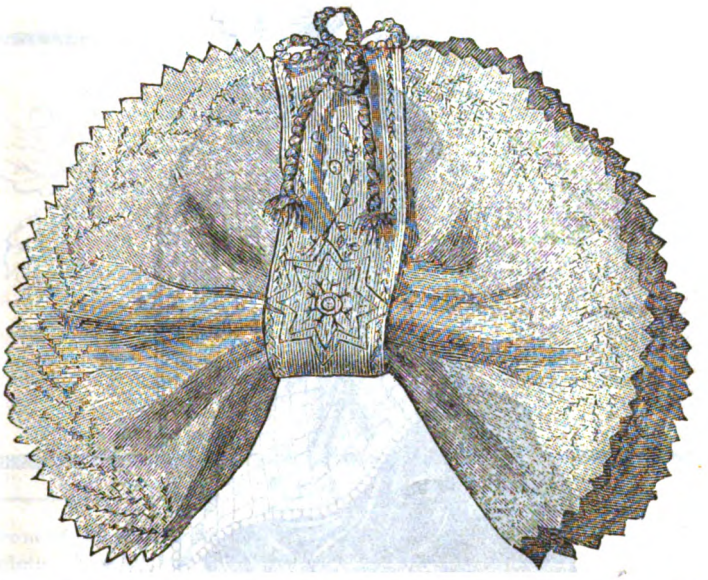
same, or one of leather, completes the costume. Sailor-cap, either made of flannel and trimmed with braid or crochet to match the costume.

No. 9—Is a simple bathing-costume for a child of four to six years, made of navy-blue flannel and edged with white braid.

MULTICOLORED PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This kidney-shaped penwiper has the advantage of being provided with a rosette with ends in variegated chenille, by means of which it can be suspended close at hand, near or within the desk, instead of constantly disappearing among letters, bills, etc., and the stripe in the centre can be stuffed sufficiently to hold a few pins. The top leaf is of pinked-out cloth, tastefully embroidered with a vine in coral-stitch. A large star and a trail of foliage ornament the stripe in the centre. This stripe may be of velvet or plush. The inside leaves are of cloth of various bright colors, each being circular, pinked out, and doubled down. Some persons prefer the inside leaves made of chamois-leather. Either is good; but the latter does not make as pretty a penwiper as the multicolored cloths.

DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, we give six designs for d'oyleys. The designs, however, may be used for other purposes. If used for d'oyleys, the linen on which they are embroidered should be six inches square, including the fringe, which should be about an inch. If it is desired to work them with as little trouble as possible, then employ only one color, and in that case black or red washing-silk will be the most effective; but, if a richer effect is desired, use the purple and gold and green silks, as designated in our pattern. The snowdrop can be done in greenish white; the storks in black or gray, with the lines in gold, and the geometrical pattern in circles in any colors preferred to make a variety. Care should be taken to have good washing-silks. In some expensive d'oyleys in these patterns gold thread was used.

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SEASIDE WRAP, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement-pattern this month, a very stylish and simple model for a wrap with a Capuchin hood, most useful for cool evenings at the seaside or mountains. It is made of plaid flannel, camel's-hair cloth, or eider-down flannel, and lined with bright-colored surah. Our pattern consists of two pieces:

1. HALF OF PELERINE.
2. HALF OF HOOD.

The dotted lines show where the plaits are laid at the back over the tournure and also on the hood, where the hood turns over. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The pattern turns over down the entire front, indicated by a dotted line—as our paper is not large enough to take the half of the wrap entire. An old plaid shawl can be used for such a garment.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a dog's-head done in outline, for a gentleman's office-bag, or a towel to place on a bureau, a boy's school-bag, etc.

On the Supplement, will be found a design in outline for a comb-and-brush bag for traveling or for the centre of a towel on which to place

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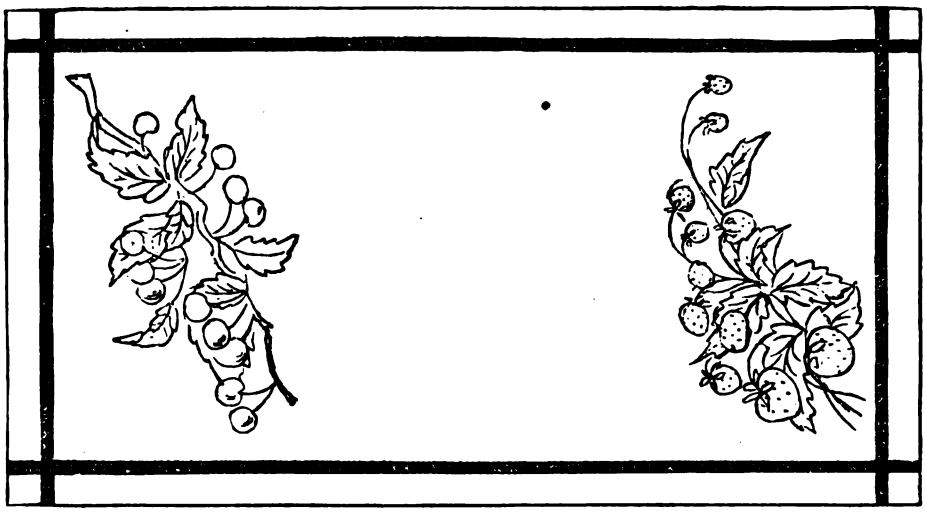
toilet-articles on the dressing-bureau. If it is used for a traveling-bag, it should be done on gray linen or brown holland.

We also give, on the Supplement, a horse-shoe, to be done either in outline or embroidery stitch. It may be used for various purposes. The original was done in embroidery, in colors, on a baby-carriage afghan.

FRUIT-CLOTH.

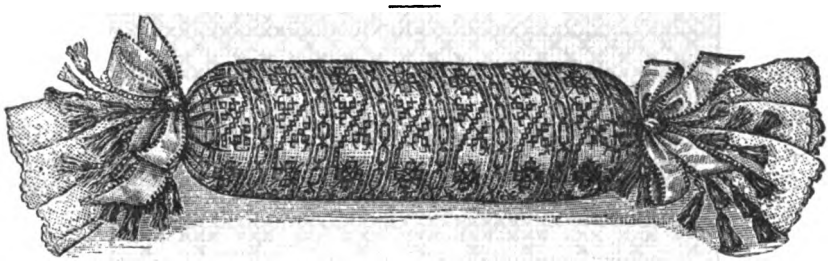
BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



In the front of the number we give a design for a fruit-cloth. This is intended to lie in the centre of the dining-table, to set the fruit, flowers, or cruets, salt and pepper bottles, on. It should be thirteen inches wide and twentytwo long, with a hem an inch and a quarter on all sides and a row of drawn-work above it. The fruit, being given full size, can be easily transferred on the ends. This should be worked in the outline-stitch with cardinal linen, which is said to stand laundrying much better than wash-silk or the Turkey-red cotton. It can be had in any shade, of various sizes.

SCENTED CUSHION FOR LINEN-PRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A roll of perfumed cotton wadding is first covered with a plain material, drawn in at both ends. The embroidery is worked separately, on butcher's-linen or Java canvas, done in cross-stitch, with colored cottons or linen floss. The wadding is scented with sachet-powder or lavender-blossoms. After the roll has been mounted with the embroidery, tassels-and-cord with lace and ribbon bows are added at both ends, to correspond with the embroidery.

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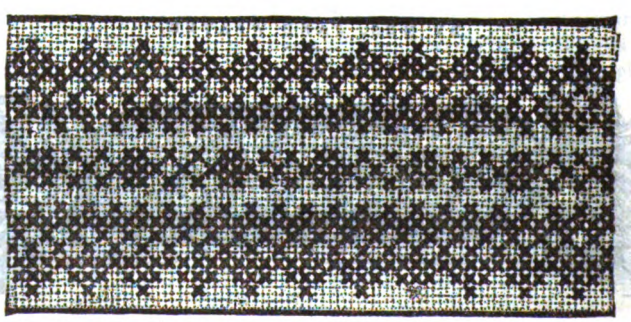
WALL-POCKET FOR HALL OF COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design can be carried out in house-flannel, interplaited flat straw in red-and-white, or painted cloth, or a bit of Chinese matting for the straw-work. The edge is finished with a coarse woolen rope, the sides tied in two loops, with ends fringed for tassels. The two valances are scalloped and fringed with tassels. They are made of red twill or cloth and decorated with the Chinese-key pattern, done in braid or outline-stitch. The stars and festoons are done in the same manner. This strong pocket will be most useful for clothes-brushes, whisks, etc., and will be found convenient in bed-chambers.

BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty border in cross-stitch is useful for ornamenting the ends of towels or stand-covers. The work is done in colored linen floss or French working-cottons, all of which wash well. Cross-stitch borders are also much used on coarse linen for aprons and borders of children's skirts. In the latter case, the band can be embroidered and set on the skirt, if more convenient.

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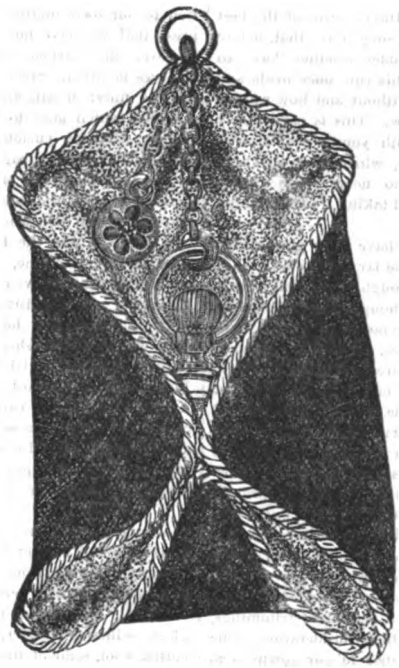
WATCH-POCKET.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH



A cunning little watch-pocket can be formed of two circular pieces of plush and satin, with an interlining of scented cotton. Overhand the pieces together over a piece of bonnet-wire, and finish it on the edge with a cord. It is bent and sewed together, as seen in the design, to form the pocket. A hook with a screw in it is screwed through the top of it to fasten it on the wall, and the hook to hang the watch on. A little embroidery can be added, if desired.

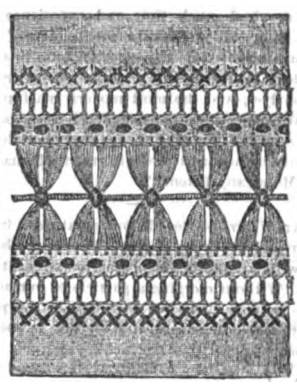
DRAWN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Six threads are drawn for the two narrow borders and six left standing. For the centre, thirty threads are drawn and worked into the design. The fancy stitches, lines, and dots are worked in colored cottons or linen floss.

Butcher's-linen is the best material for drawn-work, as it is coarse and pulls out easily. This is a beautiful design for scarf or towel ends.

The center pattern can be repeated frequently with very good effect.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Few Words on Economy in Dress.—One of the best and wisest rules to make on this subject is: that, before purchasing, we should always consider whether "we can do without it." It is surprising—this rule once made and followed—how much we can do without and how we can make old things do as well as new. This is particularly the case in small things and with young people, who fancy the pretty things they see, which look so cheap and are really so dear, and who nevertheless cannot afford them without prejudicing and taking from something of more importance.

As a rule, most women and girls have more gowns than are at all needful, and they would be far better clad if they had fewer and wore out more thoroughly what they have. Three dresses are usually quite enough for comfort and good-looks, and we should take care not to have more than one of a kind—excepting, of course, we live in a land of perpetual summer, where wash-dresses are a necessity. These three, for people who are of ordinary means, consist of a house-dress, a good tailor-made or walking dress, and a black or colored silk as a best gown, which, if made with two bodices, would do likewise for the grander occasions of society-life. When a change is needful, a new tailor-made dress could be got and the old one made the morning-gown. Always holding the ideal woman before our eyes—the "pink of neatness" and daintiness—what blessings should be showered on the head of the inventor of tailor-made frocks and gowns! All plain woolen gowns seem called "tailor-made" indiscriminately, provided they fit well and are not overcome with too redundant trimmings, neatness and a good fit being the chief consideration. One great secret of neatness in appearance in our gowns is to keep them well brushed and dusted.

The fashionable dress-material for either promenade or reception dresses is a Henrietta; and, now that Messrs. MacLea & Co. are making an all-wool Henrietta with a silk-finished face, every woman of moderate means can appear in a costume made from this beautiful fabric. These Henriettas look fully as handsome as those made with a silk warp, and are far more durable, for the reason that all fabrics which are made from different materials are never as satisfactory as a fabric made from one material, and besides, they cost just half what one would have to pay for the silk warp.

It has required much time and experience to perfect MacLea's Henrietta and attain the beauty of touch and finish characteristic of the goods; but this has been accomplished by the use of the purest Australian wool, the best of dyes, and the most modern machinery.

There are many imitations of MacLea's goods, and the attention of ladies is called to the fact that the goods are rolled upon a mahogany board with the trade-mark thereon: "Déposé Mahogany Patent."

A Great Want.—After all, our great want in social life is a deeper and wider sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend as to feel how natural it is for her to speak and act as she does.

Our New Volume.—We do not often call special attention to our own merits—this is done so liberally by the press that we have no need. In this opening number, however, the marked excellence of our steel-plate really deserves mention. Steel-engravings, as everybody knows, are the finest of all, and ours is the only magazine in America which goes to the great expense of producing them. Anybody curious to note their superiority need only look at the full-page illustration called "A Reverie," in the May number of one of our city contemporaries, and compare it with the same picture in the April number of "Peterson" for 1881, where it appeared as a steel-engraving with the title "In the Balcony."

In this new volume, the steel-plates will be especially noteworthy, as we have ready a collection which, for beauty of subject and exquisiteness of execution, even we have never equaled. We have, too, some of the best stories that we have published for years; and, in August, we shall commence a serial by the author of "A Transplanted Rose," one of the most popular society-novels of our day. A new feature, that cannot fail to interest every mother of a family, will be a series of articles entitled "Talks by a Trained Nurse." In short, this volume will be in every way a convincing proof of the superiority and ever-progressive character of "Peterson."

Articles Useful for Cuts and Bruises.—Every prudent housewife and mother of a family should keep the accompanying items safe from the reach of children and servants and in a cupboard where the mistress alone can find them: Olive oil, sal-volatile, hartshorn, a graduated medicine-glass, adhesive plaster, court-plaster, goldbeater's skin, cotton wool, some of the best white wadding, fingers of old gloves, violet powder, fuller's earth, glycerine, rosewater, camphor and spermaceti ointment, cold cream, vaseline, a few rolled-up bandages from one to four and a half inches wide, a piece of narrow tape, some old linen, and a pair of scissors.

To Transfer Patterns.—A good plan in transferring patterns from our Supplement is to fasten the Supplement on the paper. Take the thread from the sewing-machine and run the papers through the machine, following the pattern. Take the Supplement from the paper and cut, following the row of little holes, and a true pattern will be obtained. The embroidery-patterns may be done in the same way—a perforated pattern will be the result. Use pounce and press with a hot iron.

Persons whose digestion is disturbed by radishes suffer no annoyance if the vegetable is scraped and laid in cold—not ice—water for a few moments before serving. It is an element in the outer coating that causes the distress so often experienced by lovers of this earliest of vegetables.

All mothers should have "Our Baby's First and Second Year," by Marion Harland. It is a splendid little book and is furnished free upon receipt of your address, by Reed & Carnrick, New York. Send for it and you will find it contains many valuable suggestions.

Unkind Words.—An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back.

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It is Never Too Late to Get up Clubs for this magazine or to subscribe for a single copy. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new volume begins with this number. We can, however, send back numbers to those who prefer to begin their subscription with January. Our premiums for getting up clubs are the finest ever offered, and have been warmly commended by the thousands who have received them. Our club terms are as follows:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "The Wreath of Immortelles," or "Choice Gems," for premium.

Four copies for $6.40, or six copies for $9.00, with an extra copy of the magazine for a year, for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, with both an extra copy one year and either the engraving or "Choice Gems," for premiums. A sample copy will be sent free to anyone desiring to get up a club.

Reading in France.—Frenchwomen have of late begun to manifest an extraordinary taste for rare books, curious editions, and beautiful old bindings. In many a drawing-room, from which books used to be banished as unfitting, bookcases have been introduced, while magazines and volumes of current literature, in loose covers made of old damask, lie about on tables and consoles. This is a great step in the right direction; hitherto the typical Parisian read less than the women of any other civilized nation, and the only wonder is that they are so well informed as they are in most matters.

The Foremost Periodical.—The Phillipsburg (Pa.) Journal says: "The attractive features that have always characterized 'Peterson's Magazine' have made it the foremost periodical of the kind published. Very many of the ladies of this country look upon it as indispensable—could not think of keeping house without it."

Strong Points in Cookery.—The cardinal virtues of cookery are cleanliness, frugality, nourishment, and palatableness.

Epictetus says: "Men are disturbed, not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things."

A HOUSEHOLD A, B, C.

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp sheets and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always neat, and tidy, and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue—
Xerxes could walk full many a league;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

For the benefit of those who may wish to subscribe and do not desire the back numbers, we offer to send the magazine for the next six months, or from July to December, for $1.00. A six months' trial will convince you of the superiority of "Peterson," and you will want to renew the subscription for 1889.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Too Curious. By Edward J. Goodman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is the autobiography of a man who suddenly finds himself possessed of the ability which most persons have, at some time, craved—that of being granted a knowledge of future events. Any question that he may ask, in regard to coming events, is instantly and unerringly answered by some power which, though apparently lodged in his brain, is extraneous to and entirely independent of his will. He is not permitted, however, to communicate to anyone else the knowledge granted him; it is only within certain circumscribed limits that he is able to act on it. The story itself is very interesting, and this weird faculty, while giving a charm of newness, is employed in a way so natural, even matter-of-fact, as to make the reader almost forget that its possession is less probable than the incidents connected with its exercise.

The Deserter and From the Ranks. By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—There is only one objection to having these charming stories united in a single volume—reading them in succession, it is difficult to decide between their respective merits. Whichever is read last will probably, for the time, bear off the palm in the reader's opinion. Both are stories of garrison-life, and American novels of that kind have not been numerous enough to deprive them of the charm of novelty. In this style of romance, Captain King has no equal; his brilliant novel, "The Colonel's Daughter," published some years since, proved this conclusively, and each later work has strengthened his position.

The Path to Fame. By Edward Ruben. New York: O. Lauckner.—This novel, by an author whose name is new to us, is not only interesting, but gives promise of much future good work. It is the history of a young artist whose varied experiences in pursuit of fame are well narrated, and the love-story blended therewith is effective and original in treatment. The whole tone of the book is lofty, full of a fairly passionate contempt for deception and shams, whether in business or social life; and the philosophical disquisitions—which it seems necessary nowadays that every novel should contain—though never obtrusive, form a strong undercurrent in the direction of ethical culture.

Society Rap'ds. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This novel, which appears anonymously, is reported to be the production of a well-known society leader, and certainly bears every evidence of having been written by a person thoroughly familiar with the scenes and characters it describes. It is, of course, a story of fashionable life, but written with a deeper purpose than the mere depicting of ball-room frivolities. The successes and failures of fashion's devotees are skillfully presented, the characters are well drawn, the style is bright and vivacious, and the satire as keen as the humor is enjoyable.

Kenneth Cameron. By Judge L. Q. C. Brown, of Louisiana. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a novel of Louisiana life in the days before the Civil War, thoroughly imbued with the spirit and coloring of the time. It is a love-story of great interest; the incidents are well chosen, powerfully depicted, and the author is unusually happy in his delineation of negro character and dialect. There is a description of a horse-race, which is the most striking we have read in a long time—even Hawley Smart, with all his skill in that line, never surpassed it.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FROM OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.—It is several months since we have published any extracts from the friendly letters we are constantly receiving, and the pile on our table is really formidable. We have room for so few, that to choose from amo g these scores of flattering messages would be impossible. We quote from those which first come to hand. One lady writes to us: "I have taken the magazine for twenty years, and consider the fancy-work department alone worth more than the price of the magazine." A lady writes from Colorado: "The magazine is charming, and I can say with so many of your subscribers that it improves all the time." Another subscriber says: "The magazine is even much better than I expected, and there has been no falling-off, but a long step forward, since I saw it last." A new subscriber writes: "I like your magazine very much. It is the best I ever read. I would not be without it for a good deal more than its cost." A lady, renewing her subscription, writes: "I have been a subscriber to your magazine for several years, and find it a necessity in the house."

WHY BAKING-POWDERS ARE BEST.—(From Hall's Journal of Health.) Baking-powders, properly compounded and containing pure cream of tartar, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome and far more palatable.

We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking-Powder, who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of adulterated baking-powders.

Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking-powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking-Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking-Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

French Beans for Winter Use.—Gather the beans dry and young, slice as for cooking, then put in large earthenware jars, with alternate layers of salt; as the beans shrink, fill up the jars from day to day until closely filled; tie over with brown paper. Keep in a cool dry place. Before using, soak in water for a few hours and boil in plenty of water without salt.

Frits.—Cut the cucumber—already cooked—into pieces about the length of your little finger, dry them very carefully in a cloth, and fry them in butter. They can also be dipped in a good batter and then fried in the same way as salsify. Particular care must be taken to have the vegetable very dry, as the slightest moisture will prevent them frying crisp.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Sweet or Fruit Jellies.—For currant or any kind of fruit jellies, the fruit should be washed and strained. Boil the juice and skim, to each pound of fruit allowing one pound of sugar. Care should always be taken that the juice is measured before the sugar is put. First throw the sugar into the pan, making it into a syrup by the addition of a little water, and then add the juice and let it boil rapidly. Many cooks only use for jellies the juice which flows freely through the bag; but those who cannot afford to be so nice gently press the remaining juice out of the bag, which, though it be not so bright in color, is equally good. Jelly, to be really good, should at first be thoroughly boiled. A second warming of fruit-jelly detracts from the flavor of the fruit, and resembles more a syrup than a jelly.

Red-Currant Jelly.—To three parts of red currants, which should be fresh and not over-ripe, mix one of white. Place these into a preserving-pan and gently stir over a clear fire until the juice flows freely, then turn them into a fine hair sieve and drain; pass the juice through a jelly-bag, weigh it, and boil it fast for fifteen minutes, adding to each pound eight ounces of coarsely-powdered sugar. Set this aside on the hob, stirring well until all the sugar is dissolved. Then thoroughly boil the jelly for fifteen minutes and pour it into a pot. An excellent jelly may be made with equal parts of the juice of red and white currants and raspberries. Be sure, whenever scum rises, before or after the sugar is put in, to remove it, or the preserve will be cloudy.

Gooseberry Toast.—A pint of green gooseberries; clean them thoroughly from stems and dried blossoms; then toast to a bright brown as many slices of stale bread as will make three layers for a quart pie-dish. Dip each piece of toast in milk, sprinkle the upper surface with white powdered sugar, having your berries stewed ten minutes, so that none of them shall be broken. Cover one slice of toast with them; the berries are to be covered with another slice, and thus proceed for each layer. The whole to be placed in a moderately hot oven for a quarter of an hour before sending to table.

Currant, Raspberry, or Blackberry Jam.—Pick over and mash the fruit; allow one pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put the fruit and one-quarter of the sugar into a granite or porcelain kettle; when boiling, add another quarter of the sugar; boil again, add more sugar, and, when all is used, let it boil till it hardens on the spoon in the air. Apples, pears, peaches, and quinces should be pared, cut small, and treated in the same way. Cooking in only a little sugar at a time prevents the fuit from becoming hard.

Black-Currant Jelly.—To one pound of picked and washed black currants, add one gill of water. Set this in a preserving-pan, which should be of copper. Bruise the fruit well with a wooden spoon; afterward take off the preserve and strain through a hair sieve. To each one pound of fruit, allow one pound of white sugar. Boil for ten minutes.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Soak four pounds of fruit in two quarts of malt vinegar, and to each quart of juice add two pounds of loaf-sugar; when this is well dissolved with boiling, fine it with a tablespoonful of isinglass, dissolved in the acid first, and then added to the bulk. After this, the whole must be strained.

No preserves or jam should be tied down, but, after putting them into jars, and they become cold, place circles of tissue-paper over to prevent dust, and stand the jars in a dry current of air. Portable safes hung to the ceiling are excellent for the purpose.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN ON RAILWAY JOURNEYS.

THERE are few of us who have not at some period of our lives been unfortunate enough to take a long railway journey in company with a restless peevish child. How much on such occasions have we commiserated ourselves, and how devoutly we have wished that we had not been so unlucky as to take a seat in the particular car in which our troublesome little fellow-traveler is established. And yet, if we have any sense of justice, we must often own that it is not so much the child's fault if he is noisy and tiresome, as it is that of the people with whom he is. A railway journey is tedious enough, even to reasonable adults, accustomed as they are to sit still for one or more hours at a time, and able

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as they are to beguile the tedium by falling back on reflection and books.

But a child is accustomed neither to keep its body in one attitude nor its mind on one subject, and to him three or four hours' confinement in a railway-car is intolerably irksome. A judicious parent, therefore, will endeavor to provide some amusement for her child, by which I do not mean that she will burden herself with a vast collection of toys, but simply that she will take with her the raw material out of which children will very quickly manufacture their own toys. A newspaper, a ball of fine string, and a few colored lead-pencils will more than suffice to keep a couple of children well amused over an ordinarily long railway journey—always provided that the mother takes a little trouble in making happy suggestions. For children are quick enough at catching up and carrying out the most shadowy suggestions, but are not quite as prompt in originating them themselves. The mother should be ready with suggestions which chime in with the predominant thought in the children's minds at the moment. Thus, when the seaside is their destination, and their small heads are full of the delights of digging in the sand and playing with sea-water, it is easy enough to entrance them with a description of the docks and harbors they can construct on the morrow—no mere hole filled with water, but something as like the real thing as sand and spades can make it, with a sand pier stretching out into the sea, and with ever so many ships riding at anchor. Here is the opportunity for the mother to suggest: "We might make some ships now." The children will hail the idea with acclamation, the newspaper will be brought into requisition, and for the next twenty minutes little fingers will be busy fashioning paper boats. The proposal to color the keels will keep them occupied yet another ten minutes, and then—well, then it will be necessary to think of something else, since children love to vary their amusements continually. The suggestion to make a long tail for a kite will now probably meet with favor, and, the colored pencils being already to the fore, the children will naturally proceed to color their folded bits of paper red, blue, and yellow, before stringing them together. When tired of this, they may next be induced to plait together lengths of string for the purpose of making a good stout cord to which to attach those precious pails they mean to do so much work with when once on the seashore. Games of cat's-cradle, and noughts and crosses, may also be fallen back upon. In fact, nothing is too trivial or commonplace to be utilized for the little ones' amusement, and, by taking some pains in this direction, one does not alone keep the children happy and contented, but one saves their grown-up fellow-traveler from much avoidable irritation and discomfort.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. I.—Afternoon-Dress, of Écru Embroidered Batiste, over a plain surah skirt of the same color, which is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of poppy-red surah. Ribbon to match forms the belt and ornaments the skirt, being tied in a long loop on the left side. Full bodice and half-full sleeves. Hat of écru straw, veiled with tulle and faced with red velvet to match. Some loops of ribbon and field-flowers adorn the front.

Fig. II.—Afternoon-Dress, of Striped Light and Dark Blue Foulard. The underskirt is cut on the cross. The tunic in front is cut with the front of the bodice, which opens on the left side, and is held in place at the waist by a pointed waistband. The fullness of the bodice in front is made into a sort of tucked yoke. Full sleeves. The back-drapery is very simply looped.

Fig. III.—Evening or Afternoon Dress, of Plain Pink Cashmere or Nun's-Veiling. The underskirt is laid in large plaits, edged with a tiny knife-plaiting. The tunic is trimmed, a little one side in front, by three rows of narrow watered ribbon, put on plain. The back-drapery hangs long and straight, with but little looping over the tournure. The bodice in front is cut in one with the tunic and fastens under the waistband over a full vest of surah to match. Half-full sleeves.

Fig. IV.—Garden-Party Dress of Pale-Blue, in China-Silk, Surah, Cashmere, or Nun's-Veiling. The skirt is in wide kilt-plaits all around. A short scarf-drapery crosses the front, which is caught up in some simple loops at the back and then falls straight. The bodice opens over a full vest of cream-white surah or silk-muslin. Tight coat-sleeves, slightly fulled at the shoulders. Hat of Tuscan straw, trimmed with quill and band of silk or ribbon to match the dress. Red parasol.

Fig. V.—Garden-Party Dress, of Soft White Mull or Silk-Muslin, over a violet-colored surah skirt, which is edged with a narrow ruffle of the silk. Rosettes of violet gros-grain ribbon loop up the overdress. The bodice is made of the silk, and the front almost entirely covered with the muslin. Full sleeves into bands of the silk. Hat of straw, faced with violet velvet and trimmed with apple-blossoms. Parasol of white lace, trimmed to match the costume.

Fig. VI.—Evening-Dress, of White Nun's-Veiling. There is a narrow plaiting at the bottom. The drapery at the back is but slightly looped, and the front is simply drawn up at the sides. On the left side are three box-plaits of the nun's-veiling, on the right side is a panel of rich brocade in many colors. The vest is of the same material as the panel. The bodice has plaits reaching from the shoulders to the point of the waist. The three-quarter sleeves are finished to correspond with the bodice. Bow of white satin ribbon in the hair.

Fig. VII.—Capote, of Black Lace, lined with red crêpe. The brim is bordered with small red cherries. A cluster of similar fruit ornaments the front, nestling in a bow of red or black ribbon.

Fig. VIII.—Plastron, of Silk Gauze, bordered with an embroidered ribbon or galloon. Same forms the standing collar at the back. This plastron may be worn with different dresses. Bow of ribbon, of the color of the dress with which it is worn.

Fig. IX.—Walking-Costume, of Foulard or Sateen. The underskirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits on the sides. The tunic falls long in front, much plaited at the waist under the bodice. The back has one long loop over the tournure, then falls in straight lines. The bodice is full in front, over a tiny vest of white. Galloon or embroidery outlines the edge of the vest. Hat of straw to match the costume, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon.

Fig. X.—Mantelet, of Gray Twilled Cloth, with Capuchin hood of striped surah in gay colors. The edge of the mantle is finished with a ball-fringe. An ornament to correspond finishes the point of the hood. Bonnet of net or tulle, edged with silver lace and ornamented in front with two white-and-gray birds.

Fig. XI.—Girl's Sailor-Hat, of straw or summer felt, with galloon-bordered brim. The trimming is of ribbon of the same shade.

Fig. XII.—House-Dress, of Challis. The ground is of cream-white, with chestnut-brown design upon it. Both under and skirts are edged with a band of brown ribbon or velvet, the upper skirt being full and slightly draped. The bodice has a rolling collar, is slightly full back and front, and has a vest, high collar, belt, and cuffs to correspond with the trimming of the skirts.

Fig. XIII.—Garden-Hat, of Fancy Straw Braid, black or in dark color, faced with puffings of tulle and trimmed with bunches of hawthorn and loops of ribbon.

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FIG. XIV.—GARIBALDI BODICE, in self-colored flannel, cashmere, or surah. The full vest may be of the same or a contrasting color. The collar and cuffs are like the vest. A buckle ornaments the belt on the left side.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED INDIA-SILK OR GINGHAM. The skirt, collar, cuffs, and small yoke are of the striped material, the overdress and bodice of the plain. The sleeves and bodice are full and the tunic is draped with large box-plaits on the right hip. The sash is of the same material.

FIG. XVI.—TENNIS-BLOUSE, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED FLANNEL. The plain is in cream-white or light-fawn and the stripe in colors to correspond.

FIG. XVII.—GIRL'S HAT, IN FANCY STRAW, trimmed with ribbon and surah silk to match.

FIG. XVIII.—EVENING-COSTUME, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is short and the underskirt laid in deep kilt-plaits. The tunic is long and full in front and hangs in straight lines at the back. The bodice is full, back and front—being pointed nearly to the waist-line at the back. The front is shown in the illustration. Black velvet forms the pointed waistband, edges the top of the bodice, and forms the bands for the full sleeves. Long loops-and-ends of wide black velvet ribbon ornament one side of the skirt. Hair is dressed high and ornamented by a bunch of soft pink crushed roses without foliage.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Paris gowns.* The fashionable modistes are showing some few new designs, both in fabric and make. The general outlines of dresses are changed. Corsages are either round short waists or else long pointed ones. Full sleeves for thin material are in great favor, especially for lace dresses. A black lace dress which we have just seen is made of dotted net over a black moiré and trimmed with watered ribbon edged with a narrow gold braid. This gown had two waists: one high and with long sleeves, the lace in three puffs on the arm, tied with narrow watered ribbon; the low-necked waist was of the moiré, draped with the lace crossing the bust, forming a V, back and front. Short puffed sleeves As predicted, tournures are much smaller and lower than those worn during the winter.

The short-waisted Empire dresses are the latest style for débutantes and bridesmaids. Flounces are revived and are worn in various ways; sometimes a single flounce is plaited around the edge of the skirt, or there are three or four overlapping each other. On taffeta-silk, the edges of these flounces are usually pinked, and oftentimes the flounces form a side-panel or are arranged directly in front. High standing collars are still the prevailing style; but, with the warm weather, many dresses omit them altogether, and they are open at the throat and trimmed with lace high at the back, and brought from the back down the front of the waist in a jabot.

There is almost a bewildering variety of choice in the make of bodices. A great many of the bodices fasten diagonally, while some are double-breasted. But there is one prevailing characteristic: the fastenings are almost always concealed. But, no matter how plainly made and draped the skirt may be, the bodice must be trimmed. There are endless varieties in the mode of draping the bodices—a plastron, revers of velvet, jabots of lace, full lace vests, or vest of plaited surah or other soft material combined with the material of the dress. Vests of a contrasting color to the costume are covered over with lines of either silver or gold braid. Cuffs and collar to match.

Red dresses, in scarlet India-silk, with designs in black or cashmere colors, will be very popular at the seaside, where anything red looks well. These India-silks have shirred bodices and long drapery Red silks with white designs printed on them are trimmed with white lace and have soft full vests of white silk-muslin. Red wool dresses are made up with black embroidery in open eyelet patterns.

Blue linen gowns for morning-wear are made with round belted waists or with Norfolk jackets. The skirt-draperies should fasten up over the waists, to give the effect of polonaises, even if not cut in that way.

Muslins and percales are made in some very simple style, but with full shirred bodices and full sleeves, mostly belted at the waist with either belts or sash-ribbons, and further ornamented by loops-and-ends of ribbon to match.

Long Directoire coat worn over a plain skirt is a useful and stylish garment for almost any season. The coat is simply an undraped Princess polonaise, reaching nearly to the edge of the dress-skirt and open down the entire front. The front of the waist is turned back with revers, showing a wide vest underneath. There are large cuffs and broad square pockets set on each hip. These coats may be made of camel's-hair or Chuddah, in black, gray, or Suède or bluish tints.

Marie Antoinette fichus are again coming into fashion for afternoon and evening toilettes—and most becoming they are, especially for slender figures. They are made of net with a lace frill or of mull or silk-muslin edged with lace. They are tied simply over the bodice, knotted in front, or else are made with ends long enough to cross and tie at the back, where sash-ribbons are often added. Both black and white lace fichus are imported, and some are made with ladder-like insertions, through which narrow ribbons are run.

For very young girls, white dresses of albatross, nun's-veiling—or, better than these, plain white muslin with tucks and insertion of valenciennes—with watered ribbon for trimming, are worn. A sash of watered ribbon, five or six inches wide, is sewed into the side-seams, then brought front, crossed, and ties at the back or at the left side.

The fancy for green still prevails, especially with black lace dresses, sometimes the dress being made over a green silk petticoat and further trimmed with watered ribbon in rows, together with rosettes, sash, loops, ends, etc. Ivory and white lace dresses are equally fashionable with green trimming.

The hair is often dressed very high, and there certainly is a disposition to return to the style which was the fashion during the Empire period in France.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME, OF ENGLISH EMBROIDERY AND NAINSOOK. The skirt, yoke, cuffs, and collar are all of the embroidery. The full blouse waist is plaited into the yoke, back and front alike, and the plaits stitched down two inches with feather-stitch embroidery in white cotton. Muslin bonnet, trimmed with a big rosette of plaited lace or muslin edged with lace, or the bonnet may be of straw or Leghorn with white ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—COSTUME FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is of cream zephyr gingham, and the same in stripes of cream and violet, red, or dark-blue. This is used for the skirt. The bodice and tunic are of the plain material. The full plastron has revers which are carried down the back of the bodice like the front, where they terminate under the waistband. Full sleeves gathered into cuffs of the stripe. Hat of cream straw, trimmed with ostrich-tips and ribbon to match the costume.

FIG. III.—SAILOR-COSTUME, IN WASHING-LINEN, BLUE AND WHITE. The blue collar is trimmed with either white braid or rows of stitching. Dark-blue sailor-cap.

FIG. IV.—HAT FOR GIRL OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS. Rough vandyked straw in tapestry-tints, trimmed with bows of ribbon and bunch of wild roses.

FIG. V.—SLEEVE for gingham or plaid woolen dress, trimmed with crocheted lace and ribbon to form the cuff.

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GOOD BYE TO PAPA.

Engraved exclusively for Peterson's Magazine

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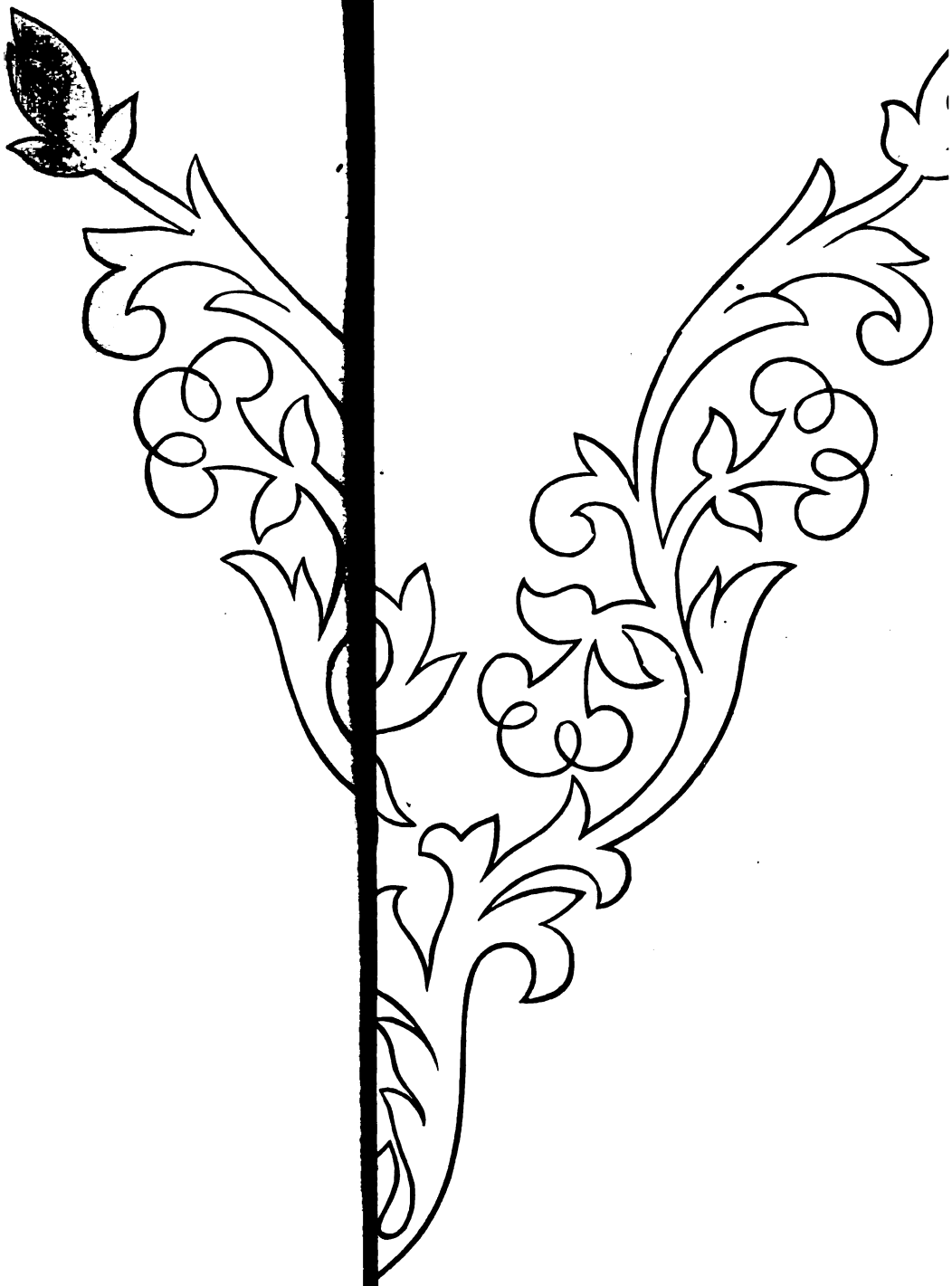
August, 1888



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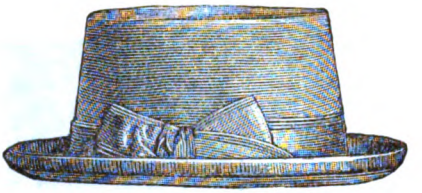

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. TOQUE. HAT.

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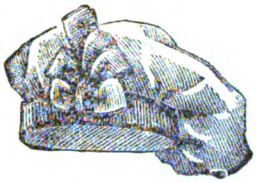

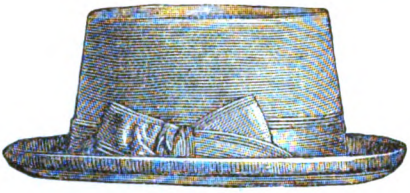

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. TOQUE. HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. LACE FICHU.

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WALKING-DRESS. FLORA JACKET. UMBRELLA-COVER.

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VISITING-DRESS. GARDEN-HAT. BACK OF CHILD'S-DRESS.

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DIRECTOIRE PELISSE. DINNER-BODICE. FRONT OF CHILD'S-DRESS.

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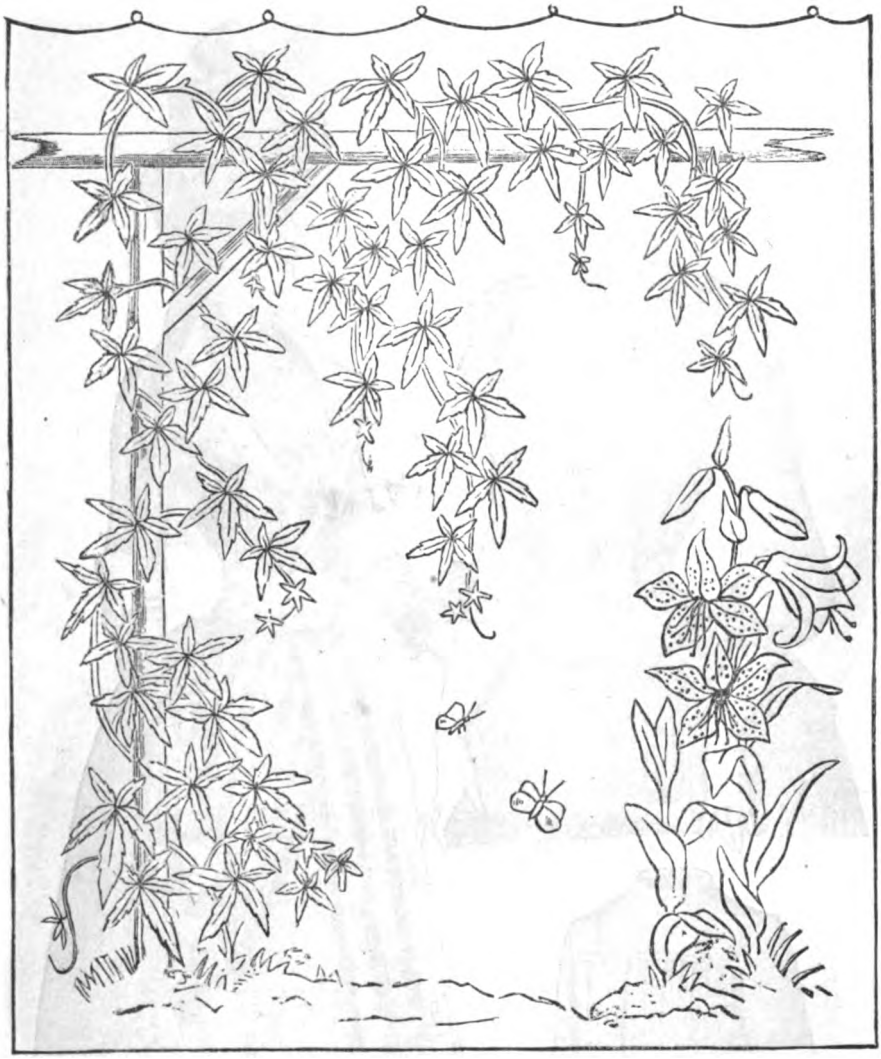

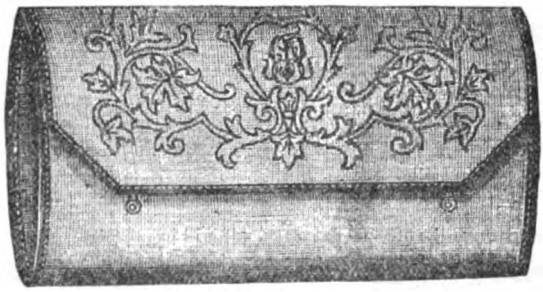

DESIGN FOR PORTIERE. HOLD-ALL: CLOSED.

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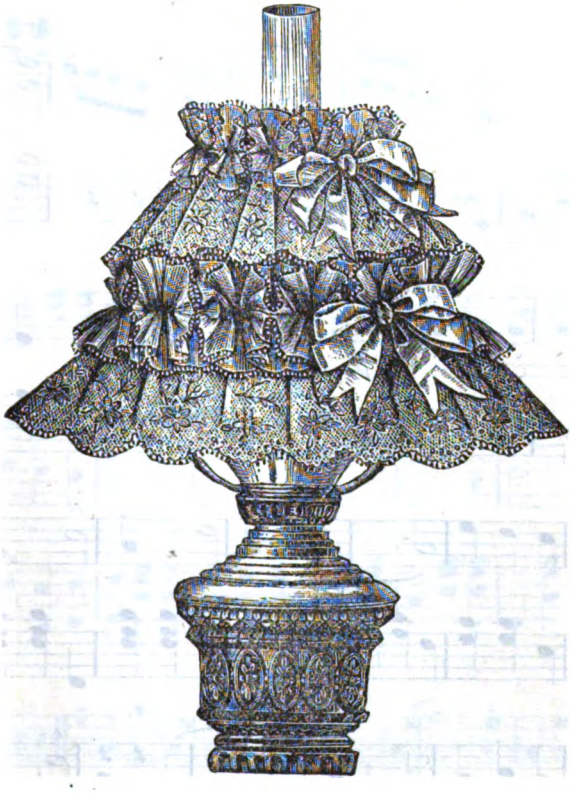

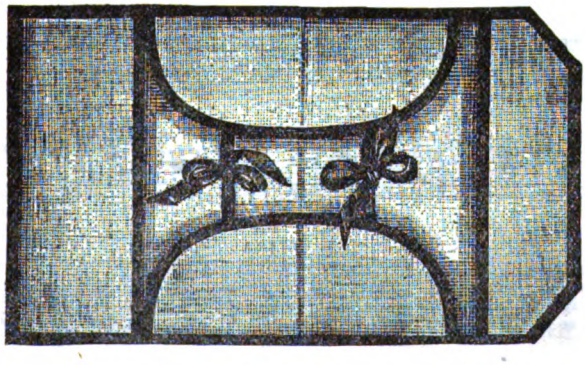

LAMP-SHADE. HOLD-ALL: OPEN.

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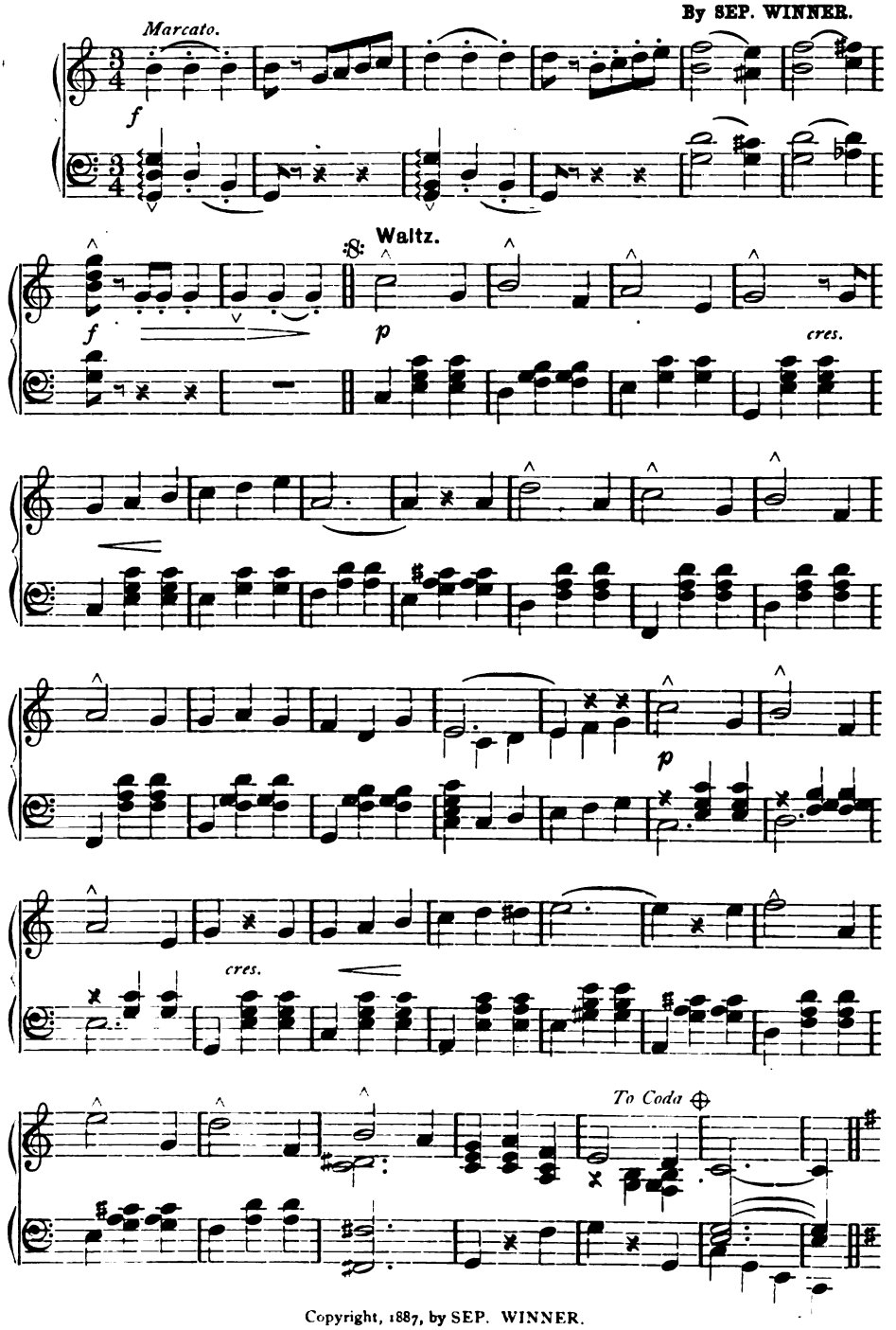
EASTER LILIES WALTZ.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.

By SEP. WINNER.



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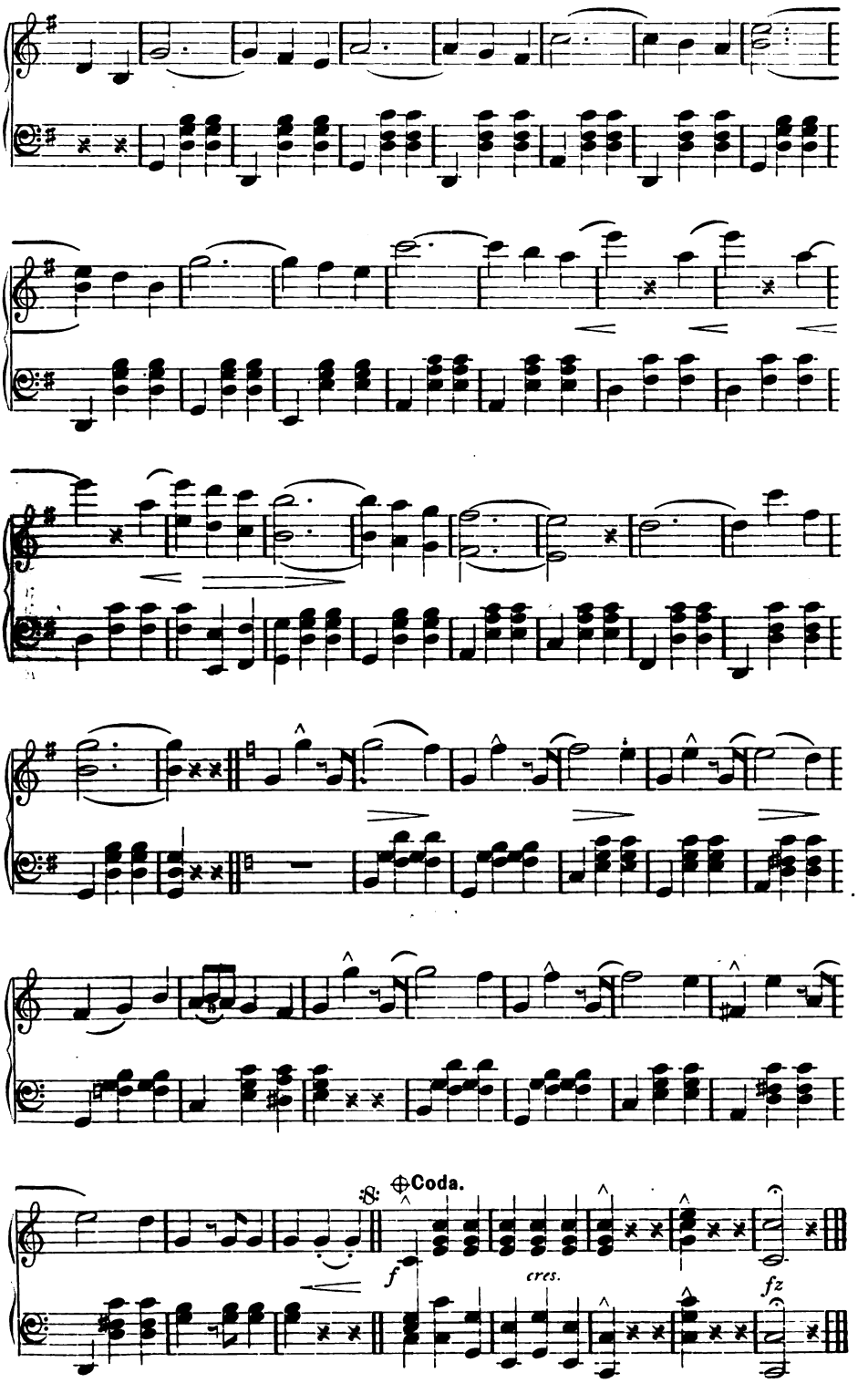
EASTER LILIES WALTZ.



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HOUSE-DRESS.

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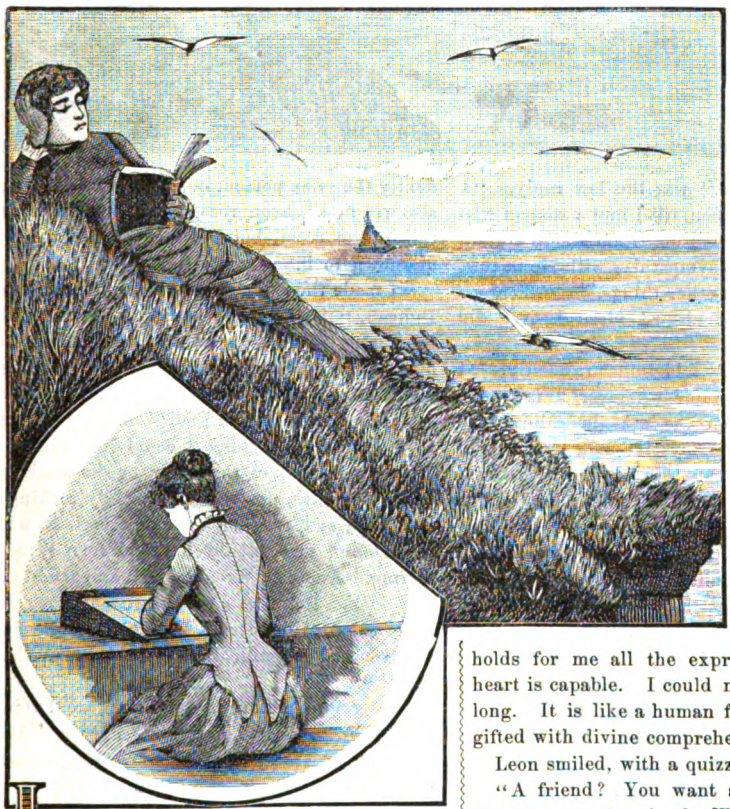
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1888. No. 2.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

BY EMILY LENNOX.



IT was one of those pearl-gray mornings when the sun seems to coquet with the clouds and the sea comes swelling in with a tender light on its crest, too soft for brightness, too gay for gloom. Two young men stood on the bluffs at Block Island and looked off across the Atlantic, at the gleams of light on the ocean, and the sails lazily slipping along.

"This is the sort of a day that suits me," said Duncan Leigh. "There are some days that are too perfect, full of sharp contrasts with life that hurt one's sense of harmony; then there are days that are too sombre, for they mock our hopes and dreams. Yes, this is just what suits me. See how the sun breaks through those clouds and makes a pathway of light across the water."

"You are fond of the sea," replied Leon Dwight; "fond of it, I think, to excess."

"I love it," interrupted Duncan, with passionate vehemence. "It holds for me all the expression of which my heart is capable. I could not live away from it long. It is like a human friend to me, a friend gifted with divine comprehension."

Leon smiled, with a quizzical expression.

"A friend? You want a friend gifted with divine comprehension? Why, then, don't you get married? That's better than the sea."

"I am not in love," brusquely.

"But why aren't you? It is contrary to all reason. You are young, good-looking, rich, and—you want a friend gifted," another quizzical glance, "with divine comprehension."

"Stop your banter," cried Duncan. "I shall marry, some day, when the tide comes in."

"When the tide comes in? What do you mean?"

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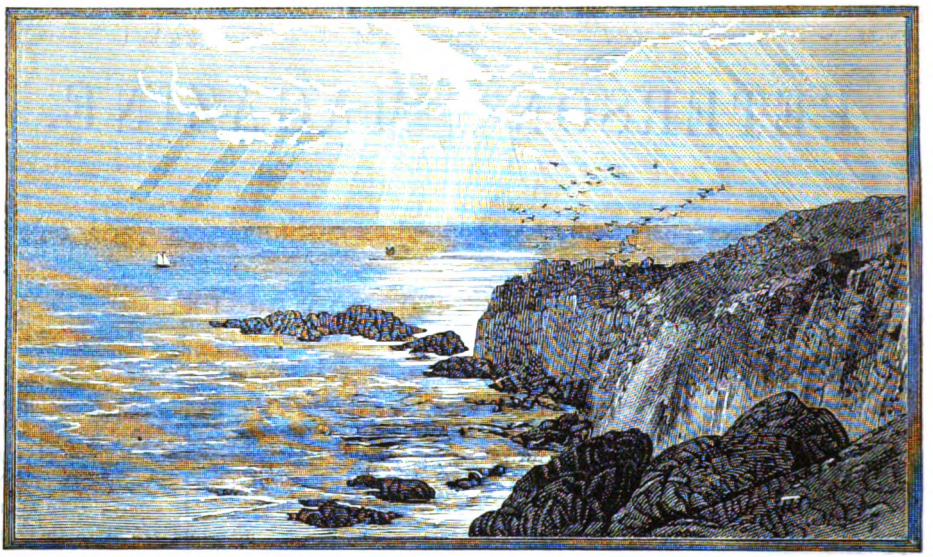

"The tide of love," was the low reply. "I shall never marry, Leon, till I find a woman who feels toward the sea as I do. I am almost certain that, if she failed to sympathize with me in this, she would fail me in other things."

"Well, of all the absurd ideas I ever did hear," began Leon.

"It is not absurd," said Duncan, quietly. "I love to be on the water wherever it is: on a river, on a lake, on the sea—in calm or in storm; it is a part of myself; and, if she could not share with me my love for it, there would always be a jarring chord in the harmony of our lives."

"Then you want a Naiad or a mermaid, an Aphrodite or an Undine. Perhaps," with sly satire, "a female boat-club champion," and Leon laughed.

"Come to my studio," said Duncan, ignoring his friend's chaff, "for I have something to show you. You tell me that, because I am rich, I am only an idle amateur. Possibly I am. But you have never seen my pictures. This way."

For they had now reached the hotel, and Duncan, having led the way upstairs and along a seemingly endless corridor, suddenly flung open a door, inviting his friend to enter. Directly in front stood a light bamboo easel, and on it a picture representing a young girl reclining on the edge of a precipice, reading—a precipice that overlooked the sea and which Dwight recognized as one not far from the hotel. When he had looked at it for a little while, Duncan removed it and placed another on the easel. This latter was a picture of a young girl, evidently the same person, in a boat, with idle oars, also reading. Leon recognized the harbor and the line of coast, but the face of the girl was unknown to him.

"I made the sketches for those pictures," said Duncan, "the first two mornings I came. But the young lady must have left Block Island soon after, for, though I have watched every face here and been to all the other hotels, I have never seen her since. Do you know," looking tenderly at the picture, "I think I could love that girl. She must be fond of the water, or she would not have been sitting on that cliff or idly rocking in that boat, and reading on both occasions, when most other girls would have preferred to be flirting. And her face has such an earnest sincere look. Don't you think so?"

"Yes. It is a face to impress one. Perhaps you'll meet her again. Stranger things have happened."

"Here is a picture in quite a different vein," said Duncan, removing the one they had been speaking of and placing another on the easel. "That was quiet; this is the reverse."

"By Jove," cried his friend, "what a noble work. Why, Duncan, my dear fellow, I had no idea you could do anything like this."

The picture represented a rocky shore, with wild breakers rushing in, flinging their foam high in air. You seemed to hear the booming of the breakers and almost felt the wet spray. A bit of wreck was in the foreground. Only a broken spar, but what a tale it told!

"Great heavens, I had no idea you could paint like that," said Leon, again, even more enthusi-

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astically than before. "There is a young artist who has been exhibiting at Yerle's, who is said to be the most remarkable sea-painter of the day; but he doesn't do it one whit better than this."

Suddenly his eye fell on a name traced in one corner of the canvas. He uttered a low cry, for the name was that of the very artist to whom he had referred.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he added, seizing Duncan's hand in a kind of rapture. "I beg your pardon, old boy. I am awfully glad."

"Thank you," was the hearty reply, as Duncan grasped his friend's hand. "But you must remember it is a secret."

In Yerle's famous picture-gallery, one hot afternoon, on toward six o'clock, about three months later, there were, among other visitors, two young girls who were standing before a painting called "From Block Island." One had a very ordinary-looking face, with eyes that roamed inquisitively around all the time. The other was a very lovely girl, with a face full of refinement and expression.

"Don't you see what I told you, Mabel? I wrote a letter about it at the time," she said, looking eagerly at the picture. "It is so restful. Notice the high cliffs, the quiet sea, the sun breaking through the clouds. How that bit of water glitters! Very few artists can paint water like that. Why, I sometimes think I can actually hear the faint 'lap, lap' of the scarcely heaving tide on the shingly beach at the foot of the cliff. I come in here every afternoon, when I am through my work, to get rested and cooled off. It is like going to the seashore itself."

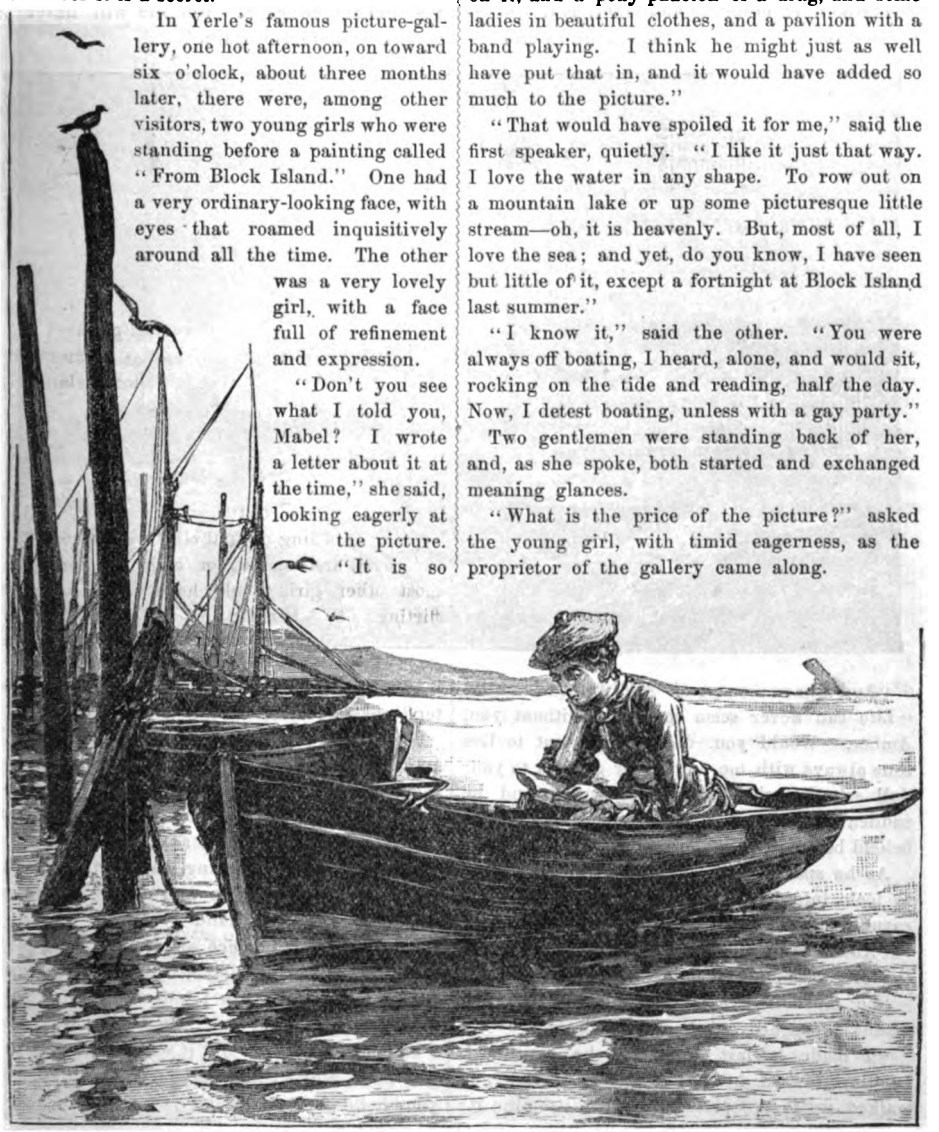
"Yes," said her companion. "It is very pretty, but I should like it a great deal better if there were a stretch of flat beach, with people on it, and a pony-phaeton or a drag, and some ladies in beautiful clothes, and a pavilion with a band playing. I think he might just as well have put that in, and it would have added so much to the picture."

"That would have spoiled it for me," said the first speaker, quietly. "I like it just that way. I love the water in any shape. To row out on a mountain lake or up some picturesque little stream—oh, it is heavenly. But, most of all, I love the sea; and yet, do you know, I have seen but little of it, except a fortnight at Block Island last summer."

"I know it," said the other. "You were always off boating, I heard, alone, and would sit, rocking on the tide and reading, half the day. Now, I detest boating, unless with a gay party."

Two gentlemen were standing back of her, and, as she spoke, both started and exchanged meaning glances.

"What is the price of the picture?" asked the young girl, with timid eagerness, as the proprietor of the gallery came along.



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"Eight hundred dollars."

Her face took on a hopeless expression, which showed how comparatively poor she must be. In fact, eight hundred dollars was, to her, a fortune.

"Mercy!" said Mabel. "Nobody will ever pay that much for it."

"I would pay three times that amount, if I only had it," said her companion, and they passed out together.

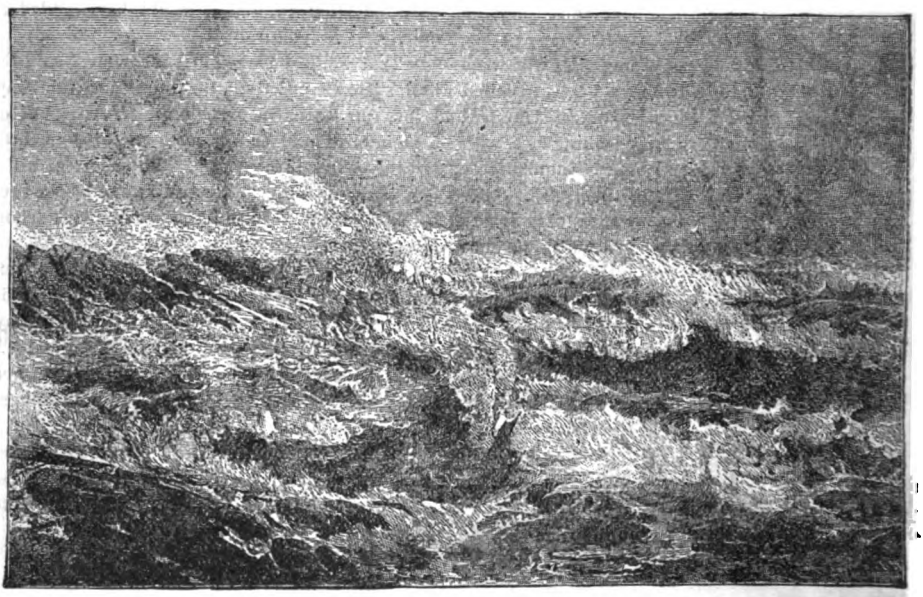
A few weeks later, Duncan Leigh began a new picture, but in a style entirely different from anything he had done before. It represented a young girl sitting thoughtfully on a rock, with a background of brambles and vines, as if looking down from a precipice on the sea below and lost in a reverie. The face was the same face that he had painted in the boat. He gave it the last touches one afternoon in December. As he did this, he turned to a young lady who had been sitting for the portrait.

"Amber," he said, softly, "it is finished; but it scarcely does you justice."

The girl, who had been posing for him, heaved a deep sigh.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, suddenly.

"Ah, yes; for now I must go back to my work," she answered, as though that were sufficient explanation. "I must give up seeing your beautiful pictures, that have made me love the sea more than ever. But life will never be quite as dull to me again."



"And I have seen you," said Duncan, softly. "Life can never seem the same without you, Amber. Would you, dear, be content to live thus always with me and never go back to your dull school-teaching? See, darling," and he suddenly produced a picture she had never beheld before. "Do you know this?"

As he spoke, he drew a little nearer, so as to look into her eyes, which sank under his earnest gaze.

"Ah, I see plainly enough that you recognize the original of my sketch," he went on, softly.

She murmured assent, while the tell-tale blushes deepened on cheek and brow.

"I made it last summer," he continued, bending toward her. But she had risen and walked up to the picture, as if to examine it: in reality, to hide the confusion roused by the tenderness of his look and tone.

"It was drawn the first time I ever saw you," Duncan was saying. "I believe I loved you then. Your face wore a look of such sweetness and tenderness, that I felt sure, on the instant, that you loved old ocean as much as I."

She was still regarding the picture, as he came close to her side and strove to possess himself of the little hand.

"I sketched you once afterward," he added. "You were still gazing at the sea, with eyes full of yearning. How I longed to know you! How I tried to find you; for I felt, dear, that I had met my fate. But it was of no use—you had gone, and I could get no trace. I suppose your holiday was over and you had returned to

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your drudgery—drudgery which you need never undertake again, if you will only admit that you care for me just a little."

Her hand was in his now, and she did not attempt to withdraw it, though she kept her face averted, while her breath came quick and fast as he went on:

"I love you, dearest! Say that you can care for me just a little! In all these happy weeks—for you have seemed happy as well as I—have you not learned to prize as of some worth the devotion which you must surely have seen I felt for you, devotion which nothing can alter?"

"Duncan!" she whispered, but so faintly that the word scarcely reached his ear.

With a low exclamation of joy, he drew her close to his side and went on in a fervent solemn tone:

"You understand at last—at last! I love you with all my soul, Amber, and, if you will be my wife, my dearest wish will be gratified."

"If?" she said, turning to him a face in which all the mystery of love was revealed. "Oh, if I only were half worthy."

With another cry of joy he folded her in his arms.

"The tide is coming in," he said, as he stooped and kissed her sweet lips fondly. "Darling, you are the treasure which has come to me from the sea."

Duncan had found his Naiad, his Undine, his Aphrodite. When Leon Dwight listened to the story of his love, he asked very naturally how it had come about.

The two friends had not seen each other for a long time, Dwight having been traveling in Europe. They met at a large reception, and, at the first opportunity, got into a quiet corner, to indulge in a little confidential talk.

"Of course I'll tell you all about it," said Duncan, in answer to his friend's eager queries. "But wait: there is my wife—let me introduce you to her. I'm the happiest man alive," he added.

As he spoke, he hurried away, and, a moment later, came back, accompanied by a beautiful girl, whom Leon at once recognized as the owner of the face that had impressed them both, the summer before, at the seaside.

After the ceremony of introduction, which Duncan performed with evident pride and a pleased appreciation of the admiration he read in his friend's countenance, he said to his wife:

"I was just beginning to tell Mr. Dwight how we made each other's acquaintance—how it all happened."

Then, unmindful of the pretty creature's becoming blushes, he turned toward his friend, adding:

"I saw by your glance, Leon, that you still remember my sketches at Block Island. Do you also remember our talks there—all that I said about my beliefs and opinions?"

Leon smiled, as he answered:

"Oh, yes—perfectly."

"Well, it has just been as I told you then, when you asked me why I did not marry. You laughed at me; but I meant everything I said. And now as to how we two met," smiling down at the fair face at his side.

"It was my picture that did it," said Duncan, holding his wife's little hand in a close loving clasp. "I was in Yerle's one day when she came to look at it, and I overheard what she said. I recognized, too, the face I had seen already. Then I found out who she was, got an introduction, and finally coaxed her to pose for me. And—and—now we are one. Yes, darling," turning to his wife with another loving look, "I have found one who sympathizes with me in everything—whose soul is part of my soul, as it were. Yes, THE TIDE HAS COME IN."

DOWN IN THE TULES.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

Down in the tules, where the land lies low,
Tall and slender the cat's-tails grow,
Rearing their heads of velvety brown,
Filling the air with their drifting down.

Down from the cañons the south-winds blow,
Warming their beauty to richer glow;
From morning till night, they softly sway
In the purplish haze of the August day.

Once, in a world where love alone rules,
You and I wandered down in the tules—
Down where the shadows lay cool and deep,
Where all day long the lilies sleep.

But the soft winds blew from the mountains gray
And carried the down of the tules away,
And a cold breath came from the world outside
And scattered our happiness far and wide.

And this, perhaps, is the reason why,
When the tules are blooming and I pass by,
A mem'ry sweet, and regretful too,
Brings back a tender past—and you.

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A DIFFICULT LESSON.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

"He may like it. Who knows? Plenty of fellows are very proud of the admiration their womankind excite."

"But I doubt if the most latitudinarian of us would care to hear his own wife or sister given tongue about, by the gentle Van Schaick, after a cotillon breakfast," was answered.

"To see how he holds her close and looks down on her exasperates one, although the girl is nothing to me."

The young men were looking in at a window upon the dancers, who were singing the waltz-measure as they whirled, after the Austrian fashion, making a sweet humming undertone to the instrumentation of the band. Between the singing and the dancing, it is true, the lovely sylphides had little time for thought of anything else—or their partners either, for that matter—with the added care of steering safely among the hundred other couples of dervishes.

Near the window through which they gazed, stood a tall gentleman, holding a lady's bouquet and fan and leaning over to speak to his partner, who was resting for a moment.

Both heard the foregoing scrap of conversation distinctly, and the sweet eyes of the lady met those of her partner pleadingly, as she saw him pull at his mustache and grow pale with anger.

Neither spoke as yet, but their eyes sought out a graceful girl in pale-blue and rose-pink, whose lithe form was swaying to the bewitching sound of the "deux-temps," a black-coated arm clasped about it; and her head, crowned with golden braids, seemed quite to lie upon her partner's shoulder, while his eyes were bent eagerly down upon her.

"She doesn't think. She is mad with love of dancing," whispered the lady.

"She should think, unless dancing is her only love," said the man, between his teeth.

"Now, do you know, I don't like it, and I'd be glad to kick that fellow," added the first speaker, with heat.

"A bad sign, Nick, your being squeamish about round dancing, and you the best German-leader we have. Have you been and gone and got engaged?"

"No, Geoff; but there's dancing *and* dancing. I'm just going to swear that she promised me the last turn of this Boston."

"Good. You'll show us how to do it properly," chaffed his friend.

The young man went away, and, by dint of brazen assertion, made good his pretended claim. The two breathed more freely when he brought the beautiful girl back at last, panting, to a seat.

"Savage again, Ted," she said, lightly, as she bowed away her last partner.

The gentleman addressed gave back her bouquet and fan, and then, with an evident effort at self-control, said:

"Edie, I wish you wouldn't dance again with Van Schaick."

"Really!" she answered, mocking. "Perhaps you will take my card and strike out the names of the persons I'm not to dance with."

"Perhaps, at the same time, you will find me a reasonable, sensible, and lady-like excuse for the refusal."

"Bah! I am no child to be brought up anew," and her blue eyes flashed angrily.

"Dear Edie," said the other lady, "since Edmund says he has good reasons!"

"Now, Pearl, don't put your little finger between the bark and the tree, or you will get the poor thing pinched," said Miss Edith, half coaxing.

Edmund Tredegar took up the young lady's card, and, with a glance, saw the obnoxious name many times repeated upon it.

"Edith," he said, so quietly that their friend heard no word, "will you give up that man's dances? Do you love me and mean to be my wife, as you have promised?"

"Yes and no," laughed the young girl, in rather unnatural tones. "I shall give up nothing, unless you force me to give you up."

"Come away into the supper-room," said Pearl Harding, to create a diversion.

"He will find me out there, and I shall dance with him," perversely insisted Miss Edith, as she went supperward.

And indeed there they found the obnoxious gentleman, giving strong punch and jellied oysters to a blowzy-looking damsel in a vivid green crape, who would have resembled a salad had she been a little fresher. He soon joined our trio, with a fatuous pleasantry about being always hunted out by the fair sex if he ventured upon the briefest absence.

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"How I wish Dick were here," said Pearl Harding, to the impatient young man chafing near her. "He would make her hear reason. She is only excited with music and flattery."

Other men joined them, and Edmund Tredegar listened to the interchange of compliment and vapid witticism, and wondered if its bitterness to him were caused by wounded vanity.

"Our galop," he heard Edith say. "Where shall I find you, Pearl?"

"I shall be here till you return," said that lady; and, with a defiant look over her shoulder at her discomfited lover, Edith Dalgren went away on Van Schaick's arm.

A long and earnest conversation ensued between the two who remained. Pearl Harding's sweet earnest face and words seemed at last to prevail with Edmund Tredegar.

He shook his head, as one in doubt, but he smiled frostily, as one who concedes with great effort. Later, they returned to the dancing-hall.

The time for the "German" arrived, and, while there was a general scouring-about for seats and a tying of them in couples with extra pocket-handkerchiefs, a council of war was apparently called by our little coterie.

Edith Dalgren, she who had ruled father and mother—as is the right of only children—who in her Western home had been paramount and never known a man who could resist her, was told in so many words that she must excuse herself to Mr. Van Schaick and give her cotillon to her promised husband!

Were the heavens about to fall?

All the answer she made was to turn a disdainful back upon her lover and ask Pearl if her hairpins were falling out.

"If you will not listen, then, Mrs. Harding and I mean to go away home," calmly announced Mr. Tredegar.

"What, you, Pearl?" she asked, astounded.

"I think Edmund is right, and I shall go," said that lady, pink but persistent.

"Of course, if you use force, I must yield," said Miss Dalgren; "but it is the last time Mr. Tredegar will find me acquiescent," she added, with evident meaning.

No one made answer, and soon they had excused themselves and were making their adieux to their hostess.

"What, going, Miss Dalgren? What will Mr. Van Schaick do?" she asked.

That gentleman assisted Edith to the carriage, wrapped foot-rugs about her, and openly kissed her gloved hand at parting.

"Are you tired, Pearl?" Edith heard her lover ask, tenderly, of her friend.

"No, Edmund," was the low reply; and Edith never remembered before to have heard her companions address each other by their first names, but was too furious to do more than notice it.

She wanted to be scolded, cautioned, anything to permit of a caustic reply; but those two only talked together in gentle murmurs. At last, she could bear it no longer.

"There is your ring—your badge of slavery—Mr. Tredegar," she said, holding out the glittering token of their betrothal. "May you find a slave more willing to be bound."

Mr. Tredegar took the ring in silence, and, turning to Mrs. Harding, said: "Pearl, will you wear it for me?"

Edith was thunderstruck as she saw that lady calmly put it on her finger.

"I shall be at your service, Miss Dalgren, but only when you ask it," said Edmund Tredegar, quietly, and just then the carriage drove up to the porch. He helped the two ladies to descend, saluted them, and went his way.

"So you have really broken with him, Edie?" Pearl said.

"He is as jealous as Othello, and no one could bear with such folly."

"But men are all the same, my child, and you will only have to end by forgiving him," said Pearl, with a yawn that justified her name by showing two entire rows of pearly teeth. "You have spoiled our cotillon, vexed Edmund, made Van Schaick and Tenterden think you an arrant flirt and not fit for any man to take as his wife, and all for vanity. I hope you like it." And Pearl Harding, after delivering all these home-truths in a tone of sleepy indifference, indulged in a second wide yawn and sank into an arm-chair under the dim gas-light, beginning to take off her cloudy wrappings.

"Cousin Margaret, this is quite too much," said Miss Edith Dalgren. "If you, too, are going to be silly and lay all the blame of Ted's conduct upon me, I may as well go home to-morrow." Her big blue eyes flashed and her fluffy golden hair glimmered in the dim light as she twisted her little hands together.

But her Cousin Pearl was not abashed. She gave another yawn, fit to dislocate her pretty jaws, and said:

"To-morrow we will fight it out. Just now I am too sleepy to care about anything short of an earthquake. Come along, Edie; be a good child. You may kiss me good-night, if you'll promise not to bite. Good gracious, what is that?"

Edith gave a little jump, though she did not cry out, and all the angry color fled from her cheeks.

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The two young women stood clasped in each other's arms and listening with bated breath, their evening-dresses adding to the oddity of the scene.

"It is the wind, dear, beating the tree-branches against the carriage-house," said Edie, her voice still trembling.

"I think it is," answered the other. "But, oh, Edie, why didn't you wait till Dick came back before quarreling with Teddy? Now we've no man to sleep in the house, and I don't like the looks of the new coachman."

"Goosy gander!" said Edith, bravely. "He looks the essence of faithful Sambo. But we might have had the groom."

"Oh, Edie—when you know it was all arranged that Edmund was to come! Dick said it would give him a sense of security. Now we shall be obliged to fire off a pistol before entering drawing-room, library, or conservatory, lest we should—"

"If you permit me, Cousin Margaret, I will go to bed," interrupted Miss Edith, with great stateliness.

"Good-night, Sweetness; sleep well," mocked the other. "If burglars don't carry you off, I've no doubt you will sleep better than poor Teddy—"

Miss Dalgren was already mounting the stairs, her pinks and blues, laces and satins, trailing after her.

"Br-r-r," shivered little Mrs. Harding. "Such a cold night for September. It is only two o'clock, and I feel as blue and dismal as if I had watched with a sick person all night. I don't believe in presentiments, but this is regularly eerie." She unbuttoned the entire length of her gloves and removed lots of hairpins as she sat, and then took up a taper and went away to her room in the wing of the elaborate cottage-house. "One of my blinds blown open. How careless of the servants!" she said.

She trained her primrose draperies across the room and looked out over the lawn, toward the high-road. No one passing.

The villas at right and left looked silent and deserted, as all the world was still at the Pennimans', whirling in the mazes of the "German."

"I hope Teddy will go back and dance all night," she meditated. "Edith is a fearful flirt, and I am afraid she has lost her best chance of happiness, for Edmund could never return after this unless she should change her opinion, and she is too proud ever to acknowledge that. Heigh-ho! I wish Dick hadn't been obliged to go to New York just now."

Edith Dalgren, so full of wrath that her momentary fright was forgotten, went up the staircase and along a corridor into the other wing of the house, to her room. There was, for the moment, no other guest, and Dick Harding had been called away before the departure of the other visitors.

The pretty creature stopped before a Psyche, and, looking at her fair reflection, could not doubt the decision of her offended lover when she should choose to recall him, and yet he had been so furious. Why should she not dance with Bruno Van Schaick, if she liked? "He holds one adorably, makes one's dress look lovely, and never yet was known to let his partner get a shove. What if he does draw one a little close and whisper in one's ear? There is no time, when one is spinning down the floor, to think about what one's partner says or means—"

These desultory thoughts came to an end as she heard an audible snore.

She saw her reflection turn to a ghastly white in the mirror, and felt for a moment that she must sink to the floor. Then she glanced at an open door on the other side of the room, and, remembering that a maid was to sleep beyond in the dressing-closet, smiled at her frightened counterfeit.

Returning to the subject of her meditations, she sat down before a duchesse and began to take off her trinkets, unlocking a dressing-case to place them with their fellows within. From their rosy nest she took the necklace of big pearls and their kindred ear-drops. She let her beautiful silky hair down, as she took out the jeweled combs which held it, and was about to turn the keys upon the richly furnished casket when the wavering light of the bed-room candle caused her to glance ceilingward and note the peculiar shadows it caused there.

This time she was inclined to smile at her own aptitude for fright, saying to herself impatiently:

"What! three times in the same night?"

All the same, if it had not been so very absurd, she could have traced upon the wall the shadow of a man behind the silk-lined laces of the duchesse, and hidden in their folds. It was quite ridiculous and impossible, but she could almost follow the shape of the creature where he half crouched as if overcome by sleep and leaning against the wall.

She found it too stupid; and, after rubbing her eyes, took up a hand-mirror and turned it so that she could distinctly see in its lighted face the place behind the toilette, and—good heavens, it was no fancy: a man was actually there concealed!

For some moments, Edith Dalgren knew noth-

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ing. She only sat and stared—breathless—stricken into stone.

As her quickened senses began to come back, she could distinctly hear a heavy breathing, but not like that of sleep. What was she to do? Before she could leave the room, he would be upon her and doubtless murder her to prevent an alarm. The nearest help was from the carriage-house, and who knew whether or no coachman and groom had hurried back to the house where the evening's entertainment doubtless gathered all the neighboring servants as onlookers?

If she should call to the maid there asleep—but what folly! Let him kill her, so that he only spared dear Pearl there below—Pearl, who was more faithful to her absent Dick, after years of marriage, than she, Edith, had been in the heyday of her love. A life ended like this, and all for the sake of a waltz with a man who was said to speak lightly of the women who favored him! True, as she had told Teddy in her anger: "Men know that those who tell are not the ones who would obtain coveted favors." But, all the same, men don't care to hear the names of women they love on the tongues of such boasters, with any possible semblance of reason, and now all was at an end—and Ted would forgive her when he saw her dead—

Suddenly another horrible thought entered her brain: What if it were the big yellow-eyed black coachman, whose looks had so prejudiced Pearl and herself during the sole week he had served them? She must save Pearl at all hazards.

With something on her lips like a prayer to heaven and Teddy for pardon, she stood up and began to try to take off her elaborate marquise dress, tugging mercilessly at laces and buttons. As if foiled in her effort, she went to the door of the dressing-closet and spoke quietly to the maid, who soon came sleepily forth. This human society was at least an aid; but for how long?

"Unlace my dress, Susan, and my boots," she said, and then began to tumble over the jewels in the dressing-case as if in search of something, her skaking fingers making its contents rattle.

"I must have dropped a diamond bracelet downstairs," she said, as the woman put her into her peignoir. "Either it has fallen on the carpet below or on the porch. You must go and look for it, Susan, as it is the most valuable jewel I possess," she said.

Her heart was in her mouth when she thought of being alone and unarmed before that fearful creature. But Pearl must first escape, and then she would have done something to atone.

"Mrs. Harding will be vexed at your disturbing her," she said, "but give her this, which will explain my loss," and she wrote a few words on a card. "Don't be long, for I am sleepy," she added, with what nonchalance she could, "but I couldn't sleep without papa's bracelet."

The servant lighted another candle and went away, sleepily searching. Edith heard her linger through the hall and on each step of the staircase. Would the hidden man's cupidity keep him quiet, in hope of the greater booty to come? Edith Harding passed her brushes slowly through her lovely hair, trying not to let them clash their ivory backs together with the shaking of her hands. In the still house, she could hear every sound. The knock at Pearl's door, the parley after, the too-quick going toward the outside door—would the robber suspect? Then the long, long, horrible moments. Susan moved about below, thank God, as if continuing the search. Might she, Edith, venture to try going away? As she rose from her seat, she distinctly heard a movement behind the toilette, and her limbs gave way, letting her sink again in her chair. Oh, what was she to do? In a few minutes, the concealed man would know that Susan was not to return. These horrible trembling limbs, which failed to do her bidding! If only she could run, fly, as she could at any other time. Who could then ever overtake her? She would try again. At least, she might feign impatience, and, walking about, get nearer to the door.

No sound below!

As the dreadful minutes went by, she realized the fact that she had hoped for help; that she had awaited some miracle of assistance from Pearl. As she dragged herself slowly up and down the room, she thought of her lover, Edmund Tredegar, who might have been here to protect her, to pardon and cherish her, but for her love of flirtation. In all the whole year of their acquaintance and friendship, he had never interfered before. But, now that she was his promised wife, what wonder that he wished her to be circumspect? Now that she soon would belong to him to honor and shield, what wonder that he should wish to keep her name free from malicious scandal?

Slow tears dropped over Edith's cheeks, in that terrible pacing up and down which seemed as if it would never end.

Not more than fifteen minutes could have passed since the maid's departure, but the minutes seemed hours.

Edith had just reflected that she would not have been willing to call upon Teddy, even if he

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had slept in the house, to confront this terrible black giant, for fear of his dear life, when she heard a step actually mounting the stairs. Was Susan really returning into the lion's mouth or had Pearl not told her?

The step drew nearer, and, as the passage-door opened, Edith was petrified to hear the woman's voice say:

"If you please, ma'am, is this the bracelet?"

She made one frantic rush for the door, and, just as she was through its portals, it was slammed in the face of a great black creature who had leaped from behind the toilette, overturned it in his haste, and nearly seized upon her.

Outside the door, Edith fell into someone's arms, and, straightway becoming aware of the presence of several men, at once fainted dead away.

I regret to say that the favored individual seemed all unconscious of his felicity, and bundled his senseless burden out of the way upon a handy lounge in the wide hall, quickly returning to assist the besiegers at the chamber-door.

By this time, watchmen's clubs were heard to beat upon the stones in front of the villa-entrance, and, as the door of the chamber was opened inward and the three gentlemen in evening-dress entered, the robber was seen to climb out the front window and let himself drop to the ground, where he was, I hope, astonished to find himself in intimate association with at least three of the usually ubiquitous, though much-abused, municipal police.

His ill-gotten spoils were all returned, next day, to their pretty owner. But she, after all her heroism, to find herself laid away in a corner, to come to her senses at her own sweet will. It was quite "infra dig" and to the last degree outrageous.

She opened her eyes—no one to be seen! A strong current of air blowing over her from the open window; two candles flaring miserably in it, and no one—positively no one—about.

And she had fancied that it was into Edmund Tredegar's arms she had fallen. Impossible, or else he would have been here, beseeching her to return to life and love. She felt weak and exhausted, but not weak enough to forgive such neglect. Oh, no!

She pushed her pretty hair back, rose to her feet, and dragged her weary self to the stair-head.

Same flaring candles below—doors open, most likely, and no one visible.

Slowly she went down the stairs and along the corridor to Pearl's room. What did she see?

Pearl, lying half on the floor, half in Edmund Tredegar's arms, and Susan—her own Susan, her other chattel—chafing the cold hands and holding smelling-salts to Pearl's dear little unconscious nose.

Edith, remembering her own neglected performances in the same line, was proportionably indignant and stood glowering.

Edmund looked up and then said:

"If you will hold her head, I can lift her to her bed."

She came forward rather ungraciously; but, when she saw a great bruise near Pearl's temple and blood dropping from it, she shared their solicitude.

"Try and get her into bed while I go for a doctor. Those other fellows have had to help the police," said Tredegar, hastily departing.

Such a long, long swoon! The doctor arrived as they were taking the little torn satin slippers and dusty silk stockings off her bruised feet.

"She must have run all the way to the Willises'," said Edmund, "and the rain already falling. We saw her apparition flying toward us in the dusk, and then she struck her foot and fell. I'm afraid she struck against the post of the entrance-gate. When we picked her up, I saw the card in her hand, to which she had unconsciously held fast. We brought her on quickly, and were fortunately in time for Miss Edith here," and he bowed stiffly to the woman who was yesterday his promised wife.

The physician committed himself to no opinion, but hoped there was no serious harm. No doubt the blow had something to do with the long swoon, but he hoped, etc., etc., after the non-committal consolations usual with his kind.

Luckily, Pearl Harding's was an exceptionally strong physique, though of that small and delicate-looking type known abroad as "American." After some hours, though weak and broken, she was sufficiently herself to dispatch a long and reassuring telegram to her absent Dick, insisting that the probable newspaper account of the affair would be a mass of exaggerations and that there was no real necessity for his return until the important affairs which detained him should be concluded.

Naturally, however, Dick Harding "ran up to the cottage" for a day or so; but, no one explaining to him the new status quo of the young couple, he made Tredegar promise to stop with the ladies till his final return, and left them, thus guarded, as soon as Pearl could get about.

How very odd it seemed to Edith Dalgren to be of secondary importance in the family need not be described; but the mingling of tenderness, anger, and real unavailing grief in her heart, as

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she saw herself apparently neglected and forgotten by handsome Ned Tredegar—the man whom she had considered as her very own for life—was a new and bitter experience to the spoiled child. When Pearl's recovery was certain, Edith had first time for indignation, and promised herself the consolation of society successes; but somehow her balls and "Germans" without Tredegar had begun to seem flavorless even before their rupture—perhaps it was fear of a too loving subjection which had made her flirt beyond measure.

And every day and all day she had before her eyes the spectacle of Tredegar's chivalrous devotion to her cousin—now able to sit up and drive out. Was it all chivalrous, this devotion? When Edith Dalgren came to ask herself this question, she knew that she must be far gone in jealousy, and despised herself accordingly; but went out more than ever.

One day, as she waited for a few moments in a friend's morning-room, the voices of certain gentlemen in the verandah were wafted, on the breath of their cigars, to her unwilling ears.

"Something is up," said one. "They are evidently at cross purposes, and I think Ted is consoling himself with Dick Harding's wife."

"Hold your tongue, you brute, and let Dick Harding's wife alone. You say that because she would never even dance with you," said another.

"Not so much smoke without a little fire, I fancy; but I'm rather sorry I spoiled Tredegar's affair for him. He's a jolly good fellow—much too good for such easy game as the little Dalgren; why, she was like Crockett's coon—'Don't fire, and I'll come right down to you,' her whole manner said."

Edith Dalgren was near choking with rage and mortification, as she heard the successful imitation of her voice by Bruno Van Schaick and the laughing remonstrances that followed.

True, she had been told that this man spoke ill of the women who smiled on him, and had carelessly reflected that no one believed him; but how horribly soiled and contaminated she felt when her own ears bore witness to the fact. How should she again find pride to face a world which had heard her thus lightly estimated? And was it indeed for this that she had lost Edmund Tredegar? If it were only because of her vanity and love of admiration—she said humbly to herself—they should be conquered. She would subdue them; and her standard of womanly conduct should be henceforth so high that even her former lover should respect her.

But then if his intimacy with sweet womanly Pearl Harding—an intimacy all the fault of her deserting them to go to foolish dances—had given him a new standard of feminine nobility and made it impossible for him to return to his old love? Oh, it was too dreadful! And proud Edith Dalgren endured a season of bitter humiliation, hidden tears staining her young cheeks without lightening her heart.

Should she go away to her home? She told herself that it would be unkind and unheard-of to leave Pearl while not yet quite recovered and during the still necessary absence of her husband; but she admitted to her inmost censor that she could not yet bear to bid a final adieu to Edmund Tredegar, and was humbled anew in the confession.

As the days went on, she gave up—under one and another rather shallow pretext—going into society.

Pearl's five-o'clock tea gathered a small number of kindred spirits in her garden or verandah, and poor Edie listened to, and began to approve of, certain ideas and opinions which she had once called straight-laced and high-flown.

Meantime, Dick Harding had telegraphed his speedy return, and now she, Edie, would try to go away. She would not in any way betray her utter defeat, least of all to a man who had been so soon and so easily cured of his love for her.

Only three weeks ago! Did it seem possible that so lately those big brown eyes had looked down into hers, beseeching her unavailingly to grant to a passionate prayer that which she now yielded to her own sense of right and dignity?

One day, as Edith came in from her solitary ride, she overheard voices. "The wedding will be at one, at the church; the reception till five," Pearl was saying, "then we are in for the dinner at seven, and the ball; but all is to finish sensibly at midnight."

The voice came from Pearl's boudoir. A small fire burned in the chimney, and before it sat Pearl Harding, with an open note of invitation in her hand. With a background of frost-touched scarlet maple leaves, Edmund Tredegar leaned half in, half out, of the window, a volume of Tennyson still open in his hand, and that absent far-off look in his face, which tells of thoughts unwillingly brought back to the things of the present. Surely a new sadness was there, too; and Miss Dalgren would have been foolishly encouraged by it, except for the weary indifference of the regard which met hers.

"Dick will be here," continued Pearl, joyously. "and we will all go together. Such a happy marriage as it is likely to be, everything ought

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to smile on it. Do you know, Edmund, that they fell in love three years ago, when he was not yet admitted to the bar, and she was just out? Will you believe it of any modern young girl? When they were engaged—to spare him any anxiety and leave his mind free for his studies—she petitioned her parents to permit her to go back to school for another year; and they did so. Indeed she never went into society until his admission to the bar permitted him to accompany her. These two other years the parents insisted upon, lest the young people should not know their own minds. But the two years in society have only made them both more certain of their love, which is now to be crowned by marriage."

"Less romantic, but more beautiful, than any idyl in this book," said Tredegar, in response to Pearl's exultant looks. "One must see these two nineteenth-century wonders."

The conversation stopped abruptly at this point, at Edith's entrance, evidently lest she should be unsympathetic. She felt the silent reproach most acutely. What would she not have given if she too had possessed the same womanly delicacy and been content with her promised husband's attention? Surely, her years of society-life ought to have satisfied her love of general admiration. Now, when it was too late, the pleasure to which she had sacrificed her true happiness turned to dust and ashes in her grasp.

She sat down in a distant "arm-chair," and the conversation quite dragged, each one of the three falling into occasional gulfs of silence. Then several people dropped in, and the silver tea-kettle and yellow Japanese cups occupied her, while the chatter became general.

Having served everybody, she rose and leaned out the window, into the dusky twilight, unobserved.

Suddenly, someone came round the shrubbery quickly and gave her cheek a resounding kiss, calling out:

"No cup of tea for me? A pretty welcome home!" And Dick Harding put his hand on the low window-ledge and vaulted in, landing very nearly at his wife's feet.

Pearl gave a little joyous cry and was in his arms in a moment, kissing him and being kissed.

The guests dropped away as soon as they gracefully could. By and by, Dick Harding observed Edith stealing off in the direction of the verandah.

"Halloo, Edie, my darling!" he called out; and, leaving his wife to Edmund Tredegar's society, followed her.

"Must go and dress?" he cried, as Edith tried to excuse herself from him. "Nonsense! We've a full hour. Now, dear girl, why was your pretty cheek tear-stained when I took a brother's-kiss from it at the window? Pearl has told me all about it, so don't deny anything. You had your own way. Are you glad? If you are sorry, you must tell me, you know; and I'll set it all straight, as sure as my name is 'Dick.'"

"But you cannot set it right, dear Dick. Ted doesn't love me. He has learned better since he knows Pearl. He wants a nobler woman than I am."

Edie was sobbing so, that she could hardly stand without Dick's arm; but the verandah was quite dark.

"But you love him. You are sure, this time," insisted kindly-cruel Dick.

"Oh, Dick, I never knew how much till—till it was too late," faltered Edith.

At this unlucky moment, a third tall shadow joined these two, with the words: "Pardon—but Pearl says it is beginning to rain, and you will both take cold. Miss Dalgren— Is it possible she is weeping?"

"Yes, she is weeping, and you are behaving like a donkey; and it is well that I came home to set you all straight," said absurd Dick Harding.

"Now, will you, Edie, take him—Ted—to be your loving husband, and 'wicey warsey,' with each one's faults and all, and never quarrel again? Don't speak all at once." And he put Tredegar's willing arm in place of his about the weeping girl and suddenly disappeared.

"Will you really take me back, Edie?" he asked.

"Will you take me back, dear Ted—a wiser if not a better girl?" returned she.

And I'm not going to tell you what else they said; but it took an hour, in spite of the rain: and nobody, that day, was dressed for dinner.

AN EARNEST WORD.

BY NEMO.

Yea, find thou time
To say some earnest word between the idle talk,
Lest with thee forevermore, both day and night,
Regret should walk.

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WHAT BECAME OF MY BOUQUET.

BY MRS. J. J. DUFOUR.

"COME, Miss Dora, let us make a bouquet!"

It was among the hills of Kentucky. I was employed to teach the summer school. Shall I ever forget the little log house on the brow of one of these hills, only a few steps from the high-road?

Again I take my daily walk through the glorious woods, stopping now and then to listen to the birds singing in the leafy boughs above me. Or I sit in the dim twilight when the mournful notes of the "whip-poorwill" come to me from the distance, bringing with them that sweet sadness which is half melancholy, half joy.

There was a little brick church opposite the school-house, where the Methodist minister from the neighboring town preached twice in each month. His son Frank taught a class in singing, every Monday evening. It was singing-night when my story opens. Susie Donaldson and her brother Rob, who were our nearest neighbors, had started early, in order to stop for me as well as for Miss Fannie and Miss Emma, who were daughters of the lady with whom I boarded.

Susie and I sat on the verandah, waiting for the others to get ready and watching the beautiful sunset, in which purple, crimson, and gold mingled as no artist could have blended them. The gentle breeze wafted to us the perfume of the roses and honeysuckles that grew in the yard around us. Suddenly Susie exclaimed: "Come, Miss Dora, let us make a bouquet!"

"With all my heart," I answered.

We were soon busy plucking the lovely buds, small white sprays, sprigs of green, and the honeysuckle; these we fashioned into bouquets, holding them up in triumph as the other girls came out, ready to start.

"Ah! Miss Dora, who will get yours?" said handsome Rob Donaldson.

"No one," I promptly replied.

But away down in my heart was a guilty thump, thump, thump, as I wondered what would really become of my bouquet. It was not Rob, however, that I was thinking about.

The church was a quarter of a mile from the house. The air was full of perfume. We went slowly, now and then some friend joining us. Rob Donaldson, more than once, in a joking way, returned to the subject of my bouquet. When we reached our destination and were passing through the gate, Rob made a motion as if to take my flowers. But I laughingly put my hands behind me and entered the church just as Mr. Demar began his instructions.

This singing-teacher of ours was not a particularly handsome man; not what is called a "lady's-man," at least. But he had a sweet smile, and his face was full of character.

I felt embarrassed when his eyes were raised to mine, with this request: "Miss Dora, will you please lead the alto?" It was a habit he had. I knew, from experience, that he would sing with me. Then we had recess. Mr. Demar, among the rest, came to pay his respects to me. He admired my flowers, and, before leaving, asked me for them.

On the impulse of the moment, I gave him my bouquet. But no sooner had I done it than I regretted the act, for, looking across the room, I met the angry jealous glance of Rob Donaldson.

All at once, like a flash of lightning, his secret was revealed to me. At the same moment, I found I had one of my own to keep, though he had nothing to do with it. Strange to say, as some of my readers may think, I had been entirely unconscious of it until then.

It was too late for regrets, however. Mr. Demar had resumed his teaching, and, to all appearance, nothing uncommon had happened. But Rob and I were ill at ease. I knew that he felt angry. I saw that he cared so much for me that he could not hide his jealousy. Alas! I could not reciprocate his feelings. I dreaded the meeting when the singing should be over. To avoid him, therefore, I tried to slip out unseen. But I found this impossible. He seemed determined to speak to me.

"I knew it was for him," he said, fiercely, coming up to me.

How guilty I felt. And yet how angry, to think he would accuse me, as his tone implied, of having acted in an unmaidenly way.

"You did not!" I replied, forgetting, in my excitement, where I was or who might hear me. "How could I help it? He asked me for it. I wish I had it back."

"What is the matter?" said Susie, coming up to us.

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"Nothing," I hastily replied, and hurried on to escape her sharp eyes.

Oh, so young and foolish! I had forgotten that Rob had asked me for my bouquet, only an hour before, and I had refused him; not knowing, however, then, how much in earnest he was. Yet it looked, I had to confess to myself, as if I had openly shown a preference for Mr. Demar. No wonder Rob was angry.

Someone, at this moment, approached me. I looked up. It was Mr. Demar. He handed me a bouquet, saying: "Since you regret that you gave it, I beg to return it. I overheard what you said." And, before I could fully comprehend his meaning, he bowed and was gone.

What bitter, bitter tears I wept, that night. I said to myself again and again: "Has Rob Donaldson read my secret? Did my words, that Mr. Demar overheard, reveal it to him? How much had the latter overheard? What did he think of me? What did Rob? How would it all end?"

Slowly the hours passed, next day, in the dull school-room. Slowly they passed, day after day, until the long, long week ended. The blessed Sabbath dawned at last, bright and beautiful. Somehow my heart grew lighter, as I looked at the blue sky and felt the fresh breeze. We were to have service in the little church, and, as I dressed, I wondered if Frank would come out with his father, as he sometimes did, remaining overnight in the neighborhood, ready for singing on Monday evening. I had not seen or heard from him since the dreadful bouquet-affair. That was only a week ago, but it seemed an age.

Yet what was he to me, that I should grieve? He had never spoken a word of love to me in his life. I was giving mine unsought. But he should never know it, if I could prevent it. So I determined to be very brave—to dismiss it all from my mind. I ran lightly downstairs, fastening a red rose at my throat as I went.

"Oh, Miss Dora, how well you look!" exclaimed Fannie. "You will turn all the boys' heads. They are half crazy over you now. We other girls have had but a small show since your advent among us. Poor Mr. Demar—I fear his sermon will be lost on some persons, this morning."

I laughingly reproved her, but secretly hoped that I would succeed in turning at least one head. But disappointment awaited me. It was not until then that I knew how much the hope of seeing Frank, of winning a glance from him, had made my heart lighter.

Susie, her brother, and all the rest were at church. But the Rev. Mr. Demar came in alone. He took his place in the pulpit and preached and preached and preached. Oh, what a long, long sermon! Would it never end? I said to myself.

At last, it was over. Mr. Demar went home with us for dinner, which he had often done before. After dinner, we were to have Sabbath-school. But I pleaded a headache and remained at home alone.

When they were all gone, I tried to read; but I could not. I tried to sleep; but I was possessed with a spirit of restlessness. At length, I put on a large hat, to shield me from the rays of the sun, and then wandered idly through the garden, hardly conscious of the intense heat of a summer's noonday.

Once more I gathered lovely buds, white sprays, sprigs of green, and the honeysuckle. Then, seating myself in the shade of a large maple-tree, I twisted, turned, made them into a bouquet, just as I had done on that memorable evening, six days before, all the time thinking, thinking—oh, so hard—and trying to convince myself that I did not care.

At length, the bouquet was finished. I startled myself by a deep sigh and looked up—into the face of Frank Demar.

How long he had been there, I could not tell. He seemed both amused and grieved, and was smilingly surveying me.

My first impulse was to fly, my next to brave it out. I sat there, silent, holding my bouquet, with my lap full of stems, leaves, and crushed flowers.

"I did not expect to find you here," said Frank. "Miss Fannie told me you were indisposed. I see your headache has not prevented your making another bouquet."

He extended his hand, as he spoke, and lifted me from the ground.

I turned deadly pale; but, mastering my emotion as well as I could, I cried:

"Were you so very angry? I did not mean it—Rob teased me so. It was cruel in you to give it back. Will you take this one?"

All this I had said in hurried sentences. Now I quite broke down, though I choked back the sobs as well as I could. I had not dared to look at him while speaking.

"Will I take that one? Oh, Dora darling, don't you know how beautiful you are—how madly I love you? If I take the bouquet, I must take you with it."

He snatched me to his bosom and kissed me again and again.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "I thought I had

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lost you. Look up. Tell me: if I keep this one, are you sure you will not wish you had it again?"

Half an hour later, gently drawing my hand through his arm, he led me back to the house. As we went slowly up the path, I felt at peace once more with all the world, even with poor Rob Donaldson.

But, after all, I do not know why I should say "Poor Rob," since, before long, he consoled himself so thoroughly that I am very sure he utterly forgot he had ever fancied himself in the slightest measure attracted toward me.

I was glad enough to have it so, you may be certain: for I was so happy, that I wanted everybody whom I liked to be happy also; and, although I never cared for him in the least as a lover, Rob always ranked among the dearest of my friends.

His romance came about in the most natural way, unexpected as it was. Elsie Reeves, a cousin of my Frank's, came to visit at Mr. Demar's house, and was persuaded to return six months later to be my bridesmaid.

I had been too much engrossed, as you may imagine, during Elsie's first sojourn, to notice how dazzled Rob was; but I could not remain blind when she came back. His devotion was apparent in every word and look, and, naturally, everybody commented as freely as people always do under such circumstances. Elsie accepted all his devotion quite as a matter of course, and was easily persuaded to consider me a very fitting confidante, since I was so soon to become a relative. It appeared that the pair had been corresponding during the whole interval of her absence—with the exception of a week which that sly Rob had spent in the town where she lived, while we all supposed him off on business in New York—so, you see, they had had ample time to get well acquainted.

On the day of my wedding, Rob, who acted as groomsman, presented my lovely little bridesmaid to his mother and sister as his future wife.

And a very happy couple they are—as happy almost as Frank and myself. Of course, no two mortals ever quite reached our height of bliss.

SUMMER-NIGHT SONG.

BY VIRGINIA BAKER.

Awaken, lovely dreamer,
Awaken unto me:
The stars their watch are keeping
Above the murmuring sea,
And silver-tinted moonbeams
Steal softly o'er the grass,
Pressing tender kisses
On the dewdrops as they pass.
The charms of love are witching,
Are witching all but thee;
Then waken—oh, awaken—
Sweet dreamer, unto me.

Awaken, lovely dreamer;
Far-hidden in the grove,
The nightingale is telling
The story of his love,
The gentle zephyr lingers
Beside the drooping rose—
Who, 'neath his fond caresses,
With deeper crimson glows.
The charms of love are witching,
Are witching all but thee;
Then waken—oh, awaken—
Sweet dreamer, unto me.

LOVE'S PALACE.

BY WILLIAM W LONG.

In Love's grand and stately palace
Once there stood a golden chalice;
Altars gleamed with sacred fires;
Music rang from silver lyres;
Flowers bloomed on every hand,
Only known in Love's sweet land;
Incense floated on the air—
Perfumed incense, rich and rare.
In that palace grand and fair,
Love reigned king triumphant there.

Ruined now is that grand palace,
Shivered lies the golden chalice;
Cold are now the sacred fires,
Silent now the broken lyres;
Frost has killed the flowers sweet,
Silence reigns there now complete;
Gone the incense rich and rare
And left only empty air—
Naught is heard, no footfall's tread:
For the great king, Love, is dead.

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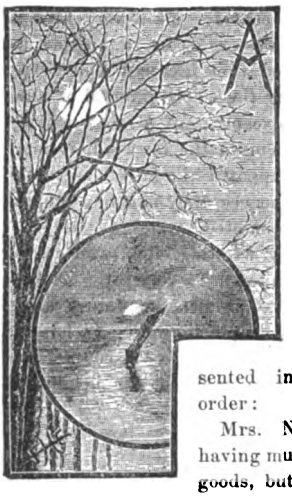
A LONDON SUCCESS.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CHAPTER I.



A CERTAIN December, some years back, was a memorable one to three débutantes in New York, as it witnessed their appearance before an admiring world. Two had beauty, and one had wealth. They were presented in the following order:

Mrs. Newby Nee, not having much of this world's goods, but some old family on the side of her husband, was naturally desirous of doing something "swell," at the same time economically. She therefore decided to give a reception at the house of her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Living Hamerston Nee, a woman whose birth under the shadow of an old Dutch porch had been productive of much social distinction but not of great intellectual endowment. Her sons and her daughters were all dead, but she still lived in a fine musty old house, with traditions behind her. Her grandaughter had thus the prestige of a connection with what we call aristocracy, and Mrs. Newby Nee meant to make the most of it, perhaps even by this means winning a son-in-law from that small branch of the "nouveau riche" who still care for "blood"; for, with most of that desirable set, the blood of a racehorse is of far more value than the blood of a lady.

However, Beatrice Nee was a beauty and had inherited that air of distinction which her mother lacked. It was the inheritance left her by her poor drunken dissolute father, who had in his veins the blood of the Living Hamerstons.

Therefore Mrs. Nee had several counts in her favor.

Next came Mrs. Saunders Snooks, who had nothing but the most vulgar wealth gained in the most vulgar manner, but it was a large sum. Her daughter, Lilian Snooks, was as plain a girl as it would be easy to discover, and her surroundings as undesirable and as open to ridicule as those of most of our later additions to the ranks of the aristocracy; but, with a large house, plentiful dinners, and a most certain "dot" for her daughter, the knowing ones bet on Mrs. Saunders Snooks.

She was to introduce her daughter by means of a large ball, and Waldem Rosse, the great "go-between," the Beau Brummel of society, had engaged to bring to Mrs. Snooks—in fact, to the border of Pactolus—those gloomy shades who were known on the margin of our modern Styx as the "old families." The Snooks ball at the Snooks house was a success.

The third and last entry in this field, which could not be called a "fair field and no favor," was Mrs. St. Maur, who had three pretty girls and whose husband was a rising man in Wall Street. Mrs. St. Maur was a pretty woman herself and was known to be a neglected wife, but she had no coquetry and no desire to be a belle, which, in the corrupt age in which we live, was a temporary disadvantage to her. Had she only attracted some man of fashion to her own side, he would have helped her amazingly. He would have said to Waldem Rosse, as the disposition of tickets was being made for a Delmonico ball: "Put the St. Maurs in for the Assemblies"; and, if he had himself driven Mrs. St. Maur out on a coach, their fashionable fortune would have been made. But she had but one overwhelming ambition, which was that the three girls should succeed. She was also in love, poor woman, with her husband, who was not in love with her. So she entered the race heavily handicapped.

She took the rooms at Delmonico's and gave a ball, and presented the most beautiful of all the débutantes, Mabel St. Maur.

It was sparsely attended, and, as she counted up the regrets, they were in fearful majority to the acceptances. Still, it made a stir in society, and Mabel St. Maur's beauty attracted at once the attentions of old Michlenburg, a foreign diplomat, whose taste, having been cultivated in the old world, was supposed to be decisive.

Waldem Rosse pronounced her figure perfect and her face the most lovely he had ever seen,

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as indeed it was, with soft black eyes, a varying uncertain blush which came when she spoke, a little mouth full of the whitest teeth, a profile as exquisite as that of the Psyche, and a voice as sweet and as cultivated as any English voice. For this gift, she was as distinguished as she was for her beauty.

But, under certain circumstances, such beauty as that of Mabel St. Maur's is a drawback. Old Mrs. Carpingham, down in Washington Square, who had several daughters who had "hung fire" for some years, looked upon the advent of every pretty girl with disfavor, unless she had money. She determined, early in December, that her son, Wicket Carpingham, should marry the Snooks, as she called her; and when he, poor moth, unaware of his golden destiny and yielding to a natural yet wholly imprudent yearning of the natural heart, danced three times with Mabel St. Maur, Mrs. Carpingham raised her double eye-glass and declared that the St. Maurs were vulgar and not to be endured.

It is astonishing what power one old leader of fashion has over a girl's first winter. Sometimes this power lasts longer, and many an ill temper has blighted a young life.

Mrs. St. Maur felt this keenly, seeing the whole game as her daughter did not. After the opera, the young men who were talking to her would receive a message from Mrs. Carpingham, a supper would be improvised at Delmonico's, to which the most desirable people were invited, while Mabel was left out. She began to perceive herself that the invitations which her friends received did not come to her. Yet the power of beauty is so great, the joy in a young girl's heart is so inextinguishable, the pleasure in new dresses, of dancing, of coming out, and in that tribute to her loveliness which every man's eye gave her as he passed, that the bitter drop did not taste so bitter, or else its bitter was followed by a sweet. She saw, however, that the gift of beauty was not so sure to gain her the pleasure she dearly desired, that of a drive on a coach on coaching-day. Indeed, after all Wicket Carpingham's profuse promises and invitations to her, she walked down Fifth Avenue one day to see Miss Snooks seated by his side on that famous four-in-hand, which was the glory of the family.

It is said that the first winter of a débutante's life in New York costs her mother several years of ill-health and all her serenity. It is full of such innumerable shoals and quicksands; it is a perpetual struggle with the greater and the meaner emotions. An honorable woman, desiring only the happiness of her daughter, hates to enter the ignoble arena where envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness reign. She despises the small policy which rules; but she must descend to it, if her daughter is to "succeed." Perhaps in all political life there must be truckling and timeserving—we know that there is such a thing as "the Irish vote" in the great matter of the election of a President: we know that even our most illustrious patriots have coquetted with it—so in society we have to contend, if we have a candidate in the field, with several unknown quantities which may be called "the Irish vote."

Mrs. St. Maur was not a particularly elevated or refined woman—she would not have disdained these political maneuvers if she had understood them. Her virtues, such as they were, were negative; but, like all negative things, they were stumbling-blocks. Had she possessed audacity, cunning, and positive dishonesty, she would have commanded the campaign; but she lacked those qualities.

A soldier of fortune, possessing those gifts, does not need money, beauty, or old family. The greatest successes in society have been won by women who simply possessed what vulgar people call "cheek." Mrs. St. Maur had a dull brain; but she fortunately held one winning card: it was a dogged determination to succeed. That was worth something in the game; and, after a winter of slights, discouragements, and annoyances, the more wearing that they were so nameless and so small, Mrs. St. Maur determined to ask advice of a friend.

And this friend was a woman who called herself "Claretie Chabrol" and who made Mrs. St. Maur's bonnets.

Long ago, they had been companions and schoolmates at a country school, and Mrs. St. Maur had remembered always the phenomenal cleverness of her old friend. She was plain "Abbey Baker," in those days; but there was a French romance in her disposition. She had eloped with an actor named "Chabrol." Perhaps she had essayed with him, on the stage, the occasional rôle to which a neophyte is permitted. He had run away from her, leaving her with a little daughter, just the age of Mabel St. Maur. Then her life lapsed into obscurity. Poor as she could be, Abbey Baker found that acting would never produce a fortune, so she led off with a certain strength into bonnetmaking—which does pay, and pay well.

"Madame Claretie Chabrol" was a name and a person in New York. She was called "Claretie" by all the first young married women. She gave

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them credit; she was never importunate; she was always discreet; she made lovely bonnets; and she had the reputation of knowing all about everybody's secrets. Love-letters were said to be hidden under the roses which decorated her bonnets, and, naturally, fortune poured in upon her.

It was whispered that she was born a lady and had borne her misfortunes bravely. She had every appearance of being a lady, in her quiet black silk; and, with her exceedingly white hands, which bore no mark of the needle on the forefinger, she arranged everyone's bonnets to suit the middle-aged and the elderly, the young and the beaming, face, as nature so disposed her customers.

"A good creature—Claretie," said Mrs. Nee, as she saw her waning charms revive under a lilac bonnet.

"A very decent person—has seen better days," said Mrs. Carpingham, as she arranged the lace over that false front with delicate softness.

"She was always so clever," said Mrs. St. Maur, as she came home from her last bonnet-visit.

It will be seen that Abbey Baker had tact; she had the tact not to remind Mrs. St. Maur of their old intimacy until Mrs. "St." Maur went to her with open palm.

"I wonder," said Mrs. St. Maur to herself, "what she has done with her daughter?" "I think I will go and ask."

So it happened, one day, that Mrs. St. Maur went to the bonnet-shop, and, under pretense of changing a yellow rose for a pink one, called Claretie into a small parlor, where it was said more than one little confidence had been reposed in the clever milliner.

"Well, Abbey?" (for she never adopted the new name when they were alone) said Mrs. St. Maur.

"Well, Sophia?" said the old school-friend.

The two women looked each other full in the eyes; there was a kindly expression in both faces.

"What have you done with Reggy?"

"She is in Boston, at school, preparing herself to be a governess. Thanks to you, Sophia, she is getting a very good education."

"No matter, Abbey. Do you want any more money?"

"No, dear: I am doing very well."

"That's more than I am," said Mrs. St. Maur, sighing.

"I know it," said Abbey Baker, frankly. "I knew you would be a failure in society, from the first. You are too good."

"You would not advise me to be bad, would you, Abbey?"

"No, for I know your honest nature; but, if you had a little talent as an actress, I should advise you to pretend to be bad. Now I owe all my success to the fact that people believe I am a Machiavelli in petticoats. I let them think so, and make a bonnet for fifty dollars which is only worth six. They pay it gladly, because they believe that I am the person who received Mrs. Bowen's love-letters and sent them on to Thornby Percival. I did not, and I would not; but, to tell you the truth, I did not reject the imputation. It was an advertisement. One must live!" said Abbey, shrugging her shoulders.

"I cannot write love-letters, nor read them, for that matter, although I find St. Maur's pockets full of them," said Mrs. St. Maur, sighing.

For a moment, the worldly shrewdness left Abbey Baker's face. She rose from her chair and bent over her old friend and kissed her.

"Sophia," said she, "for two romantic girls, you and I have had hard luck. Now let me tell you where you stand. I am at the foot of the ladder, and should have starved but for your help. You are pretty nearly at the top, not quite, and that is the worst place on the social ladder, for you catch a glimpse of the promised land, but are in that exact geographical position to those above you that you can be kicked in the face—not agreeable, I grant you. St. Maur is a successful broker, very gay, very dissolute—there are a hundred exactly like him; that, therefore, is no distinction. You are his pretty but well-behaved and loving wife—there are hundreds like you; therefore, that is no distinction. You are confounded with a crowd. You are not so rich as to attract attention. Your daughter is inconveniently pretty; she simply excites envy. Now you go into society without a single element to arouse curiosity or to inflame a scandal. You cannot hope to succeed. You are not intellectual; you never were, you know. You cannot claim the slightest relationship to the Living Hamerstons. You are neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. You aim at a success in a new society which has no emotions but crude ones; it does not care at all for the gifts which make you really nice and amiable; but it would notice you if you flirted, adore you if you gave them a new sensation, and drop you down to the lowest level, to lift you to the highest position, if you would run away from your husband and children, with a French count. Clergymen would then take you up, apologize for you; great lawyers would plead your cause; you would be called unfortunate; and

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your beauty, your charms, your virtues would be on a thousand tongues. I do not exaggerate, do I, Sophia?"

"No, I am afraid not," said Mrs. St. Maur, remembering what she had been reading in the morning paper.

"It is strange talk this, for the daughter of old Josiah Baker, fifteen miles from Utica," said the fashionable Claretie, "but you know that I have drained the bitter cup to the dregs. I ran away with a scamp. I have seen life from his point of view. I am now behind the scenes of the fashionable world, where the most romantic, improbable, and the meanest drama ever written passes before my eyes every hour in the day. If I give you worldly advice—why, it is because I know you won't follow it in the worst sense, but it may do you good."

Claretie, after seeing that the door was locked against her French forewoman, threw herself on the floor, and, burying her face in her old schoolmate's lap, gave vent to a good cry.

Mrs. St. Maur was not so emotional as her friend, and she remained calm, passing her hand over the still pretty chestnut hair of Abbey Baker.

"No, I shall not treat society to a sensation," said she, as if pondering over her friend's advice. "If St. Maur chooses to be wild, it is no reason why I should be. I shall try to give my little daughters a chance, and, if New York fail, there is still a life in the country; pretty stupid, no doubt."

"Very stupid," said Claretie, remembering her home fifteen miles out of Utica. "We are not civilized enough yet to live in the country, in America. We have ceased to be Indians, and we have not grown to be white people."

"You seem to think all pictures should be painted in high colors," said Mrs. St. Maur. "You show better taste in your bonnets."

"That is the best thing I ever heard you say, Sophia."

"Perhaps I am not so stupid as you think me," answered Sophia St. Maur.

At this moment came a little knock at the door.

Claretie jumped to her feet. "That is Mrs. Luevel, the greatest gossip in town. She does not know of our old intimacy—perhaps she will think you have come here to leave a love-letter. Now, without doing anything wrong, who knows, Sophia, but your social fortune is made?"

Another knock at the door.

"Why don't you let her in?" said Mrs. St. Maur.

"I want to excite her curiosity," said Claretie.

Another knock.

"Now," said Claretie, "do you, Sophia, go out by this door. I will send your carriage round to you. Mrs. Luevel's sharp-eyed daughter is in her carriage. Between them, they will observe the maneuvre. Let me play drawing-room comedy for a little; you know I was always an adept at it."

Mrs. St. Maur, very much amused at this performance, stepped out into a newly fallen snow on a side street and waited—it must be allowed, rather impatiently—for her coupé.

Claretie, meanwhile, emerged from her little parlor and engaged Mrs. Luevel in an immediate and rather nervous preoccupied talk over bonnets. Leaving a bonnet untied on Mrs. Luevel's head, she disappeared in the recesses of her work-room, and the sharp eyes of both mother and daughter saw a maid come out and order Mrs. St. Maur's carriage round the square to a side street. The maid was stupid, and spoke very loud. Both Miss Luevel and the coachman overheard the order, which, indeed, old Thomas was very slow to comprehend.

That afternoon, Mrs. Luevel went to a tea. At which were collected many stylish leaders, and, before the day was dead, the story of Mrs. St. Maur and her new departure was talked of all over New York.

"I knew she would take her revenge," said one lady.

"Yes, she should have done it long ago."

"She is a very stupid heavy woman; that is the reason," said another.

"Claretie's shop is Cupid's platform," said someone else.

"Yes; they say she receives and forwards half the love-letters in town," said another.

"I think it very wrong for Dr. Waltham to allow her to come to the communion," said a sharp-eyed lady.

"And he thinks so well of her," said someone. "But I wonder who is the man? Did you hear, Mrs. Luevel?"

"No, not a word; but I will ask Rosse to find out. He watches, you know, from the Union Club window."

"Well, it is dreadful! I think I will call there to-morrow. Where does Mrs. St. Maur live?"

"She lives in Gramercy Park. I always thought that girl of hers so sly; why, she has almost got Wicket Carpingham to marry her."

"They call him Wicked Carpingham, you know," said the wit of the period.

"It is a great compliment, and wholly undeserved," said another; "he is simply a fool."

"There are three beautiful daughters in that

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house," said Mrs. Lamborough, who was one of those rare women who always found something good to say of everybody, and who did not like to hear the mother of three daughters aspersed.

"What a sad thing for them—this conduct of their mother!" said Mrs. Luevel, raising her eyes to heaven. "Now, if it had been Mrs. Newby Nee, no one would have been astonished, for her family has always been talked about. I have not seen her at Claretie's this winter, but to-day Mrs. St. Maur was there—"

"And leaving by the secret back door, too! And her carriage sent round, did you say?"

"Yes! both my daughter and the coachman heard it distinctly: 'Meet Mrs. St. Maur in Twentyfirst Street.' Oh! oh!! oh!!!"

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Waltham sat in his handsome rectory up-town, writing a sermon: "On the Sins of Society." He was extremely well equipped on this point, and could write from extensive knowledge. He was a fashionable and well-born man, rich enough to be independent of his salary, and independent enough to have broken stones on the road, if he had been obliged to do so. He broke, occasionally, some stones over the heads of his congregation. One continual annoyance riled his temper and made him say rather severe things to himself.

This was the conflict with the natural man which rose perpetually in his heart when Mrs. Newby Nee and Mrs. Bowen, two conspicuous members of his church, affected to be emotionally religious and to take so active a part in his charities and good works that he had to endow them with a sort of hardly earned saintship. They were up early at service, they worked late at the schools, they came under every sort of Sheltering Arm and Helping Hand and Prisoners' Refuge and Mothers' Meeting and Sailors' Reform; but, to the good doctor's inside sense, they had not one particle of what he called religion.

He did not like to tell them so. How could he? They obeyed all his laws in the most red-letter canonical way. So his only refuge was to preach at them. And, after having, as he thought, come to the point, after fearing that his sarcasm had been so pointed, so acrid, so bitter, and so little disguised that they could never, either of them, speak to him, he would receive a visit from one or both of them, saying:

"Ah, dear doctor, how fine, how impressive, you were last Sunday! But don't you think you bore down too hardly on poor Mrs. Lowers and Mrs. Wharncliffe? Now, we know that they are both hypocrites; but still, they are trying so hard to do right, don't you think you ought to have more Christian forbearance? Your satire is so keen, your blade so swift and sure, that you cut—oh, you must have cut them to the heart, poor women! I saw them both crying." And then the doctor would gnash his teeth and see the pair go out with missionary-lists in their hands to do his bidding, not believing in them in the least.

He was in one of those moods as he sat down to write his sermon on the Sins of Society, when his old friend, Thornby Percival, was announced. They had been students together in Germany many years ago, and, although the one had chosen the primrose paths of dalliance and the other the steep and thorny path that led to heaven, the men still liked each other, and each called the other by his first name.

"Well, Charley, I have come up for that article for my new review," said Thornby Percival, for he was man of fashion and literary editor, among other things.

"I am out of sorts, Thornby; I don't believe I will write it," said the doctor.

"Oh, yes, you will. Here, what have you got there? 'On the Sins of Society.' Exactly what I want, Charles. Count in, as among the first, this desperate curiosity about vice and sin and sinners, this desire to believe all the world bad. I am no saint, you know very well, Charles; but I assure you, man of the world as I am, that I am shocked. I cannot and I will not pretend to hope to improve the world. I have not done much toward any moralizing in my life; but, when I read our literature, go to the play, and, above all, hear women talk of each other, I am convinced that we are drifting into the worst corruption of the Middle Ages."

"Don't touch them, Thornby; I adore them, you know, the Middle Ages."

"Yes, you do. But you do not deny that they bore certain moral sores on their mailed sides, as their houses and cities bred plagues and famines. As a man of taste, I wish you, a man of God, to write against the diseased sensations."

"Why don't you write the article yourself, Thornby?"

"That isn't my rôle. I wish to continue to be the dreadful example. I am especially enraged to-day because I hav just come from a set of gossips at the club, who are tearing to pieces as good a little woman as ever lived—Mrs. St. Maur. They have got up some story about a milliner who is great at assisting love-affairs, I believe. They pretend, these gossips, Mrs. St. Maur has an admirer somewhere, and they all absolutely say that they shall now go and

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call on her. Now I have known her all her life, and Sophia St. Maur is a stupid woman, but she is a good one."

"What of Mrs. Bowen?" said the doctor, slyly.

"Well," said Thornby, laughing, "she is one of your saints. You may take care of her. I shall not preach any crusade, but I am talking as a man of taste."

"You shall have the article, Thornby."

The doctor was left alone, when a light little knock came at his door.

He opened it, and Mabel St. Maur stood before him. It was a vision of delightful loveliness, and the doctor standing silent, for a moment, forgot to bow.

"I am Mabel St Maur. You have forgotten me. I have come to ask you for something to do, doctor; you know I am one of your catechumens. I and Beatrice Nee and Lilian Snooks are to be confirmed together. I thought I would like to do something meantime—go and sing for the sick people, read to the blind, or amuse somebody. I cannot teach Sunday-school, for I do not know enough. I hate to sew, so I cannot join a sewing-class. But cannot I do something?"

"Yes, my child, you can and shall. I have a lame little English boy who is left alone all day with his blind grandfather in a garret, while his mother goes out as a governess to support them both. Will you go and read to him? I will write to your mother and assure her that it is a safe and Christian work. When will you go?"

Mabel's color rose high as she thanked the rector. "To-day—every day," said she.

He kept her an hour, to talk to her of her new duties, the good work she was to do, the serious vows she was to take. It refreshed his soul to bathe in these pure waters. How beautiful, how candid, how naturally religious she was! How she recalled to him the long-vanished days of his youth. How she made him ashamed of the limitations of his own knowledge, as she asked him those penetrating questions which no wisdom can answer.

"After all," said he, as she left him, with the pressure of her soft girlish palm in his hand, "after all, the world is not so wicked—after all."

When Mabel reached the garret where she was to begin a life of good works as distinguished from dancing and dressing and flirting, she found a rather clean old gentleman sitting in an easy-chair, with a fine-looking boy of fourteen propped up in bed, but also looking clean and comfortable, doing some drawings. This was not the miserable scene of squalor which she had hoped for. The young desire, of all things, some sombre wretchedness to act as a Rembrandt shadow to their brilliant pursuit of pleasure. The butterfly looks most brilliant when against the dark bark of a tree; the love of contrast is intense in youth. They like tragedy and sorrowful first verses and the pathos which touches the yet unwrung chords of the heart. When one has suffered, one goes to the other side and seeks the grotesque, the funny, the gay and laughing muse.

But, except for a few annoyances, a few pin-pricks of vanity, Mabel had not suffered; she was rather disappointed in the comfort, almost elegance, which surrounded her newly-found friends.

But the rector introduced her to Mr. Hampton and his grandson, Francis Mowat, as a young lady who would be glad to read aloud to them, to sing to them, to play on the piano for them, to light up their loneliness for them, and she saw the two faces brighten perceptibly; so she was glad, after all, to begin her life of self-sacrifice so easily. She felt rather, however, that she was boiling her peas on the way to Jerusalem, as Mr. Hampton, in choice English, welcomed her sweet voice in the house of a blind old man, and when Francis Mowat showed a fine set of white teeth as he welcomed her. He was too lame, he apologized, to get up and offer her a chair; but he hoped that she knew that.

"Yes," said the rector, filling in deficiencies: "Francis must stay in bed some months yet, with an iron on his leg; but he can practice drawing; and perhaps you, Miss Mabel, will attend a bit to his education: at any rate, here is a very good piano, belonging to Mrs. Mowat, and you can play and sing. I leave you now to find each other out."

Several days after, Mabel went to make her report, and asked the rector to give her some harder work: for this reading and singing to these refined people was nothing but amusement.

"You are ministering to the people I most pity," said the rector: "people with refined tastes, who have no means of gratifying them."

One day, as Mabel stopped singing, she turned round to find a young man in the room whom she had not seen enter. She was naturally embarrassed and a little frightened: for she had been singing one of Arthur Sullivan's love-songs with fervor and impressiveness—singing it to herself, as it were—and she saw that the young man's face was lighted up with a smile of appreciation.

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It was not until the new comer had leaned over and whispered to the blind old Mr. Hampton that an introduction was effected.

"My friend and former pupil, Mr.—Mr. Stanhope—Miss St. Maur," said the old man.

Mr. Stanhope was one of the few people who could enter on a new acquaintance easily. He began criticizing the song, praising her singing not too much; and soon the winter afternoon found them singing together, criticizing the drawing of Francis—which needed it—and making the old man's tea for him. The hours flew rapidly, and Mabel rose to go, not until she had promised to come and sing some airs from "Fatinitza" to Francis on a day near at hand.

She had to hurry home, for a brilliant dinner-party awaited her. Her mother had shown much pleasure when the invitation came: for it was from a lady whom she had not known, and she thought it in every way a great advance for Mabel.

"Mrs. Livingston Lightfoot requests the pleasure of Miss Mabel St. Maur's company at dinner, on Thursday, March 2d, at eight o'clock."

"Now, that is very nice," Mrs. St. Maur had said. "Mabel, accept at once, and you shall wear pink."

That was a fortnight ago, and Mabel had well-nigh forgotten it; her guilty conscience told her that she was late and that her mother would look askance at her.

However, she had twenty minutes to spare before it was time to dress, and her mother was too preoccupied to scold her.

When she came down in her pink dress, she found her father in the parlor, looking very bright and cheerful. He had evidently been telling her mother some good news; there were smiles in the room—not that more common thing, tears.

The St. Maurs were too well-bred to quarrel before their daughters; but there was an atmosphere of repression whenever papa was spoken of. On his dressing-table, the little girls had found photographs which were not of their mother, and they had seen a black look on her brow as she glanced at them. It was generally understood that papa was not to be at home at dinner or at breakfast often—he was so busy; so, although they had a general sense of him as a providing Providence—very generous to them, never cross, and sometimes very delightful when he took them out on his yacht or off to Long Branch or to Saratoga, where he gave each of them a pony—he was yet almost a stranger.

As Mabel had grown to womanhood, the fact dawned upon her that their house was not exactly like some houses where she visited, nor was her father as much in her life as other girls' fathers. She began to have a dull heartache over her mother's unspoken sorrow and to divine it with a woman's intuition. Her next sister—Pepita, a very shrewd girl—had once put into words what she thought of papa, and had called him "a horrid old flirt." But Mabel's finer tone had recoiled at this, and the governess had put Miss Pepita into solitary confinement, with three French verbs to learn, as a punishment for her pertness. Perhaps the governess thought Pepita knew her English verbs quite too well.

However, as Mabel descended to the parlor in her pink dress, Mr. St. Maur sat by the fire with his youngest daughter, Barbe, on his lap. He kissed the child as Mabel entered, and, putting her down, he stood with his back to the fire, gazing at his pretty daughter admiringly.

"I declare, my dear, you look very nice," said he, opening his arms for an embrace.

He was a very handsome man, St. Maur, and his French blood spoke in his dark coloring and his vivacious expression; a fast life had not yet made ravages in his well-cut outlines. Indeed, as his daughter kissed him, their faces made a picture.

"The carriage, miss," said the footman, and the maid came with cloak and fan.

"Parkins will learn what hour to come for you. Ask the man at the door, Parkins, when to order Miss St. Maur's carriage."

"Yes, ma'am," said Parkins, and Mabel was hurried off.

She would fain have lingered to see her father, to hear what made him so cheerful, to enjoy a sight almost new to her—of the gay man acting the part of paterfamilias. It struck her as strange that she had been hurried off twice to-day from the place where she wished to stay.

However, the dinner was a gay young dinner and what is appropriately called "a rosebud dinner." Mrs. Livingston Lightfoot was not so very old herself; she had a great passion for gathering all the young people about her.

"How kind of you to come in pink, dear Miss St. Maur: you are the very rose of roses."

Beatrice Nee was there, and Charlie Rappers the great yachtsman, and Horatio Gurley the very rich young man, and Lilian Snooks the great heiress, and Wicket Carpingham; and old Michlenburg was there—he liked "rosebuds" better than they liked him, yet he sent them

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very nice flowers, and they made fun of him behind his back; and Thornby Percival was there—yes, he went everywhere—and Mabel was so glad to hear that he was to take her in to dinner: and Greenby Prominent was there, who did nothing but ape English manners—but he did it so well that he compelled admiration; and the two Berry girls were there, with no nonsense about them—rather "loud" and noisy, Mabel considered.

Mr. Thornby Percival thought Mabel very nice, and he made himself very agreeable.

"Now, Miss Mabel, what have you been doing to-day? Dr. Waltham tells me you have gone into good works."

"I tried to; but I am only amusing myself. I have found an old blind English clergyman to read to and a pretty boy, and they live very neatly; so I only get a new sensation of pleasure. I wish Dr. Waltham would send me to the hospitals, or let me get the measles or the small-pox, or do something like the Chatelaines in the Middle Ages. I wonder if there is any real suffering any more?"

"I fear there is, Miss Mabel; but do not, if you please, ruin your complexion quite yet. Avoid the measles and the small-pox. I will mention to Waltham that you would like the thumb-screws a little tighter, however. But tell me more about your blind clergyman and what you did to amuse him."

"I sang to him some of Arthur Sullivan's music. He says he used to know Sir Arthur when he was a choir-boy at Windsor."

"Indeed, then he was something of a somebody, no doubt, your clergyman. Now, if you are going round singing 'Lost Chords,' etc., to old clergymen, cannot you get him to ask me? I have a desire for good works, too, if it includes hearing you sing."

Why did Mabel blush and drop the conversation? Why did she not tell Mr. Percival of her other auditor, the handsome young man? She did not know, but Thornby Percival noted the blush and put it away in his memory.

He had the tact to change the conversation, and they talked of the theatre and the new actor. Was he handsome? All the women thought so, but the men found him very effeminate. Then they talked of the floor at Delmonico's, and who was to be married after Lent, and whether or not asparagus-parties would be the fashion, and of the races, the coaching-parade, and the last engagement.

And then Thornby asked her what she had been reading to the old clergyman, and, as she ran over her list of books, he was astonished to find what a bright bit of intelligence sat beside him.

"He likes novels, my old clergyman, and the boy likes them too, so I read them 'The Baby's Grandmother.'"

"A very clever book, unusually so; read them translations of Sardou's witty plays. They are very good reading."

And so they chatted on until it was time to leave the table. Mabel took up her rosebud bouquet and joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Soon they asked her to sing, and she gave a little French romance, very gay and artificial and weak. She did not feel that it was the atmosphere for another Arthur Sullivan melody.

Beatrice Nee then sang an elaborate and most impassioned Italian love-song, which left its heroine no outlet but suicide.

Then the gentlemen began to drop in and a few outsiders who had been asked for the evening.

One was Mr. Gotto, who read the lines of character and visions of the future in the hand. He told all of them some nonsensical good fortune, and some of the usual remarks about length of life and success coming late, and this and that and the other, and, when he reached Mabel's hand, he paused.

He looked at it long and earnestly, seeming confused.

"A very queer contradictory hand," said he, "but with a remarkable future.

"You will have a brilliant destiny, but not much happiness, if this line be true. You will experience a sudden violent wrench from all your past. You have met, I should say, your fate very recently."

"I hope it is I; she sat near me at dinner," said Percival, looking on quizzically.

"I should not wonder," said Gotto, "if to-day was the turning-point of your life. Remember it and put it down in your note-book. You are to have great fortune, great distinction. You will not live always here. I should think it might be India, but the lines do not tell me.

"Where is a turbaned Indian prince for Miss Mabel?" asked Thornby Percival, who was tired of seeing this new fortune-teller holding Mabel's hand so long.

Mr. Gotto left Mabel and took up another hand, the conversation grew general, and more music followed. Mabel sank into a revery which was broken by Mr. Gotto saying, softly:

"Miss St. Maur, remember to-day, whatever happens to you. Remember to-day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Two young men were approaching a Green-Mountain village.

"What a bare unpromising spot!" exclaimed one.

"And yet," replied his companion, "here live two of the most deep-thinking and cultivated men I know—the village parson and the village doctor."

"Ah, ha! Well, there's a great lack in them," returned Mr. Nichols.

"Why?" asked Mr. Hunting.

"What keeps them here?" said Nichols.

"Circumstances, I suppose."

"Circumstances? Pshaw! A man makes his own circumstances."

"Not exactly. It is a common opinion and appears true; but, if you examine below the surface, you find circumstances well-nigh omnipotent with all, save the Omnipotent Himself."

"Do you pretend," asked Mr. Nichols, "that this doctor couldn't, if he had the requisite determination, break through the circumstances of his settlement here, and go, say, to Europe, as a cultivated and reflecting man certainly should do? He could travel on foot, if he can't afford any other way."

"No—I don't mean that," replied Mr. Hunting; "but circumstances further back made him what he is: and his nature, of course, guides his will, and others control his wishes and determination directly. Future circumstances may push him into the maelstrom of life."

"Seems to me, I'd like a heave, if I were he," said Nichols.

"That is, according to circumstances," returned Hunting.

"Well, what keeps the parson here?" said Harry. "There he comes, I know. What a splendid forehead! What the deuce keeps him—conscience?"

Mr. Nichols was introduced to the parson and to the doctor. The latter assisted him to find a summer sojourn for a cousin rather out of health. The doctor was a cheerful deliberate specimen of strength, physical and mental. Mr. Reynolds, the clergyman, was something of an enthusiast. Both became interested in hearing of Mr. Nichols's charming cousin. Two days afterward, she came. She was soon domesticated with her two doctors, spiritual and bodily. She was a girl of considerable reading, and the graceful variety, the tact, the polish of manner, were especially fascinating when dropped down amid the wilds of Vermont. But the most noticeable things about her were the rapid, vivid, spirit-like comprehension of another's sentiments, the quick sympathy, sometimes the admiring—ah! the dangerous—appreciation, the answering intensity. A beautiful intelligent girl, her constant attendants two superior men, mountain rambles, rides, botanizing, geologizing "ad libitum"—you "understand the situation," do you not?

Week went after week. Dr. Minor was unused to ladies' society, but stepped at once into his place as a recognized possessor of the power of rousing and arresting a woman's soul. Miss Addoms was amused at the quietness with which he made the discovery of this faculty. But he was rarely astonished. He had not only power, but the consciousness of it. Childlike unconsciousness of strength is a fine characteristic, no doubt: but to possess strength and be quietly aware of it is sometimes attractive also.

On Sunday, the clergyman had high vantage-ground. Caroline sat and gazed into his lustrous earnest eyes, listened to his pathetic voice, and was lifted by look and tone to join in the longing, the aspiration, the dropping of all earth. And when, the next day, the same soulful voice stole in tenderness to her ear, the same ardent eyes sought the depths of her own, her impressible nature could not but turn to him.

One day, during a walk with her two friends, Caroline had a fall from a rock, and fright more than pain caused her to faint completely away. The swoon was like death and could not be broken. At length, Dr. Minor felt for his lancets; but, alas! they were in his office, miles away. Then Arthur Reynolds stooped low over her, bent his face down to hers, pressed his lips to her lips, breathing out the force of his whole soul in one deep sigh. The will which he exerted at the same time must have been very strong—it reached the springs of her life; and, as he raised his head, a breath came forth from her lips, sigh for sigh, breath for breath. Her eyes unclosed and fixed on him with perfect consciousness. Dr. Minor looked on while that

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long gaze passed between them. Then her look turned to him. What was there about this girl that drew everybody to her, while yet she gave so little? Although Dr. Minor had just seen, as he then believed, her whole soul going forth to another, he welcomed that speaking glance.

From that hour, the two men knew themselves to be rivals. Caroline was not flirting with either, neither was she cold-hearted. She might, she acknowledged, have learned to love either of the true-hearted men with whom her days were passed; but she had been brought up in the gay world, and she prized position, luxury, the splendid surroundings of wealth. Nothing was further from her thoughts, therefore, than to give up all these, to bury herself in an obscure village. Not seeing this, and growing wildly jealous, the two men began almost to hate each other.

September laid her brown fingers upon the hills. Caroline was going away. The doctor could bear suspense no longer. One night, the stars heard asked the old, old question: "Do you love me?" The answer came through many tears:

"You must know that I do not."

There was no more to say. He did know it.

At the same moment, in his little study, the young clergyman read an answer to his letter of the morning, an answer gracious and warm-hearted, but every word of which was hateful to him.

The following day, they stood together, the parson and the doctor, gazing after the departing carriage of Miss Addoms. They watched it gain the brow of the hill, then quickly disappear below it. They turned and looked at each other, then at everything around. How cold and small and rayless all had suddenly grown. How soulless!

The summer had gone for both of them forever.

The next winter found Miss Addoms in Italy with her father. It was a very pretty sight to see her and her father together. He was so full of pride and fondness in her, and she so profuse of tender attentions to him.

At a small village, Bordighera, an acute paroxysm of a disease hitherto latent seized Mr. Addoms. Caroline heard terrible words which for the first time connected in her mind the idea of death with her father. In the gray of the morning, she went to her room to compose herself and think; but, when the door was closed, with what a shudder of agony she thrust thought from her. There was but one resource. She sank on her knees. Into that Gethsemane where sooner or later perhaps every human heart must enter, she went. But no struggles could make her prayer like His. "I cannot give him up," she moaned.

She was alone, her father unconscious, the medical attendance miserable, the people about her kind but ignorant. Had she been in the wilds of Tartary, she could not have been more desolate.

But there was at Nice, many miles distant, one man whom she could call friend. Should she send for him? It was Dr. Minor, of Vermont. Shortly after they had parted, the autumn before, he had thrown up his practice and sailed for Europe. Caroline wrote to him now out of her great agony. He quivered as the handwriting met his eye. The blood went leaping through his brain, but he presented himself at Bordighera with a steady brow.

An angel of comfort and healing indeed he was. His skill and common sense, under God, saved Mr. Addoms's life. And what was his thought, as he looked on the thankfulness, the unutterable love, which knelt at that bedside? It was this: "Now, have I not a claim?" Oh! Dr. Minor, be generous. Look at that eloquent face, and you may see that she can refuse nothing to the savior of her father, but—"The hold may be not on gratitude or duty, but on affection," do you say? Well, try it. What do you read in those brown eyes that makes you loose her hands and turn away? You know that she was not going to refuse you. She was going to say that she would try to love you. Well, it is all over now.

This act in life's drama is through, and the candles cannot be relit, for they are burned out. And now—what now? "Make much of thy life," says a wise man; "it is all thou hast to front eternity with."

In two weeks, Dr. Minor was in Paris, waiting for an opening. The world was all before him. He was well furnished for the contest. Six feet of vigorous well-trained limb and muscle, and, as for his mind, if I knew the peculiar epithets of the "ring," I would use them to describe it. It was in excellent working-order. There was nothing to impede his "planting" his blows scientifically in any direction. The "move onward" of the Paris policemen was ever in his ears, and he accepted it for his watchword. But whither and how? At thirtytwo, he had still to question thus. Was it in weakness, in vain repining, that he had abandoned the path opened to him among the hills of America? No, that valley had suddenly narrowed, darkened. The mountains had approached on either hand. The clouds had gathered thick above. The soil had

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become heavy, miry; his pace a toilsome drag. He could have bent down his head and tramped through it—to the end. But why should he? Here he was, then, in one of the centres of the world, perhaps *the* centre, waiting patiently enough.

Waiting may be very healthy for all sorts of capabilities, but it is expensive. The doctor found no opening; at last, he was miserably poor.

One night, Harry Nichols, coming out of the Comédie Française, felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned, and there was Dr. Minor. The latter said:

"I must have sunk pretty low in the world when I ask you, a mere acquaintance, to lend me twenty dollars."

Of course, Harry lent it to him. Writing the next day to his cousin, Miss Addoms, now at home in New York, he mentioned the encounter and so disclosed to her that he knew of Dr. Minor's whereabouts and could communicate with him. Her soul sprang after a faint ghost-like hope. Her father, on his return home, had resumed the practice of law, but it was soon evident that his mind was not what it had been. There was an inequality in his pleadings, a lack of preciseness, of the vigorous and far-reaching views he had been used to take. He perceived it himself as soon as anyone. One day, he was preparing a brief. Caroline reading some reports to him, and he taking notes. He found himself utterly unable to grasp a point he dimly saw. After many ineffectual attempts, he covered his face and burst into tears. Bitter, bitter were those which flowed down Caroline's cheeks. On that dreary grief, it seemed like sacrilege for her to gaze. At length, she murmured something about his "being tired—another time."

"No, no," he said, in a broken voice, looking up at her with an appealing piteous gaze that completely overcame her. He took up the papers in his hands, looked at them mournfully one by one, then, laying down his head beside his daughter's, sobbed like a child.

Caroline rose up, pressed that dear and honored head to her bosom with kisses, and, after a while, succeeded in drawing his attention to other subjects, she could not have told how.

An hour after, she was in her own room, on her knees, many indications of her father's failing powers, unnoticed before, pressing upon her mind. Darkly came the remembrance of that agony, as of Gethsemane, through which she had passed in far-away Lombardy, and, as if whispered in her ear, the question: "Now will you give him up, ere this goes farther?" and she started to her feet with a wild impulse to fly to him and clasp him in her arms, crying: "God forbid! God forbid!"

Oh, what a dread mournful task it was to watch the decay of such a mind. With delicate jealous care did the daughter devote herself to ward off every annoyance, to shield him from all remark. Her own most cherished feelings, hopes, wishes, she laid down to be trampled over by unthinking uncaring feet, rather than he should suffer a moment's uneasiness. New sensitiveness, new ardor and quickness, sprung up in her nature, which entwined itself with that of her father with a reverential eagerness that made her sacred to many eyes looking on with tears.

Just at this time came her cousin's letter. In her anguish, she longed for Dr. Minor's presence. Once before, he had raised up her father from a sick-bed. Her reason told her that he could do nothing now, when the best science and skill had exhausted their efforts and stood back; but oh! there might be a chance, and, if earth held a bare possibility and she could put it within her father's reach, was she not right in doing so? Wildly she implored Dr. Minor to come. His conclusion, as he finished the letter, was: "Folly! Folly!" and so he sat down and told her, phrasing it kindly, of course. Then he rose and walked across the room, came back, and added these words: "However, I shall sail for the United States by the steamer after the one which brings you this."

Arriving in New York, he followed Mr. Addoms and his daughter to Philadelphia, whither they had gone for medical advice. He could merely watch, with Caroline, the terrible scenes of the last few weeks. Helpless humanity was bowed very low, yet Caroline never drew back from the bedside; but, amid her cruel anguish, so bore herself that in that darkened room Dr. Minor could have knelt and worshiped.

Three or four months passed away. Caroline was roused, one day, from her heavy stony grief, by Mr. Nichols's saying:

"May I ask when you are to be married, Caroline?"

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Are you not engaged to Dr. Minor?" he said.

"Engaged to Dr. Minor? Why, no!"

"Well, it is all the same. It is an understood thing, is it not?" replied Mr. Nichols.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Caroline! You summon him to your side from across the ocean, when you must have

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known that it could only be to sympathize and support. Do we ask such exertions of mere friends, however attached? A girl brought up in the world as you have been must know what it implies in the circumstances."

"I do not think Dr. Minor understands it so. He has not said a word," answered Caroline.

"I suppose he has generosity enough not to push his claim," said Mr. Nichols. "But you took the step—wild as it was—knowing, and ought to be ready to accept the conclusion."

"And you want me to tell him so?" asked Caroline.

"No; I can tell him that you will be happy to see him, if you wish. It will be all that is necessary."

"Well!" said Caroline, with a heavy sigh.

But it appeared that Dr. Minor made no pretensions to Miss Addoms's hand.

Miss Addoms, to everybody's astonishment, had been left nearly penniless. She had the alternative of losing the luxury, the position, the society which were second nature to her or of a wealthy marriage. She chose the latter. Mr. Warren belonged to one of the best families in Philadelphia, was handsome, polite, and amiable, but not brilliant.

About a year after Mrs. Warren's marriage, Dr. Minor became her guest for the first time. Standing near the master of the house and listening to his inane and irrelevant conversation, he wondered if Caroline thought she had paid too dearly for ease and luxury. She sat near, conversing with a gentleman, and must have caught fragments of her husband's talk. Still, the fair face showed no sign of annoyance.

Then he heard the conversation between her and her cousin—Mr. Nichols—who was also visiting Philadelphia for the first time since her marriage.

"What a splendid diamond ring you have!" he said, in a low voice.

Caroline understood well; she could not raise her eyes.

"Is your carriage very handsome?" he pursued.

"Yes, and very comfortable," she answered. "Will you take a drive in it with me to-morrow morning?"

Again Dr. Minor asked himself: Was it that she wisely tried to make the best of circumstances or was she content?

He left Philadelphia in a few days, and, only three months later, heard of Mr. Warren's sudden death.

Two years passed before he and Mrs. Warren met again. He had just reached Philadelphia, and, learning that his old friend Arthur Reynolds was to deliver a lecture at the Academy of Natural Sciences that evening, he went. The place was crowded. He made his way to the front, and, in the very first row, saw Mrs. Warren and her cousin.

Arthur Reynolds came in and began his lecture. Dr. Minor saw when the speaker's eyes first fell on Mrs. Warren and noted the effect which the sight of her produced. The young clergyman had very recently accepted the charge of a parish in the city and had not before met the woman who had unwittingly caused him so much suffering.

Dr. Minor could not overrate the effect produced on Reynolds when he encountered the eyes into which he had looked during the Sundays of a well-remembered summer. What a strange thrill ran through his frame! He gazed and gazed and gazed. He easily read her heart-history during the years that had passed. Suffering had altered the curves around the mouth and subdued the expectant springing glance; but the sympathy was there—quick, comprehensive as ever, and a deeper finer meaning in every line. Oh, it was a rare face!

Buoyantly, the Rev. Arthur Reynolds proceeded with his lecture, the flow of his ideas and language so free that he almost discarded his notes.

After the lecture, Mrs. Warren met him—cordial, glad.

That evening was the beginning of suffering worse than any he had hitherto known. He knew that Mrs. Warren really believed his sentiments toward her had become those of simple friendship, and that, if he allowed her to penetrate his secret, their intercourse would end.

He grew morbid, suffering not the lightest thought of Mrs. Warren to pass unchallenged, and, as a natural consequence, the thoughts returned more readily and frequently.

His constant deadly self-introspection had its effect ere long: he became a haggard, wasted, wretchedly-nervous man. A fog of terror floated round him. Always, he was conscious of a presence, reason with himself as he might. It even filled his mind when he would have prayed, and leaped out of the words of his Bible.

And, all this while, daily life was crowding him close to Caroline Warren.

Months wore on thus.

One Sunday, he went into his pulpit with a strange feeling that it was the last time he should stand there. He preached a sermon

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which thrilled the coldest heart among his hearers. As Caroline Warren looked and listened, their eyes met, and the warning sensation which filled his mind was reflected into hers: she felt that she should never see him stand there again.

At the close of the service, he sprang into a carriage waiting to take him to see a sick person. From that visit, he went home to a bed of delirium; for, in his over-wrought condition, the unhealthy air of the fever-chamber wrapped him easily in its shroud.

A forerunner of another—whiter, colder: the eloquent young clergyman will preach no more.

Days later, Caroline stood by the pale corpse. After a long melancholy look, she stooped and kissed the brow. As she raised her head, she saw the physician—Dr. Minor.

"Did you love that man?" asked he.

"No; save as a friend," she answered. "I have never known love."

"Never?" And his eye traveled back to the face of the dead man.

"Never."

"Loved as you have been?" And his eye did not travel to the face of the dead. "It is not possible, with such a nature as yours."

"I think I remember telling you once that love was not the only object in life."

"And are you happy?" asked the doctor.

"I am content," replied Caroline. "I have never believed the keenest highest happiness possible for me since my father went away from me." And the large hot tears sprung out of her eyes, while her face flushed crimson.

She went on, after a minute:

"At least, I have not met the possibility. And it would have been silly to reject what was placed before me. Position, wealth, are worth the having—at least, the world thinks so."

"And 'vox populi, vox Dei,'" returned Dr. Minor. "Well, perhaps you have been right."

Caroline's eyes wandered from his countenance to the corner of the death-chamber, while there rose before her the vision of her own death-chamber in the future and herself come to the end of her earthly existence, and those words sounded to her as if spoken then—"Perhaps you have been right."

Was that all? Only a misty "perhaps" as the end of her dreams and aspirations? An eminent man who had pursued one object successfully through life, when dying, called his daughter to him and whispered the question: "Has it not been all a mistake?" as dreary an utterance as ever stirred the sorrow-laden air of this planet. It floated to Mrs. Warren's mind, as she stood there. For an instant, a wistful sorrowing expression came into her eyes, and then she raised her head firmly and said to Dr. Minor:

"This is a world of compromises."

MID-OCEAN.

BY CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN.

Like ships upon the trackless sea,
Once more I greet thy passing sail
And call through gathering gloom and gale:
"All hail, dear friend! What cheer with thee?"

How fares it with thy gallant bark?
What hope of harbor safe hast thou?
But ask not of my shattered bow
Nor all my scars of wreckage mark.

Enough that soon we part again;
Wish me God-speed, belovèd friend,
And all thy heart's best wishes lend
To waft me o'er this treacherous main.

Still peaceful may thy voyage be,
Till over seas of summer calm
Shall fall, like gently-dropping balm,
The twilight of eternity.

ROSES AND LILIES.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Roses and lilies, all wet with dew,
Under a sky of fairest blue,
While a tender glimmer of sunset-light
Blends with the creeping shades of night.

What do you teach us, O lilies fair?
Growing in beauty, with perfume rare—
Is it a lesson of perfect peace?
That comes to us all when day shall cease!

And what is your lesson, roses sweet?
When twilight-shadows softly meet,
Do you tell of a love whose wondrous might
Shall fold us close through the darkest night?

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MR. ELSMERE'S DIPLOMACY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LAWRENCE ELSMERE was a bachelor, but he owned such a troop of relations who depended on him for affection, advice, or material assistance, that he could hardly have been more burdened with family matters had he possessed a wife and a large flock of children.

Not that Mr. Elsmere ever regarded the most exacting or the most dependent among his relatives in the light of incumbrances. For, besides being moderately fond of them all and warmly attached to several, he was one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, and as, though never inclined to meddle, he had rather a weakness for directing and giving advice, things that might have proved a trouble or annoyance to another were never such to him.

His fine old country-seat, situated among the picturesque Berkshire hills, was a favorite gathering-place for the clan during a portion of each summer or autumn, and hospitality there was always as unstinted as it was considerate.

One lovely September afternoon, Mr. Elsmere was seated in his study, which, for the sake of quiet, he had established upstairs. The other living-rooms were free to everybody, but it was a tacit regulation, well respected, that, when Mr. Elsmere retired to his study, no person was to intrude without invitation, unless for some very urgent reason.

To-day he felt disposed for a brief season of solitude after having done his best all the morning to find amusement for a goodly number of visitors of diverse tastes, and was tranquilly enjoying a cigar and new novel after his efforts. Suddenly a furious knock sounded on the door, and, before he could grant or refuse admittance, in dashed his nephew, Larry Travers, as precipitately and almost as red-hot as a cannon-ball.

Patient as Mr. Elsmere had schooled his nature to be, this abrupt invasion was a venturesome feat even on the part of handsome winning Larry, well understood as it was that the privileges allowed him were far beyond what any other among the nephews or cousins could hope to claim. But the young man was in a state of too intense excitement to reflect, and, without remembering even to apologize for this extraordinary behavior, he blurted out:

"Uncle Lawrence, I'm off for Colorado. I shall go to New York by the next train."

Mr. Elsmere had already settled back in his chair and was quietly surveying his nephew through the double glass which he had put before his short-sighted eyes.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" he asked, with a composure which would have done credit to a stoic.

"No—yes—well, perhaps it is," Larry replied, breathlessly; "but it's of no use to argue—my mind is made up—I am off at once."

Mr. Elsmere laid his glasses on the table, glanced reflectively up at the ceiling, and then said, in a tone of conviction in which there was not the slightest sound of impatience:

"So you and Madge have quarreled again."

"No, we have not," rejoined Larry, stimulated by his uncle's demeanor to struggle hard to control himself; "we have quarreled often enough, and have had a clear explanation at last—it is final; I don't propose to see her again till I can seem as indifferent as she really is. You said I ought to go out and attend to that Denver property. I will—stop there, too, for a year, and manage things myself."

The affair began to assume proportions which demanded serious and dexterous treatment on the part of the family adviser. A better-hearted fellow than Larry Travers never lived; but, from the days when he lisped in knickerbockers, no power could influence him once his obstinacy was roused, and it had reached formidable dimensions now—Mr. Elsmere knew the signs.

"Sit down and tell me what has happened," he said, with a persuasiveness difficult for even an obstinate man to resist.

"When a thing is settled, there's no good of talking it over," Larry answered, sullenly; "there's nothing to be done—nothing."

"I don't think that I have any inclination to try," Mr. Elsmere rejoined, in a tone which, kind as it was, sounded resolute and determined. "You and Madge have had temporary reconciliations enough; I have been thinking lately, more than once, that the best thing for you both would be to end your engagement."

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"Well, we have ended it," Larry began, doggedly; but his voice suddenly faltered, his face worked, and he had to turn away his head, pretending to hunt for something in his breast-pocket which Mr. Elsmere, again regarding him through his glass, felt quite sure he knew was not there. But, when Larry looked back, his countenance had grown hard again and his voice matched it as he continued: "I'll go pack my valise—I know you will let your man see to the rest of my traps and send them down by the first train in the morning—I shall leave New York to-morrow night."

"Certainly; you can trust Walters to have your trunks reach you in good season," Mr. Elsmere replied, cheerfully. "And there is something I want to ask you to do for me—to stop over in Chicago and see poor Charley Moulton; I was going to write, but you can attend to the matter much better—I've just had a letter from him."

"Charley in Chicago? Whatever took him there?" demanded Larry, at once roused out of himself by his interest for his favorite friend. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Yes, everything; that confounded silver-mine in Montana has failed—you know, his father, shortly before his death, would invest largely in it, in spite of me and everybody else."

"And it's gone up? By Jove, that's too bad," cried Larry. "Can't we do something for dear old Charley?"

"I want you to see him and find out what plans he has—though I don't suppose the poor boy has made any yet; I think he'd better come on to me at once—I've an idea that I can get him a good position. However, I will write you a letter of direction and send it with your luggage."

"Yes, do—my head isn't steady enough just at present to take in explanations," Larry replied, his mind rushing back to his wrath and his wrongs. "What a tremendous fool I have been—but it's over; of course you blame me—so will the whole tribe; but I don't care, where they are concerned—they may all go to the deuce in their own way, and I'll go in mine."

There was danger that he might at least try to do so if he set off in this mood, and Mr. Elsmere wanted to hear exactly what had happened, in order to cast about for means to heal the breach, though long experience in young people's love-affairs had rendered him too astute to ask questions or show any desire to act as mediator.

"I am not blaming you, my boy," he said, calmly; "I merely look at the matter in a practical fashion—if you and Madge can't agree, it will be wiser for you to separate at once; and, to judge from the way in which you have been going on, you would stand small chance of happiness—it is a good thing to have learned it in time."

Then of course Master Larry flamed up, as an angry lover always does when his own sternly announced resolves are coincided with and reiterated by another.

"That sort of advice comes easily enough to an old bachelor, I've no doubt," cried he, as passionately as if his relative had proposed some cold-blooded remedy for his ills which could never have occurred to his own mind. "I don't suppose you ever cared two straws about any woman in your life. The idea of calmly telling a fellow to look at things practically, when—when his heart is breaking, and he is nearly wild with—with—oh, let's say no more!"

He turned away his head again, this time without any pretense to disguise that he did it to hide his emotion. Mr. Elsmere smiled unseen at this taunt, which carried his thoughts back to a season in the past that had held suffering compared to which the woes of this youth were slight indeed. But the elderly bachelor had kept his secret so carefully and successfully even from his nearest relatives that Larry could not dream what a sting his words held, and, since the record of that bitter experience could be of no avail, Mr. Elsmere only allowed a faint sigh to succeed his smile, then remarked in a half-jesting tone:

"I was merely saying how I regarded the matter—of course, from the point of view of a musty, fusty old bachelor."

"Oh, I didn't use those adjectives," cried Larry, with a laugh which ended in a sort of sob. "I beg your pardon, though—you're the best fellow in the world—nobody has more reason to know it than I—and your heart is as young as if you were twenty—there!"

He wrung his uncle's hand till the joints ached, but that gentleman bore the pain like a martyr, certain that the exercise would do the boy good by working off a little of his superfluous energy.

"Thank you," he said, as soon as he could straighten his fingers. "Of one thing you may be sure: such heart as I possess is full of sympathy for your suffering—"

"I don't mean to suffer," Larry broke in: "I'll blow my brains out first. Oh, I'm talking like a fool—I beg your pardon again. What I have to do is to act."

"Exactly," rejoined Mr. Elsmere, rather sententiously, as most people are apt to speak when they wish to say something impressive. "The important thing is to consider well before one acts."

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"What I mean is,' pursued Larry, "that I have been an idiot; but I shan't be donkey enough to suffer long on account of a girl who has no more feeling than a stone."

"A very sensible resolve," was Mr. Elsmere's quiet reply, which he hoped would goad his young relative into an account of his present wrongs. "A man must preserve his self-respect at any cost; and, if you are convinced that Madge is really so heartless—"

"Convinced?" Larry interrupted anew. "Why, she admitted that she doubted whether she had much feeling."

"You mean, I suppose, that she did not contradict your assertion."

"Do I?" cried Larry, with fine scorn. "She said it of her own accord, seeming proud of the fact, along with numerous other truths equally agreeable to hear."

"Ah!" said Mr. Elsmere, nodding his head as wisely as Lord Burleigh, and for the same reason which, no doubt, often led the great statesman to perform his celebrated action—Mr. Elsmere could think of nothing else to do just then.

"She said," continued Larry, with a gasp, "that she had been sorry ever since she allowed herself to become engaged to me; that she never would have done it, if our mutual relations hadn't badgered her out of her senses. Now, what do you think of that as a specimen of plain-speaking?"

"Ah!" Mr. Elsmere repeated, with another Lord-Burleigh nod.

"She added, with the same sweet frankness, that, to have had the whole tribe, ever since we were children, show so plainly that they expected us to marry sometime, was enough to make her loathe the bare idea. Oh, I couldn't tell you the half she said," Larry cried, stopping short—not from lack of memory, but because he was so choked by grief and wrath that he dared not trust his voice further.

Mr. Elsmere lighted a cigar, in order to give him time to recover, then asked in a tone of exactly the proper amount of interest it was wise to show:

"But what hastened the crisis?"

"Well, first one thing, then another," was the reply. "It began a couple of weeks ago, when I tried to expostulate with her about the way she was going on with George Howard, flirting so outrageously that everybody was scandalized."

"And she wouldn't listen?"

"Listen, indeed! She flew out at me like a small tigress, and has behaved twice as bad ever since. For two days, she has scarcely spoken to me or noticed me any more than if I had been the—the door-mat! So, this morning, I decided that I had borne enough, and then I spoke my mind—no man could have endured it."

"Very likely, a good many would not have borne so much," rejoined Mr. Elsmere. "So remonstrating only made it worse?"

"I tell you, we ended matters—it's all over!" groaned Larry. Then, with a poor attempt at speaking in his ordinary voice, he added: "I've no time to spare—I must pack my valise."

"Yes," Mr. Elsmere said; "the next train is due at four, and it is past three already."

Larry dashed across the room, but stopped when he reached the door, unable to go without having exposed his crowning wrong.

"She informed me that I was an ill-conditioned ill-brought-up lad and sorely needed training," he blurted out. "She advised me to marry Mrs. Lessing, who was a woman of experience and might be tempted to undertake my education for the sake of my money."

"As the gentle Anna is nearly five years your senior, I conclude that you declined with thanks," rejoined Mr. Elsmere, smiling, though he shuddered inwardly as he spoke.

"Mrs. Lessing almost twentynine?" cried Larry. "She doesn't look it, and she's awfully stunning." Then, struck by a happy thought that he could prove his indifference to Madge, he continued: "By the way, she and her aunt are to start for Chicago to-morrow—she said so when they were up here. I'll go with them, by Jove!"

"If you are in such a desperate mood, I shouldn't think you would want to be troubled with two women and a mountain of luggage," Mr. Elsmere suggested, quietly.

"I am not desperate, and Mrs. Lessing is very amusing," Larry asserted. "I'll send her a line as soon as I reach town; I shall be glad of something to occupy me—I always hate a solitary journey."

"That's true, Mr. Elsmere said, his voice placid as ever; but he was thinking the while that something must be done at once.

He knew well that a more thoroughly unscrupulous woman than the widow did not exist, and she could be fascinating, too, when she chose to exert her powers. It struck a chill to his soul to think what might happen if Larry were to fall into her toils while in his present state of mind. Larry was very rich, she over ears in debt; then, too, she had an old grudge against Mr. Elsmere which she would cheerfully have given her little finger to pay off. All strong

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motives, that gentleman rapidly reflected, to induce her to marry the youth; and Anna Lessing seldom failed in any plan on which she concentrated her energies.

By this time, Larry was pacing up and down the study, so white and miserable that Mr. Elsmere had not the heart even to be vexed with the young fellow's blind folly. He seized a pen, hastily scribbled a few lines, and rose, saying:

"I quite forgot. I must send a telegram to let Charley Moulton know you are coming and will bring my answer to his letter." Then, as he was going out of the door, he called: "You'd better look after your things, Larry, if you mean to catch that train."

Mr. Elsmere wanted to find without delay the pretty, young, and exceedingly flinty-hearted damsel whom Larry had been reviling—though what he proposed to say or do, he had not decided. In her way, she was about as difficult to manage as her recalcitrant lover when her somewhat rebellious spirit was fully roused; and now, very probably, the task would be rendered more difficult by certain pricks of conscience which she would no more own than she would her suffering.

Madge Dering was the daughter of one of Mr. Elsmere's favorite cousins; his house had always been like home to the girl, as it had to Larry Travers, and in all the world probably these two were the dearest of any living creatures to the large-hearted man. The idea that this pair, who loved each other so much more deeply than either was aware, should wreck their future by some act of youthful madness, was not to be endured; yet they were likely to do so unless a speedy stop could be put to their mutual wrongheadedness.

If Larry were allowed to start on his journey, there was slight hope that he would escape the clutches of the designing and revengeful widow. A catastrophe of that sort would show Madge the real state of her own heart, and, in her wounded pride, her determination to escape the condemnation or pity of her numerous relatives, whose ill-judged talk and actions had done so much to bring about the estrangement between the pair, would be capable of taking any desperate step—even that of marrying empty-headed George Howard.

Something must be done immediately—but what? Mr. Elsmere had descended the stairs and was slowly traversing the great hall when a thought struck him like an inspiration.

A servant told him that Miss Madge was out on the terrace, a favorite resort with the girl and himself. It was a charming place, fifty feet in length and as wide as an ordinary room, adorned with statues and blossoming shrubs, overlooking the great flower-gardens, a broad sweep of wood and valley, with the blue hills closing in the distance, picturesque and beautiful always.

As he passed down the stone flags, Mr. Elsmere espied her curled in a hammock, making as pretty a picture as one could wish to see, in her white draperies, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her feet to form a bright spot of color.

She looked up as she heard his step, gave him a mutinous glance, then studied his grave face attentively for an instant, and said in a voice half petulant, half coaxing:

"You've been told! Oh, Cousin Lawrence, please don't lecture."

"Lecture?" he echoed, with a very successful effort at looking puzzled. "Pray, why should I lecture, Miss Puss?"

"I thought you had hunted me up on purpose," said she.

"I wasn't hunting you at all," rejoined Mr. Elsmere, with a hasty hope that his guardian angel was not listening to the outrageous fib.

"Then you haven't been told," cried Madge, in a tone that held both disappointment and apprehension.

"What should I have been told?" he asked. "But I've not time to hear—I was looking for—only just tell me why you were afraid you were to receive a lecture."

"Afraid, indeed!" she retorted, tossing her pretty head. "But I shall get so much of that sort of thing, you know."

"No, I don't know anything about it," Mr. Elsmere averred, managing to look preternaturally dull and uncomprehending.

She flashed him another sharp glance, exactly like a suspicious kitten, and exclaimed emphatically:

"Anyway, whatever its source, it will be eloquence wasted! My mind is definitely made up—definitely and irrevocably."

"But you know that I at least am not given to lecturing," he observed.

"No, you are not; that's always the comfort with you, Cousin Lawrence," she admitted, then shook her graceful head as she qualified her commendation after a fashion not unusual with people older and better disciplined: "but you can look awfully disapproving on occasion—don't deny that."

"Bless me," said he, laughing; "you will make me think you are planning to give me the opportunity."

"Oh, I know how everybody will behave!"

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she cried. "The whole troop will glare at me and groan at me, but I shan't mind in the least if only you don't let them set you to disapproving. Nobody can change me. Surely I am old enough to know what is for my own happiness—to be able to judge and to act."

"If you do know, you are very fortunate. Few people discover until they have committed some irremediable blunder."

"I have seen my mistake in time," cried Madge, who was fast working herself into a state of intense excitement. Glad and thankful I am that I have; I shall not make another!"

"My dear, if you would remember that all this is Sanscrit to me," pleaded Mr. Elsmere, gently, "it would be so much easier for me to sympathize—I hope you know I am always ready to do that—if you would only explain what it is all about!"

"Explain? It is all explained!" she hurried on, with increased vehemence.

"Some persons are very dull about understanding things, and I begin to think I must be one of them," Mr. Elsmere put in, with an air of whimsical resignation.

"No other end was possible—that was clear weeks ago," pursued Madge, looking as tragic as her small proportions and delicate features would permit. "I don't propose to defend myself—perhaps I could more easily than any of them will believe—but no matter! At least, you won't put the entire blame on me, as they will. Promise that you won't! You can see two sides of a question."

"I can't see one side of this," interrupted Mr. Elsmere; "and, at this rate, I'm not likely to! But it must wait; I was looking for—"

"Oh, if you take it in that way! To make a jest of my feelings—oh, Cousin Lawrence, I didn't expect it of you!" Madge interrupted, in her turn, waxing injured and plaintive with the readiness of her sex to seize on any advantage in an unpleasant predicament. "It is not kind. I would rather you blamed me outright—much rather!"

"Good heavens, child, at least tell me what it is I am to blame you for," demanded Mr. Elsmere, with the manner of a person trying to keep a firm hold on his patience. "Stop making a riddle and mystery of your dear little self and tell me plainly what you mean in a few words, else the explanation must wait, for I'm in a hurry."

"Then you really do not know? I supposed Larry would rush off and tell you at once," Madge said, looking surprised, and, as Mr. Elsmere was quick to perceive, even more annoyed.

"Why, I told him! How on earth did you know about it? The train passes our station a little after four, and he must catch it."

"Oh! So he didn't march off on the instant?"

"He'll be off as fast as he can. Of course, there's no time to lose." said Mr. Elsmere. "A sad, sad business, isn't it? But how did you hear about it already?"

Madge stared at him as if unable to decide which of them was hopelessly mad, but certain that either he or she must be.

"What on earth do you mean, Cousin Lawrence? Tell me this instant!" she demanded, in a voice half imperious, half frightened.

"Why, the failure!" Mr. Elsmere rejoined, in accents of mingled pain and bewilderment. "What else should I be talking about? A dreadful, dreadful business, is it not?"

"Failure?" she repeated, clutching his arm in a grasp of which he would not have believed her slender fingers capable. "Failure? What? Whose? Oh, Cousin Lawrence!"

A statue of granite might have been roused into animate speech by that appealing voice and face, and Cousin Lawrence was always ready to answer any suffering appeal, so he hastened to make as clear a statement as time would permit:

"You have heard often enough about that confounded Nevada silver-mine that Larry's father would invest in, notwithstanding my remonstrances?"

Madge made an assenting sign of her head and raised her hand in an urgent command for him to continue.

"Well, it has failed—burst up completely," sighed Mr. Elsmere. "And oh! worse than everything else, nearly every cent Charley Moulton had in the world was invested there. Poor Charley! the most helpless creature in the world short of a baby in long clothes!"

"And Larry has lost his money?" she questioned, growing fearfully white.

"Don't cry or faint," Mr. Elsmere implored; "it never does any good."

"I don't mean to do either," Madge answered, indignantly, as she placed herself erect and firm before her cousin.

"That's my sensible girl," Mr. Elsmere exclaimed, in the tone of a man relieved from a great burden. "There is always time enough for such indulgences after one has tried everything else! Just at present, there's enough to do. First, I must find—"

"Stop!" Madge broke in, catching his coat as he started to move away. "You shan't go! I'll not be left like this! I have a right to question and to be answered!"

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"Well, well, don't rush into an excitement," her cousin rejoined. "After all, there will be time. You can ask what you want to. Only first let me find—"

"Answer me!" she broke in, holding him fast with a strength given to her by the intensity of her feeling. "How long have you known of this failure?"

"Why, the letter came this morning."

"This morning?" she echoed, letting her arms fall to her sides, while her bosom heaved convulsively. "This morning? Why, he must have thought I knew, and that it was the reason why I told him our engagement was at an end."

"Good gracious!" groaned Mr. Elsmere. "You told him that—this morning?"

"Only an hour ago—yes, yes. Oh, everybody has been determined to drive me mad, all this last fortnight—everybody except you," she cried, clinging to him and fighting bravely against a passion of sobs that threatened to choke her voice: "you are always good—good!"

"So you and Larry quarreled to-day? Never mind," he went on, soothingly. "You have quarreled so many times, that—"

"And it was generally my fault," she interrupted, while the tears filled her beautiful eyes, "and maybe it was this time; at least, it was horribly wicked to say what I did. And now he is going away. Oh, he will never forgive me—he will always believe I knew."

"Pooh! pooh! He will have plenty of time to grow cool during his long journey to Colorado,' rejoined Mr. Elsmere.

"Colorado?"

"Yes. I've business there that he can manage perfectly well, if he will only use his common-sense. He ought to have gone six months ago, instead of dandling about as he has. At bottom, Larry has a decent allowance of brains."

"Why, you have told me over and over that he was one of the cleverest young men you knew," she cried.

"Then the time has come for him to prove me a prophet," replied Mr. Elsmere. "Employment will be exceedingly beneficial to him—so will a few hardships, for that matter."

"How can you talk in that cold-blooded way?" she moaned. "But you can't mean it. Oh, don't let him go to that dreadful place—it is utter banishment. Why, he'll die there."

"People don't die so easily. Human nature is tough—most weeds are: I'm a farmer and I know," said Mr. Elsmere, sententiously.

"Oh, you needn't pretend to be cynical," she cried. "At heart, you are as wretched over this misfortune as I am."

"Well, I don't know, my dear. I should be an absurd elderly goose, to fret about Larry's going out to Colorado for awhile—say, four or five years. He may get a fever or two; but they're not usually hard to cure. And the work and privation will be good for him—I'm not too doting and blind to see that."

She made a gesture of impatience, but controlled herself and said:

"At all events, there can be no necessity for his rushing off in this crazy fashion."

"Indeed there is. He must get as far as Chicago as soon as possible," Mr. Elsmere asserted, with great decision.

Madge struggled with herself for an instant, then burst out:

"He mustn't go like this—I can't bear it; he shan't!"

"Nonsense—or, rather, there is no time for nonsense," said Mr. Elsmere, sternly. "He must go by this next train."

"I will see him—I want to explain," moaned Madge. "I couldn't let him go, thinking that I was capable of such meanness. Please, please tell him that—"

"My dear, I've no time; you've made me spend good twenty minutes already; my telegram ought to have gone when I first came downstairs. I was hunting for Jones—"

"Where is he?" demanded Madge, abruptly, without having heard a word of her cousin's speech.

"Why, that's what I want to know," replied Mr. Elsmere, with a testiness which at another moment would have surprised his listener as much as to see the sun set at noonday. "Haven't you seen Jones? Why is he always out of the way when I want him?"

"Larry!" she cried. "Have you no feeling, Cousin Lawrence? To ask me about Jones!"

"My dispatch must be sent. Oh, Larry—why, I left him in my study; but he must have gone to pack. By the bye, I must run up and get—".

Without waiting for the conclusion of his sentence, Madge swept away like a small whirlwind, and Mr. Elsmere leisurely followed. She did not even notice that he was near, and he paused in the upper corridor while she hurried into the study. Larry Travers had forgotten the necessity for haste if he hoped to catch the train; he was sitting by the table, with his face buried in his hands. He started up as Madge entered, and stood regarding her in silence.

"Oh, Larry, Larry," she began, in desperate haste, "I am so, so sorry—it is too dreadful! I couldn't believe it at first. But oh, you didn't think I knew!"

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He stared at her in a wonder that mastered both grief and anger, but, making a violent effort, contrived to say with a tolerable show of composure:

"Excuse me—but I think I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, Larry, can't you forgive me?" she cried. "I'm ashamed of what I said—bitterly, bitterly ashamed! If I had dreamed— But don't worry—I have money enough for both."

"What do you suppose I want of your money?" he demanded, in mingled surprise and anger.

"Oh, Larry—"

"What I wanted was your heart," he added.

"It is yours," she sobbed, "and it always was. This trouble has shown me the truth. Oh, Larry, never mind your fortune—it is gone. Don't think about it. I love you—I know now."

That her heart was his was all that Larry comprehended of her speech. In a flash, he was holding her in his arms, smothering her with kisses, while she wept from sheer happiness.

"And you won't go off to that horrid Colorado—promise!" she implored, as soon as she could speak. "And you'll not fret because that dreadful old mine has failed—promise that too!"

"Why, my darling," he said, "how can I help fretting, when it is poor Charley Moulton who loses pretty much everything he has in the world by the failure?"

"But Cousin Lawrence said your money was invested there too, and you—"

Before she could get further or Larry could interrupt, Mr. Elsmere's voice sounded tranquil and composed from the doorway.

"Yes, my dear," he said, "a part of Larry's fortune was invested there, but you did not give me time to tell you that, when he came of age, he followed my advice and sold out every share he owned, so luckily he loses nothing in this crash."

The young couple gazed at the speaker for an instant, then at each other, and a sudden comprehension of his skillful and kindly maneuver dawned on both—whether they were nearer smiles or tears would be hard to say.

"You dreadful old cousin!" Madge cried, at length, and the pair ran toward him and seized his hands. "You were acting a play—you gave me that awful fright on purpose."

"Yes, my child, and it has accomplished exactly what I felt confident it would," Mr. Elsmere answered, smilingly, though his voice was like a benediction. "It has shown you where your heart really is—be a wise little woman henceforth and keep true to your better self. And you, Larry, to the longest hour you live, never forget that Madge has proved what her love is really worth."

Then the old bachelor left them and went away to his solitude, a little amused—a trifle envious, maybe, of their youth and their mutual affection—but very, very glad that both precious gifts were theirs, and probably—human nature, however exalted, always retains its little weaknesses—rather elated at his part in this recovery of their happiness.

MEMORY.

BY BEULAH R. STEVENS.

O MEMORY, the falsest of false friends!
When sick and weary with our daily strife,
She turns the pages backward and pretends
To paint a picture fair of our past life.

She dips her brush deep in each glowing tint
And spreads with lavish hand the colors bright:
But ah! she gives no smallest slightest hint
Of neutral tones, of shadows, or of night.

She shows the sunshine and the blossoms rare,
Her magic brush can even paint perfume:
But can you find suggestion anywhere
Of rainy days, of thorns, of deep heart-gloom?

She paints our joys in tints that glow again,
Brings our successes out in bold relief,
But never draws one line to tell of pain,
Of sore defeat or spirit-wearing grief.

Yet those things that the artist has left out—
The lines she will not draw, for fear they mar
Her perfect picture—is there any doubt
That they have made us everything we are?

And is it good or helpful to compare
A cloudy present with a sunny past?
It but intensifies each grief, each care,
To see how strongly Now and Then contrast.

So memory betrays us every day,
Pretending to console, to help and cheer,
Illumes the past with every brilliant ray,
And makes the present seem more dark and drear.

That "good old time," when everything was glad,
Is but a fiction of her fertile brain—
Some days were just as dreary, just as sad,
Some nights were just as dark and full of pain.

Then let us bravely say: "These days are best."
Be thankful for each blessing ere it's gone,
Do right for right's own sake, and, for the rest,
With patient faith and steadfast heart, hope on!

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THE OPPOSITE HOUSE.

BY FLORENCE M. JONES.

"BOTHERATION!" I exclaimed, as I threw down the letter I had just received from Bob Royer, my most intimate friend. "Why is it that fellow must always go out when he is wanted especially? It seems to me, my time never suits him." And again I take up the letter and read:

"February 15th, 18—.

"DEAR OLD HARGROVE:

"Yours just received; am sorry, but it will be impossible for you to see me to-morrow eve. I have business with a man who is very ill, and there is no telling what time I may get free. I have an engagement also for Saturday, 17th, but that will not keep me long: so come then, old boy, and we will see what can be done; but I am almost sure that you will have no trouble in securing the property. If I am not at home by the time you get there, go in and make yourself perfectly comfortable. I shall not be later than half after eight, or a quarter to nine.

"Yours, etc., BOB."

"Confound his bones!" I say, folding the letter and tossing it into my desk-drawer.

My mother died when I was a boy of nine years, and my father married again the following year. I was not happy with my step-mother, and was glad to pass my vacations with my Uncle James, my mother's brother, only now and then visiting my old home.

My uncle was a bachelor, and loved me as he would have loved a son; and, when I left college, at the age of twentytwo, he took me abroad with him. We remained in Europe one year. While there, we came across a friend of his, a Mr. Royer, who was traveling with his wife and only son, a young man about my own age. Robert and I soon became fast friends. He had studied law, and, when he returned home, he proposed to practice with his uncle, who was then a prominent lawyer.

When we got back to New York, my uncle set me up in an office and I began my career as civil engineer.

I was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Royer, and, when he died, two years later, Bob and I became inseparable.

I was now twentyeight; my father had died suddenly the year previous, leaving me a property about which I was having trouble. Bob, who by this time had won a name in his profession, had taken up my cause with energy and enthusiasm, and it was in regard to it that he wished to see me on Saturday. I had previously made arrangements to take a little run down to my uncle's country-seat on that very day, and stay over Sunday. But business before pleasure; and besides, what would I not willingly have given up for the sake of a few hours with my dear old Bob? Of course I remained.

Saturday evening came, bleak and cold, and I started for Royer House about half after seven, proposing to arrive at eight, in order to have a good half-hour to make myself comfortable and warm before Bob would get home.

No cozier and more inviting place could have been found than his drawing-room of Royer House. Even the red glow from the lamp seemed to make me feel warmer, as I threw off my overcoat and drew a large easychair up to the open grate. How I did love that room! What happy hours I had spent there—some of the pleasantest recollections of my early manhood were connected therewith. I noticed a new painting over the mantel, and rose to examine it more closely; it proved to be a view of the Thames by moonlight, a most exquisite thing.

When I had finished my observation, I went to the window and drew up the blind. There were only two houses in this vicinity: Royer House and Grant Manor, as it was called; these two mansions stood quite close together, the side windows facing each other. The Manor was owned by a certain Hugh Grant, who had come over from England with his pretty bride, twenty-two years before. They had one child, a daughter, Helen, who had been sent to Europe to be educated, when a girl of twelve.

Mrs. Grant died two years later, and it had been her express wish that little Helen should not be brought home. But her education was finished now, and just one month previous she had returned to America. She came, but we had none of us been fortunate enough to catch even a glimpse of her, Bob being away all day, and the blinds being drawn as soon as the lamps were lighted.

To-night, however, it was different; the house was brightly illuminated, and the lowering of the blinds had been neglected; only thin filmy lace

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curtains hung before the windows, so I had a full view of the interior of the long drawing-room. It was magnificently furnished; on the table, near the centre of the apartment, stood a large lamp, whose red globe lent a soft rose-tint to every object. Near one of the windows stood an easel, the picture on it covered with a scarf of some creamy stuff.

Just then, a young lady entered, walked slowly across the room, and paused before the easel. Throwing aside the scarf, she stepped back and stood looking earnestly at the picture, with her hands loosely clasped and the rays of the lamp falling full upon her.

Could this be Helen Grant? I had heard that she was beautiful; but this creature was more than that. She was tall, and, I thought, the most perfectly-formed woman I had ever beheld. She was dressed in some rich white stuff, which hung in heavy folds about her lithe figure. Her robe was without sleeves, disclosing arms of which even Venus might have been proud.

Presently she turned, and, going over to the table, touched a small bell, and then dropped listlessly into an armchair. Immediately a maid appeared, and, after receiving her mistress's orders, she went to a desk, unlocked it, and searched for a moment among its contents. Then she placed on the table some letters and papers and left the room.

Miss Grant—for such I took her to be—had scarcely taken up one of the papers, when a liveried footman appeared with a card. Miss Grant said something to him, and he turned and left the room. She rose from her chair and stood apparently in eager expectancy, with her eyes fixed on the door. She did not wait long; in a few seconds, a tall handsome man came toward her with outstretched hands. He led her to the chair she had just quitted and sat down on a low ottoman at her feet. After talking earnestly to her for some time, he reached up and took possession of one small white hand. She laughed, then playfully covered his eyes with her disengaged hand. Suddenly, he flung his arms about her and uttered some hurried words. A terrified expression crept into the girl's face, and she threw both arms around his neck. He rose; she retained her hold, and seemed to be pleading with him. At last, still clasping her, he bent his head, and their lips met in one long kiss, and then he strode toward the door; but, on the threshold, he turned, and, as though loth to leave her, came back and once more folded her to his heart, then hurried away, closing the door behind him.

Miss Grant threw herself into the chair, and, clasping her hands on the table before her, bowed her head on them, while convulsive sobs shook her whole frame. She remained thus for some time, then the door was pushed slowly open, so noiselessly that it did not disturb her. A figure crept into the room—not her lover—a fierce wicked-looking man, dark as a Spaniard, with a vicious expression in his sombre face.

Cautiously, he stole along until he was within a few feet of her; then she evidently heard him and looked up. With a sharp cry, she sprang to her feet, reaching for the bell; but he was too quick for her. He seized her and covered her mouth with one hand. She tried to free herself, struggling frantically in the ruffian's clutch.

My God! was I rooted to the spot? Why was it I seemed unable to move? Could I stand there and see that woman murdered?

I turned and dashed from the room and the house. The front doors of the Manor were unlocked. I rushed into the hall and upstairs to the drawing-room. Great heaven! had she been killed since I had left the window? When I reached the door, I saw her stretched apparently lifeless on the floor. The man was just stealing toward the door. I sprang forward and seized him by the throat. Before he could utter a sound, he was struggling frantically in my grasp; but I was too strong for him.

"Villain!" I cried, "your time has come now!"

Miss Grant was not dead. By this time, she was on her feet, calling loudly for help. Three gentlemen rushed in, freed the wretch from my hold, demanding explanation, and all the while watching me as though I were a maniac.

As soon as I could speak, I cried in great excitement:

"Gentlemen, secure that man: he has just tried to murder this lady!"

To my surprise and horror, they did not lay a hand on the wretch.

They looked at each other and then back at me, and the villain seemed as much surprised as the rest. Finally, one of the group turned to the lady and asked:

"Helen, what does this mean? Can you explain?"

I began to feel as though I were going mad, and interposed quickly:

"I was standing at a window of the opposite house and saw that fiend seize her by the throat—"

I could get no further—Miss Grant glanced at the window and burst into a peal of laughter, in which the four men joined. By this time, I was sure they were all lunatics; but, just

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then, the young chap I had taken to be her lover turned to me and said:

"We were rehearsing for private theatricals."

Did I hear aright? What was this horrible roaring in my head? Why did not the ground open and quickly swallow me up?

Then I became conscious that Miss Grant was making kindly little speeches to ease my embarrassment and the men courteously trying to hide their amusement.

How I got through my apologies, what I said, or how I got back to Royer House, I do not know; but, when I entered, there Bob sat, in the chair which I had drawn to the fire.

"Hello, Ned, old boy!" he cried. "I knew you must be somewhere about, for I saw your hat and coat." Then, as I came nearer the light, he added: "Why, what's the matter? You look as though you had seen your own ghost."

But all his entreaties could not induce me to reveal what had just occurred, although I have since told him about it, and we have had many a good laugh over the ridiculous adventure.

Helen and I have been married now for three years, and there is only one subject on which I will never converse with her—that is "private theatricals."

THE BOWER.

BY M. M. HENRY.

Of all the sweet pleasures
That God has the power
To give to a mortal,
The sweetest is this—
To sit with a maiden
In a vine-covered bower
And imprint on her lips
A lover's fond kiss.

The breeze that caresses
With lingering kisses
The leaves, softly rustling,
Unable to fly
From a wooer so wanton,
Is naught to the blisses
And pleasure imparted
By a quivering sigh.

The roses, bright blushing
In the sunbeam that's glowing
And fondly encircling
Each dew-laden cup,
Are dull when compared
With the bloom that is blowing
On the lips that are lifted
In dalliance up.

The light that so gently
Through foliage glances
And throws its soft beams
On grass-springing ground
Is still not so mellow
As the love-light that dances
From beauty's bright eyes
In rapture profound.

The tendrils, close clinging
With gentle caresses
Round vines that so fondly
Their blisses invite,
Are still not so graceful
As the soft silken tresses
With long waving ringlets
That gleam in the light.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY LOU VALERIA WILLSON.

Off a day commencing bright,
Basking in the dancing light,
Clouded is ere day is o'er;
And the storms will brew and break,
And the clouds will seem to make
Sunshine all the world forsake,
As if ne'er to brighten more.

In a life once bright with joy,
Sorrow's clouds may oft destroy
All its gladness in a day,
And the chilling storms may rise,
Sweep the zenith of our skies,
While, before them, sunshine flies,
Leaving gloom along the way.

But, as clouds but hide from view
Sunny skies of heaven's own blue,
Which their breaking soon reveals,
So our lives, though overcast,
Never are in gloom all passed;
For the dark sky clears at last
And the gloom to brightness yields.

And, as nature's every form
Is the purer after storm,
Far more beautiful and fair,
So our lives, when sorrow's o'er,
Will be purer than before,
And our happiness the more
That we've suffered grief and care.

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A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE days that followed were full of anxiety and pleasure to Francis Ralston. His vacation must be a short one, and he felt that every moment was precious. Wexford was passionately fond of fishing, but a vigorous pursuit of this amusement did not preclude Miss Gillespie's society. The colonel was also an enthusiast in the sport, and Miss Gillespie so devoted to her father that the end of her little nose shone with sunburn from their many expeditions. Wexford and Ralston were the complement of their party, and Ralston's sensitive nature was undergoing quite as much agony as the worms on Miss Gillespie's hook.

That young lady was very perverse: one hour, all frankness; the next, veiling herself in an impenetrable atmosphere of distance which baffled and vexed every advance. At times, she would seem on the verge of communicating something that weighed heavily on her mind; and in such moments Ralston gazed at the diamond as it flashed, remembered Russell Wentworth, and quaked in spirit. The compact made in the first hour of their meeting served often to lend her manner a conscious confidence in his good-fellowship which rendered Ralston very happy.

Wexford paid a courtly attention to the girl, but carefully refrained from interfering with Ralston, and thus drew on himself many tirades from his sister in regard to his wasted opportunities.

Thus matters stood, one beautiful morning, when a grand fishing-party was planned by Mrs. Ballard, and a rendezvous appointed for La Rue Island, where all were to have dinner. The picnic was very general, but Ralston triumphed in having secured a small boat and Miss Gillespie's consent to share it for the day.

As they were about to start, a telegram was handed Miss Gillespie. Amid all the clamor of merry voices about them, Ralston heard her exclaim in a tone of mingled pleasure and dismay. She handed the message to the colonel, who stood near.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Humph!" returned her father, after reading it. "I certainly should not forego the day's sport—unless you would rather do so. I will leave word for him to follow us to La Rue's, if you wish."

"Yes, that will do," she said, with decision, while her face flushed hotly.

"A little peremptory, eh, sis?" laughed the colonel, pinching her cheek. "Take good care of her, Ralston; bring her safe to dinner."

In a few moments, they were under way, distancing the small fleet of boats with their noisy burdens of humanity. For a while, Miss Gillespie sat silent and Ralston bent to the oars. Then he began to get the fishing-tackle ready, and she said, indolently:

"Do you really want to fish?"

"Only if you do," he replied. "I thought we came with that intention."

She laughed softly, saying:

"If we did, may we not change our minds?"

"To be sure!" he cried, eagerly.

"It seems like a sacrilege to profane this lovely morning by killing even fish," she said.

"You are in a relenting mood to-day," he smiled, in reply. "I never thought to see you becoming soft-hearted. You have seemed remorseless in your character of angler."

"Grant me the mood for once," she said, sighing. "The sun is like a benediction, the little breeze like a whisper from heaven, and I want to feel happy all day long. I think I will never be so happy again." She dropped her voice, almost with a sob.

Ralston was surprised and perplexed. This new mood silenced him. Finally he said:

"May I ask if the dispatch contained bad news?"

"No, no; it was nothing! But I am free to-day—utterly, irresponsibly free, and I must enjoy it! Mr. Ralston," speaking with sudden emphasis, "do you not think there is such a

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thing as involuntary thralldom to individual influence?"

"That is a hard question to answer," said Ralston, quite astounded by this appeal.

"Oh, well," she added, speaking once more in that musing tone, "no matter! It is a foolish belief of mine that sometimes one is held by an influence almost distasteful, yet which one involuntarily obeys."

"You would have me believe, then," he said, with a searching glance into her downcast face, "that many a damsel of to-day is in need of a champion as of old, to deliver her from sore straits? Only it is an influence which must be combated. Permit me to say, it a much more subtle adversary than a knight with shield and buckler."

She colored deeply as she looked up and met his eyes.

"I was foolish to say such a thing," she said, trying to laugh. "Come, let us forget, this beautiful day, that there is anything sad or unpleasant in the world!"

"With all my heart. I only trust those clouds near the horizon will not bring us thunder-showers later."

"Oh, I hope not! I am foolishly afraid of thunder."

"I think it will amount to little, if anything. Only those clouds are what we call 'dunder-heads,' and usually mean a shower before many hours."

"I think you are as uncomfortable with your 'dunder-heads' as I was with my influences!" pouted Nina, prettily.

Ralston laughed, and the conversation drifted into another channel. They whiled away an hour or more as two young people can, until Miss Gillespie checked Ralston in a speech dangerously tender by discovering some lovely moss on one of the many little islands. He promptly proposed going ashore to procure the coveted treasure. Nina assented. Right merrily they anchored their boat and started on an exploring-expedition. They wandered about in a contented mood. Nina said it was a second Juan Fernandez, but Ralston dubbed it the Nineldorado and a few other impossible variations on her name. They found a shady nook after a time, and floated into a delightful strain of conversation, Nina for the first time rebuking Ralston for permitting her to make such a gross error in his name as familiarly to call him Mr. Francis! According to their measure of time, they only talked a moment, but "Sol" himself could alone vouch for its duration. They heeded not the ardent glances of the day-god, rendered more oppressive by the ominous clouds gathering about him. Miss Gillespie finally bethought her of the rendezvous.

"I suppose we must go," sighed Ralston. "I wish we were on a desert island, away from all the world!"

"I do not," declared Miss Gillespie, rising hastily; "I am too hungry. It must be very late."

"I left my watch at home." And, in truth, Ralston was easily clad in a boating-garb both comfortable and becoming; but all jewelry was laid aside.

Miss Gillespie glanced anxiously at the sun and her own small watch. She shook it and put it to her ear.

"It has stopped," she said, in an annoyed tone.

"A failing in lady's-watches," smiled Ralston. "No matter. We know we have loitered without conscience."

They sauntered down to where they had left the boat securely tied to a small sapling. They found they had strayed quite a distance from their landing-place.

"It is very hot," said Ralston, suddenly. "Wexford's hat is a trifle too large for me. We exchanged this morning, as his has a thicker crown. The sun makes my head ache intensely."

"It is certainly very warm," said Nina.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Ralston, in sudden consternation.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Didn't I leave the boat here?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it is gone."

"Gone?" The exclamation spoke volumes.

"Yes. I tied it securely—but it is gone!"

"It has drifted a little, perhaps," said Nina, anxiously.

"No; I can see a long way. It could not go without hands. Someone has taken it."

"Can we possibly be nearer our rendezvous than we think, and some of our party have towed it away to torment us?"

"Spoken wisely; but I fear we are more than a mile from La Rue. However, I will try shouting," and he sent a long cry through his hands. It echoed faintly, then all was silent, save the water lapping in the noonday sun.

"Oh, call again!" cried Miss Gillespie, eagerly: and once more Ralston sent forth a lusty shout, with the same result.

"This is very unfortunate, Miss Gillespie; but they will surely miss us at luncheon and send someone to find us. Our boat has been deliberately taken. Do not be frightened, however."

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He spoke more to reassure her than because of any faith in their speedy rescue. They were stranded on one of many small islands, and, unless some of their own party had taken the boat, he could not imagine how long it might be before their sad plight was discovered.

"They will not know where to look for us," said Nina, biting her lip to keep back the tears. "I must get to La Rue—I left word I would be there. Oh, can you not do something?"

It was a trying situation for Ralston. Even the plunge into the bay was a slight ordeal compared to the sight of tears in those dear eyes.

"I will do all I can, be assured," he said, earnestly. "Do you stay here a moment, while I reconnoitre."

"No—I will go with you. I cannot bear to be left alone," she said, clinging to his arm.

So together they made the tour of the island again, but all to no purpose. Finally, Miss Gillespie said wearily:

"Let us go back to the shade—we shall get sunstrokes here."

Silently, they took the path toward their former retreat. There was no way of telling the time, save by the sun; but it seemed about one o'clock. Ralston pulled Wexford's hat over his eyes and communed with himself; his thoughts were anxious and disconcerted.

"My head aches frightfully," he said, at length.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No. I should not have told you," he replied, tossing aside his hat.

She bent toward him and laid a cool soft hand on his forehead—not with any lingering fondness, but as a physician might feel the pulse of a patient. Ralston said his head grew easier under the pressure; but once, as it passed over his eyes, he caught the small hand and kissed the fingers with sudden passion. She drew back, blushing hotly.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, brusquely: "I could not help it."

She did not reply, but twisted the rings on her fingers, while Ralston cursed his own impetuosity in the silence that ensued. Of all times, to startle her by such a manifestation of his love!

"By Jove! I forgot one thing," he cried, suddenly; and the explanation seemed to restore a practical plane of understanding at once.

"What have you forgotten?" she asked.

"We must have a signal of some kind. Our party would look for us to make some sign of distress."

"But we have nothing—nothing whatever."

"This is too dark to make any show," said Ralston, dolefully, pulling at his deep-blue neckerchief.

"I didn't bring my shawl," she rejoined, in a tone of equal discouragement.

These suggestions only served to rouse a new sense of helplessness. Hours seemed to pass. The sun, growing hotter every moment, plunged suddenly into the dark cloud beneath it. An ominous mutter of thunder was heard.

"Do you think it will rain?" she asked, her lips quivering.

"I trust not."

"I have thought of something for a signal," she suddenly exclaimed. "My overskirt will do—how stupid of me not to think of it before!"

"The very thing!" said Ralston. "I can easily manage to break down one of those saplings yonder." He dashed off and soon returned with a long slender sapling stripped of its leaves. With a merry laugh, Nina held out the pretty blue and white overskirt.

"Good!" he said, discreetly refraining from a glance at the graceful figure about which the boating-dress hung limply.

"We will pin this securely to the sapling and raise it. Any pins, Miss Nina?"

"I have but one," she replied, making a rapid investigation.

"I must tie it, then," he said, and turned out his pocket in search of string. A toothpick, penknife, two dimes, a purse and a battered penny, were the result.

"Not very promising," Nina remarked, ruefully.

Just then, Ralston made a discovery in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. It was no time to hesitate—without venturing a glance at his companion, he drew out the band of red silk and elastic which he had so carefully treasured, and by means of it bound the end of the skirt about the sapling.

Miss Gillespie gave one look—a vivid blush crimsoned her cheeks; but she evinced no other sign of embarrassment or surprise.

Ralston proceeded to elevate the signal and she aided him. For a moment, their spirits rose with it; then a flash of lightning rent the heavens, and Nina, with a slight scream, clung to Ralston.

In a moment, his arms were about her.

"My darling, my poor little one," he cried. "nothing shall harm you. I love you. I would give up my life before anything should injure you."

"Oh, no! no! no!" she moaned, breaking away from him, and going step by step further,

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while the thunder roared and rolled as if it would drown her words. "I have tried to tell you! Oh, believe me when I say I never wanted to deceive you! Oh! do not speak—"

"Nina, you cannot stop me now. Call it dishonorable, unkind, unmanly, to take advantage of this hour! I never meant to do so, but I have spoken from my heart—"

"No, no!" she cried, weeping and shivering with terror as another flash of lightning tore its passage through the clouds. "I have been—a wicked girl, but I thought it did not matter—you were engaged—"

"Whoever said that spoke falsely! I love no woman on earth besides your sweet self! Who told you this?"

"Mrs. Ballard. She said it was Kate Carey—"

"Good heavens! She is my cousin. If it were not for my promise to another friend, I would prove to you how false the assertion was. Is that all that stands between us? Oh, my darling—"

"No, no! I—"

"Speak, Nina! Tell me what you mean!" He caught her hands and held them as in a vise. She grew white and turned her face aside under his gaze. One of those ominous pauses that presage another outburst of heavy thunder hung over the earth.

"I am engaged to be married," she said, almost in a whisper.

"To whom? Tell me the truth now and all the truth."

"Mr. Wentworth. He was to come to the Bay to-day. I left word for him to meet us at La Rue Island. I can never forgive myself for—"

Ralston stood a moment longer, looking into her face as one looks on the dead. Then he threw her hands from him with passionate force.

"You do not love that man," he cried. "You are living a lie. False—false, to all alike. Crave forgiveness from higher power than mine, for, by heaven, I will never pardon you. You have ruined my life."

For a moment, they confronted each other, furious jealousy in his glance, fright and entreaty in her dark eyes. Then a flash of lightning appeared to encompass the girl, blinding Ralston's vision of her; a burst of thunder seemed to shake the very ground on which they stood; a wild scream burst from Nina's lips.

"Frank, Frank," she sobbed, and Ralston caught her as she fell forward almost unconscious, and held her close in his arms while the tempest burst upon them with blinding fury.

CHAPTER V.

LUNCHEON had been merrily dispatched at La Rue Island, and several parties were preparing to launch their boats again, when the storm that had been muttering unheeded in the distance suddenly became a source of much solicitude. Moreover, certain of Mrs. Ballard's immediate party were feeling decided uneasiness. Mrs. Gillespie was fast working herself into a state of nervous excitement, which the colonel tried to quiet by appearing very calm. Two of the boats had failed to put in an appearance—that bearing Mrs. Ballard, Miss Grant, and Mr. Dimock, a young man in great request at the Bay, and the boat which had for its freight the precious burden of Colonel Gillespie's only child and Frank Ralston. Wexford tried to reassure the colonel, knowing Frank to be an excellent oarsman; but he felt anxious regarding his sister, for he had little confidence in Mr. Dimock, whom he considered a reckless youth.

Wexford, however, persuaded the colonel that it would be better to go back to the hotel, as the others might have been delayed, and, seeing the storm approach, have gone directly home instead of repairing to La Rue. Almost in tears, Mrs. Gillespie consented and they rowed back in haste and anxiety.

As they watched the thunder-clouds roll up, the colonel was torn by contending emotions. Added to his fears for his child's safety, he knew that he must encounter Russell Wentworth on reaching the hotel. If the colonel's conscience had not been guilty, he would not have dreamed of indulging in any dread or hesitation at the idea of facing a vexed lover. But the long-concealed antagonism in his heart toward the man of his daughter's choice had roused into fresh activity that morning, when he read the gentleman's peremptory dispatch. He had advised his daughter to open rebellion. Now he was forced mentally to admit that Mr. Wentworth would be justified if he should show indignation at his reception. Being a just man, the colonel acknowledged that the enemy held the advantageous position, and he was planning some strategic excuse which might shield Nina and exonerate himself from any meddling in the matter.

They landed on the pier just as the tempest burst, and rushed into the hotel, to find Mrs. Ballard and her party watching, while a tall youth came hastily forward to greet Colonel Gillespie.

Mrs. Ballard, in a state of tearful excitement, threw herself on Wexford, and, as he could learn nothing from her incoherent statement,

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Mr. Dimock, in much confusion, endeavored to tell the story, of which this was the sum and substance:

When the barques separated, that morning, Mrs. Ballard had seen, as she supposed, Wexford and Miss Gillespie installed in the little boat for the day. The exchange of hats perplexed her near-sighted vision, and, as both her brother and Ralston were clad in dark-blue, it was an easy mistake to make.

Reaching the island on which the loitering couple had landed and recognizing the small boat, Mrs. Ballard had conceived the idea that it would be rare sport to tow it away and so give the pair a great fright. The design was carried out in high glee, and, towing the little shell, the trio went on fishing.

Presently, thinking it time to conclude the joke, they sought to return to the island, but, to their dismay, discovered they had lost their reckoning: they had unconsciously rowed a long distance and were among so many small islands that they could not find the one from which they had stolen the boat.

Mrs. Ballard only became more confused, as she realized the enormity of their conduct and knew what would be Wexford's displeasure thereat. They rowed back and forth, afraid to go to the place of rendezvous. Mr. Dimock then proposed that they should return to the Crossman House and find someone better acquainted with the bay to assist them. The storm, as it muttered in the distance, upheld this sensible proposition, and they hurried back to the hotel, arriving a few moments before Colonel Gillespie's party.

Mrs. Ballard's tremor was increased by the presence of Russell Wentworth, whom she knew by sight; and, when Wexford appeared, appreciating her egregious blunder, she flung herself on his mercy, feeling no desire to vindicate her conduct.

Wexford swore under his breath as he listened, and the roar of the tempest was mild in the ears of his poor sister, who knew how hard it was to rouse an angry spirit in his quiet kindly breast. He pushed her from him and strode over to the colonel. But the colonel and his companion had heard enough. Actuated by a similar impulse, the three men rushed to the door. Here the colonel paused and listened to a common-sense proposal from Wexford, to man a large boat and get someone who knew the bay to manage it; but Russell Wentworth never stopped until he reached the pier. They found him struggling to loosen one of the small barques. Amid the roar and lash of the storm, the colonel cried to him that they would be forced to wait until the first fury had spent itself. The men were getting out the long-boat. The reply contained the information that they might wait—he should go alone.

"Don't be a fool, Wentworth," cried Wexford. "Why, Ralston—Frank Ralston—is with her! It is folly to go in that shell: you cannot find room for both—"

The wind took the words of expostulation from Wexford's lips and blew them away, together with Wentworth's answer, as he pulled out into the bay, his boat rocking like a leaf on the water.

"Donkey!" muttered the colonel, holding fast to his dripping hat. "I wish he might drown some of his infernal puppyism. I say, Wexford, are they getting out that boat?"

"Aye, aye! This way, sir!"

The storm, however, had spent its first fury, and, as with an angry man, the reaction came all the sooner for the violence of the outburst.

Twenty minutes after Mr. Wentworth's rash plunge into the tempest, it began to subside into a slow drizzle. The thunder still rolled threateningly; but the clouds broke away, until, when Wentworth first descried the signal of distress constructed by Ralston's ingenuity, the sun had begun to shine brightly.

The young man could hardly have defined his own feelings as he bent vigorously to the oars. His grievance regarding the coldness of his reception kept pace with the anxiety in his heart. His face settled itself into stern lines as he neared the island. He determined to take Nina back with him, at any rate; the rest of the party could follow in the large boat. He had not realized that Miss Gillespie and Mr. Ralston were alone the victims of Mrs. Ballard's practical joke. He had heeded little what was said, save that Nina was out in the storm. Judging from his face, her reckoning would not be a gentle one. His exactions had already made "the little rift within the lute."

Securing his boat, he walked toward the sapling, with its dripping signal. No animate object greeted his eyes. He was about to call, when a few steps brought him before a thick underbrush, and he paused a moment in sheer surprise and displeasure. Drenched with rain, her hat tossed aside, her hair in elf-locks about her pale face, stood Nina Gillespie. She had been weeping, and her voice still shook as she said:

"Wherever I am, wherever I go—I shall—never forget your nobleness. I can never cease to be grateful to you."

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And Ralston replied, standing with folded arms a little distance from her:

"Nor can you take from me the memory of the last few moments, or teach me to think the future fair. Whatever your bonds have been, to-day should loosen them. We belong to each other. You may give yourself to him, if you choose—keep to the letter of a promise made in ignorance. But you know what such promises are worth."

"Do—not make me more—unhappy—"

"Nina—Miss Gillespie!" Mr. Wentworth's voice struck in curtly, and the girl uttered a little cry as she confronted the gaze of her betrothed. She shivered and instinctively drew nearer Ralston, then, bravely recovering herself, went up to Mr. Wentworth.

"Ah, Russell, you have found us," she said, so wearily that he might have pitied the white tired face. But a man who feels his love outraged has little mercy left within him.

"I am here—yes—and have heard what it may or may not be your pleasure to explain," he replied, stiffly. "May I also inquire for the rest of your party?"

Nina looked bewildered, but Ralston said:

"Miss Gillespie was alone with me when our boat was taken. Very luckily, few have suffered the exposure to the storm."

"The affair has been most unfortunate in every respect," said Mr. Wentworth, with measured insolence. "Nina, if you are ready, we will return to your parents, at the hotel."

"Oh, yes!" she said, still in a weary exhausted tone. But Mr. Wentworth did not attempt to assist her, although her languid step was weighed down by the soaked condition of her clothing Ralston offered her his arm, but she refused, only casting an appealing glance toward him. On reaching the boat, however, Ralston steadied it while she took her seat. As Wentworth was about to follow, he glanced indifferently over his shoulder toward Ralston, saying:

"The craft is hardly large enough for three, Mr. Ralston."

Nina rose at once.

"Russell, what did you say?" she demanded, with sudden life. "Do you propose to leave Mr. Ralston here? Then I shall stay also!"

"What folly is this?" he demanded, angrily. "Speak at once, Nina, and, if you are indebted to this gentleman in any way, I will see that the debt is amply paid."

"You have no right to speak in that tone," she responded, with spirit, checking Ralston's ready reply by a pleading glance.

"I have striven, God knows, to do what was right. Mr. Ralston understands I meant no harm if I misled him. He has acted nobly! I cannot permit you to leave him here while I go back to the hotel."

"I beg of you to return, Miss Gillespie. My friends will soon come for me," Ralston said, in a low tone.

"Permit Miss Gillespie to say all she desires, Mr. Ralston," said Wentworth, haughtily. "An explanation is very satisfactory. Perhaps you will tell me how I come to owe such a debt of gratitude to Mr. Ralston?"

"Mr. Wentworth, this is not only unkind, but cruel," cried Ralston. "The poor girl is worn out! Have you no sense of—"

"Stop!" cried Nina, in a ringing tone. "I will tell him all—all, Frank—and let him judge between us. I have been a wicked girl—I misled Mr. Ralston. I acted a part because I thought he was acting one; my evil love of coquetry, my vanity, all led me on—"

"Nina—Miss Gillespie—I entreat you—I beg of you—" cried Ralston, imploringly.

"No, no—let me tell the whole now while I have courage. I deceived him, and I feel myself no longer worthy any good man's love. Knowing this and that he has striven to forgive me and aid me to bear the burden of my conduct by giving me still his kind friendship, I beg you to remember it, Russell, and treat him as a friend of mine should be treated."

"You forget, Nina, I have only one place in the boat. If you prefer that Mr. Ralston should row you to the hotel, choose between us. I will wait."

"You know this boat will take us all three," she replied, her eyes growing bright and hard as she met his glance; "you know you are adding to the grief I already feel regarding my conduct. Will you persist in refusing me?"

"Mr. Ralston will hardly accept an invitation now, and I—"

She made a sudden step forward in the boat: she snatched the diamond from her finger and held it toward him.

"Take it," she cried: "the odious sign of our engagement. I hate it! I will no longer be subjected to your whims and tempers—I will have courage for the whole truth. I tried to do right, to keep my promise; but you have shown me my own heart. I will stay with Mr. Ralston."

"Nina!" Ralston caught her in his arms as she sprang to his side.

"I wish you joy, Mr. Ralston!" said Russell Wentworth, with a sneer that illy concealed the dismay of his soul. "You have won the false heart of a coquette and may live to prove its

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worth." And he pushed the little boat far out into the water and rowed as if for his life—little realizing, poor youth, that the very anger of his parting would prove the surest balm for his wounded spirit.

As for Ralston, he scarcely heard the taunt. He was bending over Nina, who, faint and white, leaned against him, and he was drinking the truth from her glance and feeling that a world of angry lovers could not move him from his rapturous peace.

"How can you trust me?" sobbed the girl. "I have been so wicked! He is right when he says I—"

"No matter, my darling—the world may stand still, so that you love me," he cried, kissing her cold hands. "Come, my poor love—we are little better off than ten minutes ago. But the sun is shining—the storm is over. It argues well for our future. Someone else will see our signal of distress, as did Mr. Wentworth. Ah, how very wet you are! I am afraid you will be ill, after this."

"No, no," she said, cheered by his comforting tone. "At any rate, we both run the same risk. Frank, Frank—I never meant to love you."

"But, like Paddy's sweetheart, you couldn't help yourself. There—do laugh a little and look more like yourself."

At this moment, a loud shout greeted them, and they somewhat hastily assumed less devoted attitudes, as the long-boat, bearing Wexford, the colonel, and two men, came across the water toward their island.

Nina sprang into her father's arms with a sob of relief, as Wexford grasped Ralston's hand, with many apologies for his sister's share in the affair.

"No matter, dear fellow—it is all right," said Ralston, joyously.

"We met Mr. Wentworth returning, and he directed us to the island," said the colonel, wrapping Nina in a shawl and drawing her head down on his shoulder. For reply, Nina lifted her left hand, bereft of the diamond, then thrust it out of sight, and hid her face against him. The good colonel chuckled with satisfaction. He had his darling again, though he little dreamed for how short a time.

"I say," exclaimed Wexford, as they were about to push off from the island: "do you want to leave the signal?"

"Oh, no!" cried Nina. "Leave my overskirt, indeed!" Then she stopped suddenly, with a furious blush.

"I will get it," cried Ralston.

"Sit still, Frank. You look like a ghost, in spite of your excitement. I will bring the thing." And Wexford darted off, to reclaim that portion of Miss Gillespie's wardrobe which had performed its office in the signal-service. Then they rowed swiftly back to the hotel.

Miss Gillespie was not ill after her adventure. She appeared in the parlors that evening with a languid step, it is true, and a trifling pallor, but looking very interesting withal. Mr. Ralston, however, had succumbed to a heavy chill and was confined to his room. Wexford attended him faithfully, and, in the restlessness of the fever that followed the chill, Ralston made a clean breast of the whole affair, including a recital of his first encounter with Nina Gillespie. And, despite his suffering, he robbed the story of his ducking, while pursuing the shoe, of none of its humorous effects. Wexford roared with laughter. Ralston had finished and was falling into a light doze when Wexford said:

"Asleep, Frank?"

"Just turning the corner."

"Do not get around yet. Look here! I found this on the signal; it belongs to Miss Gillespie, I presume—looks suspiciously like a gar—"

"Exactly," interposed Ralston, opening one eye; "it was the only string we could find! I forgot to tell you I had saved it, and—and it happened to be still in my pocket."

"Humph!" chuckled Wexford, rolling the garter into a small ball. "Frank!"

"W-e-ll?" drowsed Ralston, sleepily.

"What do you call yourself, after all? Rescuing damsels and recovering their wardrobes—and all this kind of thing? A nineteenth-century knight of—"

"Knight of the Garter, Wexy. 'Honi soit'—you know the rest," and Ralston was in the land of dreams before Wexford's laugh of appreciation died away.

When Mrs. Ballard encountered her brother the next morning, the very first glance at his face showed her that she had nothing more to dread from his displeasure. This was a great relief to her mind, as this petted brother was the one person of whom she stood somewhat in awe. In spite of the fact that he gave way to her in many things, she knew there was a limit beyond which it was not safe to push his forbearance.

Yet, with the usual inconsistency of human nature, the moment she found herself relieved from the fear of his anger, she prepared to renew her reproaches for his wilful neglect during the past weeks of possible advantages. She had thoroughly set her heart on having pretty Nina for a sister-in-law, and the thought

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that Ralston would carry off the prize was gall and wormwood to her soul.

"Carrie," said Wexford, before she could begin her attack, "I need hardly tell you Frank is engaged to Miss Gillespie."

"Well, it is scarcely necessary. They are absurdly devoted. It was shameful, the way she treated Russell Wentworth, and—"

"I think I may as well tell you, also, that I am to marry Miss Kate Carey in October."

"John Roger Wexford! How could you let me make such a fool of myself? I will never—"

But Wexford had fled precipitately and she was addressing the furniture and two large mirrors.

Mr. Francis Ralston and Miss Gillespie were married in the following January. Among Mrs. Ralston's wedding-presents was a dainty plush case containing a pair of silk garters. The clasps were wrought silver, inlaid with gold, one bearing an owl with jeweled eyes, representing night, the other a jewel-eyed dove, representing morning. On a card hidden under the clasps were found the following words: "To Mrs. Francis Ralston, from her friends Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wexford," and folded in a paper in the box were the following lines:

To Francis Ralston.

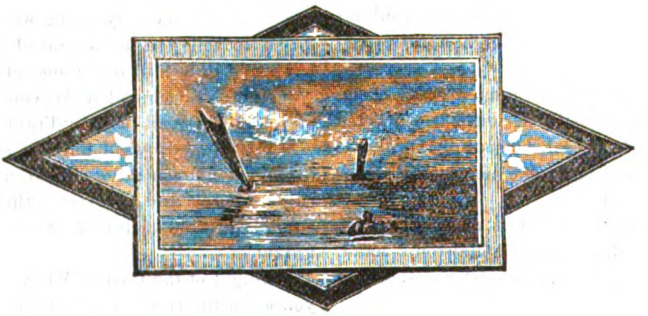
"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"
Thus frowning down unseemly glee,
King Edward, with suave nonchalance,
Bound the garter on his knee.

If honored thus by ancient king,
May we not in earnest part
Commend them to the loving queen
That sways the empire of your heart?

Since Herrick sings of Julia's eyes,
Sir John his lady's mouse-like feet,
Shakespeare's hero be the glove
To touch the cheek of Juliet sweet—

May we not sing: "Oh, would that we
May in these clasps our love enscouce,"
And thus the carking world defy,
With "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Kate and John.



A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY BRAINERD P. EMERY.

See the tangled threads of raindrops
Slant across the swaying tree-tops
To the garden's glowing beds:
How they pelt and how they patter,
How their little pearls they scatter
On the flowers' bended heads.

One poor bee is overtaken,
By the wind and rain is shaken,
Till he spies a half-blown rose.
Gladly down the poor bee flutters,
Wishing roses could have shutters
To keep out the rains and blows.

See: a sunbeam comes astraying
In amid the raindrops, playing
Till they turn to amber rain;
Then, as if abashed and frightened
By the world that it has lightened,
Flies and vanishes again.

But once more the sun comes peeping;
If the flowers are lulled to sleeping,
He will try to wake them up.
See: the raindrops he has banished—
And alas! the pearls have vanished
From each flower's dewy cup.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN IN INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

THERE are few mothers upon whom will not devolve at one time or another the care of their children during an infectious disease. It is impossible to overrate the importance of a woman being able to perform this duty intelligently. The physician in charge of the case has many other demands upon his time and cannot give his personal attention to every detail of the nursing, and it is often difficult to obtain a competent and trustworthy nurse. Not only is intelligent care indispensable to the little sufferer as affording the best chance of a favorable termination to the case—it is absolutely necessary to prevent the spread of the disease. It is literally true that every woman who has the charge of a patient suffering from an infectious malady holds the lives of many others in her hands, and is more or less directly responsible for them. It depends mainly upon her promptitude and vigilance whether the germs of contagion are smothered at their birth or permitted to survive, to carry death into other homes. Science has discovered a means by which they may be rendered innocuous, and she should bend all her energy to putting it in practice. If ignorance or indolence stand in the way, it should be speedily removed. Certain substances have been proved to possess the power of killing or paralyzing the deadly germs by which infectious diseases are propagated. It is asking little that these germicides should be faithfully used. Surely, no mother could bear to think that, through her negligence, another child had been exposed to the same danger that had threatened her own, or its mother to the same anxiety that had distracted her. Careful disinfection and thorough fumigation will confine the mischief within its original limits, if the precautions are never relaxed as long as the danger exists. There is no question that the diffusion of an infectious disease from a single case can be prevented by extreme care. When it becomes epidemic, it seems to be mysteriously conveyed from one to another, perhaps through the air. Even then, rigid quarantine and the persistent use of proper disinfectants will in time stamp it out.

SCARLET-FEVER.—This dreaded disease usually begins in children with an attack of vomiting; this is followed by headache, sore throat, and very high fever. Often the child does not complain of pain in the throat; but, if it is examined, it will be found red and swelled. On the first symptoms, the invalid should be immediately isolated, given a warm bath, and put to bed in a well-ventilated room. In winter, the temperature must not be lower than 65° to 60° Fahrenheit and fresh air be admitted without causing a draught. This can be done by placing a board about three inches high and the exact width of the window-frame under the lower sash; the air will enter where the two sashes are separated. If there is not enough artificial heat in the room to keep the temperature at the proper point, the window must be closed. In this event, several times in the day, the patient must be protected with extra coverings, the face shielded, and the window opened. The coverings must be left on until the air in the room is warm again.

On the second day, a bright-red rash appears on the lower part of the neck and chest. If it is pressed with the finger, it disappears for a moment and returns again. It remains about a week and begins to fade on the fifth day. After it is gone, the skin peels off, sometimes falling in large flakes. It is at this time the danger of infection is greatest.

The sufferer should be carefully sponged with tepid water every day, being placed between blankets, and the night-dress removed during the operation. When there is much irritation, rubbing the surface with vaseline or sweet-oil helps to allay it.

Every article of bed or body linen must be thoroughly warmed and aired before being used, as a chill might be fatal. The child must not be permitted to get out of bed for any purpose. The diet should consist principally of milk until the fever is gone, and no solid food be given without the express permission of the physician.

When the patient is able to sit up, cold must still be strictly guarded against, as many distressing complications follow in its train. It is not safe to permit the convalescent to mingle with other children in less than six weeks.

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At the close of the quarantine, he should have a bath of warm carbolized water, the hair being well washed at the same time, and be dressed in fresh clothes, no article that has been worn before the bath being put on.

If the mother is obliged to go among the other members of the family during the illness, she should keep a cotton dress to be worn exclusively in the sick-room, always changing it in another apartment, and she should brush her hair before mixing with them. The hair should be covered with a cap while in the sick-room, and the hands and face washed with carbolized water on leaving the chamber.

A child may show symptoms of the disease at any time from four days to six weeks after being exposed to infection. Belladonna is relied upon by some physicians as a preventive; but the wisest course is to send away the other children in the house, if possible, when the disease declares itself.

Change of air is the best restorative for the convalescent: to the sea in summer, and, if it is practicable, to a warmer climate in winter. Easily-digested nourishing food is required for some time, to enable nature to repair the loss the system has undergone.

Heat, bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), and carbolic acid are the three antiseptic agents that have been found the most practically useful. There are many others; but these can be relied upon to do the work required of them.

Heat from 165½° to 212° Fahrenheit will destroy germs as soon as they are brought into contact with it. Anything, therefore, that can be boiled or baked may be rendered perfectly safe; but this mode of disinfection is obviously unsuited to many articles. It is invaluable for those things to which it can be applied, particularly for white cotton clothes.

Half a pint of a solution of powdered bichloride of mercury, containing sixteen grains to each ounce of water, can be procured from any druggist, and two tablespoonfuls of this solution added to four quarts of water. A little should be poured into every vessel used by the patient before it is brought to the bedside; after it is emptied, it should be rinsed in boiling water and then in the solution. Bichloride of mercury is a deadly poison. It is well to have a few grains of some aniline color added to the solution, to distinguish it from pure water. It cannot be used for disinfecting clothing, as it stains linen yellow.

As far as possible, old clothing that can afterward be burned should be used. When this cannot be done, every article taken from the sick-room should be thrown into a tub containing a strong solution of carbolic acid—one part to forty of water—wrung out, and taken to the laundry to be boiled. A separate broom and duster should be provided and the dust burned. Cups, spoons, etc., used in feeding the patient should be kept by themselves, and washed in boiling water before being restored to their usual places. A sheet kept constantly wet with the solution of carbolic acid should be hung over the doorway.

When the case is ended, everything should be removed from the room that can be baked, boiled, or disinfected in other ways than by fumigation. The windows should be left open for a few hours, then tightly closed, closet-doors opened, and drawers pulled out. An iron pot should be placed in the middle of the room, with a crumpled newspaper in the bottom, sprinkled with a pound of sulphur; this should be lighted and the door closed for twelve hours. Metals can be greased to protect them from the fumes, which tarnish them and bleach colors. If the carpet has been left down during the illness, it must be washed with carbolized hot water and taken up before the fumigation. The floor and woodwork should be scrubbed with carbolized soapsuds, the walls scraped and repapered or painted, and the ceiling lime-washed. Too much care cannot be used to cleanse perfectly everything in the room. The germs of scarlet-fever, if not destroyed, may lie dormant for months and then burst into life. Mattresses and upholstered furniture should be fumigated with sulphur and made over. Anything that cannot be satisfactorily disinfected must be burned.

A READY REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Put a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur into a wineglass, drop therein two or three drops of any spirit; stir the sulphur with this, add cold water, stir it with the finger, and, with this mixture, let the patient gargle the throat. If the patient is unable to swallow, put the sulphur in a quill open at both ends and blow it down the throat. This can also be blown down from a funnel—the sulphur to be swallowed, not spit out; or heat a shovel red-hot, put some sulphur on this, and let the patient inhale the fumes, holding the mouth over the sulphur-fumes. It is said that this remedy has never been known to fail.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-dress of plain nun's-veiling or albatross combined with striped woolen goods of like texture. The skirt, of the stripe,

No. 1.

is kilted in wide kilts all around. The front drapery is long, plaited in large plaits from under the corsage on the left side; on the right, it is looped up high to the back of the corsage. The edge of side and back is of the stripe, arranged as a finish to the tunic and plaited over the tournure. The back drapery, of the plain material, falls in straight lines from under this, as seen in the illustration. The bodice, of the plain material, has sleeves, collar, and revers of the stripe. This model will serve for a striped and plain gingham in dark colors, that will not need to be laundried for one season.

No. 2—Is a house-dress of plaid and plain zephyr gingham. The foundation-skirt is of the plain material and shows at one side, forming a panel. The front drapery is arranged upon

No. 2.

this foundation, is faced on the under side, and turns back toward the front as a revers. The back is long and slightly looped over the tournure.

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The bodice is pointed in front and has a short postilion-back. Sleeves cut on the bias. Cuffs of the plain material.

No. 3—Is an evening-dress of cream-white albatross. The front and sides of the skirt are laid in long box-plaits separated by double kilt-plaits. The arrangement of the back drapery is shown in the illustration. The bodice is very pretty. The inside, back and front, forms a long V-shaped point which is composed of fine plaitings. The bodice is then fulled from the

No. 3.

shoulders, back and front. Half-long sleeves, edged with lace or plaited ruffles. Bows-and-ends of ribbon ornament the bodice at the back, sides, and front. For a simple house-dress, the inside plaiting of the bodice can be carried up to the throat, making a high-necked dress.

No. 4.—Summer wrap for mountain or seaside wear. It is made of striped camel's-hair, cream-white, with pin-stripes in black. The wrap is dolman-shape, with sling sleeves. The hood and edge of the sleeves are trimmed with black

No. 4.

No. 5.

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No. 6.

velvet. The wrap is lined with some pretty bright-colored surah. Hat of Tuscan straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon and cream gauze.

No. 7.

No. 5—Is a sailor-costume of marine-blue flannel, for a girl of six years. The underskirt is laid in box-plaits and the plaits trimmed with rows of black braid. The overdress is belted in at the waist, and the skirt cut long enough to turn up, like a washerwoman's tunic, in front. At the back, it forms a little drapery. The collar and sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Sailor-hat of straw, with a band of black ribbon.

No. 6—Is a sailor-costume for a boy of six years. Knickerbocker pants. Sailor-blouse,

No. 8.

with collar, cuffs, and under-vest either trimmed with white worsted braid or else made of blue-and-white striped serge.

No. 7.—Here we give the back and front of a costume for a little boy of eight or nine years. It can be made either of flannel or linen. Dark-blue striped linen, with plain to match for pants and collar and cuffs, makes a very stylish summer wash-suit for a boy; or, in dark-blue or gray flannel, will be very serviceable.

No. 8—Is a simple model for a blouse-dress for a girl of five or six years. Can be made either

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of gingham, nainsook, or flannel. The pointed yoke is tucked, also the cuffs. The blouse is cut like a long French apron and looped at the sides over a box-plaited skirt, which is mounted upon a petticoat body. A sash of the material confines the waist, and ties at the back.

COAT FOR LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR YEARS: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

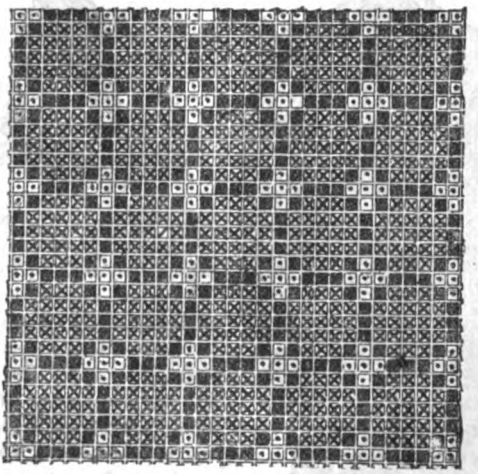
We give, for our Supplement, the pattern for a coat for a little girl of four years. The pattern consists of five pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Sleeve.
4. Collar.
5. Half of the Skirt,

which is laid in deep box-plaits at the back. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. Make the coat of flannel, camel's-hair, or light cloth, drab or light-brown, and trim with a wide braid, or braid the border up and down with a narrow braid of a darker shade. The pocket-flaps are given on the front.

CROSS-STITCH DESIGN ON CANVAS OR JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked in any three pretty contrasting colors, using black as one, as it forms the outlining of the pattern. The little crosses of five stitches are done in gold filoselle, the inside of the squares any color—blue, red, green, etc.

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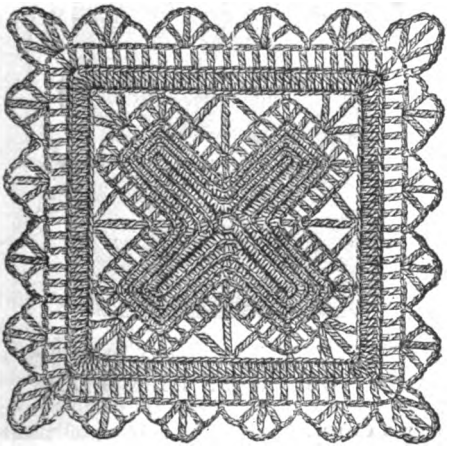
A D'OYLEY IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This very pretty and effective d'oyley is simply and quickly done, and may be worked much easier from the engraving than from description. Commence with four chain and unite in a circle. In the first chain, work twelve chain, then a row of double-chain down; in each of the next chains



work the same, then a row of double-chain up the first chain of twelve that was made, then two double-chain on the top, and again twelve double-chain down, taking two stitches together at the bottom and increasing on the top, when make an extra stitch at each corner to keep the work square.

When the centre is completed, work round a row of one long, two chain, make three long in one loop at each corner of the cross, and unite three stitches together at the bottom, then a row of chain-stitches all round; but, where shown in the engraving, make a double long and treble long, made by twisting the cotton twice over the hook, insert the hook in an arm of the cross (see engraving), then draw the hook through each twist of the cotton; this will bring the double long stitches to the row of long stitches. For the treble long, twist the cotton three times over the hook, and proceed in similar manner.

In each chain make one long stitch, and three long stitches in each chain at each corner.

Then a row of one long, two chain, one long into third loop, and continue; make an extra long stitch at each corner.

For the Border.—Commence by one double-chain in the centre. Make three chain and miss three chain of last row, one double long in fourth chain, three chain, one treble long in same loop; three chains, one double long in same loop; three chains and double-chain in fourth chain of last row. Repeat; work the corners as in engraving.

This makes a pretty centre for a chair-back if framed in a square of plush, the latter cut away to show the work as transparent.

DESIGN FOR A PORTIERE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design for an embroidered portiere. It is to be done on gray linen, and the design carried out in crewels: the trellis-work in shades of brown, the vine in shades of green, butterflies in shades of yellow and red, the tiger-lilies in red with black spots, leaves in shades of green. This model in the size given will make a very pretty cover for a portfolio. Of course, it will have to be very much enlarged for a portiere.

HOLD-ALL, CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a useful hold-all, open and closed. The material is strong linen, and the flaps are bound with worsted braid. On the front flap, a scroll-design and monogram are embroidered in outline-stitch with fast-colored crewels or working-cottons. The flap is fastened with two loops and buttons. The inside is provided with pockets for brushes, combs, while the middle compartment will hold night-dress, etc.

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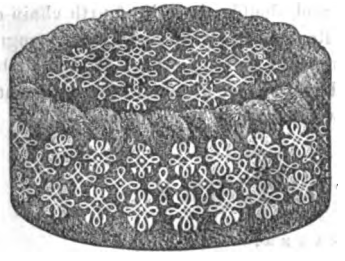
WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty bag will be found most useful for carrying fancy-work with materials—silks, crewels, scissors, thimble, etc., etc. It is made either of a handsome piece of old brocade, in old-blue or Indian colors, or of a bit of China silk, interlined with some pretty contrasting color in satin. A good size is about twelve inches wide by eighteen inches long; this will allow for the frill at the top. A drawstring of either silk braid or narrow ribbon is used, and handsome bows with ends of wider ribbon ornament each side at the top. Indeed, an endless variety of trimming and ornamenting such bags is provided by each individual taste. Some bags are hand-painted on satin, others embroidered, and very serviceable ones are made of flowered sateens in gay designs, interlined with some contrasting plain color, also of sateen.

SMOKING OR GARDEN CAP FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For the top, cut a circle of dark-blue velvet, the diameter of which is six inches; line it with muslin; embroider the velvet in outline, as seen in the illustration, with bronze-colored purse-silk. In the centre of each design is a dot in solid embroidery. This, with the little leaves forming the off-shoots of each pattern, is to be worked in gold silk.

The border, which is twenty inches long and five deep, is lined and embroidered in the same manner as the top. Each part is then lined with wadding and thin silk and neatly sewed together. Between the lining and material of the border, a strip of card-board, an inch and a half deep, is to be sewed in round the bottom of the border.

LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give something entirely new in decorative lamp-shade. Provide a frame of the required size; cover with a fulled-on piece of thin China silk—yellow, red, or pink is prettiest. Then trim with lace and satin ribbon four inches wide, made into a rose quilling. Our illustration shows how the shade is trimmed. Some narrow satin ribbon is made into bows for ornamenting one side. If preferred, the quillings can be made of the China silk, with the edges fringed out. This looks very light and pretty, but, as the silk is thin, it requires a great deal to make a full quilling, and it must be very full to give the desired effect.

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A FOLDING WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

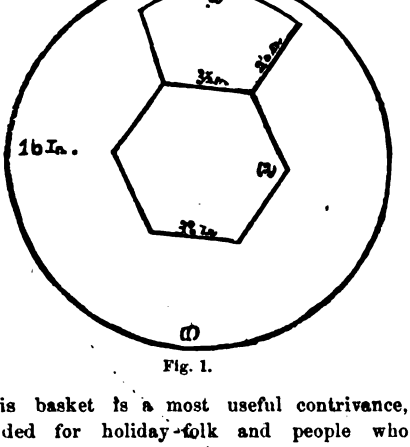


Fig. 1.

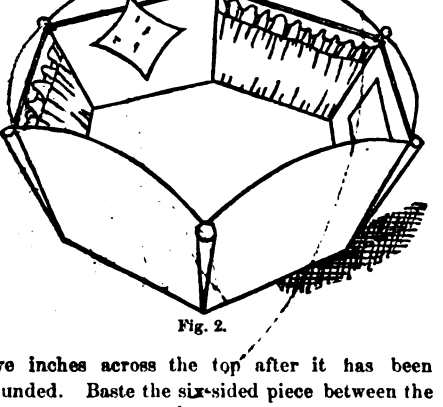


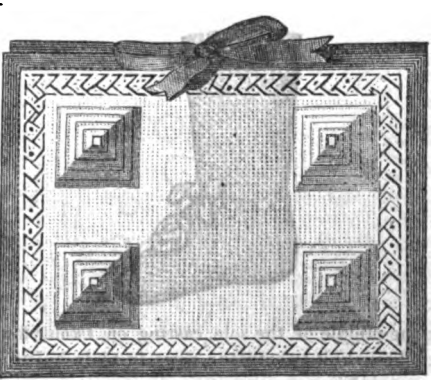
Fig. 2.

This basket is a most useful contrivance, intended for holiday-folk and people who frequently travel. One can see at a glance the idea conveyed by the ribbon passing around the top, that when it is untied the basket is flattened out ready for packing. Cretonne makes the most serviceable basket, while silk or satin will, of course, make the most beautiful one. If cretonne is used, half a yard will be needed. Of this, cut two round pieces, sixteen inches in diameter. For the bottom, cut one six-sided piece of card-board, each side measuring three and a half inches. Further, cut six pieces of pasteboard for the sides, each three and a half inches at the bottom, two and three-quarters at the sides, and five inches across the top after it has been rounded. Baste the six-sided piece between the two rounds of cretonne, and stitch it in place; likewise the six-sided pieces, as shown in Figure 1; baste the edges of the cretonne together, and bind them with ribbon. Sew pockets of cretonne on alternate sides, and on the intervening ones place a needlebook, a pincushion, and a band to slip the scissors through. Fasten an emery and a small bag for buttons on one corner, with a bow of ribbons. Small brass rings are to be sewed on the corners of the side pieces; a bright-colored ribbon is run through these, so that the basket may be drawn up when in use, as shown in Figure 2.

NEEDLECASE IN PERFORATED CARD-BOARD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cut the perforated board of any size desired; work around it a pattern in thorn-stitch; embroider in silks, of any colors you wish to use, the four squares at the corners, but much of the beauty depends on the good shading of the colors from dark to light. Do not employ too many colors, only several shades of one color. The initials to be embroidered in the centre should be of the color of the ribbon with which the book is bound and tied. Both sides of the needlecase should be embroidered, but different patterns may be used. The inside to be filled with several flaps of pinked-out flannel.



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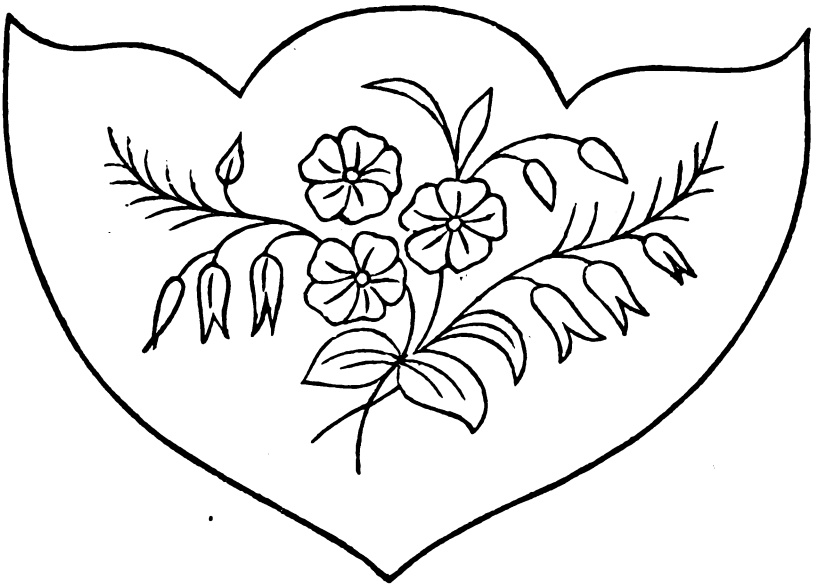
EMBROIDERY FOR POCKET ON CHILD'S DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This simple pattern is eminently suitable for a child, and it can be done either in one color, or taste can be shown by coloring the flowers according to nature. This pattern is given in time to embroider summer aprons of frocks with; it is a pretty work for winter evenings.

INFANT'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little boot is knitted with white Saxony wool in plain knitting with steel needles. Begin

at the middle of the sole, casting on twentyfour stitches; knit twentyfour rows in plain knitting to and fro, on two needles. In the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth of the twentyfour rows, to form the heel, widen by knitting two stitches out of the third stitch from the beginning, one stitch plain and one crossed; also, for the toe, widen in the same manner at the close of every even row at the third stitch from the last.

In the twentyfifth row, knit off twentytwo stitches on a separate needle, and leave them aside, while knitting thirtytwo rows on the remaining eighteen stitches, without widening or narrowing.

At the end of the last row, and in connection with it, cast on twentytwo new stitches, and on the four stitches knit twentyfour rows, which will correspond with the first twentyfour in the first half, and in which therefore narrow or

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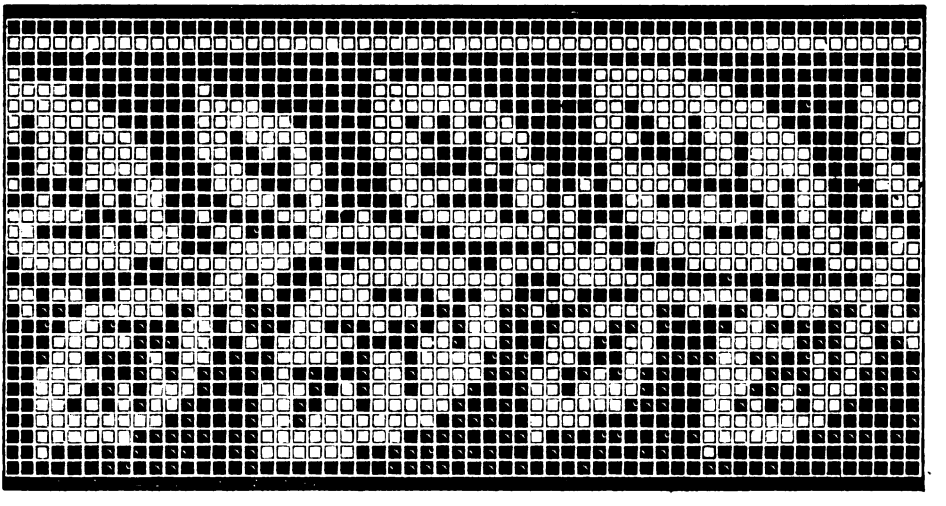
decrease wherever there is a widening in the first half; for narrowing, simply knit two stitches together. Cast off the twentyfour stitches that remain at the end of the last row.

Take up the twentytwo stitches last cast on, also the sixteen edge-stitches toward the top of the thirtytwo rows knitted for the front of the foot, on separate needles, and on the latter work twenty rows for the upper part of the front; at the close of every row, knit off the last stitch together with the next stitch of the twentytwo on the needle at the side. After completing the twentieth row, knit up the remaining stitches at the side to the middle of the back, then on all the stitches taken together knit a row of holes, through which a ribbon is to be drawn; to make the holes, knit two stitches together, make one, knit two together.

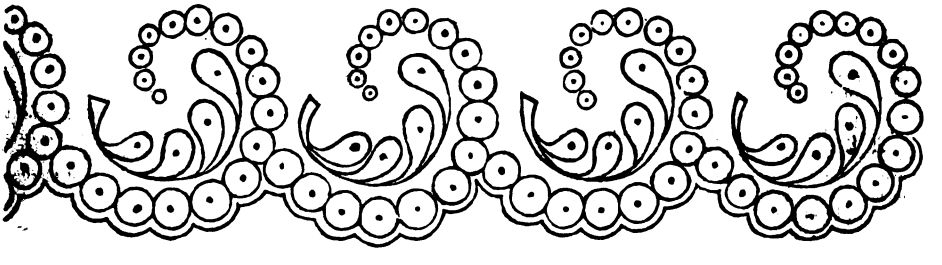
STRIPE FOR CROCHET, NETTING, OR CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If the work is done in cross-stitch, it should be done on rather coarse canvas, on plush, or any material desired, the work being done in filoselle, the canvas threads drawn out afterward. Or the pattern can be used for a curtain-border, bureau-cover, etc., done in square netting. Or, if crochet is preferred, make a length of chain-stitch sufficient to make thirtyone squares—about ninetythree chain-stitches—turn back, work one square by making one long stitch into the eighth chain, then three long stitches; three more squares, then nine long, two squares, six long, two squares, nine long, three squares, three long, then eleven squares; turn the work on the reverse side, and work the next row from left to right of the pattern. The design is now more easily worked from the completed portion than by further description.

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SUMMER TRAVEL.—This is a consideration which, at this season, occupies most people to a certain extent, and to many is a matter of great importance. There is no doubt that every human being should have some sort of change at least once a year, and this should include complete relaxation from the routine of ordinary business, whether that of banker, school-teacher, or anxious housewife.

It is very common for people to select midsummer for their annual hegira, but in certain ways this seems a mistake when the holiday can only be of brief duration. One never ceases to wonder at people who, living in the country, forsake their flower-bordered tree-shaded houses, and endure the dust and horror of a long railway-journey, in order, at its close, to accept voluntary confinement in a little bed-room of some crowded watering-place hotel. One does not know whether to blame or pity them most, and cannot help feeling that, when the world becomes thoroughly civilized, they will be subjected to the treatment which the old courtier in "Lalla Rookh" recommended for young poets or their works—placed in an asylum for sick insects.

But city people have a good reason, as well as a great temptation, to undertake their yearly flitting while "the dog-star rages." Town is hot, and, thanks to dishonest street-contractors, as dusty as any railway owned by one of our hugest millionaires. It is empty, too: that is, one's friends and acquaintances are gone—of course, the odd half-million of unfortunates who never get away do not count in one's calculations. But in reality this very emptiness of the city—that is, the absence of the set of people who make up one's special Mrs. Grundy—gives a sense of freedom that is in itself almost as refreshing as a whiff of sea-wind or mountain air.

Besides, if one goes away for a couple of weeks in July or August, one must return to find heat and dust that will appear all the more unendurable from the contrast with country breezes. The children droop and pine almost more than they would if they had not been away, and the effect on their tempers is as unfortunate as on the nerves of their elders, only the poor little mites usually receive scoldings instead of sympathy.

Now the early autumn in America is so beautiful, as a rule, that one cannot help believing it brings a band of days fresh from Paradise, and when it can possibly be managed this is the season in which the yearly trip should be taken. Of course, parents will offer as an objection that the schools have opened, but that is the fault of the parents themselves. When mankind reaches a really high plane of enlightenment, schools will not begin till the first of October at the very earliest, and they will close by the middle of June; and any school director or trustee attempting to oppose the movement will speedily find himself in a much worse place than the sick-insect asylum.

ON BONNETS, ribbon strings are worn, and the ends seem a little longer; but there are numbers of bonnets without strings, which are suitable for young girls. Colored veils are not much seen; black, gray, and white predominate.

"VERY MUCH PLEASED."—A new subscriber, writing to have her address changed, says: "In the short time that I have been a subscriber to the magazine, I have been very much pleased with it."

PEBBLES.—This outdoor game is suitable for a garden-party or it may be played at the seashore. Small heaps of pebbles are placed at short distances from each other, according to the number of players. Each player is then blindfolded and provided with a bag containing other pebbles, and two or three of the heaps are assigned to him or her. The object is for the player to drop the pebbles on his own heaps, and, from being blindfolded, this is of course difficult to do, however much each player may have previously considered the positions in which his special heaps are situated. It affords considerable merriment to see the players groping about, often dropping their pebbles several yards from their right destination. The player who drops the most pebbles on his right heaps is the winner. The game is rendered prettier if colored marbles are used instead of pebbles. If each heap is of a different color, the wrongly dropped marbles are then easily perceived.

AN EXCELLENT FILTER.—Take a new wooden pail, and bore holes with an auger all over the bottom. Procure the finest and cleanest sand, and, having thoroughly washed it in many waters, place it in a bag of some strong cotton material, just the shape of the bottom of the pail, but slightly larger, and about two inches thick. When this bag is filled with sand and sewed in, it will be like a thick round pad, which, when put in the bottom of the pail, is ready for use. Place the pail over another and pour water in. If the sand is fine and pure, it is remarkable what excellent filtration can be obtained from this simple contrivance, which costs but a trifling sum. The bag should be half filled and limp, so that it will adhere to the sides if pressed out, preventing the water from running around the bag instead of through it.

TO KEEP flowers in constant and profuse bloom during the whole season, it will only be necessary to cut off all the blossoms as soon as they begin to fade. There is nothing to be gained, but much to be lost, by leaving the summer denizens of the flower-border to run to seed; in fact, some of the plants—geraniums, for example—become really unsightly when their seed-vessels are maturing. It is far preferable to cut off all flowers that are past their prime, and keep the bloom and beauty of the parterre uninjured for as long a time as possible, than attempt to save seed of anything that is not really extra good.

PROBABLY many of our readers know of and use James Pyle's Pearline, the newest thing in soap. Just a hint to those who do not—"Murder will out," and, if Pearline did not do all that is claimed for it, the fact would have been proved long ago. Pearline came to the relief of over-worked women just ten years ago, an entirely new idea, and now over one million families use it in place of soap; the reason is obvious, and we would advise our readers who are not using it at least to try it and see if they also do not approve of this great invention for reducing the drudgery in woman's hardest work.

PRESERVING FERNS.—The secret of preserving ferns, to look green for winter use, is to take your book to the ferns, and not the ferns to the book. They should be pressed instantaneously after gathering between sheets of blotting-paper, under books or heavy weights.

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NOTES ON FLORICULTURE.

The season is nearly passed when we may enjoy our floral treasures out-of-doors; but, if one has suitably prepared for a display of plants in the windows, winter, with its dark gloomy days, is shorn of much of its dullness. For what is more cheering than a window filled with trailing vines, with here and there a dainty blossom? The great mistake of the amateur is a disposition to put too much into a very small space. A crowded plant will not bloom so well, or attain a symmetrical form, if not allowed space to spread itself. Better to have a few plants well grown, than many poor ones. There are so many things that should be in perfection, the latter part of November, and from that on until Christmas, but nothing suggests itself to me as being superior in fullness of bloom to that much-lauded but not overrated flower, the chrysanthemum. To say you can count hundreds of full-blown perfect flowers on a single plant is no exaggeration. One in my window, almost filling the lower sashes, is a delicate-tinted pink, very double, and fine form, "Gloriosum," and glorious it is. For flowering now, they must be well grown during the summer, never allowed to need water, as they are rather thirsty plants and such strong growers that they must have moisture. They can be kept out-of doors under shelter, if grown in pots, until quite late, at least until it begins to freeze, and then they may be brought into a cool room. They are better kept away from a fire as long as possible. As soon as through flowering and the branches become unsightly, they may be removed to the cellar, and the space they occupied filled with something else. By the time the chrysanthemums have fulfilled their mission, the pots of bulbs will be ready to be brought up from the darkness into the bright light. See to it that the pots are well—yes, thoroughly—filled with roots, before you bring the hyacinths up, or even any of the bulbs you may have potted in September or early October. Herein lies the "secret of success" in the blooming of bulbs for the window, viz: have the pots thoroughly filled with roots before bringing them into blooming-quarters. There is nothing in the line of flowers that will yield so much pleasure for the money invested as a pot of hyacinths: yes, several pots of them, if you wish. Take an eight or ten inch pot filled with good rich soil, with a sprinkling of sand, and plant therein four bulbs of four varieties of hyacinths, say a pure white, cream yellow, blue, and pink, or for the white substitute a rich purple, and, when the spikes are fully blown, if you do not think they are "things of beauty and joys" while they last, I shall be mistaken. But these are not the only beauties in bulbs; but I shall have to devote another chapter to them.

MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

SOWING SEEDS.—Many seeds should be sown now for next year's flowering; amongst these are larkspur, honesty, forget-me-not, pansy, and violet. The seed should be well thinned when it comes up, that the plants may get on as much as possible before winter. In greenhouses and among window-plants, "green-fly" must be guarded against. If a plant is infested with them, the best remedy is to wash each leaf with Gishurst compound or a mixture of soft-soap with a tablespoonful of petroleum to a gallon of hot water. It is not a pleasant operation, but a favorite plant is worth a little sacrifice. Cut off the stalks of perennials, and pull up annuals as they finish flowering, and tie up hollyhocks, dahlias, and chrysanthemums. Roll and cut the grass and borders, and sow grass-seed where needed on a damp day.

MISS B. R. writes: "Your magazine has been in our family ever since I can remember. I like it better and better every year, and think the Supplement patterns a great thing for ladies who do their own dress-making, as I do."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Warman's Practical Orthoepy and Critique: The Science of Pronunciation. By E. B. Warman. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.—Mr. Warman has already acquired an enviable reputation as an orthoepist as well as a writer on matters connected with the mental and physical training of boys and girls. The present volume fills a much-felt lack and ought to be in every school-room and college and on the book-shelf of every man and woman in the land. The list of words very generally mispronounced would of itself be invaluable as a warning and guide, and the number it holds is simply appalling. The author does not attempt to regulate or make new rules for pronunciation. He starts with a self-evident truth for his basis: However much our dictionaries may need revising, we must, until that is done or a single new standard established, accept them as they are. We have two acknowledged authorities, Webster and Worcester, and to these Mr. Warman submits implicitly, quoting both when the pair disagree. That these doctors, agreeing or not, are both often wrong, Mr. Warman does not hesitate in numerous instances to point out in that portion of his work called "A Critical Survey of our Dictionaries." His attack is bold, vigorous, and so full of crushing proofs that it should be earnestly read by every student, writer, and professional man.

De Molai: A Romance of History. By Edmund Flagg. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This powerfully-written story deals with the persecutions which the famous order of Knights Templar suffered in its decadence, after having wielded for several centuries a power which that of few sovereigns could equal. The hero is the last military Grand Master of this celebrated order, and about his fate the author has woven a romance, beautiful as a story and valuable for its fidelity to history. The scene is laid in the fourteenth century, at the court of Philip the Fourth of France; the incidents are strikingly dramatic, and the characters stand out marked and distinct. The French monarch, Blanche of Artois, and various historical personages are presented with a skill which brings the gay pageant of the court vividly before the imagination. The book cannot fail to prove attractive to the general reader, but will have a special interest for the Masonic fraternity.

Hot-Weather Dishes. By Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.—Mrs. Rorer's reputation as a writer of table-recipes is too thoroughly established to need the support of praise or comment. Her various cook-books have become absolute necessities in every household. She has done housekeepers a good service by her present volume. Everyone knows the difficulty of arranging seasonable dishes in hot weather. Mrs. Rorer is perfectly at home in her subject, and every recipe has been practically tested in her cooking-school. All sorts of appetizing dishes and delicious sauces are put within every housekeeper's reach. As is always the case in this lady's receipt-books, the directions are so simple and clear that the veriest tyro need make no mistakes in essaying to follow them. There are several hundred recipes, and the volume is sold at a moderate price: Bound in cloth $1.00, and 50 cents in paper cover.

Daphne. By Rita. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A very charming story, and in many respects a decided advance on the writer's former novels, highly esteemed as those were both in this country and in England. The scene of the tale is laid in Italy—always enchanted ground to every story-reader—beginning with some realistic pictures of quaint old Cremona, passing thence to picturesque Bologna, and ending in lily-crowned Florence. The book is thoroughly imbued with the true Italian spirit, both in description and characterization. The heroine is a lovely impersonation—music incarnate—and the same may be said of the hero, for that matter. It is a book which, once taken up, will not be laid down until the last page is reached.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes à la Crème.—This is a good way of using up potatoes which have already been dressed. Cut them into slices about the eighth of an inch thick and put them into a saucepan with two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, white pepper and salt to taste, a dash of nutmeg, and half a gill of good cream. Set the stewpan over the fire and toss the contents well together. Serve quickly.

Potato Escalops.—The potatoes only require parboiling and rasping, and can be varied by mixing with other vegetables, parsley, savory herbs, mushrooms, or cheese, moistening with butter or cream, baking in escalop tins, and browning over before serving.

How to Boil Green Corn.—Let the water be boiling, and add a little salt. Drop in the corn, and boil it from ten to fifteen minutes.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Peaches.—Pare the peaches or remove the skins by plunging the peaches into boiling lye—two gallons of water and one pint of wood-ashes. When the skins will slip easily, take the peaches out with a skimmer and plunge them into cold water; rinse in several waters and there will be no taste of the lye. Weigh, and add three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Halve them, and use some of the pits, or leave them whole, as you please. The stones improve the flavor. Make a syrup by adding as little water as possible to the sugar—about one cupful to each pound of sugar. When it boils, skim till clear, then add the peaches and cook until transparent.

Blackberry Wine.—Fill a large pan or pans with ripe blackberries and let them stand in a cool oven for a long time until soft, when they must be pressed to extract the juice. Strain this, and, when cold, pour it off into large jars or a cask, to stand for about a fortnight to ferment; it must stand open. The juice should be measured before putting into the jars, and a note kept of the quantity. At the end of the fortnight, add powdered loaf-sugar in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to every quart of juice, and a teacupful of brandy to every four quarts. Bung the jars tightly and store away for future use.

Damson Cheese.—When the fruit is fully ripe, wash it and set it in the oven till soft; when cold, rub it through a new tin colander, then put it in a preserving-pan and boil quickly for half an hour. Meantime, crack the stones and extract the kernels; to every pound of pulp, put, after the first boiling, half a pound of loaf-sugar and the kernels, and boil again for half an hour. Wet the molds with good vinegar, and, when the pulp is nearly cold, fill the molds and put over thin paper dipped in vinegar. Place the molds in a dry but not heated place, and in a current of air.

Blackberry Jelly.—Crush in a mortar three pounds of blackberries, place them in a basin, and this in another of hot water, to extract the juice, standing them in the oven the while. Boil two ounces of isinglass in rather less than a pint of water with a pound of loaf-sugar, until all are melted. Strain the juice, mix with it the juice of a lemon; let it stand to cool, and, when the isinglass syrup is also cool—not cold—mix juice and syrup in equal quantities, fill the mold or molds, and let them stand on ice till set.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare and core any quantity of good cooking-apples, put them into a preserving-pan, and cover with boiling water; cover only, boil till the fruit breaks and becomes soft; then rub them through a cane sieve, and, to every pound of pulp, add twelve ounces of loaf-sugar, and boil for a short time till a small quantity sets in a few minutes on a plate. If the sugar is rubbed on lemons till it is quite yellow and then boiled with the apples, the flavor is improved.

PICKLES.

Mixed Pickle.—Two quarts of cucumbers, sliced, one quart of small onions, two small cauliflowers picked to pieces; put a teacupful of salt into a gallon of water, lay the vegetables in this, and let them stand a night; in the morning, put them on the fire and let them get very hot, but not boiling, then drain off the water and let them cool. Take two quarts of vinegar and put to it one ounce each of curry-powder, turmeric, and ground ginger, two ounces of mustard, one teaspoonful of cayenne-pepper, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, mix all together, let it come to the boil, and pour over the vegetables.

Piccalilli.—One peck of green tomatoes, eight medium-sized onions, four green peppers—all to be sliced and sprinkled with a breakfastcupful of salt. Let the whole remain overnight, and, in the morning, drain as dry as possible. Put into a lined saucepan and cover with vinegar, add a breakfastcupful of sugar, a tablespoonful each of pepper, cloves, allspice, and turmeric; stew all together about an hour, then pour into jars and tie down.

German Pickled Tomatoes.—To seven pounds of tomatoes, well ripened and nicely skinned, put one ounce of mace and one ounce of cloves. Put the tomatoes and spice in layers, in a jar. Boil together one quart of vinegar and four pounds of brown sugar, skim it, and pour it while hot over the tomatoes. Let them stand until morning or for twentyfour hours, and then pour all into the kettle and let boil for five minutes.

Pickled Apples.—Pare a peck of sweet apples, but leave them whole; take three pounds of brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, half an ounce each of cinnamon and cloves; mix together, boil part with the apples till they are tender, but not broken; then take them out, beat the remainder of the vinegar and sugar well together, and pour over them. Seal up in bottles till wanted.

Pickled Cabbage.—Select firm solid heads, cut them into fine slices, wash, drain, put into a jar, and cover with boiling water. Stand till cold, then drain off the water and season with grated horseradish, salt, black and red pepper, cinnamon, and whole cloves. Cover with strong vinegar and tie down.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF PLAID SURAH OR CHALLIS. Our model is of a cream ground, plaided over with red and brown—the new shade of red, which approaches terra-cotta. The underskirt is laid in wide box-plaits all around. The bodice and tunic are cut in one. The bodice is gathered, forming small puffs at the neck on the left side; the right laps over and is draped to form the tunic in front. All the edge of the tunic is faced with plain surah to correspond with the plaid and arranged to form a jabot down the left side. On the right side, it turns back and is looped high on the hip. The back drapery falls straight. It is also faced with the plain surah. Sleeves full at the shoulders and gathered into cuffs of the surah. Collar to match. Bows of ribbon ornament the waist, cuffs, and collar. Hat of Milan straw, faced with velvet to match and trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon to correspond.

FIG. II.—AFTERNOON OR EVENING DRESS, OF PALE-GREEN FIGURED GAUZE OR CHINA SILK. The underskirt is kilt-plaited. The side-panel, vest-front, and sleeves are made of striped lace or gauze over plain surah to match. The front drapery is long and pointed, with paniers on the hips. The back may either fall straight—which is a very popular style—or it may be slightly puffed over the tournure. The long-pointed bodice is fulled from the shoulders, to edge the vest. Sleeves full at shoulders and cuffs. Hat of Tuscan straw, faced with cream-white gauze and trimmed with field-flowers.

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FIG. III.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF PEACH-COLORED SILK AND BENGALINE. The underskirt is of silk, with twelve narrow pinked-out ruffles covering the skirt up the entire front and sides and half-way up the back. The polonaise is of striped bengaline or challis—or, if preferred, it can be made of plain cashmere. The bodice of the polonaise has a full trimming of the silk of the underskirt, opening over a vest of beaded or figured lace. The polonaise opens at the waist, to display the ruffled skirt. At the sides, it is looped under bows-and-ends of ribbon. The fullness of the back-drapery is set on to the elongated waist. Hat of Leghorn, trimmed with peach-colored ribbon and ostrich-tips.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE CHINA SILK. The front of the skirt is kilt-plaited. The overskirt opens like a coat and is trimmed down the fronts and across the edge with a band of plaid or checked ribbon or silk. The jacket-bodice opens over a full vest and is trimmed with a narrower band. A waistband terminates and ties in front with two long loops-and-ends, finished with a tassel. Plain coat-sleeves; cuffs formed by two bands. Turban hat of straw, faced with blue velvet to match and trimmed with loops of same and two white wings.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE LACE. Two deep flounces cover the foundation-skirt, which is of cream-white surah. A third and wider flouncing forms the drapery, which is rather short both front and back. The bodice is slightly fulled over the lining. Two shades of wide satin or watered silk in pale-green trim the bodice and skirt. Hair dressed high, fastened by an ornamental pin in steel or Rhinestones.

FIG. VI.—WALKING OR VISITING DRESS, OF SILK GRENADINE, STRIPED BLUE-AND-GOLD. The skirt is arranged all around in broad plaits, except at the right side, where it is drawn in a few careless folds to display the underskirt, which has the right side and part of the front covered by four plaited flounces. These plaited flounces are mounted upon a foundation of blue silk. The pointed bodice has full fronts, which are draped from neck to waist in a fan-shaped plissé, crossed by a pointed waistband of blue velvet. Collar and cuffs also of velvet. The plaited vest is of the same blue silk as the underskirt. Hat of straw, trimmed with blue velvet and roses.

FIG. VII.—LACE FICHU. At the back, the lace is cut and arranged to form a wide turnover collar; down the fronts, the lace is gathered full, to fall into a graceful jabot, terminating with a bow of wide satin or gros-grain ribbon. This fichu can be worn over any plain waist, and adds greatly to make up a dressy toilette.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHECKED SURAH, TRIMMED WITH MOIRÉ. The skirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits across the front and sides. The back is plain. The front-drapery forms a long point, turned up on the left side with a wide band of moiré. The back-drapery falls long and straight, slightly puffed over the tournure. The pointed bodice is fulled in front, opening over a full vest of the moiré. The waistband, which is quite new in style, is sewed into the side-seams, and then plaited into a point in front to fit the waist. This is of the moiré, as are also the cuffs and collar. This model would be pretty to make up in a plaid woolen or even a gingham, using plain material in place of the moiré for trimming. Hat of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with velvet ribbon and bunch of flowers.

FIG. IX.—FLORA JACKET. This jacket is suitable for carriage or promenade wear. It is of cloth, and may be made in any of the fashionable colors. The cloth fronts do not meet, the space thus left being filled in by a draped waistcoat of soft silk. This need not be attached to the jacket, but could be separate; and, by sometimes changing the color, great variety might be added to the toilette. The back fits closely to the figure at waist; but a certain amount of fullness is introduced below by the insertion of plaits at the three back seams. A very striking feature of the jacket is the handsome design in braiding on the fronts, collar, and sleeves. The shape of the sleeve is new and convenient. The jacket should be lined throughout with silk.

FIG. X.—COVER FOR UMBRELLA, PARASOLS, ETC. This is made of gray linen, and furnished with casings top and bottom, into which braid is run to draw the cover. Straps of the linen, bound with braid and furnished with buttons and buttonholes, confine the case in two places.

FIG. XI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE, figured with gold-colored crescents. The underskirt is plain. The overskirt is turned up and over at one side and bordered with a wide gold-colored embroidery. The bodice opens over a black velvet vest and is edged with the embroidery, like the skirt. A long-pointed epaulette of velvet, edged with a narrow gold braid to correspond, trims the upper part of each sleeve. The cuffs are plain black velvet. Straw hat, faced with black velvet and trimmed with wheat and jet and gold-colored ribbon.

FIG. XII.—GARDEN-HAT, MADE OF SWISS EMBROIDERY, plaited and shaped over a lace frame. Loops of ribbon, pansies, and lilacs, with foliage, form the trimming. Black velvet ribbon, with any kind of pretty flowers, always trims these garden-hats becomingly.

FIG. XIII.—BACK OF BLOUSE-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL. This dress is made of plain and striped gingham: a solid color, with gay-colored stripe for the yoke and band and cuffs. A ribbon forms the sash and ties at the back.

FIG. XIV.—DIRECTOIRE COAT, IN STRIPED SILK. This style of coat, which is one of the latest Paris novelties, is made of striped silk, lined and faced with silk in a lighter shade of the material, with which harmonizes the scarf of China crêpe or surah. The ends of the scarf are finished with a deep knotted fringe and also embroidered with a bunch of flowers. The dress is of figured mull or figured albatross. Hat trimmed with a broad band of black velvet, a plaited muslin or silk front, and some loops of ribbon.

FIG. XV.—DINNER-BODICE. This bodice can be made of any thin material. It is full, forming a puff below the waist, through which a ribbon sash is run and tied at the side. Lace is used for the epaulettes, collar, jabot, and edge of bodice.

FIG. XVI.—FRONT OF BLOUSE-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL. Flannel or gingham is most in use for these little dresses. The waist of this one is plaited back and front into the yoke, and all the parts of the dress are trimmed with white braid, worsted, or cotton.

FIG. XVII.—HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is of plaid woolen, summer texture, cut on the bias, and kilt-plaited all around. The overdress is of nun's-veiling or albatross to correspond with the plaid. A full round waist, back and front, is belted in at the waist. The tunic and back drapery are full and simply draped. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs of plaid. Collar of the same. This model will serve for a tennis-dress or for a simple wash-dress of gingham.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The season is now so far advanced that the styles for summer present but few novelties, whilst those for the autumn and winter have not yet come to hand. Great simplicity of make still characterizes the dresses of the hour. The best style of skirt has the underskirt perfectly plain, or, at the most, finished with a narrow plaiting of the material. The overskirt, made quite as long as the under one and a great deal fuller, is elaborately draped at the sides, falling in a long point in front and at the back. Heavy gold

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cords, finished with tassels, are used to loop up the skirt-drapings of costumes in light cloth. The corsage is cut very short over the hips, with a rounded point in front, and is prolonged in one or three points at the back. Coat-sleeves continue to be the most in vogue, the variety of puffed or open sleeves wherewith we were threatened at the commencement of the season having entirely disappeared. Some of the walking-dresses are made with a long close-fitting paletot or rather unlooped polonaise, made with one long or two shorter fulled capes and worn over an under-skirt of the same color as the polonaise, but in a lighter shade. It opens up one side to show the underskirt, the opening being bordered with braid or closed at intervals with ornaments in passementerie. This style is pretty in foulards or cashmeres in two shades of brown or of gray. Gray alpaca is extensively used for traveling-dresses. It is trimmed either with ribbons in black faille, or else has a vest in white piqué and is trimmed with bands of English embroidery on white muslin. This style of work, both in white and in écru, is much used for trimming summer dresses in solid shades of gray or brown or Marseilles blue. For more dressy toilettes, there are some lovely new designs in light foulards shown. One with a cream ground has a design of buttercups with long stems and foliage strewed over it, and another on an ivory ground has clusters of carnations in varied hues. A very elegant dress, just completed by Worth, has the skirt in faille of the new bluish-green known as reed-color. Over this are set three flounces of black lace, each headed with a finger-wide black satin ribbon embroidered in the centre with a line of flowers in dull old tapestry-hues. The back of the skirt is covered with a pointed drapery in black peau de soie, edged with lace. Worth is also blending black lace with black tulle spangled with small silver spangles, and with garlands of massed white roses without any foliage, for evening-dresses to be worn in slight mourning. For evening-dresses, the newest material is tulle in the lately introduced apricot and peach shades. It is made up in combination with satin of the same colors. Flowers are extensively used for trimming ball-dresses as well as for adorning hats and bonnets.

Worth is employing embroidery in minute steel or colored crystal beads a great deal on full-dress toilettes. A charming watering-place dress had the underskirt in silver-gray watered silk, edged with a pattern in embroidery in steel beads. Tunic in crape of the same shade. Slightly-pointed corsage in crape, with bands of steel embroidery extending from the shoulders to the bust. Military collar and cuffs, also worked with steel. Girdle of gray watered silk. A dress for the Princess de Sagan in peau de soie was in two of the shades of old Sèvres porcelain in dull blue and pink. The toilette was ornamented with very delicate embroidery in pale-blue beads on the pink silk, and in pink beads on the blue, the skirt-front being in white satin with medallions of black lace, embroidered with steel, set into the material, the whole of the front being veiled in black dotted tulle.

Oriental embroideries and shawl-borderings are a good deal used to trim copper-colored or terra-cotta vigognes and cashmeres. The new shade of terra-cotta, which is paler than that formerly worn, looks extremely well with a sash, collar, and cuffs in black watered silk, and worn with a black hat and parasol and long black gloves.

Wedding-dresses continue to be made in a severely simple style. Plain rich peau de soie or heavy satin are the materials preferred. The dress is usually cut all in one, high in the neck, and with long sleeves, and having a long ample train. No loopings or draperies or trimmings are allowed, except perhaps a single bouquet of orange-blossoms placed at one side of the corsage or of the skirt. The veil may be of lace, but white tulle is preferred. No jewels, except a pair of solitaire earrings, either pearls or diamonds.

Morning-dresses for the summer are made in surah or in crape or in fine cashmere, and are as elegant and elaborate as possible. The Turkish jacket with undervest formed of crossing plaits of surah is a good deal in vogue, and so is the matinee, worn over a kilt-plaited skirt and trimmed with wide ruffles of lace. A pretty dress in this style was in azure cashmere, the matinee fulled at the waist in front and at the back over an undervest of the cashmere, and made with long panier-draperies at the sides, met by a long straight square piece at the back, which fell nearly to the skirt-hem. This piece and the draperies were bordered with a wide and very fine white torchon lace. Sash and sleeve-knots and bow at the throat in very pale-pink watered ribbon. This morning-dress has been reproduced in black cashmere with trimmings of black Spanish lace and black watered ribbon. It is simple, easily made, and very dressy when completed.

In the way of jewelry, the most marked novelty consists in the growing popularity of watches. They are worn all sorts of ways, either set in the knob of a parasol or umbrella, or at the side of its stick, or suspended in the shape of a jeweled ball from a bracelet or a neck-chain, or forming the clasp of a chain bracelet. The delicate hand-painted miniatures on ivory, set in diamonds for brooches, are still the height of the fashion, though they are now shown in very slight execution, set in imitation diamonds or in a gilt setting, at a merely nominal price. Very small ones, rimmed with tiny diamonds and mounted on small diamond arrows, are now used as earrings, a third being set on a larger arrow to serve as a lace-pin and to complete the set. These little miniatures are so exquisite in finish as to give the idea that they have been executed with the aid of a magnifying-glass. The four-leaved clover, in brilliant pale-green enamel or with the leaves cut out of malachite, is a favorite design for a brooch. A curious and novel piece of jewelry is a spray of wild roses in diamonds, the flowers being formed of small yellow diamonds set in gold, and the foliage in white diamonds set in silver.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, is made of dotted foulard, sateen, or percale. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits. The waist and tunic are all cut in one. The waist has a tucked yoke, the fullness from which passes under the sash, and is cut long enough to form the tunic, which is looped high at the sides. Sash of wide ribbon or of the material of the dress. Long coat-sleeves under short ones, slightly fulled at the shoulders. Hat of straw, faced with velvet and trimmed with loops of ribbon and ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS, of striped and plain flannel or gingham. The blouse is striped and the skirt plain. The blouse has a plastron on the front, cuffs, and collar of the plain material. A ribbon or cravat ties under the collar in a loose sailor's-knot. The cap is of the plain flannel or cashmere to match.

FIG. III.—RUSSIAN COSTUME, FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS. It is made of striped red-and-white tennis-flannel. The skirt is gathered on to a petticoat waist. The outside pelisse buttons down the front and is trimmed with bands of embroidered galloon or worsted braid. The sleeve is fulled into a cuff of the galloon. Hat of white felt or straw, trimmed with band and standing windmill-bow of red ribbon.

FIG. IV.—CAP, OF CASHMERE OR FLANNEL, for a boy of three to four years. A band of velvet, with loops forming a standing bow, completes the cap.

FIG. V.—SOFT FELT DERBY HAT, for a boy of ten to twelve years. The edge is bound with silk galloon and a band of corded edged ribbon with bow encircles the crown.

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Painted by T. Lehmchen. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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WATER-LILIES: IN OUTLINE OR EMBROIDERY

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FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

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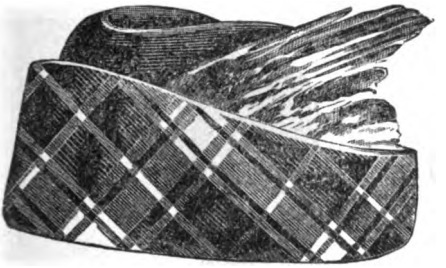

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. TOQUE. BABY'S CAP.

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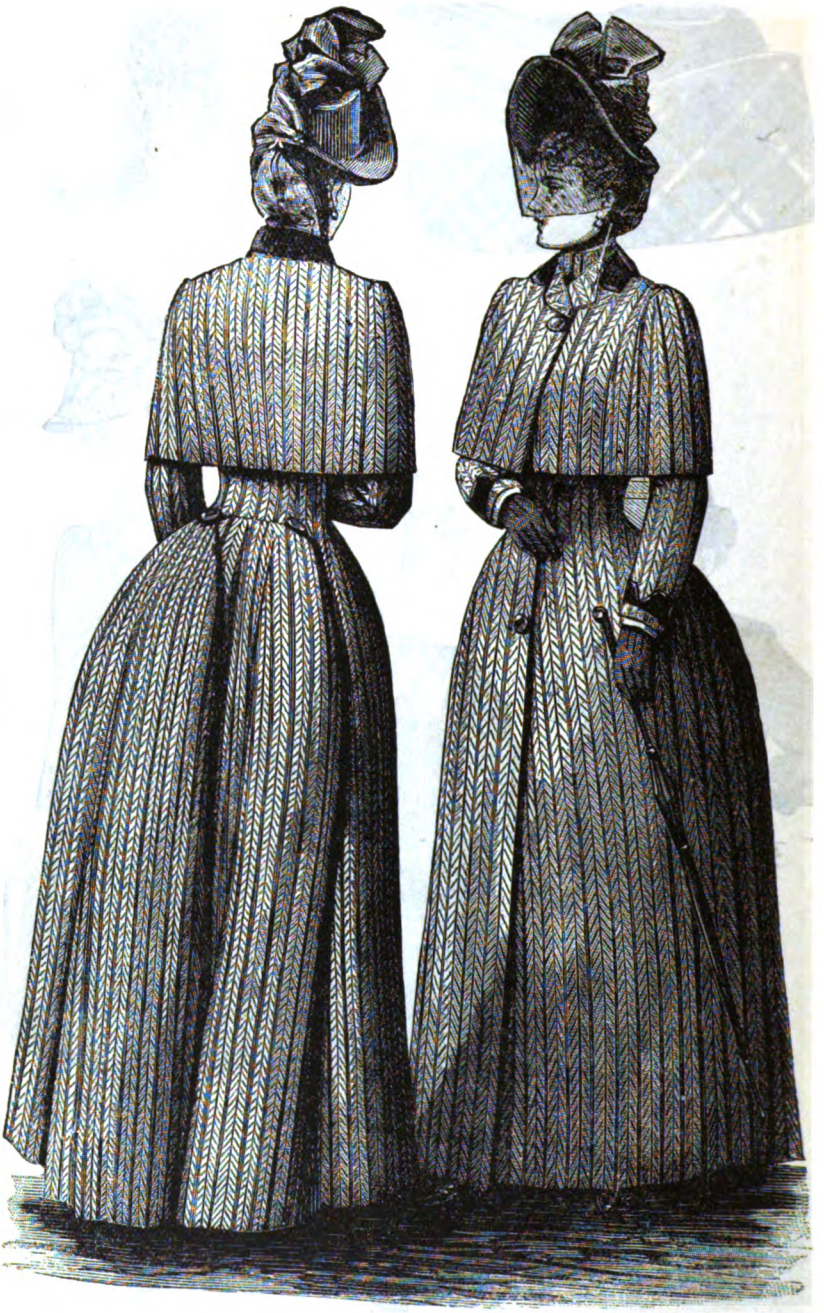

FRONT AND BACK OF FALL COAT.

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TRAVELING OR WALKING DRESSES.

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REDINGOTE WALKING-DRESS. HAT. BODICE.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. SLEEVE.

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EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER.

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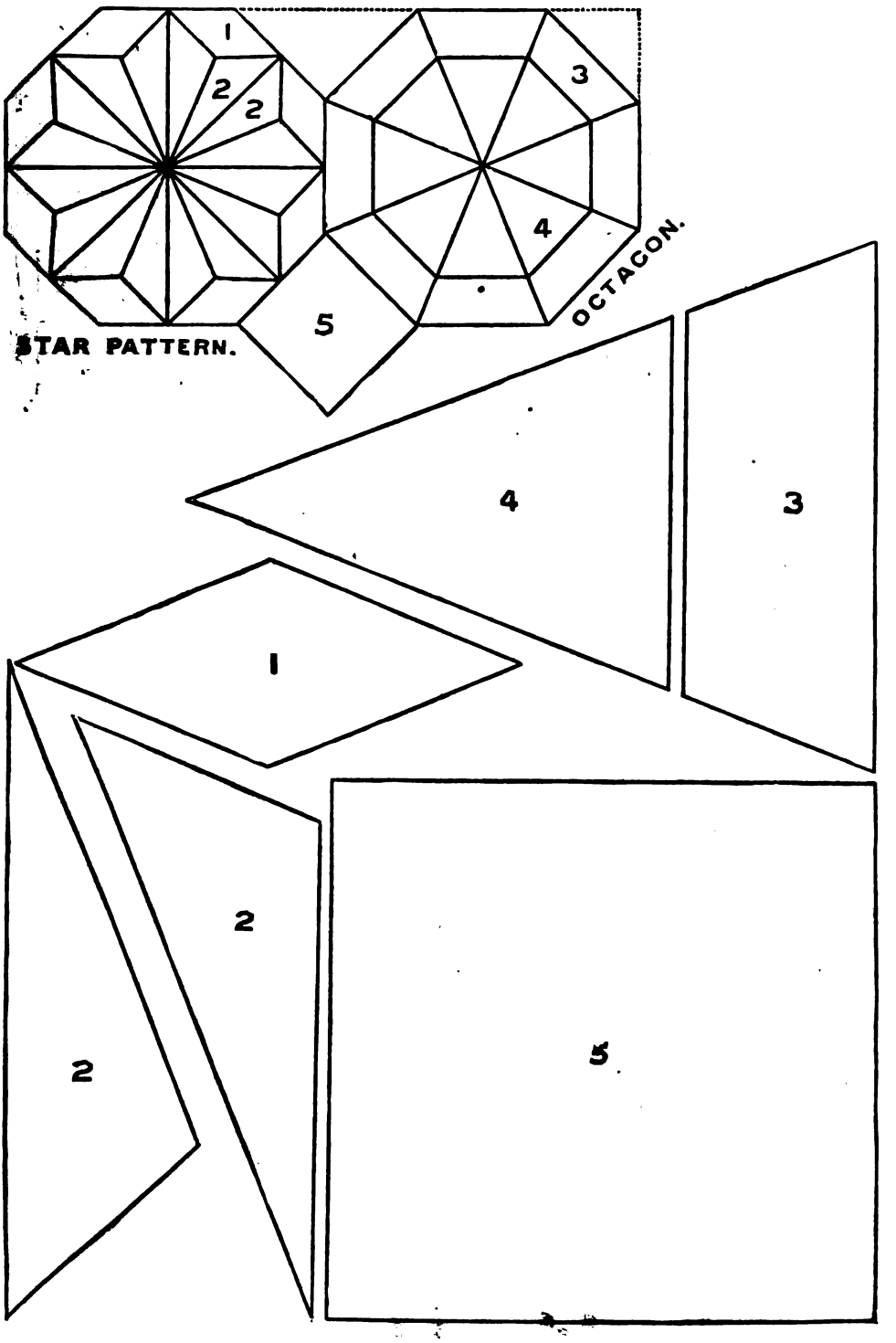

PATCHWORK FOR SOFA-CUSHION.

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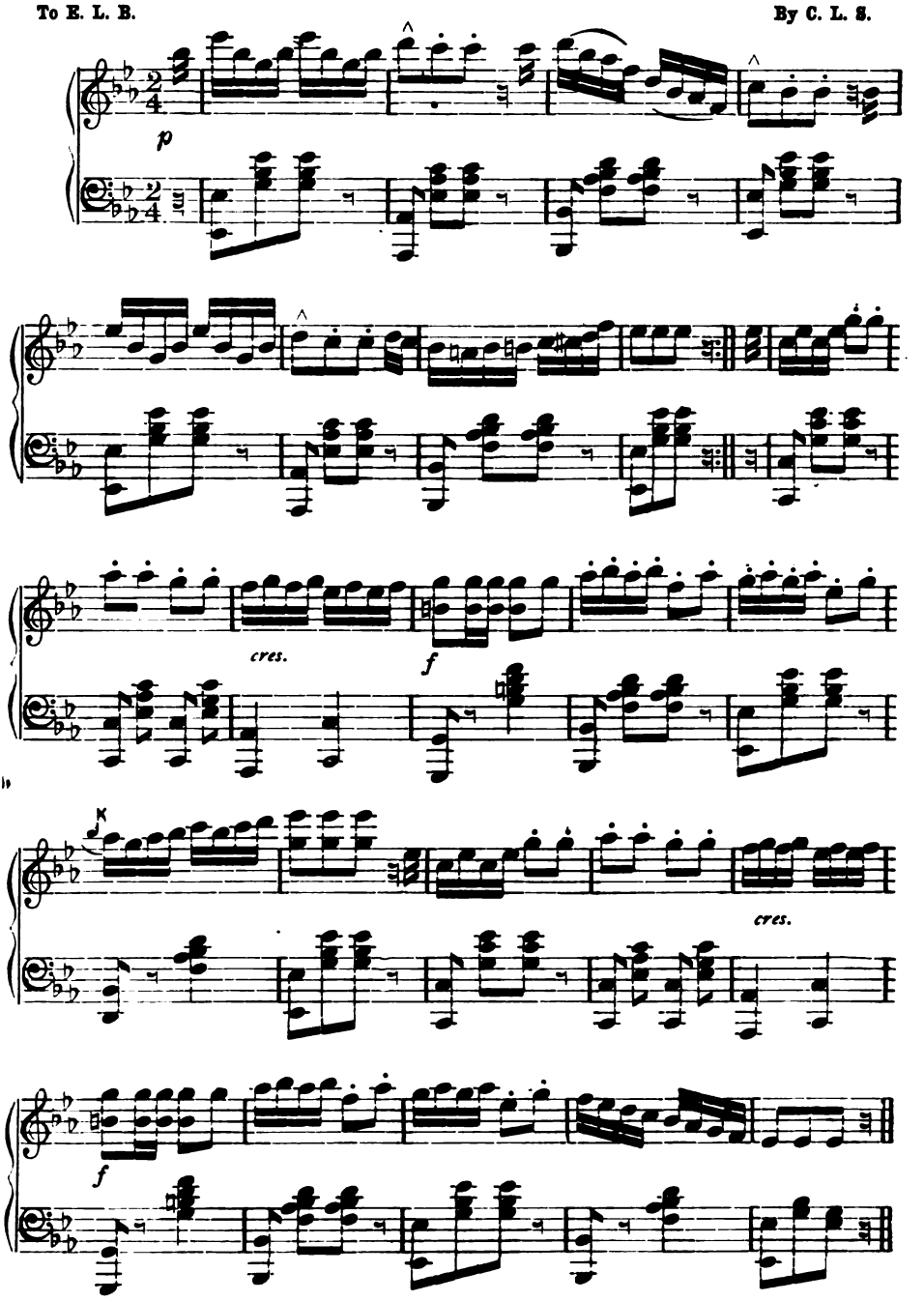
As Published by Sep. Winner & Son. Philadelphia Pa.

To E. L. B.

By C. L. S.



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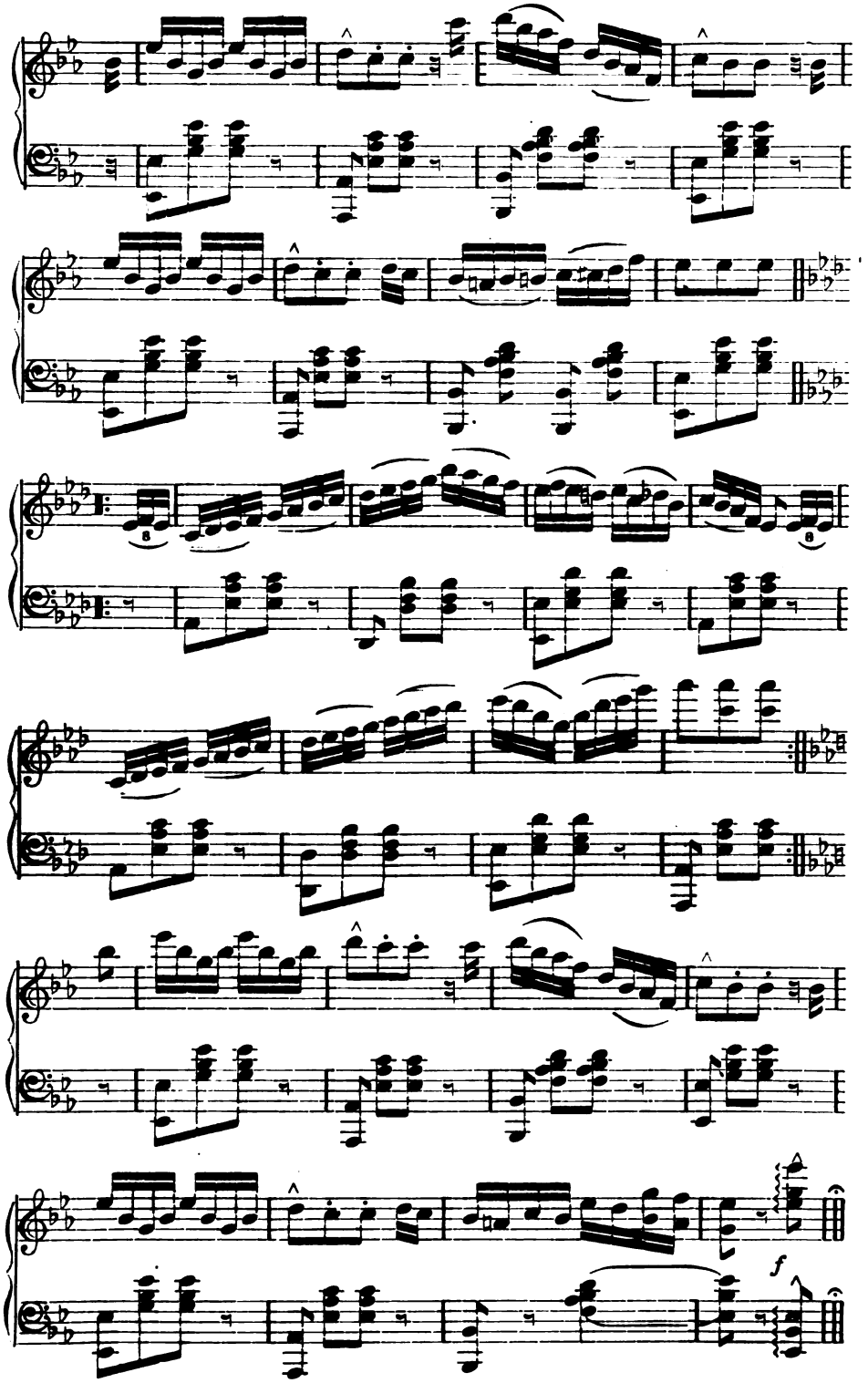

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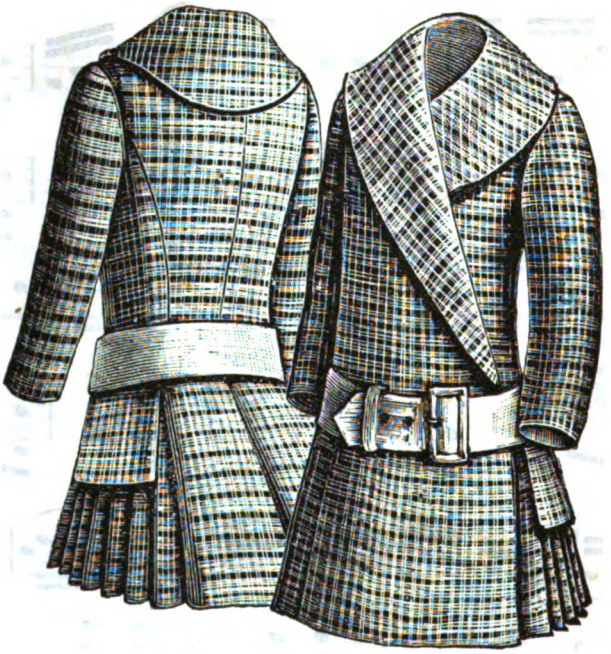

AUTUMN COATS FOR CHILDREN.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1888. No. 3.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.

THE portrait of a man whose writings have for two hundred years possessed an influence on the spiritual opinions of the English race which has only been surpassed by that of the Bible itself.

The face reminds one of Oliver Cromwell, though the features are less massive, and their plainness is redeemed by an expression of mildness and serenity wholly wanting in the rugged countenance of the Puritan warrior and statesman.

John Bunyan died in the August of 1688; in August of this 1888, the two-hundredth anniversary of his death has been commemorated by English-speaking people in every part of the globe, and, in the roll of immortals "whose music makes the gladness of the world," none can be dearer to all, none more intimately connected with every tenderest memory of childhood and early youth.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, a village in Bedfordshire, England, in a humble little house which stood long enough to become a shrine for several generations of pilgrims.

His father was an honest decent man who worked hard at his trade—that of a tinker—to earn bread for his wife and children. Bunyan himself says: "I was of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all families in the land. I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house in a very mean condition among a company of poor countrymen."

But receive instruction he did, and therein was more fortunate than the generality of children among the lower classes, for at that time England possessed no village schools. The county town of Bedford, however, could boast a good grammar school, and, as Elstow was only a mile distant, John was early sent thither, and seems to have been kept pretty steadily at his books for some years.

If one were to accept literally Bunyan's account of himself as a child and youth, one would be almost ready to regard him as a specimen of precocious wickedness; but this is not to be done. The poor boy was afflicted with a morbidly sensitive conscience, which avenged every wrong action by terrible tortures; and, when he looked back on that season in after years, his abhorrence of moral evil was so great that his judgment of his own early follies or sins was harsh beyond all reason.

How the poor child must have suffered, his own words tell: "My sins did so offend the Lord that, even in my childhood, He did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions. I have been in my bed greatly afflicted, while asleep, with apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away

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BIRTHPLACE OF BUNYAN.

with them, of which I could never be rid. I was afflicted with thoughts of the Day of Judgment night and day, trembling at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire."

Protestant sermons in those days were, as they remained almost up to our own era, tolerably hard diet for babes, and they probably had a good deal to do with poor John's unhappy state of mind. A boy like him required rather to be encouraged than hindered in seeking innocent amusements, and his parents appear to have been wise enough to know this. In later life, he believed that they overrated his good qualities and underrated his shortcomings from excess of affection. But the probability is that the pair, especially the mother, possessed sufficient mental acuteness to perceive that they were called on to deal with a very uncommon child, and she doubtless foresaw that, with his delicate organization, he would easier conquer bad inclinations by his own efforts than by harsh rebuke or heavy punishment.

When his school-days ended, his father, instead of binding him out as an apprentice, kept him at home and taught him his own trade, so that he grew up under the influence of his mother's sheltering love.

Ever since the Reformation had brought to English people an English version of the Bible, it had been the book most read—often the only one—in the homes of the humble. As a very deep thinker of our day has said: "Familiarity with the words had not yet trampled the sacred writings into practical barrenness. The Old and New Testament alike represented the world as the scene of a struggle between good and evil spirits, and thus every ordinary instance of daily life was an instance or illustration of God's providence, which statesman and peasant alike interpreted literally.

In this light the commonest events were viewed, and stories and experiences affording personal proofs thereof made part of Bunyan's daily food.

One cannot help believing that his gentle mother must have been able to give him some comfort in his darkest hours of gloom from conviction of sin which he felt as yet no strength to overcome. We know, at least, that she possessed great influence with him, and could often keep him in the humble home, while she read favorite passages from the well-worn Bible and mingled her gentle talk therewith, so enchaining his fancy and working on his feelings that he had no desire to seek the companionship of the village youths whom he had promised to meet at the old ale-house on the green.

The year 1645 came on, and the terrible Civil War was drawing to an end. At this period, Bunyan became a soldier; but, oddly enough, it is not known whether in the army of Cromwell or that of the Royalists. In his autobiographical records, Bunyan gives no clue, and apparently his friends of a subsequent period either did not know or else thought the matter of too little consequence to be worth mentioning. After the Restoration, he never displayed any personal interest in political matters, and, if he alluded to them in his discourses, it was only to recommend submission to the Stuart government.

To him, the rights and opinions of this life were of no importance compared with the issues of

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eternity. Kings and subjects were alike creatures whose sole significance lay in their individual immortal souls. Their relations with one another on earth were nothing in the presence of the awful judgment which awaited all mankind.

His career as a soldier was very brief—within a year, the troop to which he belonged was disbanded, and he returned to his tinker's-work in Elstow.

Before long, an important change came into

BUNYAN AND HIS MOTHER.

his life—he married. Young as he was, his friends advised the step, hoping that marriage would put an end to certain follies, even excesses.

With all his much-lamented wickedness, he was never idle or dissolute, and the young woman whom he married had no cause during her brief life to regret having committed her happiness to his keeping.

He must have been less than nineteen when he married, and these years of wickedness which he bewails could not have been of long duration, for

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in 1657 we find him famous in the midland counties as a preacher.

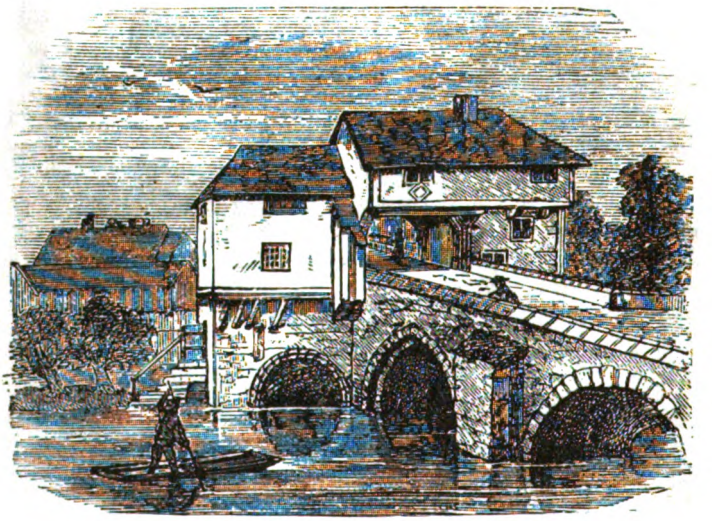
His conversion had taken place some years previous. He had suffered tortures for a good while—sometimes concluding in his frenzy that it was too late for him to repent, that he was past pardon; but relief came at last.

One day, when he was mending a kettle in a street of Bedford, three women came out, and, sitting on the step, began to converse on religious topics. He joined in the conversation, and through them made the acquaintance of a Mr. Gifford, the minister of a Baptist congregation in the town. In the language of the time, "he became convicted of sin," and joined the Baptists, the most thorough-going of all the numerous sects in which that era was prolific.

Many of Bunyan's sermons remain, in the form of theological treatises, and one can easily imagine that in his day their fervid eloquence must have produced a deep effect on his hearers.

He soon became engaged in hot controversies with Church of England people and with various dissenting sects, and made many foes—envy of his rising reputation doubtless being at the bottom of much of the enmity.

Cromwell died, and England decided that it had had enough of Puritans and Republicans, and would give the Stuarts and the Established Church another trial. Religious bitterness reached an extreme which, happily, it is difficult for us of the latter half of the nineteenth century even to comprehend. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, regarded one another as the enemies of God and the State, with whom no compact or peace was possible.



BUNYAN'S JAIL.

The king and his ministers were forced to intervene. The services of the Established Church were alone to be permitted, and, before we condemn the act, we must fully understand the perils they were compelled to face: the horrors of St. Bartholomew if Popery could prevail—worse than Cromwell's edicts if Puritanism were allowed sway.

Baptists and Quakers might have been trusted to discourage violence, but it was impossible to distinguish among sects—one and the same law must serve for the length and breadth of the land. Every non-conformist place of worship must close—every grown man and woman be present on Sunday in the parish church.

So came the news to Elstow. Now, in all that neighborhood, Bunyan was the most prominent dissenter. He was too sensible to court martyrdom: he decided to go away—arranged to meet his people once more and give them a parting address. The magistrate of the district had been ordered extreme vigilance—constables were on the watch—and, though warned of the danger he ran, he felt that to shrink would be cowardice.

He met his flock at the hour appointed and was arrested, Bible in hand. It is to be said for the magistrate and all concerned that the utmost leniency was shown—a form of promise as mild as possible was chosen for Bunyan to sign. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike useless. Bunyan's conscience would permit no compro-

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mise—he would give no promise—he would speak "in season and out of season."

Very unwillingly the magistrate committed him to Bedford gaol to await the coming of the sessions. It was a terrible ordeal for Bunyan. Less than two years previous, his wife had died, leaving him the father of four children. He had lately married, and his present wife, overwhelmed with despair at her husband's arrest, prematurely gave birth to a child. Both mother and babe were at death's door when the assizes came on. There seems to have been an effort to avoid giving him a formal trial, but he was so steadfast and obstinate that the court was forced to sentence him.

In the prison of Bedford, down by the river, to which he was first condemned for three months, Bunyan remained twelve years.

When his new trial came up, he held fast to his determination, though great consideration had been shown—the clerk of the peace had been sent to persuade him into some sort of compromise—if he would promise not to preach publicly—it was all that was asked—but he would accord nothing.

He went back to prison; his wife and children joined him, and there they lived for six years. At the end of that time, he was set free; but, as he immediately resumed his preaching, he was again imprisoned. During this period, besides other works, he wrote the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress."

When he came out, people who had almost forgotten his existence gathered to hear his eloquent sermons, and he became at once the most prominent non-conformist martyr in England. Such crowds flocked to hear him, that often he had to be lifted over countless heads to reach his pulpit.

There is little to tell of his concluding years—no friend preserved his letters—no diaries of his own survive. He lived on in Bedford, visiting London annually to preach for a season. The Pilgrim's Progress was published and spread his fame over England, the Continent, and across the ocean to the American settlements in the wilderness of the New World.

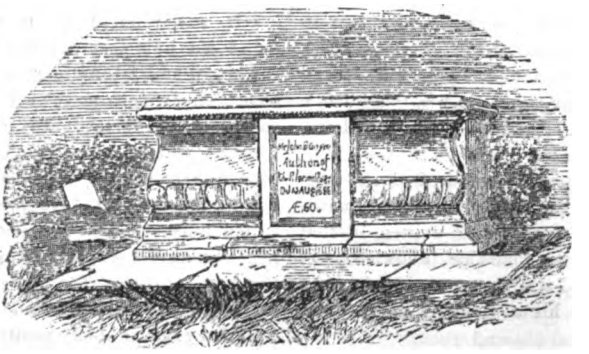
He was happy in his family. His children, with the exception of a blind daughter whom he loved fondly and who died in his prison, lived to be good men and women. His wife, who had shown great bravery and fought his cause, off and on, during the years of imprisonment, lived faithful at his side.

His health is said to have suffered from his long confinement, but we read of no serious illness until a fever which he caught in 1687, and from which he never recovered. He died the next year, aged 60.

His end was characteristic—brought about by exposure while engaged in an act of mercy—the attempt to reconcile a dying father to his rebellious son. He succeeded, but it cost his own life.

He made the journey on horseback, and, going home by way of London, was caught in a heavy storm, through which he was obliged to ride several miles before finding shelter. He was able to reach the house of a friend in the metropolis, but took at once to his bed, from which he never rose. He died after an illness of ten days, and was laid to rest in the Dissenters' burying-ground at Bunhill Fields. His last words were: "Take me, for I come to Thee."

So ended the life of a man who, if we measure his greatness by the influence which he has exercised over succeeding generations, must be counted among the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced. Whatever creeds may rise or fall, however much fashions may change, while the English language exists, Pilgrim's Progress "must remain one of the chief gems of its literature, and its author's name a household word ever to be tenderly cherished and revered."



BUNYAN'S TOMB.

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THE CAREER OF THE DE CENDRONS.

BY KATHARINE M'ILVAINE.

R. PETER BALDWIN was not ordinarily a profane young man. In fact, his many virtues almost overbalanced the slenderness of his fortune, and ladies with marriageable daughters were rather given to speaking of him as "a fine fellow—no money, you know, but decidedly a rising man."

His law-partner, therefore, Mr. Richard Stevenson, a man as young and good-looking as himself, but with more funds and less brains, might well have been surprised on a certain lovely April day, when on entering the private office he found Mr. Peter Baldwin swearing like a marching regiment and invoking all the Protestant saints and sinners on the island of Manhattan!

"I say, Peter," exclaimed the amazed Mr. Stevenson, "what's up now?"

But Mr. Baldwin, in answer, only began calling with much violence upon the Powers of Darkness.

"You've been going into Wall Street, and got shorn, have you?" queried Mr. Stevenson. "Well, I did think you had more sense—thought you'd had your eye-teeth cut before now!"

But his partner only shook his head, and, flinging himself into an armchair, groaned aloud.

"Is there anything I can do, old boy?" inquired Stevenson, with solicitude.

Baldwin dropped his head on the table before him, and, as he did so, felt blindly about on the floor at his feet with his long arm. Without raising his head, he picked up a note, which he handed to Stevenson, with another and deeper groan. It was a little note, dainty and perfumed, and Stevenson observed a big coat-of-arms on the broken wax of the envelope which lay on the table. He took the note and looked at the end first. The signature was "Stéphanie de Cendron, Fifth Avenue Hotel, April 3d, 188—."

It was now his turn to swear, had not surprise deprived him even of speech. His knowledge of French—the note was written in that language—being less than his knowledge of national law, he did not attempt to read it; he only looked toward his unfortunate partner and said gravely:

"This is worse than I thought. It is a woman, and women are infinitely worse than Wall Street. Tell me," he went on, "what it's all about."

"Why, you see," said Peter, pulling himself together with an effort, "or you might have seen if you had taken the trouble to read that note—"

"My French is so wretched," apologized his friend.

"A French lady of ancient birth—"

"How ancient? Fifty summers?" inquired Stevenson.

"Hardly that; about fortyfive, I should say. I meant ancient lineage—and small fortune—"

"The two always go together," interrupted Stevenson, mournfully.

"I met her in Rome, six years ago. You remember, I spent a year abroad after I graduated. Well, I took in all the society I could get in Rome, where I spent the winter, and a thundering good time I had of it too," with a somewhat regretful air.

"But the countess, my dear fellow, the countess—for I suppose 'ancient lineage' means a countess at the very least."

"Yes, she was a countess—"

"I knew it," murmured Stevenson.

"I met her at the Borghese Palace. She was staying with the Princess, her most intimate friend, in fact, and a beautiful and accomplished woman. She was awfully good to me, introduced me everywhere—to no end of swell places—and finally, when she left Rome, asked me to her chateau for a visit, and I went."

"Of course you did, and I can see you're in for a nice mess now," growled Richard, sotto voce.

"It was when I got to the chateau that I found out how poor she was. Everything was run down and falling to pieces, though it must have been a superb place once. She lived in one corner of the great old ruin with two maid-servants and an abbé as old as the hills, who used to play some antique game at cards with her in the evening. He was very infirm and an old nuisance; but Madame de Cendron, who is good-nature itself, was devoted to him, though she hated cards. The old gentleman told me that cards had been the end of the late count, who had gambled away pretty much everything

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but the chateau, and had finally, and one might say fortunately, been killed in a duel over them."

"How extremely fitting an end for a Frenchman and a count," remarked Stevenson; "positively too good to be true. The whole business is too like a novel for pleasure. Go on, my dear fellow, do go on about the countess."

"The countess," said Peter, with a faint enthusiasm, "is the most fascinating woman I ever knew in my life. She is beautiful as an angel, or must have been once—"

"Poor devil, he is in pretty deep," mourned the sympathizing Richard.

"And one of the most agreeable women—"

"See here, you can cut all that, you know, and get on to the main facts. Make a clean breast of it, and I'll see you through if it can be done."

"The long and short of it is, then, that I staid a month, and learned more and better French than I could have done in three years' study."

"Oh, I dare say. Well?"

"That's all. I came away, and now she's here on my hands," said Peter, disconsolately, looking at the note, which Richard had dropped on the floor again.

"H-m! It's a disagreeable business, Baldwin, and no mistake. I suppose she can be bought off, though. They generally can."

"Bought off? What the deuce are you talking about, Dick?" cried Peter, jumping to his feet and staring at his friend.

"Unless I am mistaken," said Richard, slowly, "the case stands about like this: Six years ago, you were fool enough to fall madly in love with the 'fascinating' countess and promised to marry her. She has followed you to your native shores and proposes to make you keep your bargain. I don't see but that the matter might be compromised, and a breach-of-promise suit saved, if you will pay enough. You can't be forced into marriage if you don't wish to, but it would make an ugly scandal in the courts."

"You are enough to drive a man out of his senses," exclaimed Peter, fretfully. "I never wanted to marry the woman, and she wouldn't have me, if I did; she's old enough to be my mother. I thought I told you that."

"What's the row, then?" inquired Mr. Stevenson, with some natural exasperation.

"I thought you read the note?"

"I did glance over it," said his friend, guiltily, but, with my wretched French—"

"Oh, I see. The matter is just here: I, like a confounded idiot, was always gabbling about 'our glorious country' and that sort of thing. Made a regular Fourth of July of myself; said it was the only place for a young man—only nation which held out a future, and so on. All foreigners welcome to come over and become Americans. Bah! the stuff I talked! She believed it all. I did myself, then, and now here she is, landed, stopping at the Fifth Avenue, with hardly any money, and coolly requests me to fulfill my promise and find a career for her two children. It is maddening! Two ignorant French boys, fresh from school, I suppose—have never been out-of-doors alone, probably. But I have brought it on myself."

"This is not so bad as I thought," said Richard, cheerfully. "I supposed, of course, it was matrimony."

"Matrimony would be the lesser evil," retorted Peter, with increasing gloom. "Everything is overcrowded."

"When does the lady wish to see you?"

"Now, this instant," cried Peter, crushing on his hat and tearing out of the office. "I'll have it out now and over with," he said to himself, as he got into an up-town stage. "Heaven knows what I am going to do with her, and heaven forgive me for having so misled her."

When he got out at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he noticed a quiet landau standing before the ladies' entrance, and recognized, with a thrill of pleasure, the Van Anden livery, for he recalled the fact that Mrs. Van Anden had also spent that memorable winter in Rome. He had perhaps an ally, if not a companion in misery. She was coming down the steps as he went up, and she stopped and held out her hand. Then they both laughed.

"Have you seen her?" he asked.

"Yes, and we are in for it! She is the most utterly charming and impracticable creature. But we have brought it on ourselves, Mr. Baldwin. We waved the American flag too freely."

"I own I bragged dreadfully," said Peter, as he shut the carriage-door.

"Come and talk the situation over with me," said pretty Mrs. Van Anden, as she drove away; and Peter turned, and, with a somewhat lighter heart, entered the hotel. After a short delay, he was shown upstairs into a private parlor. The room was filled with fresh flowers, and the spring sunshine streamed in through the windows, lighting up the figure of a slender little lady, whose black velvet dress formed a setting for features exquisitely delicate and regular, and a complexion of a clear pale yellow, which made one think of a fine ivory carving. She came sweeping quickly forward to meet him, holding joyously out two little soft and jeweled hands.

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"Meestare Pittarri Balveen, I haf mooch pleasure to you see," she exclaimed. "It is vair kine to you for to come. You haf my note got? I remembair not the beesiness of you, but I fine you in de book!"

"I am delighted to see you again, Madame de Cendron," said Peter. And for the moment he was glad, she was so charming and so pretty and had so much the air of a painted marquise in a miniature, with her white hair and dark sparkling eyes.

"Ah!" she said, speaking rapidly and volubly in French, "I told you I should never come; but you see I am here. A mother makes many sacrifices for her children, and the opening here for the young is wider and grander than in our old worn-out countries beyond the sea. Victor! Let me present my son Victor, monsieur."

A tall and handsome young Frenchman of five and twenty, with an indolent high-bred air, now came forward with an elaborate greeting, and then relapsed into a silence as profound as it was self-contained.

"I must learn to speak the language," went on madame, eagerly. "We are in America; let us do all as the Americans do. We are Americans," she added, with a fine enthusiasm; "we have left behind us the old theories, the worn-out ideas, the histories, the remembrances, the prejudices of generations. We are a new people on a new soil. We have begun the new life!" Her eyes shone with excitement, a delicate pink like the inner petals of a white rose flushed her pale cheek, and her small white hands fluttered back and forth with the eagerness of her emotions.

"How beautiful she is," thought Peter, looking at her admiringly.

"Now, monsieur," she said, calming down somewhat, "you must know my little Cécile, and after that we will talk of business." And Peter found himself bowing to a tall and slender girl, with even more than her mother's beauty, and with a shy and tender grace in her dark eyes, such as he had never seen before in any woman's face. But Madame la Comtesse was too eager to get on with "business" for Peter Baldwin to devote much time to the contemplation of the spirituelle charms of her daughter, or to his own surprise at the two school-boys he had expected to see having transformed themselves into the astonishingly different Victor and Cécile; so he was reluctantly compelled, instead, to return to that unpalatable subject.

"In what sort of business do you wish to engage, Monsieur le Comte?" said he, pleasantly.

"I do not care in the least," responded that young gentleman, indolently. "If one is obliged to work, it makes no difference what sort of work one does."

"Ah! Victor," cried his mother, "how can you say so, when you know how great a career lies before you in this grand and magnificent country? It is only, my friend, that he is willing to adopt any career which opens itself before him. He has not formulated his ideas upon any one pursuit. It was better not; they might have to be disturbed by events."

Victor, with a superb sweep of his hand, signified that he agreed with his mother implicitly, and that anything which could disturb any ideas which he might have was most sedulously to be avoided.

"Victor has not been altogether idle; already, he has been seeking his career. This very morning!" cried madame, triumphantly.

"Indeed," exclaimed Peter. "You have, then, introductions to people here?"

How stupid of him to forget that!

"No, no!" said madame, airily; "I did not think that necessary when we know Mr. Baldwin." Peter groaned inwardly. "I have not yet heard with what success," she added.

Victor acknowledged that he had met with no success.

"Now that you have come, it will be very different," asserted madame, with confidence; and, though Peter could have gnashed his teeth in despair, he only asked Victor where he had been.

Victor then composedly referred to several prominent bankers and merchants, whose names he had found in the directory; but unfortunately they were quite full, had all the partners they wanted, and at this poor Peter could have wrung his hands and wept aloud.

"Such men as those you mention," he said, and to save his life he could not keep his tone from being a trifle hard and dry, "only wish for partners of assured position and experience."

"But, monsieur," cried Madame de Cendron, "Victor has had experience—much experience! He has been a merchant!"

"Indeed," said Peter, surprised. "That may be of great service to him."

"I was an importer of wines from France to Rome. The firm was Landré & De Cendron," vouchsafed Victor.

"But yes!" cried madame, exultantly, "he has, you see, the experience; but the money—the money for which we sold the chateau, the last possession of my children's ancestors, was lost. My son was not fitted to cope with scoun-

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drels and villians like that Landré! But still he has the experience!"

Even this view of the case was maddening to Peter, who looked upon Victor and his experience in anything but a favorable light. He did not think they boded well for the peace of mind of Peter Baldwin, who seemed to be reaping the whirlwind after having sowed only a very light breeze.

Madame now changed the conversation to art and books and their mutual friends in Rome and the many changes of six winters, and there was an occasional word from the elegant Victor, or a smile and blush from Cécile, and altogether the rest of the visit, which had lasted over an hour before Peter knew it, was highly agreeable. As he rose to go, madame said, putting her little jeweled hand on Cécile's arm: "I have spoken so much of the career of Victor that I have forgotten my little one! We must find her a grand parti. She will have no dôt, but I understand that is unnecessary in America."

"How coarse the most refined Frenchwomen are, according to our ideas," Peter said to himself, as he went downstairs. Madame's last remark had somehow spoiled the visit for him.

A few days later, he dined at the Van Andens'. Madame de Cendron was there with her son and daughter. It was a large dinner, and Mrs. Van Anden informed Peter that he was to take in Cécile. "She knows you, and I want her to enjoy herself; she is very shy and fresh from her convent," said the lady, "and she is pretty enough for any man, even if she doesn't open her lips."

"Pretty?" exclaimed Peter. "She is divine!"

Mrs. Van Anden laughed.

"Take care," she said. "Cécile has a career too, and her career is to be sold to the highest bidder."

"It is infamous," cried Peter, hotly.

"I agree with you thoroughly," said Mrs. Van Anden, laughing still more; "but we can't help that, and you must take care of your heart."

"It is not a question of my heart," asseverated Peter, stoutly, "but of common-sense and delicacy."

"You are right," said Mrs. Van Anden, gravely this time, "but we cannot help that either." And Peter took Cécile in to dinner.

So a month passed away Society took up the De Cendrons; it raved over the beauty of the mother and daughter; it reveled in their exquisite French; it delighted in the high-bred indolence and hauteur of Victor. They became the fashion and were invited everywhere.

They were still staying at the Fifth Avenue. Madame said they were comfortable there, and that it would be a trouble to move to any of the boarding-houses delicately suggested by Mrs. Van Anden; and when she at last, driven to desperation by her own conscience and spurred on by Peter Baldwin, ventured to allude to the expense, she was met by an airy nonchalance before which she was dumb.

"It was of no consequence—the expense—not the least. Victor would soon embark upon a fitting career, and then, of course, money would flow like water!"

And thus another month fled by, and New York was flitting out of town to country houses and watering-places, and everyone hoped to see madame again next winter, and "where was she going for the summer?" And still Victor had not found a partnership suited to his needs, which were about twentyfive thousand dollars a year.

Peter Baldwin was growing thin under the strain. He felt profoundly sorry for Madame de Cendron. He felt that a great disappointment lay in store for her when she came to realize that the world will only pay for honest work and for needed work, and he felt far from certain that Victor either could or would do anything. He had tried with unceasing energy and patience to find employment for him, but positions were none too numerous, and business-men preferred taking young and active Americans with good steady habits, into their offices, to young and lazy Frenchmen who smoked fifty-cent cigars. He at last did get him a position as foreign clerk in an importing-house, where his knowledge of languages should have been of service to him; but after a few days Victor gave out, said the odors were unpleasant to him, and that was not the sort of thing he wanted. Then Mr. Van Anden got him into a broker's office; but one hundred dollars a month would hardly keep Victor in cigars, and he said he wanted a larger opening, and they said they wanted a better accountant, so the firm and he parted, and June melted into July.

Mrs. Van Anden had gone to Lenox. She had suggested that Madame de Cendron should find a boarding-house and go there too. "It would be pleasanter than the city." But madame stuck to the Fifth Avenue. "There could be no career in Lenox for Victor," she said, scornfully.

It was a sultry morning, and Peter Baldwin walked slowly down-town. By an impulse which he acknowledged to himself was becoming of very constant recurrence, he swerved off at Madison Square and crossed over to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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"No, Madame de Cendron was not at home," the hall-boy—a middle-aged man, by the way—said; "but mademoiselle? He would see." And in ten minutes Peter found himself alone, for the first time, with Cécile de Cendron. She stood blushing to receive him, and more beautiful than ever, he thought, in her light summer morning-dress.

"I hardly know," Cécile said, "whether I ought to let you come up, Mr. Baldwin. I hope maman will not object."

"It is thoroughly American," said Peter, with a smile, "and I am sure she will approve. She tries to like everything we do, you know."

"She does not always succeed," said the girl, with a little sigh. "She may be in any moment now," she added, quickly, "and, Mr. Baldwin, there is something that I want very much to speak to you about. I know I ought not—I mean I am afraid maman would not like it; but I do not know what else to do, I am so perplexed—and you are the oldest friend we have, and I know she has every confidence in you and your ideas. Do I trouble you very much?"

"Mademoiselle," said Peter, taking her hand, which was quite cold and trembling, "you must know that anything in my power to do is only too great a pleasure to me. You must not speak of trouble. I am now and always at your command."

Cécile looked gratefully at him, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How kind you are," she murmured.

"Kind?" he echoed. "I am only too thankful for a chance to do anything for you." He had forgotten Victor. "It is you who are kind to give it me. Oh, Cécile, if you only knew—" He stopped suddenly. Where was he going to? "I would give my life to serve you," he added, a trifle incoherently.

Cécile looked a little frightened.

"I do not think that is at all necessary," she said, nervously, "but you are so good—if you would advise me. You see, it is about money," she went on, quickly. "I never knew anything about spending it, at the convent; but, since we have come here, maman has let me keep the accounts, because I am quicker at figures than she, and poor Victor was so worried over his career. And it costs a great deal to live in this country, and I think we should go to some cheaper place than this hotel. And, Mr. Baldwin, don't you think you could persuade maman to go, and at once?" Her hands were clasped tightly together over the arm of the low sofa.

"Perhaps," said Peter, thinking of how often he had tried and failed already. "I will try."

"Yes, we must go soon," repeated the girl. "It is getting very bad indeed. If only Victor would have kept his position, it would have been something. For that is it: we have spent very nearly all the money, and there is only a very little besides which comes every year—only a few hundred dollars, in your money. When I tell maman this, she only laughs, and says that, when Victor begins his career, there will be plenty again, and, until then, we can borrow. Oh, monsieur, it seems dreadful to do that; and, besides," she hesitated and looked away, "besides, I cannot help thinking that Victor will never make a name and fortune for himself here. I read your books, and I understand what people say, which maman and Victor do not very well—maman not at all, you know. And it seems to me that people only succeed who work. Now, Victor does not like to do this. He wants to live as he has always done—as a gentleman should, he says. And, though I think a gentleman should rather starve than borrow or beg, Victor does not, and he gets angry if I say so; and he says work is a dishonor to a man of rank. Do you not think, Mr. Baldwin, that you could talk to Victor and make him think differently?"

"I will try," said Peter, again. "But I do not believe I have much influence with your brother. Our ideas are quite different on most subjects, and our surroundings and influences are different too."

"It is you who are different," she said, earnestly. "You Americans are like the English—you work and you are always straightforward and honest. I think we French people are not—very. We had an English sister at St. Thérése, and she was not like the rest in the least. She told the truth always. No one else did. They all lied—the pupils and the teachers and the nuns themselves—and they were always trying to supplant each other with 'la mère.' Sœur Elizabeth always looked so scornful over it, as if she despised it. She taught English, you know; and I used to talk to her a great deal. She was very, very kind when I was homesick."

"Believe me, mademoiselle," said Peter, taking up his hat to go, "I will aid you in every way I can, and I feel most grateful for the confidence you have bestowed on me. I will try to deserve the honor you have done me."

He turned and left her. But he had hardly reached the door when he heard her soft voice again:

"Monsieur! Mr. Baldwin!"

He came back.

"You will not think me disloyal to my own—

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to France—in saying that what I did? For I do love my own beautiful country, and I do love—oh, so dearly—every inch of ground and every stone in our dear old chateau. Why, monsieur, I was born there, and it is my home always so long as I live, though I shall never see it again." Her voice broke dangerously, and she ran out of the room.

Peter waited some time, but she did not return; and then he walked down-town in such deep meditation that he cut four of his very best friends dead.

He went straight to Mr. Van Anden's office.

"Good-morning, Baldwin. How are you?" inquired that gentleman, genially. "Anything I can do for you or those awful French people who have got you and my wife in their toils? When she has that worried expression which you are wearing with such grace at present, I know it means De Cendron."

"It means De Cendron this time, sure enough," said Peter, laughing. "I think I have hit upon a career promising enough even for the fastidious Victor: I want to send him to the boundless West, where the most immense fortunes are continually being made, regardless of age or previous condition. We are worn-out and effete, here in the East—everything is reduced to a steady grind; but, on the vast prairie, it is doubtless different."

Mr. Van Anden laughed.

"You want to get him out of the way, do you?"

"I do indeed," returned Peter, calmly. "He is, here, nothing but a nuisance to everybody, his mother and sister included, and a most idle and expensive nuisance beside. If we can get him out there, he won't have money enough to come back, and he will have to work or starve; it may be that he will even learn something."

"Don't be too sanguine," said Mr. Van Anden. "The Bourbons never learn and never forget. The De Cendrons come of the 'ancien régime.'"

One week later, Victor started on his mad career—in a railway-office in Dakota, salary fifty dollars per month—amidst the rejoicings, the hopes, and the tears of his mother and sister.

There was now nothing to keep them in town, so they departed for the Berkshires.

And summer and autumn passed away, and Peter Baldwin had spent all his vacation and more of his working-time than he should have done in the same locality. He saw Cécile de Cendron constantly, and he could not know her well without learning to love her very dearly; but she and her mother had come back to town and taken cheap rooms in a private house before he spoke. When he did, it was to Madame de Cendron for formal permission to address her daughter. That Cécile cared for him, he knew; and he knew, too, that she knew he loved her, although he had not directly asked her to be his wife. To his surprise and dismay, madame promptly and decidedly declined the honor of an alliance for her daughter with Mr. Baldwin.

"He must be aware," she said, "for she had certainly mentioned it, that she had ambitions for Cécile as well as for Victor. Cécile had no dôt, but she had much beauty, and her family was one of the oldest in France. She had every reason to expect a brilliant marriage for her, and, though no one could or did admire Mr. Baldwin more than she herself, still he admitted that he had no fortune and no expectations, and the law was a slow profession."

Peter argued "that, if the law was slow, it was sure, and that he could provide for his wife in a modest way, also that he could not but think that mademoiselle was not altogether indifferent to him." But, at this, madame went off into a fine fit of indignation, in which she had never looked more beautiful:

"Love! A young girl! What could she know of such things? Young French ladies of birth did not know the meaning of the word!" And madame broke up the interview in a flood of tears over the insult.

Poor Peter was very unhappy. He went everywhere in the hope of meeting Cécile, but Cécile and her mother were no longer the rage as they had been last year, and she was not to be met everywhere. If he did see her, madame was a combination of the lynx and the dragon, and he never had a chance to say a word apart. If he called, he saw madame—more charming, more friendly, and more beautiful than ever. Cécile never appeared; there was always some excuse.

His one consolation was in walking dejectedly up and down the street at night, watching the light gleaming like a star from her window, ignorant of the fact that Cécile's little room looked out over the back yard, and that his sentimental gaze was fixed upon the glimmer from the kerosene lamp of a gray-haired music-teacher, a lady whose years had long since ceased even to be uncertain.

This state of affairs continued until late in the winter, when one day Peter was electrified by receiving a note from Madame de Cendron, requesting to see him.

With his heart beating wildly and his brain

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filled with the most extravagant hopes, he fairly flew to madame's "appartement."

She welcomed him with her usual cordiality, and said she had news to tell, which "filled her at once with delight and with anxiety. It was about Victor." Peter's hopes fell. "Victor had returned and was now married to a lady of wealth and position in Westchester County!"

Peter expressed his felicitations, which madame accepted in behalf of the bridegroom. She was full of the wedding, from which she and Cécile had only that morning returned; and Peter eagerly inquired after the health of mademoiselle.

"The courtship of her son," madame said, "had been most romantic and American. Victor had met the lady, who was a widow of over forty, the previous year, in New York. She was so handsome that he had been unable to efface her image from his memory, even in that frightful country of Dakota. He had written to her of this fact, assuring her that his poverty and the rigors of the climate were such that he could never—although he loved her to distraction and should probably never see her more—ask her to share his lot."

To this the widow had replied "that she would brave any discomforts and fly to her beloved Victor." This Victor had refused to permit. "He would sacrifice every interest. He would come to her." This had been done, and they were married.

"Eet ees vair beeyuteeful," said madame, in her most broken English—she always spoke English when she wished to be impressive—"to see zem. Victor adore Carrée; an' Carrée, she adore Victor. She haf also a son, of the age exact of Victor. Sosh a companion for heem. Eet ees," declared madame, "von beeyuteeful poetry."

Peter expressed his pleasure at this astonishing match, and then ventured to inquire if mademoiselle were at home.

"No," said madame, returning at once to the practical side of life and her native language. "No, Cécile is out; but I should like to engage the attention of monsieur upon an affair of business."

Peter bowed his assent.

"It is in connection with the marriage of my son," said madame, with seriousness. "The marriage is in every way desirable except one: there are no settlements—no settlements, monsieur, whatever. Victor has abandoned—totally abandoned—his career, and without settlements! What does monsieur think I should do about it?"

Monsieur was obliged to confess that he did not think she could do anything about it.

"I objected to the match," continued madame, "on account of the disparity of years. The disadvantage being on the side of the lady appeared to me unnatural, but I understand that it is quite customary in America."

"Great heavens!" thought Peter, "where did she get that notion?"

"Now that we are Americans, we follow their customs," she added, with an airy grace which left nothing to be desired. "But to return to business: is there not some international law governing such cases?"

"Really, Madame de Cendron," said Peter, "I do not know of any."

"Will you not, monsieur, if the trouble is not too great, write to Washington and ascertain? Possibly in the archives of the Department of State—"

"Certainly," Peter said, "he would write." And then he tried to prolong his stay until Cécile returned; but madame, aware of the immense value of time of gentlemen in New York, could not be prevailed upon to detain him.

Several days later, he returned with the information that no international laws covering Victor's case were discoverable in the archives of the State Department.

Madame de Cendron looked deeply disappointed for a few moments, then she brightened up again.

She had fresh news to announce to monsieur. The happiness of her children was dear to the heart of a mother, and she must announce to monsieur the betrothal of her daughter to Mr. Anderson R. Jones—she pronounced it "Jonez"—a gentleman of the largest possible fortune and the utmost generosity of mind. No: she would not receive the congratulations of monsieur—he had not offered any—she would call Cécile, and he should make them to her.

Madame was in high feather, and she did call Cécile, who came in very pale and trembling. She did not look up when Peter took her hand.

"I am sure you know, Mademoiselle de Cendron," he said, in a low tone, "how very deeply I wish for your happiness, how dear to me it is—much dearer than my own. I hope the gentleman is in every way worthy of one so pure and good."

Cécile raised her eyes and gave a startled glance at her mother, then looked down again, trembling violently.

"I hope," Peter went on, growing bitter as he spoke, "that you and your mother may enjoy Mr. Jones's large fortune as much as you think you will."

"You are cruel, monsieur," whispered Cécile, her eyes filling with tears.

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"Forgive me, Cécile," he murmured; "I hardly know what I am saying. I cannot bear—" But Madame de Cendron came up at this point and chattered on about her chagrin about Victor's settlements and the preparations for Cécile's wedding and trousseau.

"Mr. Jonez will take her back to France and he will buy Chateau de Cendron. My little Cécile, silly child, has always been homesick; she cares not for America as do Victor and myself. With her, it is always France, France!" And so on and on till Peter felt his brain whirling and buzzing under the strain of madame's conversation and the melancholy of Cécile's dark eyes.

He went home and passed a sleepless night. When morning came, he wrote to Cécile—told her that he loved her dearly and always should, and implored her not to sacrifice both their lives to gratify her mother's ambition. He wondered if she would ever receive his letter, and he hardly thought she would; but, to his surprise, he received an answer—a cold little note, in which Cécile told him that her mother's wish was a law to her, and that he must try to forget her, as it was now her duty to forget him. The heavy paper was blistered with tears, and Peter wrote again and begged and implored her to run away with him; and this time his note was returned.

Of course, Peter was very miserable; he felt that he must see Cécile again. But it was useless going to the house or writing to her—he was refused admittance, and his letters were returned by her mother with the seals unbroken.

One night, he encountered Mrs. Van Anden at the theatre. She had a box, and she made room for him beside her.

"Have you heard," she asked, in an undertone, "of Cécile de Cendron's engagement?"

"Yes, I have heard of it," he answered, angrily. "It is infamous. She cares nothing for that Jones, whoever he is; it is forced upon her by her mother."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Van Anden, "that you don't know who the man is?"

"Never heard of him in my life till I heard of the engagement," Peter declared.

"Mr. Anderson Jones," said Mrs. Van Anden, slowly, "is such a dissipated little wretch, that he does not visit at a single house in New York. No decent woman will speak to him."

"Does Madame de Cendron know this?"

"She does; for I told her. She has but one idea in the world, and that is what she calls 'a career.' The creature has made his money, too, in the most disreputable and dishonest schemes."

The curtain rose, and Peter went back to his seat, where he sat pulling his mustache fiercely and never looking at the stage. When it fell again, he returned to Mrs. Van Anden.

"Will you help me?" he said.

"Indeed I will," she cried, heartily. "Tell me what to do." And, under cover of the music, they laid their plans.

This was Monday night. Wednesday morning rose fair and calm, with all the alluring brightness of a February thaw; but Cécile de Cendron only looked out at the winter sunshine with a heavy sigh.

"He is little and ugly, and I hate him," she cried, passionately, to herself. "He makes me afraid. Oh, why do women have to marry? If only I could live at home with maman always. I should be less wretched then, even if I never were to see him again; but I love him—oh, I love him! No one can help my doing that." And Cécile clenched her little hands tightly, then she burst out crying. "Oh, what a wicked unmaidenly girl I am, to think of such things—maman would say so, if she knew. But I am so wretched!"

Maman, meanwhile, was dressing to go and lunch with Mrs. Van Anden; and, presently, she came sailing through the room, kissed Cécile on both cheeks, affecting not to notice her wet eyes, and, bidding her think how she would have Chateau de Cendron refurnished, swept away.

Cécile got a book and tried to read. When the door opened, she looked quietly up and saw, not Mary Ann, the Irish maid, as she expected, but Peter Baldwin!

Whatever speech Peter had prepared, he forgot. His words were wildly incoherent; but they must have been to the point, for he had Cécile in his arms and was kissing her madly.

A quarter of an hour later, he was ringing the bell violently, and, when the Hibernian Mary Ann appeared, he ordered mademoiselle's coat and hat with an air of proprietorship which, taken in connection with certain crisp greenbacks in Mary Ann's pocket, she could not but respect.

On the threshold of the door, Cécile hung back.

"Peter, dearest," she said, "don't you think we ought to try maman once, only once, more? I do not see how I can go—it is too dreadful!"

"No," said Peter, firmly, "it would be of no use. Your mother would not give in, and she might take you away and marry you to that horrid little baboon before I knew anything about it."

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To which Cécile, with the consistency of woman, replied: "Don't you think you ought to give me up?"

"I only know I never will," said Peter, smiling, "unless," he added, gravely, "you tell me that you do not love me."

"You know that I do," said Cécile, simply, holding his hand very tight.

When Madame de Cendron came home after a drive in the park, in Mrs. Van Anden's carriage, she found a note on her pincushion.

"Dear maman," it read: "This is to tell you that I have gone to Philadelphia, to be married to Mr. Baldwin. I hope you will not be very angry, for I love him very dearly, and I have no shame in saying so, because he loves me quite as much, and I am very, very happy to be his wife. Dearest maman, I love you more than ever, now that I am leaving you. Will you—can you—ever forgive me? CÉCILE."

Peter had added a postscript: "Do not be alarmed, dear madame, for your daughter," he wrote. "Mrs. Van Anden goes with us, to care for her until I have the right to do so myself. Believe me, Cécile's comfort and happiness shall be the occupation of my life, and, if I can only provide for her a more humble career than you had selected, I cannot but think it a more honorable one. Yours very faithfully,

PETER SCHUYLER BALDWIN."

Mrs. Van Anden returned that evening, and received the mingled tears and reproaches of the outraged parent, and she took advantage of the occasion, as she ever afterward remembered with pride, to express some sound American doctrine on the subject of marriages of convenience, with such effect that, when Peter and Cécile returned after their honeymoon, madame received "her children" with open arms.

It was prophesied by the knowing, that she would herself wed the discarded Jones; but in this they were wrong. After all, her desire had been to find careers for her children, not for herself.

The Baldwins have a many-gabled and much-painted vine-covered cottage in New Jersey, but madame prefers to spend most of her time with her son in Westchester. "Carrée" is at times a little difficult and does not always understand her Victor, and it is a comfort to him to have his native language and his mother with him. The latter has become much interested in clairvoyance and the "spirit cure," and is now engaged in restoring to health, entirely by her own exertions, an old friend, a Florentine marchesa, far gone in consumption. She says the marchesa must be much surprised at her improvement!

Her visits to her daughter are always pleasant to everyone, and sometimes, when her spirits are unusually high, madame employs herself in planning "careers" for the two grandchildren whom Providence has bestowed on her; and, when she does this, Peter and Cécile look into each other's eyes and smile.

"AT HER FEET."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

'Tis summer, far and near—
A perfume sweet is shed
From flowers that bloom in meadows
'Neath sunset skies of red.
They walk the fragrant meadows,
Crushing the flowerets sweet;
He tells his hopeless passion,
Low at his lady's feet.

She hears, with gentle scorning,
The story that he tells;
While, far off, o'er the meadow,
Float the soft evening bells;
And she, with drooping eyelids,
Lists to the cadence sweet,
Thus gently coldly spurning
The lover at her feet.

'Tis summer and 'tis sunset—
The flowers are very sweet;
Again she stands all silent,
Her lover at her feet.

He tells no tender story,
She waits and listens long—
The silence sweet is broken
By wild-birds' evening song.

"Dear love," she whispers, softly—
The lady, cold and sweet—
But hears no answering whisper
From the lover at her feet.
The love she treated lightly
'Tis now her lot to crave—
Alas! that love is buried
With him in this low grave.

Together in the silence,
And yet how far apart—
One sleeping, calmly quiet,
And one with breaking heart;
The birds sing through the shadows,
The flowers are passing sweet,
And yet she weeps in sadness,
Her lover at her feet.

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LINDEN LEAVES.

BY JENNIE BUTLER.

In a pretty valley almost shut in by green hills, in a charming little hamlet in Germany, lived Gretchen, a golden-haired blue-eyed maiden.

The first time I saw her, she was engaged in performing a very homely bit of housework: namely, scrubbing the kitchen floor. But even then I could see how pretty she really was, and I marked how broad and white was the pretty forehead, over which crinkled the silken threads of her yellow hair.

I was on duty then in B——, and was just returning to my regiment from a short and enjoyable visit to my fiancée, my darling Lorena. Although the breeze sweeping through the forest-trees was refreshing, and the evening balmy and clear, I was very tired, and sighed for rest. I had ridden a long distance, and, seeing the door of this neat cottage standing invitingly open, I had ventured to alight from my horse and request the hospitality of its inmates, and I thought a glass of milk would not come amiss from the hands of the little maiden I could see just within the doorway employed in the above-mentioned manner. Hearing my footsteps upon the garden-path, the little housewife sprang to her feet, wiping her hands on the large checkered apron which she wore, and, courtesying at the same time, in a sweet voice she said:

"Good-evening, sir."

"Can you speak English, little girl?" I asked. I understood her very well, but I was afraid that my knowledge of the German language was not sufficient to enable me to carry on a conversation with any degree of comfort.

"A little," she answered, unconsciously replying in her accustomed manner, then correcting herself and adding brokenly: "I speak yust a little. My grandfather speak more as I—he in the garden works. I will call him when you like."

Her pretty broken speech was charming to me, and her face was so bright and pleasant.

"Oh, no, do not trouble him," I replied. "I am tired and wish to rest here a little while." And, suiting my action to my words, I seated myself upon a rustic bench in the porch, no doubt the very seat where the old grandfather rested and smoked his pipe after the labor of the day, and I thought, as I turned to look at the girl, who was just completing her work; "Some day, some lucky swain will sit here with this pretty maiden—ah, well," I soliloquized, "is it not a pity that this gentle graceful child cannot have a chance to see the world and enjoy some of the privileges of education, which many more favored mortals do not appreciate."

Her work finished, she came to me, and, with a quaint little bow, she said:

"I come again, sir."

As soon as she had disappeared and the click of her wooden shoes no longer reached me, I drew from my pocket a cigar, and, lighting it, I gave myself up to enjoying it and my thoughts at my leisure.

I was the only son of a widowed mother, who was living in England on a small estate left by my father. She was well cared for, I knew; but I also knew that her kind motherly heart could never be at rest while I was a wanderer.

I had met Miss Lorena Hallem in England, two years before. At present she was spending the summer in a picturesque old castle on the Rhine. I loved Lorena devotedly; but, for all that, I had many lonely hours and sad thoughts which even her charming society could not banish. I was ambitious and longed for some opportunity to achieve a foothold in the world far above the one I then held. My mother often chided me and bade me be content in the position in which it seemed God's will to place me. In another year I could return to England and settle down, while my darling Lorena, as my wife, would grace my home with her beauty and stately presence.

It was a pleasant picture I had conjured up before my mental vision as I sat there and listened to the breeze rustling softly through the linden leaves and vines overhead, and watched, through half-closed dreamy eyes, the sunshine drifting through them and flecking the nodding lilies and fragrant pinks in the dooryard. I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a sweet voice beside me saying:

"My grandfather is here, sir. Will you please come in?"

The girl had changed the dress she had worn while working, to one of some soft light material, which was very becoming to the childish face and figure. The wooden shoes were no

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longer visible; but, in their stead, leathern slippers, which looked neat and trim, with the tiny velvet rosettes—Gretchen's only ornament, save perhaps the bit of pale-blue ribbon tying the long braids of her yellow hair. In the centre of the room stood a table, covered with a white cloth, upon which was spread their evening meal. The old grandfather was already seated, and, with a friendly nod of welcome, he waited for me to take the chair which the old frau, whom I had not seen before, had just placed for me. I quickly arose, and, throwing away the end of my cigar, I went to the table and took the seat offered me beside the young girl. I bowed my head and listened while the good old man asked the simple German blessing. It was a very humble meal: brown bread, creamy milk, and, at each plate, looking like field-daisies, were little prints of butter on white dishes; but I was hungry and it suited me—it was in accordance with all my ideas of rustic simplicity, and withal so neat and inviting. I ate my bread and butter and my milk with a keen relish. How often, since, have I contrasted that humble meal, as my thoughts went back to that pleasant summer, with others, surrounded by a fashionable party and all the luxuries of a well-spread table.

The old man was rather reticent regarding himself; but he informed me that he had once been quite well off, but had lost the most of his savings through his own mismanagement. His wife and children were dead, and he lived here alone with his grandchild and the old housekeeper Barbara.

I offered a small payment, but both refused—and seemed hurt, I thought: for the Germans are a generous hospitable people. I thanked them, and, bidding them good-night, I took my leave; and, as I rode away, I turned again and again to look at the pretty Gretchen standing in the vine-covered porch, like a picture in a frame of leaves.

I was strangely interested in this fair child, and many a sunny afternoon, that summer, found me at the vine-clad cottage. I gave her her first lessons in English, and I was delighted when she could read the "May-Queen" acceptably, and I, in turn, improved my knowledge of German; for I found it impossible to converse with her grandfather in English, Greta's modest assertion notwithstanding. I often caught myself wondering what would my proud Lorena think of my humble friends living among the flowers. I had once told Gretchen how beautiful Lorena was, and that, some day, she would be my bride: and I assured her that Lorena would also be her friend. I knew Greta had no friends, no one but the old grandfather.

"Greta," I asked her, one day, "what will you do, by and by? Your grandfather is very old and may not live much longer."

With a look of pain and surprise in her blue eyes, she said:

"Oh, Mr. Dane, do not speak of it; I cannot bear to think of what my life would be without the love and care of my dear grandfather."

"But," said I, "my dear child, you must have some plan for your future. Has not your grandfather made some provision for you, in case of his death? My dear Greta, I do not wish to frighten you—do not be alarmed. I do not think there is any immediate necessity for that, nor do I ask your confidence; but, at his age, life is very uncertain, and he does not seem well lately. But remember, dear child, that, if you need a friend's advice or assistance, you must let me know."

Before she could make any reply, her grandfather entered the room. His eyes were unnaturally bright and his cheeks were flushed. Greta mistook the feverish color for one of health; she thought this proof evident that he was better, and she looked at me with an assuring smile. I did not think so; but I refrained from grieving her—trouble will come soon enough. There was in my heart a great pity for her, and I was determined to give her a brother's care, should she stand in need of it.

About a week afterward, one afternoon, I was riding through the busy streets of B——, when I was compelled to rein-in my horse, to make way for the humble funeral cortége that was passing. "Some poor traveler going to his last home," I thought. While I was scanning the faces of the mourners, I was shocked to see the little slender figure and pale sad face of Greta. Her trouble had fallen sooner than I had expected. I was struck with remorse to think that I had not divined such a calamity sooner and provided for this dear child. I tried to think what I could do to relieve this stricken little heart. For the first time, the thought that Lorena might help her suggested itself to my mind. I started immediately to the hotel where she was stopping with her friends. Arriving there, I gave my horse into the care of a servant and was admitted at once.

I thought I had never seen Lorena look as beautiful as she did then. She was dressed in a rich dinner-robe of heavy violet silk: its trailing length and costly trimming of rare old lace well became her stately figure and glorious beauty. With those little hands in mine and meeting the tender look in those deep gray eyes, I almost forgot my errand; but a sudden remem-

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brance of the lonely dark-robed figure I had just seen rose before me, and I told Lorena all about the friendless girl.

Would my darling help her, take an interest in the case as only a woman could? But the loving light slowly faded from the beautiful eyes, and the proud face grew pale as it took on a haughty look and she coldly drew herself from my embrace, and I was surprised and pained to hear her give an absolute refusal to my request. In vain I urged, pleaded, begged her for my sake to put away this unreasonable pride, at least to go with me once and see if the girl had anyone to care for her. At last, wearied and out of all patience with her, and hurt and angry at the haughty manner in which she had received all my arguments, and the extreme indifference she manifested regarding my feelings on the subject, I left her with a cold good-bye.

I was disappointed—cut to the heart. Was this my gentle loving Lorena? Proud, I had always thought her; but unfeeling, uncharitable, never.

Quickly hailing a passing carriage, I gave the driver directions, and, bidding him hasten, I was rapidly driven to the little cottage. Great had already returned from her sad journey and came to meet me; her pale face still quivered with grief, and her hands were hot and trembling. I feared she was going to be ill. I asked her why she did not write to me or send for me. The tears were stealing down her pale cheeks as she replied:

"I forgot your address, Mr. Dane. He died so suddenly—sitting in his chair. And I—I cannot think—my head—" And the little face became suddenly like death, and the little form sank insensible in my arms. Barbara hurried to my anxious call, and, leaving her in her care, I returned to B—— in quest of a physician.

Poor Greta! A long tiresome illness ensued.

The next day, I again sought Lorena. But I was informed that she and her friends had left, the evening previous. There was no letter for me. Ah, the weary days that followed. I thought of Lorena constantly—her proud face was ever before me. I did not want to think of the future; for what would my life be without Lorena's love to brighten it?

Business prevented me from going to see little Greta as often as I wished, and I had to be content with the news my messenger brought me every day from old Barbara. One day, I took her some roses. Greta loved flowers, and, as she laid them upon her pillow near her pale face, to inhale their perfume, I was pained to see how thin and wan she had grown.

But she was better now.

In a little vase, on a stand near Greta's couch, were flowers mingled with linden leaves. I could not bear to look on them, for the shining green leaves reminded me of Lorena. Greta was watching them too, and in her weak voice she said:

"Dear linden leaves, did you send Lorena to me?" And then she stopped and turned upon me her blue eyes, in which there was such a shy, pretty, pleased expression.

"Dear child," I thought, "she does not know." But she remembered I had once told her that Lorena liked linden leaves, and she had plucked some from the old tree whose branches reached the window, and, giving them to me, said: "Give these to Lorena, from Greta." I gave them to her, but I did not deliver the loving message with them.

On my next visit, I found Greta sitting up in a large comfortable chair, dressed in a pretty invalid's-wrapper of soft blue; her hair had been cut off, and now lay close to the childish face in soft fluffy rings of gold.

I glanced in surprise at the change in all her surroundings. I had not noticed before, but I now remembered seeing at different times additions of comfortable furniture to the little rooms, that I had not seen before. And surely, I thought, Barbara, who is good enough in her way, cannot have wrought all these improvements, for a refinement was exhibited in their selection and peculiar arrangement not possessed by the old frau, and which only a cultivated taste would choose.

"Greta, who has been taking care of you?" I asked. She glanced up into my face with such a happy questioning look that perplexed me.

"Don't you know, really, truly, Mr. Dane?" And then, seeing that I was perfectly bewildered by her manner, she added: "I thought you knew. I thought you sent her to me; but you did not speak of it, and so I waited until you should meet her here, and yet I have noticed she seems to want to avoid you. She has taken care of me all through my illness. When I was almost crazy and talked so wildly, Barbara told me, she would take me in her arms and gently soothe me with her sweet voice. It was she who brought me this comfortable chair, this pretty wrapper; with her own hands she prepares the tempting little dainties I find so nourishing. I love her—I love her!"

"My dear Greta," I said, smiling at her earnestness, "I must see this lady and thank her for her kindness to my little girl." I had no doubt but that she was one of those good women who

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delight in doing charitable deeds. As I sat there listening to Greta's pretty talk, a light step was heard in the outer room, the door was gently opened, and, looking up, I found myself face-to-face with Lorena. Could I believe my senses? The stately proud Lorena in that dress of quiet silver-gray? She stood gazing at me in a startled way, the look of surprise succeeded by one of recognition. The large hat she wore did not conceal the sudden whiteness which crept over her beautiful face to the very lips, and the slender hands, which were full of fragrant white blossoms, trembled until the leaves fell like snowflakes at her feet.

I rose to meet her, and, in a voice which I scarcely recognized as my own, exclaimed: "Lorena!"

"Archer Dane," she said, coldly, while her voice trembled, "I hope you will believe that I did not plan this meeting. I will acknowledge that I was—that I am—sorry, ashamed, of the false pride that kept me from assisting a little one like this. I hope that He who knows my heart will forgive me, and guide me in my endeavors to help others in future."

And, bowing her head to hide the tears which were chasing each other down her cheeks, she hastily left the room.

"Lorena! Lorena! hear me!" I called; but she had disappeared. I went out on the porch, but the vines and foliage hid her from my view.

"Mr. Dane! Mr. Dane!" sobbed Greta, "what is it? Oh, tell me—am I to blame for this?"

"No, no, Greta; do not distress yourself; it is only a slight misunderstanding that time will set right." But I spoke more hopefully than I felt.

"Tell me, Greta, where do you think I may find her?"

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Dane," sighed the girl; "but seek for her—do, Mr. Dane. I cannot rest while she is sorrowing."

Hastily arranging her pillows, and calling the nurse to attend to her, I followed in the direction which Lorena had gone.

I found her at last. She was standing, with clasped hands, looking out upon the little mountain lake, the red sunset shining on her brown hair and on the soft folds of her gray dress. Her hat was lying on the bank at her feet. Walking swiftly to her side, I put my arms around her.

"Lorena, my darling, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, Archie? For what? It is I who must ask that question, Archie. I regretted my harsh words the very moment after you had left me. What did you think? Can you ever forgive me?"

For answer, I stooped and kissed the sweet lips so near my own, for I had drawn her closer. My Lorena once more, whose true womanly nature pride had for a while disguised, but could not smother.

We stood there, she and I, while the red sun sank behind the distant hills, crowning their radiant summits with its glittering lights, lingering on the fields of waving grain and the nestling farm-houses, and lay like a shining pathway in the middle of the lake, for the hills cast long shadows on either side. And then we returned to Greta.

Ah, that was many years ago. We, Lorena and I, live in England; and Greta—little Greta no longer—is now a happy wife and mother, and still lives amid the flowers and waving vines. We are always glad to hear from her, and in her letters to us she often encloses a cluster of LINDEN LEAVES.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY B. STARR MORRISS.

THEY come when our hearts are weary,
When our souls are dull with care—
Sweet as the roses' perfume,
Soft as the summer air.

They hover over our pillow,
They soothe our hearts to rest—
Down from the realms of glory,
Straight from the Father's breast.

The parents so loved that have left us,
He sendeth in visions by night,
To strengthen our souls with their wisdom,
To help us to choose the right.

He sendeth the children He's taken
On missions of love to us here,
His angels to do His pleasure
When our hearts are filled with fear.

Sent to us, heirs of salvation,
By the loving Father's care,
Ministering spirits to guide us
Where the living waters are.

On the brink of death's dark river,
They will strengthen our eyes to see
That heavenly New Jerusalem,
Where all the righteous be:

They will carry us over the river
To the city that hath no night,
Where the throne of God and the Lamb is,
And God Himself is the Light.

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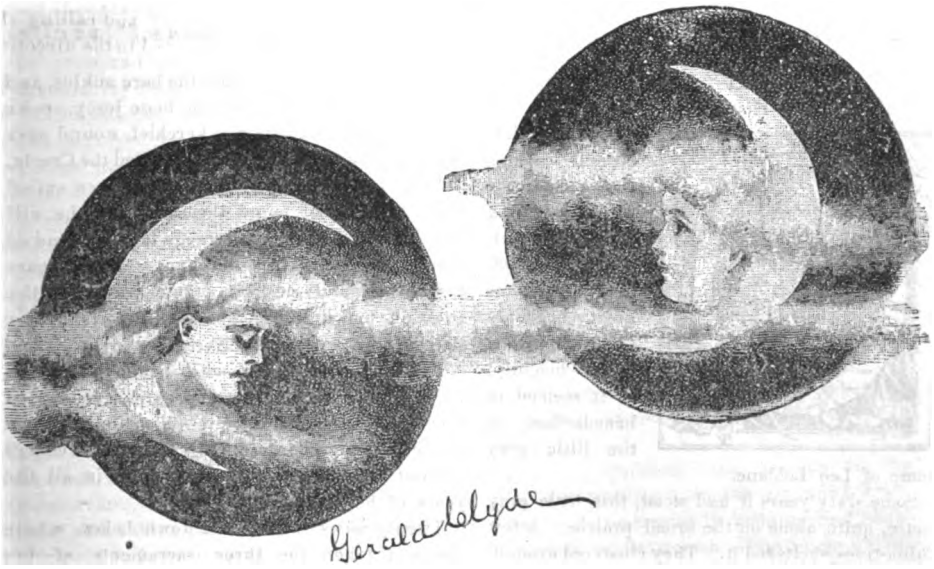
THE SISTER QUEENS



THE WANING MOON.

She knows what it means when she hears one say:
"Two moons in the sky, you see, to-night;
The new orb has paled her sister-queen's ray—
If men had pity, how sad the sight!"

Then she looks across through a blinding pain
At the girl with the violet eyes;
Her dear-bought empire beginning to wane,
She watches the maiden planet rise.

He is famous now—a king in the land—
The poet who bends at the young girl's side,
Unknown when he sued for her own fair hand,
And she yielded love to her worldly pride.

Has the guerdon she won been worth the cost?
She asks herself, with a dreary sigh.
And the pallid phantoms of dreams long lost
Stare coldly at her in mute reply.

But there may be those who recall the past,
And envy would find her grief a boon;
Afraid lest her greetings be uttered last,
She joins the train of the rising moon.

THE RISING MOON.

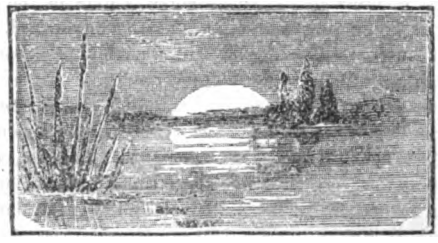
Beautiful still, yet she makes my heart ache—
The price was too dear, poor society queen—
A soul parched by thirst that no pleasure can slake,
Eyes longing and sick for what might have been.

Little she dreams I have fathomed the truth—
For station and rank she bartered her heart;
He says the first dream of any man's youth
Is light as the mist, as swift to depart.

Since time has no power truth's lustre to dim,
Our sunshine and peace can never wax less—
The future's horizon would glow to the rim
If holding alone the present's excess.

And she forced to watch—her lord at her side,
Halting and withered, jealous and grim.
Her eyes say so plain: "Would God I had died!"
As she looks at us two, then back at him.

One hour of peace were worth treasures untold—
Coronet, state, all her riches can boast:
For a drearier burden no life could hold
Than a murdered love and its sleepless ghost.



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ESCULAPIUS IN ACADIA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A PRAIRIE HOME.

VER the prairie stretched long rays from the red of a setting sun. They rested like the soft fingers of some great heavenly hand, lingering most brightly, as it seemed in benediction, on the little gray home of Leo Leblanc.

Some sixty years it had stood, this little gray house, quite alone on the broad prairie. A few China-trees sheltered it. They clustered around, laying their now leafless branches almost caressingly against the cypress roof. Beyond, there was a garden, where, beside a few rose-bushes, a few old-fashioned flowers, and beds of vegetables, grew fig-trees and pomegranates

All around stretched cotton-fields, as yet quite bare, for the season was winter—the month January. Beyond the cotton-fields, extended a prairie with its wealth of herbage: beyond the prairie a marsh, peacefully melting away till lost in the dimness of a misty horizon. On the prairie were grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

Not far from Leo Leblanc's home writhed a bayou. Catching the red sunlight and the green and brown of reflected grasses, it bore strange likeness to a gleaming serpent winding its way seaward. Faint breezes, stirring the bronzed surface into little waves, they moved like glistening scales.

There was a woman pacing back and forth along the bank of the bayou. Almost eight years ago, she had numbered threescore-and-ten, yet was the body erect, the arms holding a sick grandchild strong in their knotted sinews, and the small bare feet, though wrinkled, pressed among the grasses a step both light and firm.

Rather a remarkable figure was Madame Lucien Leblanc, mother of Léo Leblanc. Straight you could see, notwithstanding the loose hanging of her cotton josey and the burden in her arms. The full skirt falling against the bare ankles, and the white apron tied under the loose josey, spoke of peasant life; a bandana kerchief wound over the gray head in tall turban suggested the Creole.

Years before, her ancestors, having been exiled from Acadia, had found themselves, by the will of others, strangers in a strange land—a land of semi-tropical growth and clime. Many years they had wandered with their flocks on the prairies, not unlike Arabs over deserts, living here a few years and there a few years.

She—Madame Lucien—was but a child when her "maman" and "papa"—as she yet called them—set up the little cypress home on the bank of the bayou, and from its threshold her feet had strayed not more than twenty miles in all the years of her long life.

Twenty miles to the little town below, where she had taken the three sacraments of her church—the christening cross, the communion wafer, the marriage vow. Perhaps it was of these, and of the life passing, that Madame Lucien thought as she paced back and forth in sunset-light, crooning to the little one in her arms—the little sick one of almost three years.

"So, so—art better now?" she asked in Acadian French, and pausing to lay the small dark head yet more restfully on her shoulder. "It grows late, and all the chickens are seeking their beds, and the birds also; and the air: it blows somewhat fresh—somewhat fresh for thee, my little one. Ah, thou seest something? It is but a boat. Well, we can wait, and, when it passes, thou and I must off. It is time for the tisane."

And so talking, Madame Lucien marched back and forth till the boat came close. Then, indeed, her keen gray eyes scanned the pretty craft.

Originally white, gayly lined about the margin with yellow, red, and black—time, wind, and sun had changed the white to a pale gray; but the colored waters of the bayou foamed slightly as the boat came onward, sunlight touched the sail with a golden painting, and it was, all in all, a pretty sight.

Standing against the sail of the boat—framed, as it were, in the sheen—Madame Lucien marked a man—tall, bearded, and bronzed. Apparently forgetting his boat, forgetting the twists of the bayou and the mud flats on either side, with face

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uplifted he rested motionless, following the flight of some wild ducks.

The shock of his boat striking aground recalled thoughts and eyes to earth. He hastily reefed the sail, and pushed with a strong oar; but the prow had run far into a soft mud flat, and the boat lay helpless. Uttering an exclamation of impatience, and lifting his eyes, the bearded stranger beheld Madame Lucien, the child Angel in her arms—beheld, also, the little gray house among China-trees, the cotton-fields, prairie, and grazing flocks—beyond these, the marsh soft in sunset-light. His eyes lingered an instant on the horizon, where, mid golden glory, earth seemed lost in heaven—an instant only, then, coming back, examined the mud flat and the bank whereon Madame Lucien tramped.

Again the oar was handled. As the boat did not move, it was cast aside.

And now Madame Lucien paused, for the stranger had pushed forth a board from the deck of the craft, so that it reached the grassed bank. A moment later, he was standing before her, hat in hand, and asking that aid which the shrewd old woman had known would be needed.

"You no spick Frainche, eh? Me, I no spick Mairicaine."

The stranger shook his head impatiently, frowned, pointed to the house, then to his boat.

Madame Lucien wasted no more words. She turned her turbaned head and gave a strong melodious call, which, passing over the house, lost itself on the prairie beyond. Then she nodded her head, and then she seated herself on a log left once by high floods, settling the sick child in her lap, while casting a glance westward, as if marking the sun's height.

The stranger, having put on his hat, strode further among the grasses and gazed moodily on his boat. All the pretty croonings 'twixt grandmother and grandchild he apparently did not heed, though the breeze wafted them about his ears, mingling them with the sounds of swaying grasses and the low of distant cattle. After awhile, hearing the fall of horse's hoofs, he did turn and look forward.

Monsieur Leblanc, Madame Lucien's son, was approaching, his little pony scarce touching the earth. Quite an old man—yet none among the Acadian youth sat better in saddle, and none threw the lasso with more dexterous hand. Bayouward, through tall grasses, the pony sprang, suddenly pausing near the stranger, and quite as suddenly the rider threw himself from the saddle, standing in all the dignity of his six feet.

He was a striking figure—well-formed—not massive, but lithe—clad in coat and trousers of blue homespun weaving; the small feet bare; the head covered with palmetto hat of his mother's own plaiting. Leo Leblanc—the white lion—a fitting name—leonine in feature, blonde in coloring, head crowned with long silver locks, beard silver, eyes blue; but, looking into those eyes, marking the strong spirit beneath, one preferred his friendship rather than his enmity.

On the one side there was a "B'jour," on the other a "Good-day." Then came the inevitable "You spick Frainche, m'sieu?" that tantalizing question, which had met and followed this Dr. Thorpe Grafberg ever since entering the land of the Acadians, so that he had felt tempted to hurl maledictions on the Greek and Latin of his thoroughly classical education.

"No, I do not speak French," he answered, with clear incisive tone. "I was sailing along your bayou, monsieur, and my boat ran aground."

"Ah, ah," ejaculated the Acadian, coming forward and looking upon the grounded craft. "Yasse, yasse," alternately nodding and shaking his head. "Baide joab. She no gò waighe zoon, non. You betteh wet, I tink, yasse."

"I want to settle my tent for the night, there below, monsieur—excuse me—what is your name?"

"Leo Leblanc," answered the Acadian, as if responding to roll-call.

"Thank you, Monsieur Leblanc. I am a stranger and a traveler in these parts."

"Ah, strenger, an," glancing toward his home, then toward the old woman who had been silently listening, "an you wan slip dere een my 'ouse, m'sieu?"

"No, thanks for your kindness," replied the American, hastily. "I have slept under a tent the past weeks; I rather like it."

"You laike eet, yasse? Bien, you tek café weed me—café an rees? You laike café, m'sieu?"

"If you could just give a hand and help get that boat off," suggested the traveler, looking doubtfully on the oozy flat.

"'Taint no goot; we aint got eet. Dat mud de deb," replied Leblanc. "Mais, you wan thry? Bien!"

He tossed the rein over the big saddle, left his pony standing, and, jumping into the boat, seized an oar. The stranger, following, seized another Both men pushed with all their strength.

The grandmother, interested in whatever broke the quiet tenor of prairie-life, drew near. The child watched with her big eyes.

"'Taint no yusse. Wat I tell you, eh?" asked Leblanc, at last throwing down the oar and

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pushing back his hat. "You betteh wet. My garçon, Alcée, he com, hov de taide. I b'liv de taide yasse me. You betteh wet."

"There doesn't seem to be anything else to do," assented the other.

"An' you staighe, an' you tek café weed hus, eh?" asked Leblanc, the invitation prompted by true Acadian hospitality. "Waile, dass zo."

Matters having been thus arranged, he said some words in the soft slippery dialect of his people, stretched his arms up toward Madame Lucien, and received within them the sick child. The little one gave a feeble moan, slipping downward. Grafberg was not particularly fond of children, and he at first frowned, seeing his quarters thus invaded; but that little moan touched his heart, as did all suffering. Seeing Madame Lucien look anxious, he even offered his hand and helped the old woman along the plank extending from bank to boat-seat.

"That child seems sick. What is the matter?" he asked.

"Seek? Ah, oui, yasse, m'sieu," answered Leblanc, laying the little one again in Madame Lucien's arms as she sat on the boat-seat. "Gar ya!" ("Look here!") And he lifted a tiny white hand. "Daide, yasse—no goot!"

The baby hand fell as he removed his clasp. Grafberg saw at once that it was paralyzed.

"Can she walk?"

There was great pity in his heart.

"Wark, you haske? B'old!"

The old man bent lower, drew down the blue Acadian blanket in which the child was wrapped, and, disclosing two little, waxen, helpless, bare feet, touched them with his brown finger, repeating: "Daide, yasse—no goot."

"Cover them; the wind is cool!" exclaimed Grafberg.

He glanced an instant on the little baby face pinched by suffering, lit by starry eyes, and framed in soft hair; and then he stood looking toward the prairie, while Leblanc told how, six months before, fever had come and great pain, and how, when the fever went and the pain, the two feet had been left "daide, an' won hanne."

Happy and tranquil the world seemed. Here, upon prairie and marsh and bayou, a sweet content rested. The cattle yonder looked peaceful; the sun smiled with golden glow, yet here, even here, suffering had come, and into a child's life—a baby's life.

"And you say she is the child of your dead daughter?" asked Grafberg.

"Yasse, de bebée hov Marie. De mamma an' de papa, dey daide, an' she b'long to me. I ain't got no maw—mais jis Alcée an' Aurore. La vieille (the wife), ah, she daide—I b'liv tree, foure yaire. 'Tis maighe maman wat you zee—Aurore, Alcée, an' sa vieille (his wife), de bebée, an' me. Dass halle. Boutard—M'sieu Boutard—he leeve ten meel là bas. He got beeg faimilie; dixhuit, haight teen. Me—I got jis tree—jis Alcée, Aurore, an' Marie; an' Marie, she daide, an' now I got her leel bebée, yasse."

"What have you done for the child? What does the doctor say?"

"De doc? I ain't got no doc. Wat I wan doc? Mamma, she geev de tisane. She halle de doc wat I wan, me."

Here Leblanc, shrugging his shoulders, looked proudly upon Madame Lucien, who yet sat with the child in her arms.

"Why don't you take her into the house? Don't you feel that the wind is too cold?" asked the stranger, sharply.

Madame Lucien looked up, amazed; the words were incomprehensible, but the tone unmistakable.

He was about repeating his question, when the child, stirring, uttered an exclamation of delight. Grafberg, following her eyes, beheld a young girl advancing among the tall grass. She moved gracefully. The brown head, touched by sunbeams, stood not very far above the tops of the grass. When she came quite forth upon the bank of the bayou, he could see that she was dressed in the usual Acadian skirt and josey of homespun. The little feet were bare. In the right hand, she held a sunbonnet. She paused a moment, seeing her family gathered in a strange boat, a pretty picture of embarrassment; the head bent a little, like a flower kissed by the wind; the cheeks brown from exposure, deepening in glow, as if blown into bloom; the dark eyes lifted at first, soon hidden under falling lids. Two long plaits of gold-brown hair trailed below the waist.

"Eet ees Aurore," said the father to Grafberg. "Thou hast come for Angel?" he questioned, in French.

As he laid the child within the arms of his daughter, all embarrassment disappeared. The brown head bent yet lower and the glowing cheek was tenderly pressed against the little white face beneath.

Grafberg turned to assist Madame Lucien. She refused, however, walking the plank with her usual firm tread.

CHAPTER II.

ANGEL.

"An' maman weel tek you een de 'ouse, an' you weel pardon w'ile I see 'bout de ponaie?" asked

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Monsieur Leblanc, standing bareheaded before his guest.

Grafberg, bowing assent, followed the turbaned head—followed also the golden head of Aurore.

Like a ghost from the dead years, it passed along between the tall grass, recalling bitter memories: recalling a lonely loveless nursery and a little girl charming the dull hours; recalling a meeting, years after, at a festive board, lights sparkling and touching the head into gold gleams; recalling a wedding-day and the nestling of orange bloom against that gold; recalling all that followed—the testing in the crucible of daily life, the dross of the gold, the deformed mind beneath, where he had sought the one spark divine which he had thought the heritage of all mortals. Alas! in his wife, he had not found it.

He had thought their child's hands would lead her to a better and a higher life. Poor little baby hands—she did not weep when they were folded and laid away forever.

It was of these tiny waxen hands he had thought, as the grandfather lifted that little dead hand lying now against the warm bosom of Aurore. His baby would have been just the age of that little one yonder.

And so, while he walked from the bayou to that gray prairie home, like the swift flight of a bird, thought had flown down the long vista of memory.

Almost before he knew, Aurore had stepped beneath the roof of the gallery—had passed through a doorway and into a room beyond. Almost before he knew, Madame Lucien, bowing courteously, had motioned him to enter her house.

The girl with the gold-brown hair had disappeared. He shook himself as if casting aside a heavy weight and looked around.

Once or twice before he had entered Acadian homes, but none were pleasant. He had departed with an impression of pretty, ragged, barefooted children, playing on dirty floors, or gathered about tables not over-clean to eat rice and drink coffee. Here everything was quite different. The floors were very clean. The chinks of the cypress walls were filled with dried mud—the whole forming a coloring of blended gray tones. There was a bed in the corner, covered with a white quilt of home weaving. In another corner hung a hammock. Against the wall, on pegs, were suspended the Sunday shoes of the family—thick-soled and heeled—three pairs of women's boots, and the tiny shoes of Angel.

The evening was cool, the big fire comfortable. It sparkled and blazed cheerily, dancing over the bright tins in varied reflections.

After awhile, Monsieur Leblanc entered, closing the door and shutting out the light of the dying day. Then the firelight, flickering, sent lights and shadows all about the walls. Among them, Aurore passed back and forth, setting cups and saucers and plates on the white table.

There was coffee steaming in a tin pot on the hearth. Two pots, with coals spread beneath, stood somewhat forward. Every now and then she stooped, drawing forth fresh coals with a long stick.

Grafberg, seeing once how the firelight brought out the gold while she bent, turned away and talked with the father. "The winter had been very mild, but, if m'sieu wished, game remained plentiful, the garçon Alcée would guide m'sieu to the best hunting-land for snipe, woodcock, mallard, or teal—what m'sieu wished."

"No," the stranger answered. He thanked Monsieur Leblanc.

"Perhaps then for fish—m'sieu loved the fish. It was almost the season, and, if m'sieu wished—"

"No," Grafberg interrupted, "he did not care to fish."

"Ah, well, if it was cattle m'sieu desired—"

"No," the stranger again interrupted. "I have come a long way in my boat; I may go further; I cannot tell. I promised once to take this journey. A promise is a promise."

"Ah, yasse," responded Leblanc, "dass zo. Wat you promesse, dat you muss do, ain't eet?"

There was a small-featured dark young woman in the room, made known as Madame Alcée. She, at this moment, announced coffee, and the traveler found himself by the humble board. The meal was appetizing—a stew of birds, rice, corn-bread, and coffee, all served with extreme cleanliness.

In the centre of the table, Aurore had set a bunch of mistletoe and holly. She did not speak during supper, save to answer a few questions put by Madame Lucien, and the eyes were not once raised. All conversation rested between host and guest.

After supper, the boat was inspected. The tide had risen a little, but Alcée had not come, and, when Monsieur Leblanc again offered his roof, the traveler did not refuse.

Somehow, the pastoral quiet of the evening scene and the peace of the little home yonder had made exertion difficult. Moreover, that little, white, dead hand: it seemed just the hand of his baby daughter, stretched from her tiny grave.

Such cases stirred his deep mind to action.

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Paralysis, trance—all the maladies of nerve-power. Did they not form the border-land 'twixt those two evading mysteries, pale death and rose-hued life?

Re-entering the house, he found Madame Lucien knitting, Aurore spinning. Except on the stage, he had never before seen a woman spinning. The memory which came to him now was not a pleasant one—private theatricals, the music of Faust, the vision of Marguerite, the echo of a voice—his wife's voice, rolling through the dead years like a mocking call from her grave. He half regretted having left his boat, and frowned somewhat as he seated himself where he could not see the girl whirling her wheel.

His eyes fell on the pegs by the hammock. The women's boots were gone—against the wall there hung only the tiny shoes of Angel. Almost unconsciously, he glanced toward Madame Lucien's feet. He could not see. The skirts of the old woman fell low. Then he glanced toward Aurore. Yes: the ten little toes were covered now; two little black tips of leather peeped from under her skirt.

"They are all alike," thought Grafberg, marking a red kerchief knotted about the girl's throat: "prairie and city, old and young—they are all vain." And he talked to the host, who sat before him making a net of stout twine.

"And you say this bayou is the main stream here?" asked the stranger, pursuing a conversation which had been commenced without by the boat.

"Yasse," answered Leblanc, pausing to point a brown finger over his shoulder; "an' halle dem w'at you zee hon dat zide, dey rhon een dees won. Dey dheep—dey not leel, non; an' plaintie isle—ommarque, we zay: plaintie ees hon dat zide. Beeg bote maight go dere."

"I have heard they are not very safe places: I have heard that, long ago, bad men ran their—"

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Leblanc, a gleam like a flame shooting into his blue eyes. "W'aire ees dere not baide maine? You taile me—eh? W'aire ees dere not?"

"And this bayou connects directly with the bay? I mean: you can go to the bay and the Gulf by following the bayou into which this bayou empties?"

"Yasse," answered Leblanc; "honlie—"

What he was about to say died on his lips; for, at this moment, the loud cries of a child rang through the room.

"You haire? Eet ees Angel," said the grandfather, looking after Aurore—who, deserting her wheel, now passed into the chamber beyond. "I don' kno' w'at got de bebée, me. Somtime she chry an' chry—two, t'ree houre—den she go slip." He shook his head, when he recommenced work, only lifting it a moment when Madame Lucien followed Aurore.

"You would help me greatly," persisted the stranger, "if you could tell me whether, long ago—"

"M'sieu—pardon," interrupted Leblanc, rising, as a yet louder cry rang through the room. "You maight not b'liv, mais somtime—me, I meck de bebée tranqueel. M'sieu weel pardon, weel haixcuse, dat I go?"

He stood, bowing politely, divided between an anxiety to calm the child and a fear of seeming discourtesy.

"Go, by all means," exclaimed the guest, watching his host as he passed from sight.

"There's a rough sort of grace about all these people and a rough sort of grace about all their lives," he mentally added, glancing around.

On the floor, the knitting of the grandmother had fallen; from the wheel, Aurore's thread hung broken; and against a chair the grandfather's net trailed, apparently in hopeless tangle.

The fire burned cheerily, and, after awhile, the traveler moved his chair nearer the brick hearth, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, spreading the whole as evenly as possible over his knees: not a newspaper, not even a white paper—rather, a parchment, thick and yellow and much lined. Oblivious to the cries of the child, he sat in the fire-glow, head bowed, finger and eyes following certain dark lines. So completely had all things disappeared before the interest of study, that he did not heed the opening and closing of a door, did not notice the figure of a young Acadian standing beside him in the fire-glow—was quite deaf to his "B'soir, m'sieu."

"Odd I should have stumbled on the right spot," he muttered, presently, moving slightly, so that the corner of his eye caught the toe of a boot.

He started a little, and, looking up quickly, met the gaze of the blackest and boldest eyes he had ever seen.

"Ah, you are Monsieur Alcée Leblanc, I suppose." And, coolly meeting the regards of the young man, he deliberately refolded the parchment.

"M'sieu meck meestek. I ham Raoul Beauvoir me, cousin to Alcée."

"So?" said Grafberg. "Monsieur Leblanc has been expecting his son."

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"He yondah," making here a peculiar gesture with lithe long dark thumb. "He zee bout ees o'ese, yasse. Dat bebée chry laike de deb—ain't eet?" added the young Acadian, frowning.

"She cries as if frightened."

"Vritenn? I vritenn er, yasse," exclaimed the newcomer, shrugging his shoulders. "I meck er b'hev, yasse. I b'liv de deb got er, me."

He bent forward here, and kicked a falling log with his thick boot, and then he stood up, and, evidently with the familiarity of one intimate, stalked into the next room.

Grafberg heard the child's cries rise almost into shrieks. It was more than he could bear. He wondered—had they allowed the young brute to touch her? Quite carried away by this thought, almost indeed before he knew what he had thought, he found himself among them all—found the little Angel in his arms, and his slender fingers passing over her baby head.

Somewhere, somehow, through the long ages of the past, gathered from ancestors lost in oblivion, there had descended to this man a strong power—the power to calm human nerves. His touch, remarkable for gentleness, was remarkable for strength, and the child yielded as others had yielded, her cries dying into low sobs.

"I think you had better go away," he said, presently, lifting his quiet face. "I understand what to do. If you go, she will sleep."

And, when they were all gone, save Madame Lucien, who sat with straight back and with wide-opened eyes gravely watching, he continued passing his hand about the head of the child till she was quite asleep.

Memory and pity were tugging at his heart-strings with tender fingers. Just so his little one might have slept in his arms. He wondered. Would she have looked like this child? He gazed down, scanning the little white face, over which the firelight danced—such a little soft white violet face, fragile in its beauty, appealing in plaintive helplessness.

"I will cure her if I can," thought this serious Grafberg, as he laid her gently in bed.

CHAPTER III.

ESCULAPIUS.

Into the attic, where the stranger slept, daylight came rather dimly through the cracks of a closed batten shutter. However, he could see a pointed shingled roof above, and rafters, from which were suspended bunches of herbs and hanks of cotton, ready for spinning. Against the wall hung yet other hanks, some white, some yellow, the natural color of the nankeen, some blue, dyed with indigo—an accomplishment in which the Acadians are proficient. At the further end of the attic stood a primitive loom, and on some rough shelves were stored rolls of Acadian weaving, cottonade, white coverlets, blue blankets, and yellow. On the floor, near the loom, were great palmetto baskets, heaped to overflowing. "Like white and yellow and blue clouds, caught and tucked away under the roof," thought Grafberg, as he dashed open the shutter and daylight revealed details which the dim light of his night-lantern had not fairly disclosed.

A strange peace fell over him while he stood without the door, and at the head of that little ladder stairway built against the wall outside, and up which he had climbed to his cot. The prairie sparkled with dew, and herds of cattle wandered in the early light. Over the marsh hung curtains of mist, through which faintly appeared a great expanse, far stretching westward. Twisted bayous and rounded coulées, catching sunlight here and there, rested among the grasses, like mirrors framed in yellow. Below, he could see Madame Lucien, tossing corn to the poultry. Chickens, ducks, turkeys, geese, they crowded about her feet, a motley assemblage. She stood among them, as they scrambled, not unlike a great fowl of superior breed, her turban quite gorgeous in color.

Down on the bayou-bank, his host was drawing fish-lines.

The two young men, Alcée Leblanc and Raoul Beauvoir, were dashing homeward across the prairie, their small ponies fairly spurning the earth. The stranger noted their bold graceful horsemanship, then his thoughts traveled to the great city he had left months before, contrasting life there and life here. He remembered his home—long avenues covered with snow, and great Norwegian firs and pines showing darkly against white hillsides. Their shadow rested over his face, as he stepped on the little gallery of the Acadian home, so that he scarce noted the stately greeting of Madame Lucien and was strangely quiet during breakfast: where the young men talked with each other, while Aurore sat, scarce lifting from her eyes their black-fringed lids.

"Mais," suddenly exclaimed Monsieur Leblanc, as he concluded the recital of an odd experience in hunting, "mais, you wan' zee de bess zhot? B'old de gret chasseur—dass M'sieu Raoul Beauvoir," here laying a brown hand on the blue sleeve of the nephew.

The young Acadian did not disclaim; he

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simply threw back his black head, lifted a little the chin, on which grew soft untrimmed black beard, and regarded the stranger with eyes which seemed to challenge denial.

"You are a people of good hunters and good horsemen, I am told," said Grafberg.

The very evident complaisance of young Beauvoir was amusing, and he smiled while speaking.

"You—you wan' jute weed me? You—you wan' thry?" cried Raoul, rising and standing, his black eyes ablaze.

"I have no such desire," said Grafberg, quietly; "I know you are a good hunter."

"Ah, dass zo," responded Raoul: "an'—an' I no mees—non."

He reseated himself while speaking, but his eyes did not lose their fiery glow; and, before the others had finished the repast, he had taken his great hat and gone without.

Monsieur Leblanc, soon after, went on the gallery, and Grafberg followed. Here the little Angel was lying in a large cradle, watched by Madame Lucien.

"Ah, my little friend," said the stranger, bending over the cradle, looking earnestly into the dark eyes, and laying his sunburned hand on her white forehead.

"She slip—yasse. Maman zay she slip halle de naight—yasse."

Grafberg did not reply. He was stroking the curly head: he was dreaming that his little one lived—that he had something to hold in his warm heart. The birds had their nestlings and their mates, but he—

"I would like to cure this child," he said, abruptly rising and without apology breaking into some polite invitation for a longer stay, which the host urged and which he, indeed, had not heard, "I would like to cure this child."

Monsieur Leblanc became instantly silent, but glanced furtively toward his mother.

"Perhaps you do not remember what I told you last night—that I understand these cases. In fact," continued Grafberg, smiling, "I am a follower of Esculapius—in other words, a doctor."

Monsieur Leblanc ran his small brown hand through his gray locks, yet did not speak.

"Do you understand?" said Grafberg, somewhat impatiently. "Your grandchild is a sound healthy child. The paralysis from which she suffers is the result of her illness. With care, it can be cured. I will undertake to cure it. I shall be in this country a few weeks longer. Business will keep me here, and I can spare time for this."

Monsieur Leblanc turned toward his mother. She was knitting diligently. She did not lift her eyes. The face looked hard. He rolled his hat around in his hands, as if embarrassed. Suddenly, the embarrassment died, and the hard look of the mother was reflected on the face of the son. Grafberg, watching both, was struck with the likeness revealed by similarity of expression.

"You zay you meck Angel waile?"

"I think so."

"Bon! 'Ow much you haske?"

"Nothing."

"Nuting? An' you staighe een de 'ouse?"

"Or in my boat yonder—or my tent."

"W'at faw you haske nuting? Who you, ainey waighe?"

"Well," said the stranger, an odd little smile lurking under his beard, "a great many hundred years ago, there was a man named Esculapius, who cured the sick and went about relieving those who suffered, just because it gave him pleasure. I am one of his followers. I would like to be Esculapius, and cure your little granddaughter. "I have a great many names. Out in the world, people know me as Dr. Thorpe Grafberg. But here," he was silent a moment, his eyes sweeping over the fair scene, then returning to rest on the face of Angel, "here, I will take just the one name, Esculapius."

"Haisculaipius? Haisculaipius?" shaking his head thoughtfully. "I don kno dat nem, me. Haisculaipius! An ow you meck Angel waile? Wat you goin do—eh?"

"Well," said the guest, stooping and holding the little hand in his own, "I shall rub so—and I shall also use electricity."

"Ailaictraicitie? An wass dat?"

Grafberg hesitated a moment, thinking how best to explain, then, pointing upward, said slowly: "Electricity is what makes the lightning in heaven. You know our large cities are made light with it now. For cases like this—cases of paralysis—physicians have often used it."

"An you wan burn Angel?"

"No—oh, no. You will see. She will feel just a little trembling."

The old man shook his head.

"Dat b'long to Dieu, dat ailaictraicitie, wat you wan tek hout de cieux. Non."

He again shook his head, turned to his mother, and spoke rapidly in the dialect of his people. Madame Lucien did not cease knitting. When the son had quite finished, she uttered a few words, as she relapsed into silence, lifting her keen eyes to cast on the stranger a regard of intense distate.

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Now, Grafberg was a man of strong determination; and ignorance, the ignorance of superstition, aroused in his soul all the combative powers of his being. Besides, was it not his duty to heal the sick? Could he leave this little being a victim to living death?

"Monsieur Leblanc," he hesitated a moment, as if studying how best to assail mother and son, and, as he hesitated, looked around, like one seeking help. Aurore had left her household duties—she hung within the doorway, listening intently, her eyes downcast, the head bent. Grafberg turned, so that he could not see. She was to him a discord. "Monsieur Leblanc, all that we use is God's. The tisane, which your mother gives—do you not take it from God's fields?"

"Dass zo," responded Leblanc, thoughtfully.

"Tell your mother what I say."

The son translated, the mother replied. The son again translated:

"Dass nuting, she zay. Dieu, he geev de erd to hus."

"My friend, God gives us whatever we can take of His works. He puts in us a mind, and with that mind we may seek, and we may take even from the sky."

"Dass zo," responded Leblanc, and again interpreted, and again talked with his mother.

"Maman, she zay no goot."

But Grafberg marked the old man's face had softened—one point was gained. What next? He gazed down on the little one, who was drawing a rosary through the fingers of the dead hand. His thoughts traveled backward.

"My friend, once a child came to me—a little girl. She had dark eyes like this little one. If she had lived, she would have been like your Angel. But she died. It is of her I think when I say: 'Let me make this child well.' Surely, when an angel, my baby angel, talks with the eyes of your child, surely you cannot think I would work with evil."

Grafberg had never before spoken of his child. His voice was low and solemn.

Monsieur Leblanc hesitated. His face softened.

"You got no maw?" he questioned.

Grafberg answered with a low-spoken "No."

"An la vieille? Yo' waive?"

"She also is dead."

Leblanc looked down on Angel, the sacred beads gleaming among the baby fingers, and then he spoke to his mother, and the old woman replied.

But, while they were talking, a strange thing happened: the shy Acadian maiden stepped forth from the doorway, kneeled by the cradle, lifted Angel, kissed the little wan face, and so stood before Grafberg, offering the child with eager hands and eager words.

"She maine. De maman zay w'en she daie: 'Aurore, she ees faw dee.' An' I zay, me: 'Meck Angel waile.' Tek de ailaictraicitie, M'sieu Haisculaipius—dass nuting."

And now indeed Madame Lucien ceased knitting. She lifted her hard face, to meet only her own bold spirit in the face of son and grandchild.

"Yasse—dass zo," muttered Monsieur Leblanc, nodding his head.

"And you wish me to cure her?" asked the guest, looking not at Aurore, but at Leblanc.

"Weed de ailaictraicitie—weed 'ow you weel," answered the old man, taking the child from his daughter.

"And I may commence at once?"

"An' you maight b'geen raight awf—ain't eet?'

Fortunately the traveler, in the last town by which he passed, had bought an electric battery, needing it for some experiments on fish or bird: and so, but a few moments later, on the gallery of the Acadian home, made to the little paralyzed body his first application. The child rested in her cradle, the grandfather and Aurore bending near.

Madame Lucien had disappeared before the unholy performance.

Raoul Beauvoir, on his pony, dashed back and forth three times before the old fence—bent down, stood high, swooped low to gather a white hill lily—

All in vain. Aurore did not heed, did not once lift her graceful head: and he swept away over the prairie, a cloud on his face, a cloud in his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INFLUENCE.

THE tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

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A WILLFUL WOMAN'S WAY.

BY MISS META HYDE.

THE scene was a long hotel parlor—cheered, this rainy day, by a great fire of hickory logs. About the hearth were grouped the dowagers, enjoying the warmth, their fancy-work, and the flavor of gossip, restrained, yet penetrating. The young people, principally feminine, were trying to extract enjoyment from meagre resources. Some played cards, after a languid fashion. Miss Beck, at the piano, seemed to be feeling for certain Strauss waltzes—thereby rendering them in a fragmentary and exasperating way. Miss Dormer and Miss Martin exchanged opinions over their afghan work. Miss Dormer was perpetually embroidering afghan stripes, and cared not whether it rained or shone, provided somebody would teach her a new stitch. Miss Pemberley was trying to charm the only eligible bachelor present, Laurence Porter, who refused to be charmed, and spent his time rolling and unrolling her balls of worsted and glancing at a table where a handsome girl was playing cards.

"Oh, just listen!" sighed Miss Pemberley. "Hear Miss Beck."

"Horrible!" said Kate Martin.

"Oh, do you think so? The least sound of those waltzes puts me in mind of delightful things—don't they remind you of delightful things, Mr. Porter?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Pemberley; I did not hear what you were saying."

At this moment there was a ringing laugh from the girl at the card-table.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Pemberley, putting her hand to her ear. "How Jeannette Channing does laugh!"

Just then, Miss Channing followed by a young man, came toward them.

There was about Miss Channing a delightful atmosphere, the radiation of her perfect health and her bloom—her presence was inspiriting; she enjoyed things, and she made other people enjoy them. All men liked Miss Channing, and alas! Miss Channing liked all men.

In the chill of these mountain rainy days, most of the girls looked heavy-eyed and pale; Miss Channing bloomed the brighter.

She wore a little brown hat, tipped over her eyes, and she twirled incessantly a slip of a cane, which Laurence Porter had cut and peeled for her on the mountain-side, the evening before. She leaned over the back of Rosalie Pemberley's chair, taking no notice of Mr. Porter's look and the chair pushed silently toward her.

"Still at worsted-work, Rosalie? Aren't you frightfully tired of making babies' afghans?"

"Don't you ever do fancy-work, Miss Channing?" said Miss Dormer.

"Never."

"Dear me, what a resource you deprive yourself of," said Kate Martin.

"I should not find it one—it would bore me intensely."

"Oh!" cried Miss Dormer, "imagine anybody being bored by it! Don't you do any kind of work, Miss Channing?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe you do," said Rosalie Pemberley, catching and holding fast one of the white hands that rested on her shoulder. "I don't believe these fingers ever did a useful thing, Netta Channing."

A smile curved Miss Channing's lip. She was thinking of the four little brothers and sisters whom those slender digits had helped to equip for the summer.

Laurence Porter did not smile; his brows contracted as he watched the hand softly clasped and caressed by Miss Pemberley.

"I wish it would stop raining," said Kate Martin. "This weather and being kept shut up here grow awfully tiresome."

"We must invent an amusement," cried Miss Pemberley. "Don't let us indulge in being dull."

"It is dull," said Miss Channing, with a mocking glance at Porter.

"Can't we alter the face of things?" said he, calmly. "A vigorous effort, well directed, might do much—"

"Oh, how nice! Mr. Porter is going to think of something entertaining," said Miss Pemberley.

"Would it not be possible to get up a charade or two?"

"Charades? The very thing! You'll act, won't you, Netta?"

"Act? I abhor it—nothing would induce me!"

"Oh, Netta—how provoking!"

"Why? I will look on with pleasure, pro-

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vided they are not too long and everybody does not talk at once."

"You'll act, won't you, Mr. Porter? and be stage manager?"

Poor Laurence—he cared not a fig for all the charades that ever were devised, and knew as little about them as could well be imagined; but Miss Channing had, two days ago, expressed an enthusiastic interest therein, and, in suggesting the amusement, he thought he had artfully introduced the very thing to awaken her.

"Hark!" cried Jeannette Channing, with sudden vivacity. "The stage! Let us see the arrivals!"

The coach disgorged its usual load of dry elderly invalids, but, from the box, sprang a young figure.

"A man, Netta! A new man! I wonder who he is?" Miss Martin pinched her friend's arm in an excited manner.

"He is very handsome, whoever he is," said Netta, slowly.

That evening, old Mrs. Pelham introduced the stranger as her nephew, Mr. Barton West.

From that night, Miss Channing was no more heard to complain of dullness. She danced and walked and rode untiringly, and Mr. Barton West was usually her cavalier.

Rival "swains" shrugged their shoulders and gave their attentions to someone else—all but Laurence Porter, who had loved Netta Channing so long that his adoration had become an old story to her, and she thought nothing about it.

Comes another chill rainy day to drive everyone into the radius of the parlor fire, and the afghans and tidies, the sofa-cushions and chair-covers, flourish once more. The old ladies wave their caps and hobnob cheerfully, and everything looks precisely as it did a week before, on the day when Barton West came.

Miss Channing is not in the parlor now—she is walking in the ball-room.

Somebody suddenly wishes, very audibly, that somebody else would think of something amusing to do, upon which Mrs. DeLancey Fitzhugh—who, in virtue of "ancestors," a very imposing demeanor, and an air of complete information on every point, takes the lead in matters esthetic in the community—announces that she has thought of something, and is prepared to communicate it to a select circle. She thereupon suggets the dramatic rendering of the pretty dolorous legend of "The Mistletoe Bough."

"And who is to be the bride, dear Mrs. Fitzhugh?" asks Rosalie Pemberley, after much discussion has been spent on the matter.

"The bride? Oh, Netta Channing, I want for the bride. Call her, won't you, Rosalie?"

"Netta! Netta Channing! Come in here, you and Mr. West. We want you," calls Miss Pemberley.

Miss Channing accepts the rôle vivaciously.

"Play the part of the missing bride, Mrs. Fitzhugh?" she cries. "It will be charming. But where shall I get the right sort of dress?"

"And who is to be the bridegroom?" adds Miss Pemberley.

"Yes—that is rather an important consideration," says Miss Channing, with a certain arch yet meditative smile that sometimes steals over her face when she is amused at a thought of her own.

"May I offer myself for the place, Mrs. Fitzhugh?" asks West, quietly.

"What courage!" cries Miss Pemberley.

"Say rather, what presumption! You do not answer, Mrs. Fitzhugh—I am to consider myself accepted?"

"Ask Miss Channing," rejoins Mrs. Fitzhugh.

"Mrs. Fitzhugh consents—I consider myself accepted," West declares, with placid assurance.

"By yourself," retorts Miss Channing, laughing, though her color deepens slightly.

For the next few days, the "corps dramatique" are absorbed in preparations and their own importance.

The "baron," the "baron's retainers," and the "Christmas guests," descend upon the village shops and make heavy purchases of paper cambrics and other costly fabrics.

A stage and curtain are put up at one end of the ball-room. Barton West arranges the footlights, and shows himself in everything the most capable of managers—his taste and ingenuity are invaluable.

"It does very well," pronounces Mrs. Fitzhugh, surveying the result meditatively. "Somebody must get evergreens and make a wreath to conceal that ugly place where the curtain is tacked."

"Oh, never mind the wreath—The Mistletoe Bough promises to wave ubiquitously," titters Miss Dormer.

"Where is that mistletoe bough?" shrieks young Harry Fitzhugh, who is turning summersaults over the floor. "You're all of you forever talking about it, and I haven't seen it yet. Shoot that mistletoe bough, I say!"

"Harry, Harry," cries his mother. "What language! Never let me hear you say 'shoot' again."

"Why not, mother?" says Master Fitzhugh, performing another summersault. "Shoot is a jolly good word to say."

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"It's a very nice thing to do," remarks Miss Channing. "I adore shooting at a mark."

"Do you?" rejoins Mr. West. "Then why not try it? I have a pistol here—we can go up on the mountain."

"Do you really know how to shoot, Netta?" inquires Miss Pemberley.

"If there is a thing I can do, Rosalie, it is shoot at a mark."

Laurence Porter looks up from the absorbing occupation of making a willow whistle for the young Fitzhugh, and laughs.

"I don't doubt it, Miss Channing; that is just about what you can do—shoot at a mark!"

Miss Channing colors angrily at this speech.

"I can do more than that, Mr. Porter, thanks—I flatter myself that I can hit a mark."

"I have heard young women assert that before," replies Laurence, imperturbably; "they usually think that they know how to shoot and to row."

Mr. West, at this moment, appears with his pistol, but in a state of perplexity, because he has not been able to find cartridges to fit it.

Mr. Martin, an unobtrusive personage, rarely heard from, produces a handful, but they answer no better.

"What shall we do? I am so disappointed!" cries Miss Channing.

"I have a pair of pistols," Porter says, and goes at once in search of them.

They followed a path which wound easily up the mountain side. West and Miss Channing went first, and were sufficiently far from the others to make their conversation inaudible; but Laurence Porter watched, with persistent self-torture, the changes in Netta's face as she turned it to her companion. He thought it had never looked more bewitching—the warmth and exercise heightened her color, the sunlight flickered through the rich foliage and touched her hair from time to time, her clear eyes had in them an expression of unwonted earnestness as she listened to West. Twice, when the way was steep, she leaned on his arm. And Laurence strangled a deep groan of wrath and despair, then bent and gently helped over the rough places little Miss Martin, who was out of breath and apt to be left behind.

Fresh was the mountain breeze that swept their faces as they gained the summit—sweet and aromatic from its course through the pines and hemlocks. Several of the party rested in the old summer-house and fell to deciphering idly the names carved deeply on the pillars and benches by hands long since returned to dust, and West searched for a good target-tree. Jeannette Channing, ever restless, went on a tour of investigation, among the rocks and bushes. Laurence Porter watched her movements for a moment, then followed her.

She glanced around smilingly when she heard the footsteps in the ferns, but her countenance changed when she saw who was approaching.

"That is rather a dangerous direction for you, Miss Channing; there are too many rattlesnakes about."

"Thanks, Mr. Porter; but I am not afraid."

"I fear a rattlesnake would scarcely respect your feelings, Miss Channing, should you chance to meet one—"

"I think there is no danger of that," she said, coldly.

"Will you not go this way instead? That locality is noted for snakes—this path is equally interesting and perfectly safe."

"I don't think so, I assure you."

"Try this path to the right," persisted Laurence. "Don't be reckless."

Unfortunate word! She turned with a sudden most childish petulance.

"Do let me alone. I will do as I choose. I wish you would go back. I don't see why you think it necessary to supervise my movements continually as you do—"

"I will go back at once," said the young man. "But promise me that you will not venture among the rocks to the left."

"I wish you would go back," she said, impatiently. "You know I do not like to be followed and advised and directed, as though I were a child three years old!"

Laurence said not a word; he folded his arms, and, leaning against a tree, watched thoughtfully, for a minute or two, her impetuous progress.

Despite her scornful humor, Miss Channing took care to avoid the spot that Porter had designated; but, chancing to look up, she saw him still standing, like a sentinel, under the pine-tree. Instantly the young lady altered her course and hastened to the left, disappearing behind a large boulder.

Her sentinel, without a moment's hesitation, sprang after her and reached her just as she was preparing to step into what she considered "a lovely wild nook."

Laurence, without ceremony, seized her arm and drew her away, exclaiming imperatively:

"Miss Channing—do you know what you are about?"

"You had better ask yourself that question, Mr. Porter," said Netta, as haughtily as she could, under the disconcerting influence of a violent jerk.

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"Look!" he answered, pointing to the rock on which she had been standing. A large rattlesnake was gliding from under it, and in among the rocks beyond. Laurence's eyes flashed; he looked sternly yet tenderly into the incredulous startled face beside him.

"Was I not right?" he said.

"I wish you would be kind enough to let go my arm," Miss Channing responded. "You have pinched it black and blue."

"I have been looking for you everywhere," said West's voice. "Have you given up your intention of shooting, Miss Channing?"

"Not at all. Let us begin at once."

"Well, Netta," said Miss Pemberley, who was sitting, with a very discontented face, in the summer-house when they regained it. "I thought you had taken the two gentlemen and gone home by another route."

"By no means. Oh, what lovely pistols!" cried Miss Channing.

"Take care: they are loaded," said Porter.

She took up one of them immediately, giving him a defiant glance.

"Not every woman has your brave spirit," whispered West.

"Don't turn that pistol this way, Netta, for mercy's sake," cried Miss Pemberley: "I have no faith in you."

"You should really be more careful," said Porter; "it will be off in a minute."

The words had scarcely left his lips when there was a flash, a report, and a shrill scream from Miss Pemberley. The pistol had gone off in Miss Channing's unskillful hand, and the victim was Laurence Porter.

The ball had passed into his shoulder and lodged there; but, as far as could be ascertained by an imperfect examination, no bones were broken.

The others crowded about him; but Netta neither spoke nor made any attempt to render assistance: she was paralyzed by what she had done.

Laurence uttered no complaint as he descended the rough mountain-path, supported by West and young Martin, though the jolting must have given him severe pain at times.

Miss Channing walked behind them. Once, half-way, he stepped on a stone, which rolled under his foot. Netta gave a low cry and involuntarily extended her arms. Laurence turned and looked anxiously at her, though he tried to smile.

"Do not distress yourself," he said. "I am very slightly hurt, I assure you. Don't give the accident a moment's thought—I beg that you will not!"

"But I will! I am dreadfully sorry!" cried the girl, impetuously.

At the foot of the mountain was found a carriage that had brought visitors to the hotel. This was fortunate; and West thought it wisest to drive immediately to the surgeon of the village.

Poor Laurence—his face was pale enough when he leaned it against the shawl that Miss Channing had rolled up and placed for it; but, despite pain and exhaustion, he had found a ray of hope that rendered him a happier man than when he had passed that spot two hours before.

The "Mistletoe Bough" was not played that evening, nor for some time afterward. When it was given, the bride was not Jeannette Channing. After that afternoon on the mountain, she discovered something she had never dreamed of. When she took the rôle of bride, she took it in earnest. And let us hope, for Laurence Porter's sake, that she was not a treasure lost as soon as gained, like the poor little lady of the "Mistletoe Bough."

SHAKING HANDS.

BY THEODORE B. DALE.

There is an art in shaking hands
Not everybody understands;
And, as they go through life untaught,
The simple act expresses naught,
The fingers limp within our own
Awaken no responsive tone
From the electric wires that send
The hearty greeting to a friend.

But oh! there is a simple touch,
Gentle and soft, that means so much—
The pulses of our soul are stirred,
As if we heard the spoken word;
The outstretched hand, the hearty grasp,
The fingers locked in loving clasp,
Fresh strength and courage have bestowed
To many a one along life's road.

Some lonely traveler it may be,
Yearning for love and sympathy,
And quick the sign to comprehend—
"My heart is true, and I'm your friend."
Thus one repels, another draws;
And many are misjudged because
Not one in twenty understands
The gracious art of shaking hands.

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MY OWN STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SINCE I was nearer forty than even a man cares to be, one would reasonably have concluded that, if I proposed ever to fall in love, I ought to have done it long before.

I am far from saying that in my youth I had omitted to indulge in occasional fancies, but they had never taken healthy root—never even struck deep enough to leave me sweet or bitter memories to look back on in my solitary hours. Indeed, for a long while, I had given up any hope of such pleasant fillip to my monotonous life, though sometimes I dreamed, as all lonely men must, of the charms of a home and a family. Yet, even when indulging in such pretty visions, I was wise enough to know that they held drawbacks; that at my age I should do well to remain content with my lot, and regard those vague dreams as springing out of the exuberance of the past—only stray bits of the romance suitable to early life—fortifying my resolutions always by the maxim of a cynical old bachelor friend, which ran in this fashion:

"As regards marriage: why, a man is probably sorry if he does not marry; certainly he will be sorry if he does; so he'd better give himself the benefit of the doubt."

And yet, in spite of moralizing and maxims, my fate overtook me one spring, when I was living in Dresden in order to pursue certain art-studies and researches indispensable to a work I had in contemplation. I was a dilettante and student in a mild way, and, I may as well add here, richer six times over than was necessary to serve my modest tastes and habits.

Circumstances suddenly induced me to change my lodgings, and I was lucky enough to obtain a sunny first floor, including the privilege of the garden, in a commodious house within easy reach of the galleries and the libraries which might be necessary to my purpose.

Here it was I fell in love, and, oddest of all—you will please neither laugh nor be shocked—with a lady who had only buried her husband three months previous. She lived in the adjoining house, and we had the same proprietor; the fattest and most garrulous man, I honestly believe, that the world contained. He told me all he knew about the lady—as he did about every soul under the two roofs—while doing the honors on my installation in my new apartment, and, as I had already heard something of Madame Marsan's history, I was more interested than in the accounts regarding the rest of my new neighbors.

Madame Marsan was an English lady who had been living with her mother in a comfortable manner at Dresden, when, nine years before the period of which I am writing, unexpected reverses rendered it necessary for her to take up the profession of teacher. Monsieur Marsan was a Frenchman by descent, though born in Saxony, and, at the time Miss Beresford began her career as governess, was a man of forty, at the head of a large porcelain manufactory, and, though a bachelor, not exempt from family responsibilities. He had taken care of his widowed stepmother for some years, and, after her death, he still kept in his home his half-sister, Nanette, then a child of eight summers.

Miss Beresford accepted the post of daily governess to the little girl, and, after holding it to general satisfaction for some months, her mother died, and Monsieur Marsan proposed that she should reside in the house with her pupil. There arose immediately, both in native circles and the foreign colonies, a good deal of gossip, so Miss Beresford refused the position; and Marsan, either loving her or determined not to be conquered, offered her his hand. After considerable hesitation, Miss Beresford married him, being then twentyfive, and for the nine years of her husband's life was exact and exemplary in the performance of her wifely duties. That she could have loved him, nobody believed; for, though an honorable man, he was horribly tyrannical, and held women on a level little above that which a good Mussulman might consider their due.

He had died of apoplexy three months before I became madame's neighbor, just as he had undertaken various speculations which would doubtless have succeeded had he lived to manage his own affairs; but, dying so suddenly as he did, his affairs were found to be in such a state that the widow and sister were menaced with ruin.

The sum of thirty thousand dollars must be raised, or the property would lapse to the cred-

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itors. The gentlemen had allowed madame six months to effect the necessary loan, and it had been believed by them and her that the matter could not be difficult. Marsan had a brother in America, known to be rich and attached to his relative. Nobody had any doubt as to his readiness to save that dead brother's business credit, as well as aid the widow. But when, after a good deal of delay, news came from New York, it was of the most unfortunate nature. Charles Marsan was dead too, and his heirs cared nothing about the good name of an unknown uncle, nor the material welfare of his relict.

So you understand that, when I became Madame Marsan's neighbor, the mortgages had exactly three months to run before they could be foreclosed, and that in every direction her hopes of assistance had failed. Three months more, and, in spite of a great deal of verbal sympathy —much thereof probably genuine—Marsan's widow and half-sister would find themselves beyond a doubt reduced to actual penury, through the unavoidable sacrifice of a really valuable property.

Now I have made matters clear in a clumsy fashion, and can go on with the personal story which I set out to tell.

I had been two days in those new lodgings when my fate overtook me—I mean when I first set eyes on Emily Marsan.

It was a lovely spring evening, and, though early in the season, the air felt mild and soft as if I had been straying about the pleasure-grounds of some Neapolitan domain, instead of that quaint old garden in the heart of a northern clime.

I had heard enough from various sources concerning Madame Marsan to feel deeply interested in her, and had a strange inexplicable longing to meet her face to face.

Now the gardens of the two houses were separated by a lofty hedge, fortified here and there by tall trees, with numerous breaks in the thicket of verdure, to give any curious person sufficient opportunities to look from one into the other.

As I stood near my side of the boundary in the last glow of the sunset, I noticed pretty Manette Marsan, whom I had already seen—as graceful a fairy of seventeen as one could wish to look at —saunter out of the house, swinging her garden-hat in her hand.

She strayed for a little among the newly arranged parterres, gathering occasionally a few young leaves and early buds, then, after stooping for some instants over a bed of crocuses, called in English, with the prettiest possible trace of foreign accent:

"Emily, Emily, come here! Emily, I say!"

I stared eagerly through an opportune break in the hedge, and saw a lady approach slowly in obedience to the eager demand. I cannot describe her; I can tell you she was tall, beautiful, queenly, dark as to eyes and hair, her delicate complexion looking unnaturally pale from the contrast to her deep widow's-weeds. But what made the charm of her face was its expression—a few of Fra Angelico's angels have that same heavenly look, but I never saw it in any human being except in Emily Marsan.

"Emily, do come!" the sweet petulant young voice continued.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, quietly, in tones deeper and richer than those ordinarily possessed by her sex.

"Such a beetle! Is it a beetle? Never mind —but did you ever see such a fat important old fellow? Dear me, I declare he looks like the cathedral verger. Now where can he possibly have passed the winter, to come out so sleek and round?"

"Perhaps he has been South—I only hope he'll not find that he is returned rather too soon," the velvety voice answered.

Nanette responded by a laugh as sweet as a peal of little bells, and then said apologetically:

"Oh, I forgot!"

Madame Marsan patted her shoulder and continued:

"My child, Herr Dorsch is here—please go and receive him, and say I will be in presently."

"Herr Dorsch?" repeated the young girl, falteringly. "Oh, dear—and I was laughing—and there's more worry!"

"It does me good to hear you, Nanette; as for the worry, why, it is no longer new," the widow replied. "Go, child—I only want a moment to myself before seeing him."

Nanette flung herself into her sister-in-law's arms for an instant, but, after listening to a few whispered words, checked her rising sobs and hastened obediently away, stopping to call piteously:

"Please, please, don't be long!"

Madame waved her hand, and, after the girl had disappeared, took a few turns up and down the walks, sighing now and then, but with a look on her face which made me somehow comprehend that her chief solicitude in this dreary season was for her sister, not herself.

To and fro she walked, and, unseen, I stared at her, as men may have gazed at angels in the ancient days when celestial messengers visited the earth, until, with a last long sigh, she moved down the centre path and disappeared within the gloomy old doorway.

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I loved her—I knew it already—and gloried in the consciousness! So you perceive that destiny had indeed effectually done her work.

You will laugh, but no matter! All that night I paced my chamber and dreamed like a Romeo of twenty summers—only, I may do myself the justice to say that my visions held a practical side which at least was in keeping with my years.

How to assist this adorable woman in her extremity; over and above my insane fancyings, that sober reflection came up and pressed upon my mind. How to do it was the question, since I did not even know her, and the recency of her mourning rendered any attempt at making her acquaintance a very difficult matter.

But fate, having so successfully begun her work, chose to continue in her self-appointed task!

Only the next day, as I was nearing the house on my return from the picture-gallery, I saw Nanette Marsan crossing the street just above, under the care of an old servant. As the two reached the sidewalk, a great dog, escaped from a man who had been brutally beating him, dashed across the road, pushed the young lady in his frenzy, and shoved her with such violence against a lamp-post that she would have fallen, had I not reached the spot in time to save her.

I assisted her into the house, and half carried her up the stairs to the door of her sister-in-law's apartment, which the servant opened after an endless fumbling for her key, and roused her mistress by shrieking:

"Madame, madame, come quick! Here is mademoiselle killed by a mad dog, and monsieur the American from next door has saved her life—so she isn't a bit hurt—do come!"

Between us, Nanette and I managed to give a somewhat more coherent account of the accident, and so, ten minutes after it occurred, I found myself seated in the drawing-room of my idol, and conversing as calmly as the circumstances and my perturbation would permit.

So we made acquaintance, and of course the blessed disaster and Nanette's shaken nerves gave me an opportunity to call daily for nearly a week; and, considering the way we had been brought together, Madame Marsan's recent widowhood could prove no bar to my reception.

I was constantly turning over in my mind some possibility of finding means by which I could manage to be of assistance to the two unfortunate ladies, who bore their menacing troubles, the one with the insouciance of early youth, the other with the great fortitude which a very brief intercourse must have shown any reflecting person was one of her chief characteristics.

Nanette was in many things childish for her age, but bright and clever as she was pretty, and her devotion to her sister-in-law knew no bounds. Before a month elapsed, I had hit on a plan which I thought would serve my purpose, and bewitching little Nanette was the medium whereby I hoped to carry it out.

My banker and warm friend, Herr Rosenthal, who had known me intimately for the last twenty years, was also an old acquaintance of Madame Marsan's, and had kindly served as voucher for my respectability and position when I so determinedly forced myself on that lady. He had done this at my request the day after Nanette's accident, and, six weeks later, I went to him with another petition, which he was equally ready to grant, which gave him considerable gratification into the bargain.

I desired him to make to Madame Marsan in due form, as the guardian and nearest relative of Mademoiselle Nanette, an offer of my hand in marriage to that charming little person. Of course, no marriage could take place for a year, owing to the family-mourning; and I added that, considering her extreme youth, I should be patient if madame desired a further delay. But, if my proposition were favorably received, I would undertake at once to assure the payment of the mortgages so soon to fall due and enter into arrangements for the carrying-on of the factory upon terms which would yield the widow and her young sister a comfortable percentage and also relieve them from any painful sense of obligation by the fact that, the business again in good condition, a very few years would serve for regaining the sum I proposed to advance under cover of the banker's name.

After taking a week for consideration, Herr Rosenthal came to inform me that the ladies accepted my proposition; during that time, I had not seen them, so you may be sure the period had seemed long.

There were several business-interviews among us three elders, at which Miss Nanette did not assist; and I hurried poor Rosenthal on to the completion of all the documents and other necessary work in a way which sorely vexed his slow German soul.

"Himmel!" cried he, at last. "One would think you a boy of twenty—or that you were to be married to-morrow."

"The latter, at least, I wish most ardently," said I, laughing.

These words were spoken in Madame Marsan's

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hearing. I saw that she looked somewhat troubled, and I understood the reason.

I wondered if she would have the courage to tell me the exact truth—I should be able easily to pardon the feminine weakness which might keep both her and Nanette silent; but I did hope she would prove courageous enough to speak.

And, the very next morning, she sent for me, a little paler and more quiet than usual. I knew, the instant I set eyes on her, that she meant to be perfectly frank. Ah, how proud of her I was!

"Mr. Tinsley," she said, "there is something which perhaps I ought to have told you at the very start. I have consulted with Nanette, and she consents—"

"Yes, madame," I rejoined, as she paused for an instant. "Pray do not hesitate; any confidence you may see fit to repose in me I shall at least try to deserve."

"I know—I am sure," she answered, and went on with renewed courage: "My sister-in-law once had a strong attachment for a distant relative of hers—Carl Zedwich; they were almost brought up together. Carl is only about six years the elder."

"I have heard something of this," I remarked, tranquilly, when she stopped again, troubled for breath. "I believe Monsieur Marsan was averse to any idea of marriage between relations—was, indeed, not altogether satisfied with the cousin Carl."

"Yes—yes," she said, again relieved. "I have always thought Carl a little misunderstood; but that has nothing to do with what I wanted to say. Reports reached Monsieur Marsan, which he repeated to Nanette. She refused to see her cousin again; and he sailed for Brazil some months before my—my husband's death."

"I thank you for your confidence, madame," I said. "I have to thank Mademoiselle Nanette also for yielding to your desire that there should be no secrets among us."

"Oh, Mr. Tinsley, she felt it was better for you to know—I showed her so plainly, I mean." And then she stopped, and presently added: "Nanette is an honorable girl: she would not, believe me, even to put an end to our troubles, accept your proposition unless she felt certain of herself—felt that, in time, she—"

"Could learn to be content with me as her husband?" I asked.

Emily—I can't help calling her so—bowed her stately head, and her lips framed "yes," though the word was inaudible.

"May I see her?" was my next demand.

"Surely," madame answered, and rang the bell, desiring the old servant, when she obeyed the summons, to send mademoiselle.

In a few moments Nanette appeared, looking pale and frightened, but trying to smile, and behaving altogether with a dignity which I had never seen her display.

"My dear child," I said, lightly touching her hand, "I have to thank your sister and you. Believe me, I will endeavor to earn your sincere regard. And now let us just try to behave as if nothing important had happened—to learn to grow warm friends; only don't be afraid of me—that is all I ask."

"How could I be, when you are so good?" she replied. "Oh, Emily—do thank him: say what I want to. I will try to—to—"

She hid her face on her sister's shoulder, and I said quietly:

"There isn't anything more to explain. Now, we mean to be quiet and prosaic and comfortable—if only Madame Marsan would offer me a cup of her delicious English tea."

They were both puzzled, but my manner speedily put them at ease; and, very soon, we became a home-looking trio, tranquilly sipping the delicate Orange Pekoe, of which I drank more than I ought, for the pleasure of having my cup replenished by Emily's hand.

That visit was the beginning of many pleasant days and weeks to me—so different from my ordinary past that existence seemed abruptly transformed almost out of knowledge, as a chill bare room might be altered by the sudden fitting up with velvets and tapestries and all manner of bright belongings.

I fancied that Madame Marsan shared my feeling of content and rest; daily life had proved somewhat stormy, report said, with that hot-tempered imperious husband, though her part in the tempests had been that of passive endurance.

And little Nanette tried to be satisfied with her new lot and to find content in the future which opened before her; but, after the first few weeks, I fear that she did not find it so easy as she expected. I saw this plainly; but, woman of penetration though she was, Madame Marsan did not notice. For one thing, the matters of business occupied her a great deal; then the reaction from fears of ruin—which had, I know, troubled her more for Nanette than herself—had left her in that state of passivity such as comes over one after a long illness, when health and strength return slowly, and to sit in the sunshine without a positive thought in one's brain is luxury and delight.

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Then, too, Nanette took great pains to keep her sister blind; I appreciated the girl's unselfishness, and, partly because I did not want madame awakened, partly because the little heroine deserved a reward for her efforts, I determined that she should have a change—if only one that would relieve her for awhile from the strain of my daily visits and the need of always being on her guard.

I had grown such a Macchiavelli in forming plots that I had no difficulty in finding a feasible plan, and again fate aided me—really, do you know, I honestly believe that she is a much-belied old dame.

Some relatives of mine came over from America for a season of travel—as charming a family of young people as one could meet, and possessing parents worthy of such offspring.

They visited Dresden, and, of course, made acquaintance with my friends; but, before presenting them, I told madame that I really thought Nanette would be more comfortable if she were not forced to appear in the character of an engaged young lady; so, if she pleased, we would say nothing about the state of our affairs—the ladies' mourning being an additional reason therefor.

"You are always so thoughtful," Madame Marsan said; "yes—perhaps Nanette would prefer that."

And Nanette did, with all her heart—in fact, she almost embraced me, when our decision was explained to her.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, in her pretty foreign English, "there was never any man like you! Oh, you are as delicate in your intuitions as a woman! I do appreciate you—try to believe it—and I will strive hard, hard to be worthy of your—your—"

The poor soul hesitated so over the word "affection," which she had meant to pronounce, that I could not be brutal enough to refuse her my aid.

"You are worthy of all the affection I or anybody can give you," said I; "only please don't get exalted and erroneous ideas of your duty—that's all."

My relatives, from the oldest to the youngest, at once fell in love with the sisters, and, quiet as we were, we managed to make Dresden an agreeable sojourn to the travelers for a fortnight.

But the family was anxious to see as much as possible, and decided to journey onward; and, at the last moment, the dear old maiden aunt was threatened with one of her dreadful rheumatic attacks, and dreaded the idea of a journey, and the others could not, of course, think of leaving her in a body—two or three must remain behind.

"I have a capital idea," I said, when the matter was being discussed in family conclave, with madame and Nanette added. "Now, unless you agree, one and all, not to dispute it, you shall not even hear what my famous plan is."

They all promised, and the invalid added:

"Go on, Cousin Horace—of course you are sure to have found something pleasant—is he not, madame?"

Madame bowed, with her slow sweet smile, while a faint tinge of color showed in her pale cheeks at this abrupt appeal.

"Now you two are hopelessly compromised, at all events," I said. "So I'll tell you what occurs to me! Cousin Isabel shall stay quietly here in Dresden—"

"Oh, if she will stay with me!" Emily broke in.

"Just so—you are clairvoyant, madame—that was to be my proposal," I rejoined. "The rest of the tribe shall go on their pilgrimage, and perhaps they can induce Mademoiselle Nanette to—"

"Go with us!" interrupted the family.

I stole one glance at Nanette's face, saw how much the proposition pleased her, and so was at rest.

"You are all a set of ungrateful creatures!" I cried. "You have anticipated my idea; but I forgive you, since you have the grace to be pleased."

And, three days later, the party set out; Nanette's face beaming on me to the last—she, poor child, quite unconscious how heartily glad she was to bid me good-bye.

Cousin Isabel was already established in Madame Marsan's home, speedily got well enough to enjoy the dawning summer, and I think no man need ask pleasanter months than I spent. The travelers had gone to Paris, and as far south as Florence, and I wrote to advise their visiting the Tyrol and the Dolomites, while I could take Isabel to some German baths, if, as I had no doubt, Madame Marsan would kindly consent to accompany us.

So I managed to give Nanette the whole summer away, and I wrote her often friendly letters, which she at length learned to answer without any more constraint than she might have felt had I been an old bachelor uncle—which I suppose must have been my ideal of a young girl's feeling for her elderly betrothed husband!

And the pilgrims did pursue their pleasant course, and we three others went to some quiet

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mountain baths, and altogether the autumn came before anybody was ready therefor, and I so strongly advised the travelers to visit Vienna before their return that they decided to do so.

It was the first week in October, and we, sometime since, back in quiet Dresden, were expecting the pilgrims in the course of a few days.

Well, one evening, as I sat in my room, endeavoring to busy myself with my sorely neglected work, I was interrupted by a servant bringing a brief note from Madame Marsan, in which she begged me to come to her instantly, as she had something of great importance to impart.

Now, I had left her and my cousin only an hour before; we had had a delightfully fatiguing day, visiting an old ruined castle some leagues distant; I had dined with the two ladies, and taken my leave at eight o'clock, because I knew they were both really in need of rest. It was exactly nine when the billet reached me—so of course madame's news must have arrived very unexpectedly; and, ten minutes afterward, I entered her salon, to find her looking like a ghost.

"Thank you for coming," was her only greeting. "Sit down, please. Your cousin is already in bed and asleep. I could not wait—"

"Madame, has some great trouble befallen you?" I asked, for she could get no further.

"Yes—I must tell it all out—you know I never can go at things in a roundabout way," she answered, breathlessly.

"And we are friends of sufficient standing, I trust, for you to be able to tell me anything," I said.

"Yes. Oh, if I tried for a year to say how deeply I feel all that you have done for us—"

"But that is not your important news," I interrupted again. "As for the other, remember that you—and your sister"—I recollected just in time to add the last words—"have turned a very solitary life into a very agreeable one; so we are simply on equal terms. And now, what has happened?"

If I had wanted thanks, that one quick gleam from her eloquent eyes would have been ample. The heart-full expression was quickly succeeded by a look of pain—almost terror.

"How am I to tell you? Your goodness only makes everything so much the harder!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Tinsley, I have a letter from Carl Zedwich—you remember—"

"Yes, perfectly! The distant cousin who was attached to Nanette, and went off to the Brazils when her brother proved to her that he was not worthy of her affection," I said, smoothly and rapidly.

"But he has come back," Emily cried, fairly wringing her white hands. "This letter is written from Brindisi; he has arrived there, and is detained for a little by some business."

"Never mind the letter," I suggested, as she began confusedly drawing it from her pocket. "Well, he is coming straight to his old home?"

"Yes; and oh, he says he can prove now that Monsieur Marsan was mistaken—that he has been bitterly wronged."

"Certainly, madame, if he can prove that, he is right to do so," I answered. "But how did he gain this information away off in Brazil?"

"Oh, he says that some kind friend found out the truth and sent him word, advising his return," madame explained. "It seems that the letters informing him of Monsieur Marsan's death had been delayed. He only received them a little while before he got the other news."

"Sorrow and joy mingle so oddly in this mortal life," I remarked, with the sententiousness of a Mussulman.

"But, Mr. Tinsley, you don't understand," Emily groaned. "This letter was written to Nanette. She answered it, saying that she was engaged to be married. She inclosed both letters to me, and I was writing him when he sent the telegram vowing he should come on, all the same."

"Why, of course, after making such a long journey, he would not stop short so near its end as Brindisi," said I, still Mussulman-like in my composure.

She threw up her arms with a gesture almost of desperation.

"I declare," she cried, "sometimes you are so calm that—that—oh, forgive me—I am nearly crazy! Don't you see, he will get here to-morrow—Nanette will arrive the same evening."

"Yes, dear friend, that seems as plain as Bradshaw," I observed.

"And he will torment her! She will not give way—I mean she does not wish to see him. She has written me so beautifully! Oh, Mr. Tinsley, I am at my wit's end, and you stand there like a statue!"

She burst out crying, and I took her two hands and comforted her with friendly words and advice. I could afford to be calm as to words, while I had the bliss of holding those white fingers in mine.

"Try to understand," she sobbed. "Nanette does not mean to break her promise—she will keep it! Oh, she says, if she had a hundred

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lives to live, they should all be cheerfully given to repay your kindness and your—your love."

"Of course," I said, still unmoved as the Grand Turk; "I know Mademoiselle Nanette well enough to be certain such would prove her decision."

"She—she believes that in reality it is well for her," pursued Emily, falteringly. "Carl is so young—so headstrong."

"Wise little Nanette," purred I, softly.

"But she wanted you to know—oh, she is truth itself," Emily hurried on. "The only thing is, she begs to be spared meeting Carl—and how am I to manage that?"

"Will you leave it to me?" I asked, quietly. "Don't be afraid. I promise you to have no quarrel with the headstrong young gentleman. But I am in possession of certain facts which will convince him of the necessity of submitting to our decision; strong enough also to assure our sweet Nanette that she had reason to trust to my common sense."

Just then Cousin Isabel sent for Emily, having wakened in pain; so there was only time for us to settle that I should first interview Carl Zedwich, and I promised to leave, with the porter of the house, a letter which would induce him to call on me before attempting to see Emily or Nanette—in case the latter should have arrived.

And the next day came, and a little after noon there was a knock at my door, and, in answer to my permission, there burst in a tall handsome young fellow, with a violence more suitable to a bomb than a peaceful visitor.

"I am Carl Zedwich," cried he. "Your note bade me call. Oh, I have to thank you for hunting up the proofs that old Marsan was mistaken—I'll say mistaken. Now—"

"Wait, wait!" I interrupted. "I am Horace Tinsley!"

"The man they have sold Nanette to!" he cried, furiously. "Oh, then I've made some horrible blunder—got into the wrong apartment. No matter; I'm glad of it. You shall hear the truth."

"I'm glad of it too," said I; "pray explain."

"Explain—explain? Why, I've told you; and I say she shan't be sold. I don't know how you managed it, but I'll not have her sacrificed. I'll kill you. Oh, if you've got pistols, out with them. Let's finish the business now and here," shouted the sanguinary young man, about the craziest fellow to be met outside of Bedlam.

"We'd better proceed a little more slowly," said I; "at this rate, you may kill me before I can discover why I had to die."

"Curse your English phlegm," he sneered.

"American," I amended.

"It's all the same," growled he.

"No, I beg your pardon, it is not," I persisted. "But never mind. Herr Zedwich, what do you really want of me?"

"I never meant to see you. Don't I tell you I'm here by a blunder?" cried he, growing more excited in his efforts to regain a little calmness. "But, since we are face to face, I'll speak. I repeat, it's all a bargain; that sister-in-law and old Rosenthal between them have persuaded her. And she thought I was base and vile; but she shall not be sacrificed—that I swear."

"So do I; and, what is more, I don't mean to be sacrificed, either," said I, and coolly pushed him down into a chair; he was so taken aback by my words that it was easy to do. "Now, before you speak again, Herr Zedwich, look at your note. It says 'first floor': here you are, in my apartment. Now, that is the writing of your unknown correspondent, who cleared up matters for you here and wrote you word. You hold the note in your hand. Good! Compare the writing with these papers. Both the same—eh?"

Zedwich stared at the manuscript I held before his eyes, stared at his letter, then stared at me.

"Am I asleep or mad?" he pronounced, presently.

"You require sleep," said I, "for you've been traveling all night; but I don't think you need go mad—unless you absolutely insist on it."

He got up and sat down, got up again, shoved me off at arm's-length—and stared more wildly than ever.

"If you don't explain straight away, I shall go mad now and here," he cried.

"To explain is easy enough," I said, gently: "I have a heart as well as you, and it is full—but it happens to be with love for Emily Marsan, not your Nanette."

"Great—"

"Now, now—listen," I continued: "I fell in love with her at first sight, but I couldn't, under the circumstances, well tell her so—and cannot yet. If I had waited, the property would have been lost, both she and Nanette ruined. I felt sure you were not guilty of what was charged against you, so felt Rosenthal—what to do?"

"Go on! go on!" cried Zedwich, eager enough now to hear my voice.

"Why, we saved the property, proved your innocence, and—and—here you are," said I. "My dear boy, your Nanette is a jewel: be you worthy of her."

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Carl Zedwich nearly hugged the breath out of my body; but I had enough left to explain that my little plot must still remain a secret. Nanette would not arrive till evening; before then, I would make it clear to Madame Marsan that, certain of Carl's uprightness, I could not separate Nanette from him. As regarded the money and the business, Carl would have to carry the latter on, and I must remain his creditor for the former until it could be repaid.

Well, when the year of mourning for her brother expired, Nanette married Carl Zedwich. In the meantime, Emily and I had been on the best terms of frank friendship; it suited my disposition to keep up my rôle to the very end.

The day of the wedding, after the young pair had gone, Emily and I stood alone in her salon.

"How good and noble and wise you have been!" she said, softly.

"That admitted, when shall I have my reward?" I asked.

"Your—your reward?" she faltered.

Well, well—I learned that she cared for me: and my reward came into my life before another twelvemonth elapsed.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY M. A. O'NEILL.

'Twas eventide, and far and wide
Stretched out the prairie-land;
I sat alone and thought of home,
That merry household-band.

'Twas years ago; I've wandered so
O'er the earth by land and sea,
Yet that cottage small, with its inmates all,
Seems ever present to me.

In the years gone by, with love and joy
We knelt in the fading light,
In that lowly room, to give our thanks
Ere we uttered our fond good-night.

O'er mem'ry's track, the scene comes back
Of that peaceful cottage home;
But scattered now and far apart
Are the paths o'er which we roam.

And so, to-night, in the fading light,
Came back through the vista of years
That vision bright in the firelight—
I gaze on it still through my tears.

I'm growing old, and my heart is cold,
With life's tide ebbing fast;
Still, through my tears and the mist of years,
I shall see my home at last.

I turn, to-night, from this western light
And the reckless paths I trod:
For childhood's home and loved ones own
Bring back my trust in God.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

BY NELLIE T. GRANT.

Around me is the golden summertide,
The dulcet bird-songs, and the scent of flowers;
My thirsty spirit drinks the beauty in,
The restful beauty of the halcyon hours.

I look up toward the deep empyrean blue
And feel an inmost thrill of pure delight,
The while a radiant day-dream visits me
And many fancies beautiful and bright.

Unheeded falls my book, as thus I muse;
Before me comes a face, its beauty rare,
And, half unconsciously, I breathe a name
Upon the balmy incense of the air.

As falls the gentle dew upon the flowers,
So doth the dew of happiness impart
Revivifying strength; and I am glad,
Because it's summer now within my heart.

THE ORIOLE'S SONG.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Rock-a-by, oriole, swinging away
In the top of the old elm-tree, to-day—

The winds sing a lullaby peaceful and deep,
Swaying your cradle to rock you to sleep.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, all the day long—
Fill the bright hours with beautiful song;

This is your mission, to chase gloom away,
Singing so gayly through all the long day.

Sing to us, oriole, when night shall come,
When the shades darken into deep gloom!

Sing, O bright oriole, when shadows creep
Over the threshold of life's careless sleep!

Then, like a ray of light piercing the skies,
Telling of hope and rest, thy song shall rise.

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TWO SIDES TO ONE STORY.

BY MISS LEE M'CRAE.

HER SIDE.

FLORENCE HATHAWAY closed the hall-door softly, bolted and locked it, and then sped up the stairs to her own cozy room.

The first thing she did, when there, was to turn up the lamp to its full height and view herself earnestly in the tall mirror.

Pulling the filmy shawl closer around her throat, she ejaculated: "Very becoming," and proceeded to divest herself of the street-accompaniments to a party-toilette.

Then came another long survey which seemed equally satisfactory, as the glass reflected a serene smile.

Seating herself beneath the shaded lamp, she glanced at her watch, unfastened a bracelet, yawned, and, taking her journal from a drawer near by, wrote as follows:

"Have just returned from Cora De Long's euchre-party, and had a much pleasanter evening than I could have expected to spend there. What a jolly old world this is, occasionally! Someway, I never can win at euchre, unless my partner is a good player. But I managed to secure Mr. Danforth this time, in spite of Nell Burns; and he can't be beaten.

"He did all the playing to-night, while I carried on a brisk little flirtation with Fred Webster. He thinks he can captivate any girl in Carbondale; but he is 'under water' himself this time, or I'm mistaken. I was unusually gracious and he seemed ecstatically happy. Cora tried to make me think, yesterday, that he and Nell Burns were engaged; but that is all nonsense, as anyone could see by his devotion to me to-night. My opinion is that there has been something between them; but Fred is attracted elsewhere and she is consumed by jealousy, because I watched her closely to-night—and I am uncommonly quick to observe such things—and, though she seemed to be trying to entertain Mr. Danforth, her eyes were frequently wandering in our direction. Some girls think they are so shrewd.

"I wore my cream-colored nun's-veiling—and looked bewitching, if I do say it. Ned Mackenzie was my escort, and it was fairly absurd to see him holding my pink zephyr shawl when we were making our adieus.

"He smoothed it, wrinkled it up, folded it, and even smiled at it—like the foolish fellow he is. Just between you and me and this penholder, my dear journal, Ned is desperately in love, and came very near proposing to-night.

"We were driving home from the party, in the dim starlight—and a long drive it is, too, plenty long enough for all sorts of sentimentalizing on his part—and he certainly took advantage of his opportunity.

"As we drove very slowly, he watched me in that earnest searching way of his, scarcely taking his eyes from my face, except once, when he gazed vacantly into the trees—and the future, I imagine—and sighed like November.

"I concluded I'd help him along a little, so I asked which lot would be the more miserable: to be married above one's station in every respect or beneath it. It seemed to confuse him for a minute; but he only said I must ask him something easier, as he was inexperienced as yet, and so on.

"It was so vexing! He is as cautious as he is Scotch, and doesn't lead on a particle. Perhaps I haven't encouraged him enough.

"Once I allowed my wrap to fall off, and, when he went to draw it around me, he did it with real lover-like tenderness, and let his arm linger unnecessarily long among its folds. Then he called me 'Flo'—everyone else says 'Florence'—and said something about he 'hoped to-morrow night would be as lovely as—' caught himself, and looked quite embarrassed for a minute. Pshaw! don't I see through it? He'll be here to-morrow night, my journal, and I'll tell you exactly how he proposes.

"It will be so funny to refer to when we are old people, sitting around our cozy hearth. I can't say I love him; but then I don't love anybody else, and he is as good a match as I can find in Carbondale. Besides, we will make such a fine-looking couple—which is, after all, quite a consideration. Fred Webster, in spite of his self-conceit and confidence in himself, isn't anything like as fine-looking. I like to tease Ned by flirting with Fred, as I did this evening; but I think I will allow Nell's admirer to return to his old allegiance, and say 'Yes' to such a devoted lover as Ned looks and seems of late. And now good-night, my silent friend: abide in patience until then. Perhaps to-morrow night's

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entry will tell you something of interest; by that time, my fate as well as his may be decided."

As she spoke, Miss Hathaway closed her book with a half-smile, locked it with its secrets securely away from prying eyes, and, with a decided yawn, arose. Again she glanced into the mirror with a look half inquiring, half satisfied, nodded her head in perfect content with herself and her little world, and began sleepily to remove the rest of her ornaments.

HIS SIDE.

Not far away, in another part of Carbondale, the cautious young Scotchman who formed the principal subject of Miss Hathaway's meditations that evening entered in a leisurely manner his own dwelling, after having escorted the young lady home.

In absent dreamy fashion, Ned Mackenzie mounted the stairs and entered his room, where a bright fire was still burning in the open grate. He struck a match, lighted the lamp, and changed his coat for a comfortable dressing-gown. His next move was to throw himself down on a couch by the hearth. He buried his face in the cushion for an instant, and then, sitting bolt upright and running his fingers through his hair, exclaimed: "Flo! Flo! How can I wait till to-morrow night? To see you—to fold your dainty shawl around you once more! Oh, Flo! Suppose something should happen! Suppose you do not love me, after all! No, you do love me—your eyes have said it!"

Here he sprang up, and, taking a photograph from its easel on the mantel, gazed at it in true lover-like fashion.

Sitting down and still looking at the sweet face on the card, he murmured:

"Miss Hathaway is like you, Flo—was so like you to-night in the dim light, with that pink shawl around her. How could I help caressing its soft folds and imagining she was you, sitting so close to me? And I called her 'Flo' once! Just think of it! Ha! ha!

"Thank fortune, it happened to be her name too, so probably she just thought me over-friendly—or flirting, perhaps, like herself. She is such a vain frivolous creature! Thank goodness, you are not like her, my love, except in her glorious eyes and well-shaped head.

"She flatters herself that she made a conquest of Fred to-night; but she should have heard what he said to Miss Burns on the veranda as they came in. I was smoking—and thinking of you, Flo—and they didn't see me. She said he must not pay her 'any attention this evening,' for 'people might begin to suspect'—they are engaged, as every shrewd person was long ago certain—but to devote himself to Miss Hathaway, and so on. Blind as bats! Ha! ha!

"Yes, that vain foolish girl imagined that Fred admired her, when he was so agreeable to her at Miss Burns's request. She really thought, I believe, that she had made a conquest of him. Possibly she may have thought the same about me when I looked at her shawl so tenderly and handled it so reverently, not because it was hers, but because it reminded me of another shawl worn by another girl—my own Flo, whom I shall soon see!"

For a few moments, he fell into a reverie about the original of the treasured picture, gazing dreamily into the fire and forgetting the lateness of the hour, the events of the past evening, and everything else but the dear absent one.

The sudden falling of coal roused him from these blissful dreams to commonplace things. As he remembered the smiles and graces of his companion of the evening, a slight frown crossed his brow, changing his expression. "But Miss Hathaway"—his face darkened, and he jerked at his collar as if it had offended him—"she worries me out of all patience: she has that unpleasant faculty of dragging everybody's skeletons out of their closets and making them dance for her special amusement; she turns every remark into a personal compliment; she—but, pshaw! what difference does it make to me, when I will never drive with her again, when I shall see my own 'Flo' in twentyfour hours, and fold the real pink shawl and its owner to my impatient heart?"

I THESSALONIANS, V: 8.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Put on the breastplate of faith and love;
For a helmet, the hope of salvation;
And the peace of heaven, surpassing all,
Shall be thy compensation.

Put on the breastplate of faith and love,
For thy foes lie close before thee;
And faith in God shall thy safeguard be
While His angels hover o'er thee.

Put on the breastplate of faith and love,
And angels shall tell the story:
How a wearied soul hath its battles fought
And gained eternal glory.

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A LONDON SUCCESS.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149.

CHAPTER III.

IT was, as Gotto had said, a very important day for Mabel, that certain day late in March. For the news that her father had brought to her mother on that evening was that Wall Street had rendered up to him a sudden fortune—so large, so certain, so solid, that he, with a longheadedness and a conservatism rare in men of his class, yet not unknown, had determined to retire from speculation, and, after securing a splendid competency to his wife and daughters, to enjoy himself. "I haven't neglected doing that, you know, Sophia, all these years, have I? I have not been a very good husband, but here I make amends."

And he threw a blank check-book into her lap.

"You own this house, and the next, and the next, Sophia, all for your own. I had them secured to you, put in your name, yesterday. That's a fortune, unless New York should be swallowed up by an earthquake; and spend as much money as you choose. You have a credit of five hundred thousand in that book. Now, all I ask of you, Sophia, is to let me alone. I intend to bet on horses, found a club, build a race-course, own one yacht or ten as I please, and I shall play as high as I like. I have never been cruel to you. I never mean to be, and you are the head of the house here. I love the little girls, and shall try to be kind to them as I have always been. But I am a gay man. I cannot live without pleasure. You know that—you have always known it. Now, Sophia, it is a bargain: no more reproaches—"

"Did I ever make any," said Mrs. St. Maur, with white lips, "that were undeserved? Has not a wife a right to her husband's love, his fidelity?"

"Not in this age, Sophia. All that is a dead letter. Calf love, puppy love, dies, as it ought to, young. All these men who are pretending to love their wives and to be faithful to them are deceiving their wives. Now, I don't deceive you. I treat you as my equal. I give you all the money you want. I shall leave you and the girls a million more, but—I shall have my swing."

A deep strong sob broke from Mrs. St. Maur's lips, and then she felt something die within her. It was her love for this man.

She had started in life with but two or three emotions and passions. One was dead, and she sounded her heart to see what was left. The passion still strong within her was ambition—not for herself, but for her daughters.

She was a stupid woman, and a narrow one; but she had a strong and vigorous nature. She could pursue an end with the tenacity of a wild Indian. Her dark broad face, black eyes and coal-black hair, her firm-set shoulders, had, in spite of their beauty, something of the aboriginal race in them. She might have been a handsome squaw.

With a thousand virtues, she had no attraction. Ferdinand St. Maur might not have been constant to any sort of a woman; but one more complex, more coquettish, more full of blood or quicksilver or something magnetic, might have held him longer.

The very perfect heartlessness of his words were, however, the best surgery. He cut out all love for himself, from his wife's heart, with the sharpest of knives.

The husband and wife separated like strangers, and Mrs. St. Maur was left to break the news to Mabel.

She had an hour in which to think it over. It was great news! One of the richest women in New York! She could now command society! She knew very well how all the cold shoulders would change into hot joints when the news became known. She saw herself, although she was not a person of vivid imagination, the centre of admiring crowds of men and women. She saw Mabel rising to the top, a belle of greatest magnitude.

"I can buy the world," said she. "I can buy her a title—and never, never, never shall any of my daughters make a love-match!" Poor woman!

Mabel came in from her dinner preoccupied and a little sad. She received the great news with calmness. She had never known a wish

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ungratified. She had no great respect for millions. Lilian Snooks represented that word to her, and she was sure she did not envy her.

"I don't think you realize our good fortune, Mabel," said her mother.

"I hope I shall be asked to ride on a coach," said she.

"Coach? We can own four coaches, if we wish," said her mother. "I will tell papa to set up one to-morrow."

And then they had some little talk about the dinner, and Mabel told of the hand-reading, and she went back to her afternoon at the house of her old friend, the blind man.

"He had a nice young Englishman there to-day, mamma: Mr. Stanhope, who sang delightfully. May I ask him to call here?"

"Well, yes, perhaps; I will ask Dr. Waltham who he is. These are his people, and, I suppose, all right; however, you must go to bed now, so good-night."

Very often, after this, Mabel saw Mr. Stanhope. He was allowed to come to see her; but Mrs. St. Maur, preoccupied with great ideas, hearing from Dr. Waltham that he was a younger son of a very good family in England, and entirely respectable, gave her consent to the practicing, the singing, the walks, and the dancing. She was not thinking of danger.

It was much to her credit that the first large check to which Mrs. St. Maur wrote her name was in favor of Claretie Chabrol.

She took it around to her, and the two were closeted again in the back parlor.

"Do you know, Sophia," said Claretie, alias Abbey, "that I have just heard from France that Chabrol's old aunt has died, and she has left Regina a title?"

"Here is something to keep it up on, then," said Mrs. St. Maur, handing her the check.

Claretie rubbed her eyes, and could hardly believe the sum total.

"I don't like to see you make bonnets, Abbey," said she; "and, before wealth hardens my heart, I mean to put you above the necessity."

"It is a story out of the Arabian Nights," said Claretie.

"No; it only perhaps is a loan. Do you take Regina, and go over to Paris, get her title—and add on one of your own, if you like—then go to London, and, together, we will make a London success. St. Maur has made a great fortune. I want to see New York bow down for awhile: then I want to go to England. I intend that Mabel shall marry a title. I shall need your cleverness and help."

"It strikes me, Sophia, that, for boldness and enterprise, you leave me far behind."

"No, Abbey; I can do a few great things, but I cannot do little things. I need finesse and diplomacy; these you must furnish me. Abbey—no: Claretie—I mean that Mabel shall be a London success. It is the only success worth having, and I have always had a yearning to see it. Why, too, should not Regina, Countess Chabrol, be a success?"

The two old schoolmates, as they remembered the homestead fifteen miles from Utica, smiled at each other, but no doubt of their own right to hobnob with queens and princesses ever entered their heads.

The next few months were so full of success to the St. Maurs that the talk about Europe faded away from all minds but that of Claretie. She had shut up shop very quickly; had taken Regina, a tall handsome blonde; had gone to Paris and resumed the title, before one could say How? Of all the women in the world, Abbey Baker, alias Claretie Chabrol, was the one to know how to behave under these new circumstances. She and her daughter slipped from one watering-place to another, and made a favorable impression everywhere. They formed acquaintances generally with English and French people, and then in the winter appeared in Rome. One of the prominent foreign ministers had given them letters; they were never questioned until, in the fullest tide of success, an American lady, who had bought bonnets of Claretie, turned up in Rome, and gave her a finished stare and a cut; but Claretie did not see it. She had a visor down, and went that evening to an ambassador's ball, to which the American lady had not been asked. "How perfectly maddening," said the American lady; "my milliner asked, and I not asked!"

Meantime, Mabel became the much-courted girl of New York society. Greenby Prominent offered himself in three days; said he owed it to his family. Horatio Gurley became very attentive, and drove her out on his coach; and Charlie Rappers put his yachts under her feet.

She did not give up her readings to Francis and his blind grandfather; and Mr. Stanhope seemed also to grow very fond of his old tutor. Many an afternoon, the old gentleman was regaled with excellent duets. Perhaps he was reminded of Heine's lines—for he had seen this thing before:

> "As you and I sang together,
> Another came, singing behind;
> We thought we were hearing the metre—
> 'Twas Cupid, though, going it blind."

And Stanhope would walk home with her,

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and presently he began to be of the same coaching party and the same yachting party. He was found to be a most desirable acquaintance, though a poor younger son, and destined, as he gayly said, "to conquer fortune on some western ranch, or in California or Australia, or where not?" No doubt those who looked on thought that the impecunious Englishman was trying to win the daughter of the suddenly rich man; but the two young hearts had looked and spoken love: unwittingly to themselves, through their songs, long before the idea of money came along, nature had introduced them, and the desire of Mabel to help some poor and sad person had led her straight into the paths of first love. It was the man and the woman who had met in that quiet and retired garret, without ceremony.

To the young man, the presence of this beautiful girl hallowed the spot above all others; and, afterward, when he began to see Mabel in her own luxurious home or in the gay ranks of pleasure-seekers, she seemed another—and, if possible, a lesser—creature than when she sat reading to his old tutor.

It would be difficult to essay an opinion on the emotions which Mabel experienced. Everything, to her, was new, beautiful, and strange. Mr. Stanhope seemed an old acquaintance, something out of the common, something that had antedated her sudden burst of bellehood. A young girl's heart is a very mysterious thing. She knew that she always felt delighted to give up the most brilliant pleasure-party to go to Mr. Hampton. Perhaps she thought that it was the luxury of doing good; perhaps she thought it was anything but what it was. She was destined not to know until long after what it was that made her suddenly find the reading tiresome and the visit long when she found that Mr. Stanhope was not there.

Meantime, Ferdinand St. Maur, from being almost an unknown quantity, became the most prominent man in Wall Street; and, in society, the Union Club took him up, and men sought for seats on his coach. He founded great public institutions, was called "the coming man," and the beautiful Mrs. Peppers sang her sweetest songs at him, which he rewarded with emeralds as large as plums. Mrs. Carpingham invited himself and wife to dinner, giving him the best seat and his wife the worst. She wanted to say by this silent language that she thought he was a genius, a sort of Napoleon, who had compelled her respect by his talents, but that not yet could she accept as her equal his "légitime," Mrs. St. Maur.

Meanwhile, Mrs. St. Maur was not without her crowd of sycophants; they came like the birds, like the buds in spring, like the sand of the sea. Mrs. Newby Nee held off a long time. "It was," she said, "such an insult to the old families, this newly-gotten wealth, which smelled of brass." But her old mother-in-law, who had spoken her mind freely—it was called "brusquerie" in a Living Hamerston—said to her:

"Nonsense, Laura. Who were you? Who was Nee until he married me? The amount of wealth makes the aristocracy. Twenty millions is a patent of nobility. Send my cards to Mrs. St. Maur immediately, and ask her to be a patroness of the Blue Girls' Charity."

"Oh, no, mamma—not that. Surely, not that distinction quite yet?"

"Yes, Laura. I want a hundred thousand for a new building."

So Mrs. Newby Nee followed in the wake and yielded to the inevitable. She took it out in raking up all the stories about Ferdinand St. Maur, and unearthed Mrs. St. Maur's pedigree until she ran it into the ground and lost the trail. It was not a long search. There are no people so anxious about the pedigree of others as those who have none themselves.

But, while all this flurry was going on around her, one—at that time—honest little heart was beating purely in its first experience of first love, which would have filled the earth with radiance if nothing else had.

Ernest Stanhope was an attractive man; he was tall and manly, a fine blonde young Englishman, full of strength and health and beauty, with a smile which gave sweetness to his greeting; he had unusual accomplishments, one of which was his singing, which was better than that of most amateurs. No device of the wily god is more perfect for bringing two hearts together than that of the duet, and his voice and Mabel's went together enchantingly. They sang into each other's heart, into each other's eyes, and spent many an hour falling more and more in love. It was curious that Mrs. St. Maur did not see this, but that Ferdinand St. Maur did.

He loved this daughter as much as he loved anything but his own pleasure.

And, somehow, the father and daughter drifted together at this period of their lives.

He pressed her to his heart one evening, after a ball, as they found themselves alone in their dimly lighted salon for a moment, and said:

"Do you like Mr. Stanhope very much, Mabel?"

"I don't know—I don't know, papa," said

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she, blushing and asking herself the question for the first time.

"Because, if you do, dear, you shall marry him, and have as much money as you like. I can afford to give my little girl all she wants. No matter if he has not got any money. I have seen him at the club: a thorough gentleman, every inch of him, and Charlie Rappers says he is after you."

"But, papa, he has never asked me."

"Very good, dear, but he will."

Just at this moment, Mrs. St. Maur appeared at the portiere, her dark face sullen and dangerous. She had overheard part of this conversation.

Ferdinand St. Maur was proceeding to do business in the Wall Street manner: not the best policy for a young girl's heart, or the style most pleasing to a mamma.

"What is this that I hear?" said she. "Ferdinand, you are breaking your contract. The future of my daughters is my care. Mabel to marry a beggarly younger son, with no future before him? No: when my daughter marries, it shall be the head of the house—a title; and Mr. Stanhope shall visit at this house no longer, if he has abused our hospitality by mentioning love to Mabel. Ferdinand, you had better return to Mrs. Peppers. She is waiting for you in the blue room at Delmonico's. Leave your young daughter to me."

Both father and daughter shrank visibly from this unexpected tirade. But they well knew that, when this usually calm, sullen, and obscure woman rose into anger, she wes dangerous.

"Mamma, mamma," said Mabel, tearfully, "it is only a fancy of papa's. Mr. Stanhope has never, never spoken to me of love."

"And yet it is talked of at the clubs," said Mrs. St. Maur. "My daughter is talked of—"

"Nonsense, Sophia," said St. Maur, resuming his manhood. "I was joking Mabel."

But, from this moment, Mrs. St. Maur resumed a strange superiority over her husband and daughter. Stanhope was banished, and, although he left a letter behind him, Mabel never saw it. Even when Ferdinand St. Maur strove to cheer her and threw his arm about her, as he saw her visibly drooping, he did it furtively, as if it were a crime. His wife had but to say the dreadful words, "Mrs. Peppers," when he shrank into nothingness.

Amusements followed; Newport opened its gay doors, and Mabel had little time to think. Mr. Thornby Percival began to be very attentive to her, in a quiet yet most satisfactory manner. He was one of the men who could be a companion and a friend; he read the secret that was making the beautiful eyelashes a trifle heavy.

But there was one thing she could not do: she could not go to read to Francis and his grandfather. They missed the bright vision that had lighted up their lonely garret, and the old man pondered, as he sat alone with his blindness, with the wisdom of years, on that lost chord in human harmony, which so baffles the wise, and makes the good ask the question Why is this world so full of incompleteness?

Alas! that is God's secret.

The hours for reflection of a fashionable belle are not many. Pleasure, fame, fashion, were new to Mabel. She had enough to turn an older head than her own. She was engaged from morning until night. Parties, yachting, lawn-tennis, lunches, horseback, and private theatricals, dressing, dressing, dressing, music—ah, that was laid on the shelf for awhile, and she found a lump in her throat. A fashionable physician examined her throat, and declared that she must not sing that particular summer. She was very glad; for, when she had attempted it, she missed that strong noble baritone, which had taken up her feeble but clear soprano as a great angel might bear a mortal to the skies. No, she could not sing. No gift is so intensely inconstant as the gift of song. Hearts must be strong, health good, and all conditions perfect for the singer, or else the heart must have been seared and all emotions dead. If the singer has become a spent volcano, then the bird of song may rise like a phœnix out of the ashes, and soar above it all; but, if the lava is on fire, the bird is coy, he will not sing, he is suffocated with the smoke.

However, there was much in Mabel's life that was not dependent upon singing. Miss Lilian Snooks had consented to transfer herself and her millions to the care of Wicket Carpingham; she had asked Mabel to be her bridesmaid.

It was to be a "swell Newport wedding." The newspapers devoted themselves to the details for weeks in advance, and the number of invited guests was "very limited."

That is to say, Mrs. Snooks's list was to be discarded and Mr. Carpingham's adopted—everyone who had helped the Snookses to rise, all their old friends, were left out—and they were to enter that charmed circle of the Carpingham set. Mrs. Snooks felt her fat cheeks glow with indignation, and old Snooks swore violently, as Mrs. Carpingham laid down the law and gave them to understand that, if they wished the privilege of marrying her dissolute son and of paying his debts, they must obey her slightest wish.

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"They had gone in for style," as Mr. Boffin said of Mrs. Boffin; and so they obeyed the orders slavishly.

And there was to be a lord at the wedding—a real English lord. He was caught on his way West, whither he was going to look for a buffalo, and decided to spend a fortnight at Newport.

Lord Pemberton Dreary was not a conspicuous ornament to his class. He was not even good-looking. His face lacked that element of beauty known as a chin. He was said to be dissolute and in debt. There were uncanny stories told of him; but he was the heir to a dukedom, and all of America that aspired to fashion knelt down and worshiped him; and he was to be at the wedding.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Pemberton Dreary had not much sense, but he had sense enough to take all the fun he could get and wherever he could get it. He liked the United States, as most Englishmen do: for he found himself infinitely amused. He thought, when they "went in for fun, that they hit right out from the shoulder," and generally got it, and that the women "took more pains to talk to one and to lift off the heavy burden of oneself than anywhere else he had visited."

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe." Lord Pemberton Dreary had had great trouble to get rid of time and of himself. The beauties at Newport gave him no anxious moments on this score. Before he was out of bed in the morning, he had a dozen notes asking him to breakfast, to dinner, to supper, to all sorts of things; and he was on the keen jump from the moment his name was recorded at the Ocean House until he left for the Rocky Mountains, quite worn out with attentions. Indeed, he rather feared some of the beauties were going with him, as Beatrice Nee informed him that she was a good shot, and that she had heard there was a famous scout out there who was called "Buffalo Bill," who was vastly handsome, and whom all the ladies fell in love with.

There was, traveling with Lord Pemberton Dreary, a very sensible and quiet elderly gentleman named Cameron. He had an occasional talk with Mr. Rosse as to society in America.

"We have letters to Mrs. Winslow Platt," said he. "Should you advise us to present them? We have not met her anywhere."

Mr. Rosse laughed.

"Present them? Yes. Mrs. Winslow Platt represents the very best phase of American society. She would consider herself degraded to know the St. Maurs or the Saunders Snookses. She belongs to the old aristocracy, and is an educated, refined, very rich woman—perhaps the most elegant hostess in New York."

"Then you have an aristocracy in your boasted republic?"

"I should think that we had!" said Rosse. "All the more fastidious and particular that it is not defined by title. No person enters the house of Mrs. Winslow Platt who has the slightest suspicion of fastness or newness attached to her or him; and, strange to say, she still finds enough people to invite to make her balls agreeable."

"It is the same division that we make, perhaps, between the Prince of Wales set and the Court Circle," asked Mr. Cameron.

"Yes—and no," said Waldem Rosse, thinking it over carefully. "Our circles are not so defined; they must lap over."

"Well, so indeed do ours," said Mr. Cameron.

He, however, got invited to one of Mrs. Winslow Platt's splendid dinners, and thought it very elegant, very exclusive, very like a London dinner in upper swelldom, but the young lord thought it frightfully dull.

"I prefer the other set," said he. "Respectability in London is bad enough, but there one is born to it. In America it is worse, because there is no excuse for it."

And so Mr. Cameron went without the young nobleman, afterward, to the exclusive parlors of Mrs. Platt.

Meantime, the seasons went on with varying acquisitions of success. Claretie Chabrol had taken her beautiful daughter, with a year's experience of the Continent, to England.

She was a splendid blonde, and most beautifully dressed. No English girl, even an earl's daughter, had such clothes as the Countess Regina Chabrol. Madame Chabrol herself was not bad-looking, and dressed and played her part to perfection. There was no doubt about the title, and old Lord Gambooge remembered well the grandmother, Countess Chabrol, and the graceless son. He had a great liking for handsome women, and did his part toward introducing them.

"You see, the old countess could never do anything with that boy; but he fortunately married this very well-to-do, exceedingly well born American. I like Madame Chabrol very much. She came into her inheritance just as her daughter gets the title, you see." So much for the neat little fiction with which Claretie, alias Abbey Baker, had filled the ears of Lord Gambooge.

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Regina Chabrol had inherited the cold blood, the slowly beating heart, the faculty for deception, of her rascally father. She had inherited the ready wit of her mother. A year's schooling in France had added on the necessary polish and the air of an ingénue, which became well her blonde hair and beautiful features.

Claretie herself was not the noblest of human beings, but her daughter's audacity startled even her practiced sense. Sometimes she shuddered as a remark fell from those perfectly fresh lips, which showed such an utter lack of heart that her mother would say:

"Don't be so old and worldly, Regina."

"Why not, mamma? You want me to succeed, do you not?"

Yes, success: that had been the password! There was nothing like it. Abbey Baker, alias Claretie Chabrol, had not had it. She thought well of it—better than it deserved.

They made a great sensation in London, and were invited everywhere. It was at a ball that H. R. H. first saw Regina, and he immediately sent his equerry to ask that she be presented. His manners were perfect. So were hers. She looked in his face with such a surprised little smile, and was so ingenuous that H. R. H. was delighted. The shoulders and arms on which he looked down were faultless, he thought.

And this French countess was an American woman as well: full of negro melodies and negro stories; full of that fresh fun which amused him; never saying anything that he expected, always something new and playful and almost witty: and once she mimicked Chancery Slow, his favorite friend—and, as someone called him, "the court fool," because he bore all sorts of fun poked at him without resenting it—she imitated him so well!

H. R. H. was enchanted. He told her how they had locked Chancery Slow into his sitting-room at a country house, and told him to sit there, and he had sat there two mortal hours. All so funny—now, wasn't it?

Regina was not left out in the cold long. The royal favor is like the soft south wind breathing over a bank of violets: it carried her on its perfumed wings into all the great houses, and got her invited on Sundays to all the swell lunches. She and her mother went to all the balls, and the ambassador and his wife were often pushed to the wall by the victorious pair.

Lady Evelyn Chomeley asked them to Davenport Lodge, and they were there a week with royalty; after that, their invitations came pouring in.

Endless stories about them were then rife. The Americans gave the worst versions of the father's life, the mother's millinery. It made no difference. "That is what they always say, you know," said Lady Lucy Pounds, to the Duchess of Smedlerburg. "If one of these Americans is successful the others always say dreadful things of that one. I ask: 'Why, don't you all do all sorts of things over there?' For my part, I like the Americans; they are all handsome, they all sing and play, and they buy tickets for every bazaar. I suppose, really, they have all been housemaids at home; but then think how clever they must be: you never would see an English housemaid get on so."

The news of Madame Chabrol's success was not slow in traveling back to America. Mrs. St. Maur was the best informed, for her old friend Abbey wrote her copious letters. "Come over here, Sophia," she said: "they are the most credulous people I ever saw, and the most anxious to be amused, and they care very much more for oddities and adventurers than they do for the respectabilities. Why, our grand old New Yorker, Mrs. Living Hamerston Nee, was here two months, and no one took the slightest notice of her, although she was driving hither and yon, with the whole American Legation behind her. We put her candles out, I can assure you; and we can introduce you into the Prince's set—trust us. Come quickly."

Then followed a funny anecdote of their meeting Mrs. Living Hamerston Nee at the concert at the Duchess of Smedlerburg's, and how she had given them a dreadful stare and had told all her neighbors who Mrs. Claretie Chabrol was—"a New York milliner"—and how Lord Freddy Bert, and Sir Samuel Pert, and Willoughby Willoughby Parke Cootes had come over, laughing "fit to kill themselves," to tell Regina of it all, and how Regina had said—and it was thought so witty: "Well, we did not make her bonnet, did we, mamma? If we had, we would have made her a better one."

Regina, Countess Chabrol, was too wary a young ingénue to allow herself to become one of the victims of that fatal fascination which has injured some young ladies, because, after tasting the adulation of a prince, all lesser homage seemed very poor. She meant to strike while the irons were hot, and to carry off a very good parti. She did not intend to waste herself on the bachelor duke, either, for she read a cold contempt in his eye, when he danced with her, that did not argue well for future supremacy. There she showed her sense.

She chose Willoughby Willoughby Parke Cootes for her victim. Said to be very rich;

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admirably connected; perhaps someday also heir to a good title, for there were only two poor lives between him and it. He was impulsive, generous, and weak; and she read well that here was the husband she wanted, in Parke Cootes.

And, before the season was over, the engagement was announced. The mother and daughter went to France and spent the summer arranging formalities, were married under the wing of the American Minister. Just then the necessary relatives died, and Lady Parke Cootes was all fitted out for the next season: the most successful, and perhaps the most worthless, American who ever waded through deceit upon deceit to a good position in the English aristocracy.

Meantime, how were things going on with Mabel? Mrs. St. Maur would have liked it better had Mabel cared more for Lord Pemberton Dreary. But Mabel was a queer girl—just like her father, Mrs. St. Maur argued: you never knew where to find her. But, although he had been very attentive to her through the Newport visit, and, after he had returned to New York at the end of his buffalo expedition, having shot one of the few remaining buffaloes, he had evidently admired her more than anyone, Mabel shook her head and would have none of him.

Mabel had acquired a certain independence now, from her successful belledom. Her two young sisters were coming on, and Mrs. St. Maur found her hands full. Besides, she was now the courted and admired—the woman whose hand, whose smile, was in great requisition; and a girl who is a belle has, after all, her kingdom in her own hands. Beatrice Nee had become her fast friend, and Mrs. Newby Nee told everyone how Beatrice had improved Mabel. It might be that someday she would be worthy to enter one of the old families.

Old Michlenburg had continued his attentions, finding always some new charm to admire in this girl, who he declared was most admirably fitted out with all that was admirable. And he tried his hand a little at flirting with Mrs. St. Maur; but there was no hope there. She had really begun to improve her fashion by a new gift—her stony impenetrability. Altogether, Mrs. St. Maur was born to contradict all impressions.

Thornby Percival flew back between London and New York like a shuttlecock; after one visit, brought home the sinister rumor that the Parke Cooteses had lost all their money or that they never had had any; that Willoughby Willoughby knew that he had nothing when he married, but thought that Regina had a large fortune: that he and she had been mutually taken in, etc. Others whispered that Thornby Percival had found the young wife very attractive, and that his full purse had been put at their disposition. In fact, as Mrs. Living Hamerston Nee said when she came home: "It was sickening how that creature kept herself before the public. If it was not one thing, it was another; if it was not beauty, then it was poverty; and everyone was subscribing or pitying—or something; and, for her part, she was tired of these milliners who captured London, and their horrid artful daughters—she had had enough of them."

Regina—Lady Parke Cootes—however, was like certain aquatic plants: fond of floating on troubled waters. She had now a position—it is something marketable in these days, something to sell—and she had conquered poor Willoughby Willoughby. She knew everybody; her dresses were the pattern at Ascot, her witticisms in everybody's mouth. H. R. H., always a good friend, did not fail her; her little establishment was always delightful and haunted by the best people. She had an outing at Hombourg and a winter at Nice, and, if money was tight, nobody knew it. It was only her mother's face which began to look troubled and old. Abbey Baker could not forget here the traditions of the past or the respectable old home fifteen miles from Utica. Her daughter, her daughter, her daughter. Alas, Claretie Chabrol!

Who can hear that cry, even from the lips of old Shylock, without recognizing in it a cry of anguish which thrills to the very soul?

It was during the second winter after fortune came to St. Maur that his power and fame arose to such a degree that men almost knelt in the streets before him. He built clubs and public libraries, endowed charitable institutions, and, it must be confessed, threw his money right and left, sometimes into good places and sometimes into bad ones. He was the adored of the clubs. Men begged of him to take their sons and show them this stream of Pactolus which he had found. It was a fortune, to a young broker, to walk down Wall Street with St. Maur.

He went on with his love-affairs, until at length a scandal so supreme, so open, came out, that Mrs. St. Maur broke up her fine establishment and determined to go to Europe to live.

Before she left New York, Mabel went to see her old friend, the blind clergyman. She asked for Mr. Stanhope.

"I have a letter from him somewhere," said his old tutor. "Poor boy! Just find the letter, Francis, and let Miss St. Maur read it."

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Mabel's hand trembled as she took the letter. It was the last paragraph which interested her.

"Do you ever see Miss St. Maur now? Does she lend her beautiful voice to the solace of your lonely hours? If so, tell her that a wandering Englishman has her photograph on the wall of his Australian cabin and her memory in his heart. I hear that my kinsman, Lord Pemberton Dreary, has seen her, and, having seen her, loves her. That is natural enough. How I hope she may not fall into the hands of that selfish and cold-blooded creature! If you dare to say as much to her from me, tell her to wait: 'All things come to him who waits.'"

Mabel would have given worlds to have kept this letter, precious to her beyond all words; but the old man stretched out his trembling and uncertain hand for it: but not until she had marked the address. And, when she reached her writing-desk, a few words went out from her heart to the wandering Englishman in Australia, which established between them again the lost thread of communication.

Mabel's beauty first dawned upon the English world of fashion at Cannes. H. R. H. was there, and ready to be pleased. Madame Chabrol had received her old friend with open arms, and had mentioned that Lady Parke Cootes needed money. Mrs. St. Maur merely opened her check-book saying:

"Any money you want. Tell Regina I will pay all her bills."

The creditors of Lady Parke Cootes had a thanksgiving celebration shortly after this, and her gowns were renewed at Worth's.

For Cannes, for Nice, and, later on, in the London season, what a capital cicerone she was! She knew everybody, the beautiful Regina, and she had no scruples and no fears. If she occasionally "got talked about," it seemed to add to her popularity; and, if Mabel was seen to be a very different person—cold, as some thought her—Regina explained that the heiress to millions had a right to be cold. Lord Pemberton Dreary arrived in time to give a great fête in her honor at Nice, and to drag her in a triumphal car made of roses during the carnival.

She reached London, heralded by all that notoriety which goes to make a London success.

She was undoubtedly a beauty, and her fortune was trebled by rumor. Lord Pemberton Dreary was devoted to her, and a hundred other carpet-knights danced at her heels. Who can estimate fully such a career? Mrs. St. Maur, with her strong impassive face, was not considered so refined as her daughter, but she was "well enough." Lady Lucy Pounds gave her brevet rank as a housemaid, and determined to borrow some money of her. Lady Evelyn Chomeley, who really liked Americans, and who "went in" for being amused, had them at Davenport Lodge, and there they saw to perfection that life which is unequaled in all the world: the home life of an English family of rank and wealth.

This sort of thing went on for a month, when their greatest triumph came. The Duchess of Smedlerburg asked them to Eliot House. That was a triumph.

Here, Lord Pemberton Dreary followed them, and presented himself in due form to Mrs. St. Maur, with the duchess as a backer.

"He is my near relative," said the duchess. "His title is, you know, a very distinguished one; but he has no money unless the marquis dies and leaves it to him. It is all a toss-up between him and Stanhope; but poor Stanhope has gone off to the bush, and we learn that the marquis intends to leave Pemberton forty thousand pounds a year. He needs it, to clear off the incumbrances and to pay his debts, poor dear. If his wife could bring him some money, as he has the title, it would all be well, and he is such a dear fellow!"

Mrs. St. Maur fully stated the case to Mabel that night, before they went to bed.

"No, mamma, I will not marry him," said Mabel, with a flash in her black eyes which looked dangerous.

The next day, as they were sitting on the lawn, under the immemorial oaks of Eliot House—those oaks under which the young Queen Elizabeth was once wont to sit and listen to honeyed words from Leicester and Essex—a party of young men from London came down for lawn-tennis and dinner.

They were heralded by all the guests of the house for the latest club scandal; the latest news from the theatre; what did H. R. H. do last Sunday? where did he sup? who was going to succeed Lady Parke Cootes in his favor? and all the questions in order, when one young man pulled a letter from his pocket and read rather thoughtlessly:

"By the way, poor Stanhope has gone up: they say murdered in the bush. Bad news from Australia all round: my brother writes that all his sheep have died of thirst—awful drought. But, as for Stanhope, that is dreadful."

"My very near relative," said the duchess, wiping her eyes.

And then an emotion in the tennis-court: Miss St. Maur had fainted. Was it the heat?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FAIR COMPLEXION WITHOUT DANGER OF INJURY.

BY T. WALLACE SIMON, M.D.

THERE has been, of late, an unusual interest taken in the subject of cosmetics, and in everything that tends directly or indirectly to beautifying the fair sex, to rendering the already fair still fairer, and those dubbed plain at least comely and charming, if not beautiful.

This may possibly be termed a revival of the days in which the great ladies of Venice and those belonging to the French court during the "ancien régime" spent a great deal of time vying with each other in the search for "secrets of beauty." These consisted in the invention or concoction of pomades, waters, and lotions for the complexion, face-masks, mole, blemish, freckle eradicators, and the like.

The recipes for the compounding of these preparations were jealously preserved in families as things of great value, to be handed down for generations, or very cautiously imparted to outsiders at an enormous price.

The newspapers and magazines of our era abound in articles and advertisements on the subject in all its phases. The class of people ever ready to take advantage of a fashion, popular freak, or passing fancy, for the purpose of money-getting, crowd the advertising-columns with their nostrums, the latter undoubtedly frequently injurious and sometimes dangerous.

Really practical information through these sources, which may be followed without risk by anyone of intelligence, is scarce. Indeed, there is very great peril in the indiscriminate use of patent nostrums, such as so-called creams of various kinds, secrets of beauty, and blooms of youth.

The very first requisite for any lady starting out with a firm determination to acquire that all-important charm, a beautiful complexion, is perfect purity of blood and good health; the one nearly always implying the other.

The presence of any positive disease, acute or chronic, whether of the body or its life-current, the blood, must, of course, receive the attention of the physician and be eradicated by him. But, in the absence of these, there are often impurities of the blood, called in old times bad "humors," which frequently do not come under the physician's notice until, besides causing a muddy, blotched, or pimply complexion, they produce boils and carbuncles. These troubles go on till, by the time the doctor's advice is asked, he finds the blood surcharged with poisonous matters that a disordered digestive system has failed to eliminate.

These poisonous matters are generated and retained in the blood by two causes, acting either singly or in conjunction, usually the latter. These are: first, a disordered or diseased digestive system, with particular reference to the stomach and liver. Second, a clogged or disordered condition of the eliminative or excretive and secretive systems of the body, such as the bowels, kidneys, skin, and again, in great part, the liver.

If the digestive system is disordered, it will fail not only to digest food properly, and eliminate from it the elements not needed for nutrition, thus sending into the blood a large amount of waste matter. This poison will in turn affect the liver and excretory organs mentioned, so that they fail to perform their function of removing these poisons, which remain in the system and are reabsorbed, until, as will clearly appear, the blood must soon become saturated with deleterious matter which it feeds to the tissues. These, in their natural effort to find an outlet, reach the skin and subjacent tissues, and there produce the many troubles enumerated.

It must be patent, therefore, to every thoughtful mind, that a clear and fair skin of face and body cannot be hoped for while the above conditions obtain even in the slightest degree.

The causes of impure blood being thus explained, the manner and means of their removal will be equally apparent, and a pure and healthy blood gradually obtained as the system corrects itself.

These means of removal can be briefly stated, as follows: First, the bowels must be made to move freely and regularly once a day, every morning after breakfast; not by purges, but by proper regulation of diet, and laxative spring-waters taken in the morning before breakfast. A thorough course of dieting, for a month at

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least, refusing all animal food, and eating only one or two light meals a day, composed of bread, other farinaceous food, and fruits, will give the stomach a welcome rest and renew its tone and strength.

This course, pursued with determination, will also favorably affect the liver—the acid fruits being especially beneficial.

Medicine can be dispensed with, unless the doctor should advise a very light dose of calomel or podophyllin for persistent biliousness. This remedy ought to be taken every other night for a week, then stopped for a week, and renewed for the same length of time, and so on until a regular and healthy action is produced and the biliousness and aversion to food cease.

The dose of calomel must not be larger than five (5) grains, and that of podophyllin not larger than one-tenth ($\frac{1}{10}$) of a grain, every second night. Saline water and a little lemon-juice drunk on rising in the morning will serve to aid its action.

Either of these remedies (not both together) may be employed as directed, according as they suit particular cases; to be persisted in only until bowels and stomach are normal in their action.

Thus taken, they are not purges, and, with the other regulations of diet, can only effect good upon a system such as described.

The skin, not alone of the face, but of the entire body, should be made to act freely, in order to aid the above measures, as well as to create a local healthy condition and appearance. This can be effected by regular healthy exercise in the open air, which largely affects the skin, and also by bathing.

One should bathe the body, both winter and summer, every day. The best time is before retiring to bed. As the skin is much more active in summer, the flesh-brush and rough towel should be used with particular freedom, until the skin is in a ruddy glow, after a plunge-bath; but, in winter, a rapid rubbing-down with the towel in the bed-room every night will suffice. The so-called "hardening" supposed to result from a cold shock is, as a rule, to be avoided; it far more frequently produces cold after reaction. The moderately tepid bath, winter and summer, is best.

The choice of a soap for the body, as well as for washing face and hands, is an important matter. Never use any cheap soaps, under any circumstances; they always contain harmful adulterants, and are usually very caustic. They cannot fail to injure a delicate skin sooner or later, and, where there is any blemish, a slight scratch, pimple, or abrasion will render such worse by irritation, sometimes causing absolute inflammation.

The best soap is a pure palm, or a pure imported castile; olive-oil soap, if pure, is also good.

The foregoing subjects have been treated so particularly because they are of the very first importance in essaying to affect or alter a complexion so as to bring about fairness or purity. No amount of attention or labor bestowed on the skin of face or hands can possibly avail while the system is deranged as above described.

In our next article, we shall give certain recipes which cannot fail greatly to beautify the complexion, provided the directions in this paper have been correctly carried out.

NOTES ON FLORICULTURE.

BY MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

If I could not have anything else in the floral line, I would have a vine of some kind, if only one. But, in this day and age of flowers, one need not be restricted to one of anything. But there is something really graceful in beautiful vines. One may have very pretty annual vines, and the biennial and perennial sorts are numberless. A beautiful vine I cultivated "once upon a time" was lophospermum scandens, blooming the second year from seed. It makes a rapid growth the first year, and in autumn the roots may be stored away in a box of earth in the cellar. The seed germinates readily if given bottom heat; the seedlings may be transplanted when two or three leaves are grown.

The hardy white passion-vine, called Constance Elliot, grew well in my garden the past summer; but, owing to late planting or the drought or some untoward cause, it did not bloom. Still, I was well satisfied with the growth it made and the beautiful foliage. I allowed it to remain in the ground during the winter, and, in the spring, I found it green and looking as if it were ready for another season's work. I had it well protected, though, fully as well as my tender roses. If it will stand an Iowa winter, with the thermometer registering thirtythree and thirtyfour degrees below zero, there certainly cannot be a doubt of its entire hardiness.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a promenade-dress, in plain and dotted beige cloth. The underskirt is of the

No. 1

plain material, with a kilted panel on the left side. The overdrapery and bodice are of the dotted material. The front falls entirely to the edge of the skirt, is looped at the right side, where it meets the back-drapery, which hangs in straight plaits. The bodice is full both back and front, and gathered both in front and back of the shoulder-seam. Belt and wristbands in folded silk to match. Small velvet capote, ornamented by standing loops of ribbon. Three yards of plain and four to five yards of figured material will be required of fortytwo-inch goods.

No. 2.

No. 2—Is a house or visiting costume, of dove-colored cashmere. The skirt has three tucks, and the tunic is simply draped over this plain

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skirt in a long point in front and a few loops at the back. Three brace-like folds frame the box-plaited plastron, finished off with a turndown collar in white satin, like the cuffs. The waist is encircled by a sash in white satin ribbon. Capote of dove-colored felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with loops of white satin ribbon. Ten yards of cashmere will be required for this costume.

No 3—Is a new mourning-costume, of Henrietta-cloth, trimmed with English crêpe. On the

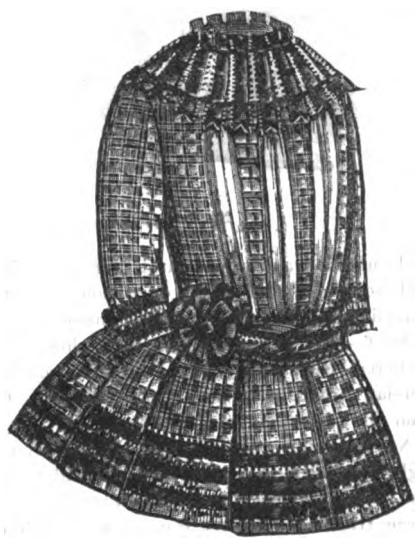
No. 3.

left side are three lengthwise folds of crêpe, forming a side-panel, over which is a short panier. The front-drapery, as well as the back, falls long to the edge of the foundation-skirt, which is mounted by large kilt-plaits. The pointed bodice has a vest of crêpe, and cuffs and collar of the same. Black straw or felt hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips and band of crêpe. Eight to ten yards of Henrietta-cloth, two yards of English crêpe, will be required.

No. 4—Is a walking or house dress, of myrtle-

No. 4.

green lady's-cloth, cashmere, or camel's-hair. It is cut in a polonaise. The right side opens



No. 5.

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over a kilt-plaiting, with simulated buttonholes and buttons. The back-drapery forms a jabot. The front of the bodice buttons over to the left side, where the front of the polonaise is draped a trifle higher to display the kilted under-panel. High collar and cuffs to match. Eight to ten yards of fortysix-inch wide goods.

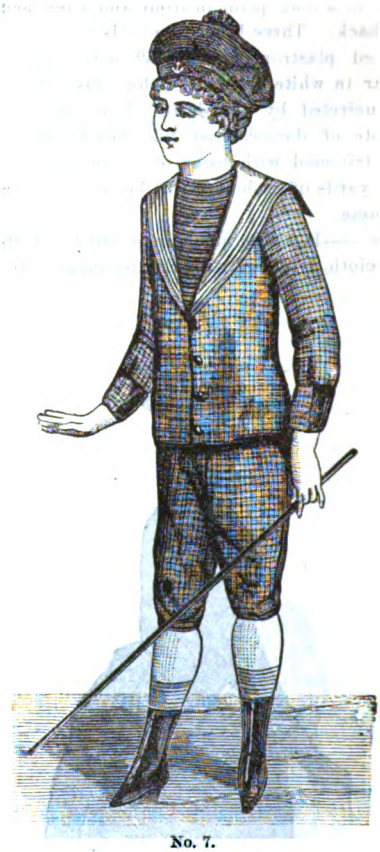
No. 5.—Checked flannel dress, for a girl of four years. The kilted skirt is trimmed with three rows of picot-edged velvet or ribbon. The Toby collar is made of the ribbon. The

No. 6.

folds on the waist are of surah to match. Belt and rosette of the velvet or ribbon. All the trimming should be of a darker shade.

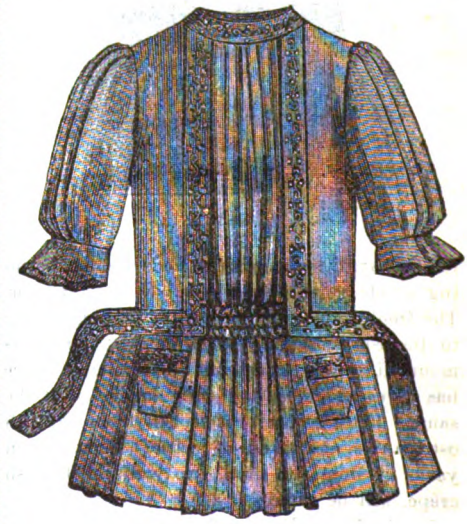
No. 6.—Girl's Russian blouse, of white serge, gathered back and front and trimmed with Persian braid in various bright colors. The Tam O'Shanter hat is made to match.

No. 7.—Sailor-costume, for a boy of seven to eight years. It is made of fine checked tweed. The wide sailor-collar is of white flannel or serge, trimmed with five rows of worsted braid to match. The undershirt is of marine-blue



No. 7.

flannel, ornamented by rows of narrow white braid and embroidered by two anchors crossing



No. 8.

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each other. The sleeves are fulled at the wrists into turnover cuffs, which open over bands of the blue, like the shirt. Knickerbocker pants. Sailor-cap of blue flannel, with anchor in front.

No. 8.—Girl's overall, of blue linen, alpaca, or flannel, with bands and belt of bright embroidered galloon. Pockets on each side of the front. Full sleeves and plastron.

PARK JACKET, WITH VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

For our Supplement, we give the new Park Jacket. The pattern consists of five pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Half of Side-Back.
4. Half of Collar.
5. Upper and Lower Part of Sleeve.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The illustration shows the jacket and vest to be of different materials. We do not give the pattern of the vest, as it is only a simple tight-fitting bodice, pointed back and front alike. In our model, the costume is made of silver-gray poplin and dark-gray woolen. The jacket is of the woolen, edged with steel balls. The vest is of poplin, buttoning all down the front. On each side of the buttons is a neatly-sewed flat braid of woolen. The sleeves are edged at wrists by the steel balls. The front breadth of the skirt is a panel of the woolen; next to this is a plissé of the poplin, then a narrow breadth of the woolen. The back of the skirt is composed of alternate plaits of the poplin and woolen. In front is a short tablier of the woolen. The hat is a silver-gray felt, lined with dark-gray velvet and trimmed on the crown by loops of ribbon of the two shades of gray and two amber wings.

DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give diagrams for star and octagon designs for patchwork. The larger designs are the exact size to be used and should be cut in tin or very stiff cardboard, that the materials may all be truly cut. The work may be all of octagon shapes or star pattern. The star pattern (No. 2.2) should be of two shades of yellow, not a pale tint. The diamond shape, which forms the ground (No. 1), either of apple-green, plush, or golden-brown tint. In either case, the square (No. 5) must be of a different tint to No. 1. In the octagon form, the points should be light and dark green alternately, and No. 3 the same, placing the light tint over the light point 4, and the dark in a similar manner. The square (No. 5) should be yellow plush, or shaded yellow plush, and looks well when embroidered. If gray linen or brown holland is used, each should be embroidered in colored silks or cottons.

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EXPANDING RACK FOR NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This rack is made on a small white-wire grid-iron, of the kind which is made in two pieces, with horizontal bars fastened at the bottom with hinges, and having a handle on the top of each piece. Let the side which has the shorter handle be for the front. Then weave in and out, over the front bars, ribbons an inch or an inch and a half in width, of any pretty contrasting colors. Fasten ribbons on broad elastic at each side of the frame, and then tie them in bows, leaving the bars separated at the top just far enough to hold the newspapers. Then bend over the shorter handle close to the front bars, and on this place a large bow. It is to be hung by the long handle. If so desired, the shorter handle can be removed by the hardware merchant. Sometimes the bars are gilded, silvered, or bronzed before being trimmed. If the front handle is cut off, the long handle should be ornamented by the bow.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON BOOK-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Either plush, satin, silk, or linen may be employed. If on either of the three former, use filoselle or embroidery-silk; if on linen, working-cotton will answer. Three shades of color for the leaves—light and dark watercress-green, and a red-brown which is found in the natural tint of leaves, near the stem of each leaf. Vary the position of the tints in every second or third leaf. The brown-red also to be used in the green involucre surrounding the buds. The calyx (or cup which holds the bud, and its surrounding green involucre) to be mostly green and brown. Two shades of pink, light and dark, for the buds, the points of them to be very pale. The stem to be thick and of a red-brown.

The design to be transferred to the material either by pricking the outline of the design with a large needle, and then fixing it on the material pinned down on a board with artists' pins, or in any way convenient.

For pounce-powder, use dry white lead, tied up in a square of coarse muslin, and then dab it on the perforated pattern. Remove the pattern carefully, and with weak gum-water and a camel's-hair brush go over the outline. The work may be done in a frame or on the hand. Such a cover is good to protect valuable bindings.

ALPHABET ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give part of an alphabet to be done in white floss on linen, for sheets, pillow-shams, table-cloths, and large napkins. Or the same design may be used for embroidery on other articles, done in colored silks. Next month, we will give the rest of the alphabet.

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DESIGN FOR A CHAIR-BACK.

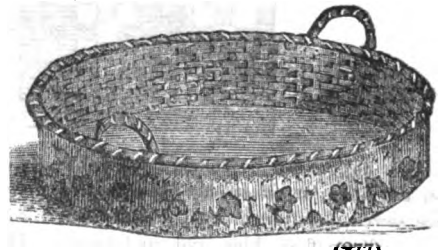
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our design represents a spray of marguerites. These can be worked in stem-stitch, and the centres filled in with French knots. Work the flowers in the natural colors, the leaves also. The material for working upon is optional: butcher's-linen, if for use, as it washes well, and the embroidery then may be done with the linen floss, as it comes now in all the most beautiful colors and shades. If worked on satin, use the floss-silk. For a chair-back, hem-stitch the sides and fringe out the ends. This same spray, either repeated or reversed, can be used as a border for many large pieces of work. It is also pretty for the top of a pincushion.

WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Buy a circular wickerwork basket, line the bottom with layers of flannel, covered with old-gold satin. The outside valance is of blue cloth with the scallops pinked out on the edge. In each scallop, a red poppy is embroidered, in shades of red filoselle. A mixed cord is wound around the handles and the edge of the basket. A wicker basket with bamboo edge and handles makes the prettiest effect.



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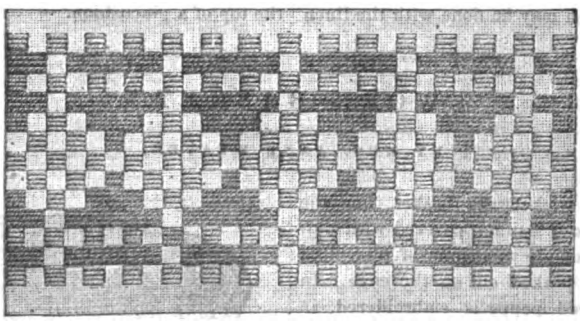
TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A toilet-cushion made from a cigar-box. After cleaning the box, glue a strip of linen on to the lid and box to form a hinge. This must be done on the inside of the box. Line the box with paper, or cut the shape in flannel and satin, but large enough for the edges to lap over the edges of the box; the shape to be cut of sufficient size to line the front, the bottom, the opposite side to the front, and the cover, in one piece; the two ends are separate pieces. Quilt the satin and flannel, also the two ends, and sew both into shape. Glue the edges of the box on the outside, and press those of the material down on the box. The outside, cover with paper or cambric. Line the outside top of the box with wool, and on that plush, all glued on to the box. A piece of fur fringe turned upward is glued on to the edge. A plaiting of wide ribbon goes round the outside; this is put on with small furniture-tacks. The square piece on the top is of satin or cloth, embroidered with initials and sprays of flowers and leaves. This is attached to the box by four bows of ribbon. By one of these, the cover is lifted.

BORDER FOR TOWELS, TOILET-COVERS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design can be embroidered either direct on the linen, or on strong linen braids, which are sewed on afterward. Use fast-colored cottons or linen floss, blue, red, and brown. The work may be done either in over embroidery-stitch, or in cross-stitch, as preferred. Coarse linen is desirable. This design is pretty for children's dresses.

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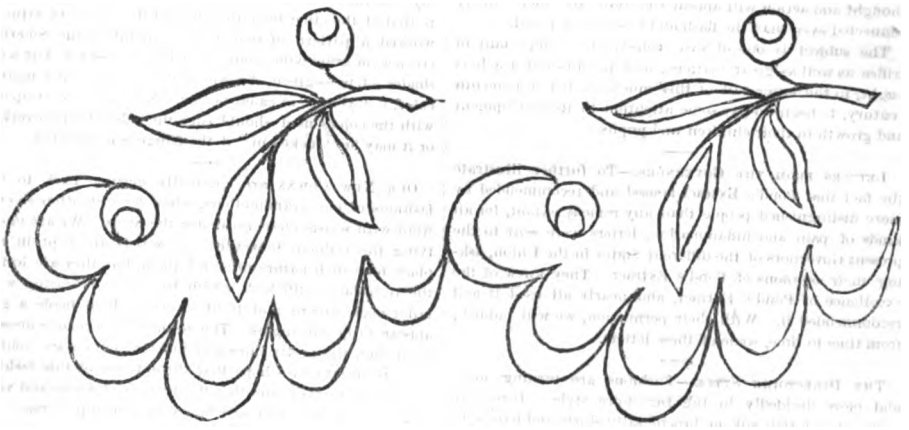
SHOE-BAG FOR TRAVELING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful bag for shoes, either for packing boots and shoes in trunks, or to hang in a state-room upon a sea-voyage, is made of strong brown linen or cretonne. Cut a circular piece for the bottom and gather the bag into this circle, making the bag long enough for the boots, etc. Make a frill at the top, through which ribbon or worsted braid strings are run. "Bottines" should be neatly worked in outline-stitch in red or blue crewels.

EMBROIDERY IN SILK ON FLANNEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This easily worked and beautiful design may be used for flannel skirts, baby's shawl-blankets, the edge of sacques, etc., and should be done in white silk.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Everybody admires the quality, but we are not too often called on to honor or envy its possessor, as it is unfortunately sadly wanting in humanity at large.

Most persons seem to regard presence of mind as a special gift, like the genius which makes a great writer, painter, or statesman, though no idea could be more erroneous. In fact, to consider the capacity as if it were a boon bestowed on a few exceptional mortals is worse than a tremendous mistake, it is a disgraceful bit of ignorance. Any child can be taught to develop, cultivate, and exercise the faculty, just as it can be taught to develop memory and the habits of accuracy and method, to strengthen a feeble limb, or learn to employ the left hand with the same facility as the right.

Men and women who, whether as parents or teachers, take on themselves that weightiest of human responsibilities—the charge of the young—cannot think too seriously on this matter, yet it is to be feared that very, very few of either class ever give the subject any reflection whatever.

The truth is that, if home and school education anywhere nearly approached what such training ought to be, the men and women deficient in presence of mind would stand forth the exception instead of proving the rule, as is the case in our generation.

At every turn, from great things to little, the lack of this quality is felt, in some fashion, in every community, every household. Its need is ever before us, no matter whether it is in the ability to act so quickly in the presence of disaster that a house may be kept from burning, a man saved from drowning, or a child from perishing by accident or hurt, down to the commonest detail of daily life—the mother who grants or refuses a request which she regrets ten minutes later, "when she has had time to think."

A very ordinary mental capacity can be so trained that, given the necessity for exercising presence of mind, acting with instant promptitude and as efficaciously as quickly, thought and action will appear simultaneous; more closely connected even than the flash and report of a pistol.

The subject is one of vast consequence, important in trifles as well as great matters; and parents and teachers ought, in the latter half of this much-boasted nineteenth century, to begin to pay some attention to its development and growth in their children and pupils.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.—To further illustrate the fact that Pond's Extract is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any remedy extant, for all kinds of pain and inflammation, letters were sent to the present Governors of the different States in the Union, asking their opinions of Pond's Extract. They knew of the excellence of Pond's Extract, and nearly all used it and recommended it. With their permission, we will publish, from time to time, some of these letters.

THE DIRECTOIRE STYLE.—Fashions are turning more and more decidedly in the Directoire style. Directoire redingotes of rich silk or broché satin skirts and hats with low crowns and wide brims are getting more and more plentiful.

A CERTAIN RESULT.—A girl cannot do good or evil to others, without doing good or evil to herself.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UTILIZING SCRAPS.—The pincushions made in the shape of little sacks, stuffed with bran as tightly as possible, with a ribbon tied round the neck, and the pins put in all over, can be made quickly and in great variety. Some may have one long end, and be attached to the bag with a large red seal; this adds to the effect. Pieces of velvet, velveteen, and plush may be cut out in the form of animals, the two sides joined together, except up the back, with a piece of washleather put between, and converted into spectacle-wipers, or, with cloth in between, into penwipers. A piece of any kind of material cut out and made up in semblance of an ordinary sized envelope, with or without lining, makes a capital case for small odds and ends of work necessaries; the flap is kept down by a button and loop. Kettleholders, with red flannel on one side, and some fancy material on the other, with a thick piece of coarse flannel in between, and a loop of silk cord, can be quickly made; they are popular now in drawing-rooms where the hostess frequently makes tea herself and has a smart brass kettle. Worsted needle-cases are quickly made with a piece of ribbon, or some material, seven inches long and two and a half wide, with a strip of ordinary canvas, rather narrower, sewed in, and a piece of flannel in between; the edges of the ribbon or material are turned over the canvas and feather-stitched; three or four divisions are made across the canvas with colored worsted, threaded in a worsted-needle, and worked in cross-stitch; the needles are put in and out of the canvas between the perpendicular bars of cross-stitch; the case folds up, and has a loop and button to secure it. With plush or velvet ribbon, these cases are particularly attractive.

TO MAKE A COUVRE-LIT OR COVERLET.—These are very pretty made of satin with cotton backs, as such a material is more useful than a more costly one would be. But, of course, they can be made of any nice material that is convenient. The breadths of satin are united by "overlay" of the two edges, and couching the upper selvage on to that of the other breadth. Round the square of satin is worked a pattern of some trailing plant, as the Siberian creeper, or grape-vine, embroidered in stem-stitch, but with shades of moss-green, brown of three shades, and maize-color, not yellow or canary-color. A fringe to correspond with the colors used should edge the sides of the coverlet, or it may be "tucked in" if the fringe is not desired.

OUR NEW GOWNS are gradually getting back to the fashions of our grandmothers, when leg-of-mutton sleeves went with waists close up under the arms. We are modifying the fashion, however: our waists are kept in the place for which nature intended them, but they are losing the tight-laced stiff look which has been increasing with tailor-made gowns and tight sleeves, which made a girl appear to be all angles. The softness of woman's dress is returning, the pretty lines and graceful curves are coming back to us; but we hope that the extreme of this fashion will not be revived, and that the very short waists and very large gigot sleeves will only be seen again in pictures.

A LADY, RENEWING HER SUBSCRIPTION, writes: "We have taken your valuable magazine seven years, and cannot do without it. Tried three or four others, but found they could not come up to 'Peterson.'"

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POWDERED PUMICE-STONE should be kept on the toilet-table, and used at least once a week. It prevents tartar, and removes it if used in time, before much has accumulated; and by keeping the teeth perfectly clean it prevents decay. The brush should be moistened a little, dipped in the pumice-powder, then rubbed over and between the teeth, inside and out, till they are cleansed and polished.

After brushing the teeth, the mouth should be rinsed in water into which have been put a few drops of permanganate of potassium or a few drops of spirits of camphor. The latter is, perhaps, quite as good, and usually more convenient, as most people have camphor always in the house. This is excellent if the breath is bad. For a feverish breath charcoal is good. Charcoal tablets are most convenient for use. But some people find that charcoal slightly affects the throat, especially if it is liable to become relaxed. Should the teeth be much discolored, and ordinary tooth-powder prove ineffective, a little lemon-juice used with the brush will render them perfectly white. It should only be used occasionally, and the mouth should be well rinsed with water immediately afterward. The pulp of an orange is effective. But one of the best and least-known remedies is the use of ripe strawberries. These may be applied on the teeth with the fingers or with the tooth-brush. Strawberries have a singular power of whitening and cleansing the teeth and of rapidly removing tartar.

THE EVILS OF HIGH HEELS.—Until the ladies of our day resumed the antiquated fashion of high heels, bunions were shown up only in burlesque, and there is more than ridiculous absurdity to be condemned in wearing such heels. The weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, which are thus unduly burdened and thrown forward against the front of the shoe. But, worse than this, the ankle has many a twist, the step is not firm or secure, and the further tendency of all this is to give to the spine more curvature than even fashion ordains in the "Grecian bend." And further, as the heel of the foot is kept up above its proper level, the muscles whose duty is to raise it are enfeebled by the loss of that exercise. These muscles are the calf of the leg, which will thus dwindle away to the leanness of decrepit age, and become a "shrunk shank" if this unseemly distortion be long persisted in.

COLOR-BLINDNESS AMONGST GIRLS.—An intelligent physician has discovered that color-blindness is very rare amongst girls, though it is common amongst boys. From this fact he draws the conclusion that in most cases color-blindness is due to a want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, whilst boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence boys frequently exhibit an ignorance in colors which is confounded with true color-blindness, but which girls rarely show.

TO CLEAN PAPERED WALLS.—The very best method is to sweep off lightly all the dust that has collected, then to rub the paper with stale bread; cut the crust off very thick, and wipe straight down from the top, then begin at the top again, and so on. Care should be taken that the parts rubbed should meet, or the walls will have a striped appearance.

WHAT SELFISHNESS IS.—Selfishness is not an excess of self-love, and consists not in an over-desire of happiness, but in placing your happiness in something which interferes with, or leaves you regardless of, that of others.

"AFTER TWENTY YEARS."—A lady writes: "I have been a subscriber for twenty years, and there is no other magazine that holds its own so well as yours. It is just as good, even better, than when I read it, a girl in my teens."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Self-Made. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Southworth is one of those fortunate writers whose popularity seems steadily to increase as the years go on. She has written scores of books, and among them are many that deserve an enduring success. She possesses a wonderful power in the weaving and carrying-out of her plots. Her love of nature is shown in her vivid accurate descriptions of scenery, and her characters always stand forth clear and individual—real living beings. No author has ever equaled her in the delineation of the Virginia negro and his peculiar dialect. The moral of her books is always lofty, and their lessons inculcate Christian charity, faith, and self-sacrifice. The present story is one of the finest she has ever written; it will bear a second reading—more than can be said for the generality of modern novels. The book is handsomely issued—in keeping with these publishers' uniform edition of the author's works.

Brueton's Bayou. By John Habberton: Miss Defarge. By F. Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The publishers have issued these two stories in a neat paper-covered volume. "Brueton's Bayou" is a genuine love-tale, and a very pretty one—natural in plot and good in the matter of characterization. There is a great deal of quaint humor and droll fun, as was to be expected in a book of Mr. Habberton's; but, in it, he proves also his ability to depict the tenderer and more romantic side of life. "Miss Defarge" ranks well among Mrs. Burnett's productions. It originally appeared in the pages of "Peterson's Magazine," as have nearly all the graceful novelets which helped to make her reputation.

Miss Middleton's Lover. By Laura Jean Libby. New York: The American News Company.—It has long ceased to be a reproach to say that a story belongs to the sensational school. Years ago, autocratic Charles Reade asserted that a novel, to be good, ought to be sensational; and certain it is that the novels which have taken the strongest hold on the public mind during the last twenty years have come under that head. The book before us belongs to this order, and a good specimen it is. Anybody who wants a story that will keep him wide-awake and interested on the hottest summer day should not fail to read "Miss Middleton's Lover."

The Man Outside. By Clarence M. Boutelle. New York: Pollard & Moss.—This novel belongs to the class of stories which Anna Katharine Greene brought into vogue some years since. It is a powerful tale, and, in parts, fairly equals Miss Greene's best work. The most experienced novel-reader will find it impossible to unravel the plot in advance, and the leading mystery remains a puzzle to the closing chapters. The readers of "Peterson" are familiar with Mr. Boutelle's short stories, and should not fail to make acquaintance with this stirring novel.

The Honorable Mrs. Vereker. By the "Duchess." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The indefatigable "Duchess" is out with another novel. This popular writer's stories are always readable and often deserve much higher praise. Her present effort is a case in point. It is really one of the best books she has given the public for a good while, and shows that, when she puts forth her full powers, the author of "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis" has lost nothing of the vivacity and freshness which gave those works so great a charm. Several of the characters in this tale are quite original, and, when the authoress introduces one to old friends under new names, they display such brilliancy that one is pleased to renew the acquaintance.

The Family Doom. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The present edition of this interesting story retails at the surprisingly low price of twentyfive cents. It is very prettily got up, well printed on good paper, and is sure to have a very large sale.

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GERANIUM CUTTINGS.

SEPTEMBER is essentially the month for taking geranium cuttings. Provident people begin as early as the last week in August, thereby saving themselves much trouble. The sooner cuttings are taken, the more easily they strike. For August and early September, it is enough to thrust them into the open ground, shade them from very hot sun, and give an occasional watering. It is now a little risky to plant cuttings out of doors; it will be found safer to set them at once in pots, or in a glass frame. Geranium cuttings are very hardy, and need little attention; they are more likely to suffer from what gardeners call over-nursing than from exposure. They cannot have too much air, and are sure to damp off if their greenhouse or frame is not open for the greater part of the day. Protection from frost and rain is all they require. They need little water till the spring.

In taking a cutting, sever a shoot of this year's wood just below a "neck" or joint, cut off the lower leaves, suffering only two to remain, and bury an inch or more of the stalk in the earth, setting the cutting against the side of the pot. Three or four may be put into one pot, but, whether in pot or frame, do not allow the leaves of the different plants to be in contact with each other, for, if one leaf turns moldy, any leaf touching it will be similarly affected. In making a hole to receive the cutting, be careful not to make it too deep for the stalk to reach the bottom. This would leave a space in which damp would accumulate, and the cuttings would turn moldy and decay. The more air they have, the less likely are they to decay. When set in frames, the lights should be taken off in the early morning and not replaced till sunset, except in wet or frosty weather, though even a slight frost is less harmful than a close damp atmosphere. The ground should not be too damp when the cuttings are put in, and, unless the weather should be exceptionally hot and sunny, they will only need a little water from time to time. Care should be taken to have the pots thoroughly clean and free from green slimy mold, and they should have plenty of broken shards, also clean, at the bottom. Geraniums are not particular as to soil, but a sandy loam suits them best, and, if ordinary potting-mold is used, road-sand should be put with it. If any leaf of the cuttings should turn brown and moldy, it should be removed as soon as it will come off with a touch. The stalk will often be sound and firmly attached when the leaf is decaying, and then it is better to let it remain. If the healthy stalk is broken, the plant bleeds, and further decay will ensue. On no account let the moldy leaves lie about among the cuttings after they are taken off.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XI—THE CARE OF BABIES.

Mothers, come please and go with me to any country graveyard or cemetery and let us look around; we see at a glance that the little graves far exceed the adult ones in number, and you ask me—put to me the natural query: "How or why is this?" Though it has been answered again and again by eminent men, living and dead, yet it seems necessary—a duty laid upon me—to notice the living fact of to-day with the fond hope that a few more words on the tortures and inconveniences that babies are subject to may prove to be profitable.

Unfortunately, these little innocents in their agony and misery cannot make their sufferings known by speech, or it might often bring the blush to many nurses and mothers.

We often see babies, on a warm day, wrapped and swaddled in clothing like an Egyptian mummy or more becoming an Eskimo, and the little ones writhe and twist in their steaming condition, and the mothers in vain try to soothe them by rocking or trotting them on the knee, by singing lullabies, giving them the breast, or trying to force it upon them. Fashion is absolute dictator in dress, both of the adult and infant, unfortunately, and hence it matters not that the former destroy themselves by thousands and the latter are destroyed by tens of thousands.

In the restlessness of babies from improper dressing and feeding or nursing, the mischief is still further increased by giving warm ginger, soot, or catnip teas to the exclusion of a sip of cold water. A teaspoonful of cold water is very grateful to a hot feverish mouth.

But, if these teas fail, recourse is next had to Godfrey's cordial, Bateman's drops, paregoric, or, lastly and worst of all, "soothing syrups"—soothing indeed, for not a few babies have been soothed into that sleep that knows no waking!

But babies frequently suffer just as much by being dressed too lightly in cold weather; by being neglected too long; by being placed on the floor where cold currents of air sweep along; and how often do we see them sitting on an old quilt spread upon a fresh-scrubbed floor, sniffing the dampness rising all about them.

How often does the mother find her babes uncovered and their limbs cold when she visits the little beds, in the morning especially, while their bodies are wet and steaming from nocturnal perspiration?

Another cause of fretful babies arises from mothers nursing them while laboring under, or too soon after, some undue mental excitement, as fear, anger, great losses, etc. In such states, the secretion of milk is depraved and unfit for the babe, and giving the breast at such times is often the cause of disease, intense suffering, and sometimes death. Again, mothers are often too long absent from their babes, from six to eight hours, sometimes out to evening parties or sociables, engaged in dancing or even some exciting game, then, returning home exhausted or overheated, to relieve their distended painful breasts, the babes are permitted at once to gorge themselves with vitiated milk, with the result of overloading their stomachs, deranging digestion, etc.

Rocking babies violently—or even at all—is also wrong, and, if not productive of absolute evil, is of no good. But the grand source of evil and the one most frequently practiced is too frequent nursing or overfeeding when brought up on the bottle. We frequently see children not two years old sitting at the table, eating corn, pastry, cucumbers, cheese, etc., ad libitum, and, if they die, it is the will of Providence! Feed them on Lactated Food (W., R. & Co.'s), Soluble Food (R. & C.'s), beef peptonoids, and trust to yourselves—do your duty first, and then Providence will bless your efforts and the babes live.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Onions.—Put twelve onions in one gallon of water; let them boil, but not too hard. If the water becomes yellow, pour it off and add as much more boiling water; put a little salt in the water each time. If the onions are green, they will take two hours, and a little longer if dried. Serve them with drawn butter sauce.

To Boil Rice.—Rice should be nicely washed and picked. Put it on with a good deal of water to boil. When the grains become tender, pour off the water and steam the rice by putting it over hot water, so that each grain is separate.

DESSERTS.

Blanc-Mange of Corn-Flour.—Weigh three ounces of corn-flour and three ounces of loaf-sugar—rub this on the rind

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of a lemon—a pint of milk, and an ounce of butter. Wet the corn-flour with some of the milk, put the other on to boil with the sugar. When it boils, pour it on the wet corn-flour and stir it smoothly, put it back in the saucepan and bring it to boiling-point, flavor it with essence of vanilla or almond essence, stir it well, pour it into a clean wet mold, or a small pie-dish will answer if there is no mold. When cold, put a dish, glass, or other kind on the top, turn it over, and let the blanc-mange gently fall on it.

French Custards.—To make about seven custards, boil one pint of milk with three dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs well together, and pour the milk, when slightly cool, on to the eggs, and beat well together. Fill white china French custard-cups; stand them in a pan of water, and let them cook until they become solid, taking care to let no water get on the top. When set, take the pan off the fire, and put the cups in the oven for the custard to brown slightly. Vanilla or any flavoring can be used.

CAKES.

Gingerbread.—Take half a pound of white sugar and half a pound of golden syrup, or, better still, half a pound of honey. Put them into a saucepan and bring them to a boiling-point; then stir in half a pound of butter till it is quite melted. Beat up four eggs in a basin, and then pour the mixture from the saucepan into the eggs, stirring it all the while. From half an ounce to an ounce of ground ginger must now be added, and either three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder or one moderately full of carbonate of soda. Lastly, stir it all into one pound of flour, and place the dough in a well-buttered tin, about an inch and a half thick, to allow for rising. Let the oven be only moderately hot, at least to begin, and it should take three-quarters of an hour or rather more. When nearly ready to come out of the oven, brush over the top of the cake with egg beaten up to a froth to glaze it, and then finish the baking for just a few minutes.

Soda Cakes.—Ingredients: half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, one ounce of candied peel, grated rind of a lemon, one whole egg. If necessary, a little milk, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Rub the butter well into the flour, add the sugar, peel, lemon-rind, and soda. Mix, with the egg well beaten, and, if necessary, a little milk. The mixture must be very stiff. Put it in little rough heaps on a greased baker's-tin. Bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Fruit Sauce.—This is made of apples, apples and peaches mixed, and of cranberries.

Apples are either stewed or baked, and then mashed through a colander. First pare them and remove the seeds. To one pint, add one tablespoonful of butter and half a pound of sugar. Acid apples are the best.

If made of dried apples and peaches, take equal quantities of each; soak them for six hours, and then stew them; sweeten to taste, and add a little lemon to give them an acid taste.

Cranberries are first washed and picked, and then put on to stew with enough water to cover them; let them stew until the skins crack and they begin to thicken; sweeten them to taste and let them get cold. They are better if made into a jelly; you can make them jelly, if you put the berries to stew with enough water to cover them. When the skins crack, strain them, and, to each pint of juice, put one pound of brown sugar; let it cook until it jellies, then put it into china molds to cool; serve with meats.

Pumpkin Cheese.—Pare and quarter the pumpkins, leaving the seeds in, boil till quite tender, then mash through a hair sieve, and, to every pound of pulp, allow one teaspoonful of ginger and half a pound of crushed loaf-sugar; boil till it will set. Keep as jam.

Stewed Cheese.—Six ounces of cheese grated, two eggs, one ounce of butter, a small teacupful of milk, all to be beaten in a bowl together, then put into a small baking-dish and baked a light brown. It must be of the consistency of custard.

Potato Puffs.—Chop and season well some cold meat or fish. Mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg. Roll it out, and cut round with a saucer, put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold the other over like a puff. Fry a light brown, and serve hot.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PURPLE SILK. The skirt is short, and trimmed near the bottom by several rows of velvet ribbon. The tunic is of the peplum shape, short on the hips and pointed at the sides and back. The bodice is pointed at the waist, cut V-shape back and front, and filled in with dotted black lace, above which is a velvet ribbon, tied in a bow at the back. The bodice is trimmed with velvet ribbon, put on V-shape. Three-quarter sleeves, high at the shoulders.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRIPED BENGALINE. The skirt is plain and rather full. The bodice, of the bengaline, is half high, gathered slightly at the waist, and has revers. The sleeves are rather full. The chemisette-collar is of poppy-colored surah. The hood, sash, cuffs, and collar are also of the surah.

FIG. III.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE SILK. The under-skirt is plaited in front and trimmed with rich lace, caught up by sprays of orangeblossom. The train is long and plain. The high bodice has folds of silk from the right shoulder to the waist, and the front is filled in with lace, fastened by a spray of orangeblossom on the collar at the left side. Three-quarter sleeves with lace cuffs, ornamented by a spray of orangeblossom. Orangeblossom in the hair, with a long tulle veil.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PLAIN BLUE FOULARD. The skirt is short, rather plain, with tabs at the side, like coat-flaps, trimmed with pipings of terra-cotta silk. The bodice is high, pointed back and front, and is plaited over a vest of terra-cotta silk. A large collar of lace, laid in folds, ornaments the bodice. A drapery of the foulard passes from the right hip to the left side, where it fastens under a band-and-bow of terra-cotta ribbon, which is brought from the seam under the arm. Sleeves trimmed with lace, put on fan-shape fashion, and ornamented by a bow of ribbon. Hat of terra-cotta-colored straw, faced with blue velvet and trimmed with pink roses and tulle. Tulle strings tie in front.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DUST-COLORED DELAINE. The back of the skirt is full and slightly draped. The front is also full and long, and opens over a plaid velvet panel. Plaid velvet also trims the bottom, so as to appear to form a petticoat. The bodice is very slightly pointed at the back and a little more so in front. It fastens at the side with two large buttons. A drapery of surah, of the color of the dress, reaches from the throat to where the dress buttons. Revers of plaid velvet, and cuffs of the same. Hat of dust-colored straw, bound with poppy-colored ribbon and trimmed with a bunch of poppies and leaves.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF FALL COAT, OF DRAB-COLORED CHEVIOT, of a herringbone pattern, and lined with shot silk. The back is cut at the waist, where the fullness of the skirt is set on, and trimmed with large brown bone buttons. The front is of a polonaise shape. The cape has a slight fullness at the shoulders, and can be worn or not, according to the warmth desired. The cuffs and collar of the cape are of brown velvet. Felt hat, trimmed with brown.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING OR TRAVELING DRESS, OF PIGEON-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is bordered by a hem only,

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very simply draped, and falls over a plain piece, which is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting. The bodice is full back and front, worn with a belt braided on either edge, and fastened in front with a steel buckle. The sleeves are slightly full, both at the shoulders and wrists. Straw hat, trimmed with blue-and-drab striped ribbon.

FIG. IX.—WALKING OR TRAVELING DRESS, OF GREEN STRIPED FOULÉ. The skirt is but little draped, back and front, and opens at the side over plaitings of the material. The double-breasted jacket-bodice fastens on the left side and opens over a vest of drab colored silk, the front of which is braided. Sleeves slightly full at the top, with straight square cuffs. Bonnet for the walking-dress of dark-green crêpe, puffed and trimmed with a small bunch of moss-rose buds.

FIG. X.—REDINGOTE VISITING-DRESS, OF THE NEW DIRECTORY STYLE, made of chestnut-brown silk. The skirt is plain and falls quite straight over a rather small tournure at the back; in front, it opens over a skirt of dark-brown silk, which is finished at the bottom with a wide full rose-quilling. The bodice is quite round, double-breasted, and the large revers are faced with the dark-brown silk The cravat is of dark-brown crêpe. Sleeves high at the shoulders. Brown straw hat, trimmed with roses.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, faced with black velvet and trimmed with black velvet and ostrich-plumes.

FIG. XII.—MORNING BODICE, OF BLUE FLANNEL. The yoke is plaited, and the fullness is gathered at the waist under a ribbon, which is tied in front. The sleeves are plaited at the top, like the yoke, and gathered into broad cuffs at the wrists. High collar.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF DELAINE IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE. The underskirt is plain, with a pointed panel of the material at the side. The front of the overdress is long and full, and it is slightly draped at the back. The long-pointed bodice is plaited from the shoulders in front, opening over a vest of dark-blue silk. The collar and puffings at the top of the sleeves are also of the dark-blue silk. Straw hat, faced with dark-blue velvet and trimmed with a stiff plume.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE, OF PONGEE SILK, box-plaited on the shoulder and gathered at the elbow. It is finished at the wrist by a broad cuff of plaid silk.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, FOR AN ELDERLY LADY, OF BLACK LACE. The lace is quite full at the top, but arranged so as to give a broad effect over the hair. Yellow daisies are arranged in the lace. Lace strings, caught together with a narrow yellow ribbon.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—BACK AND FRONT OF BOY'S FALL COAT, made of plaid cloth. The back fits rather closely, the sides are plaited, and the front is plain and double-breasted. The wide collar extends to a point at the belt on the left side. Belt of brown leather.

FIGS. XVIII AND XIX.—FRONT AND BACK OF FALL COAT FOR A GIRL. The material is one of the new mixed plaids. The skirt is plaited to the waist under a broad belt of the material. The back of the bodice is cut bias and trimmed with bias bretelles of the cloth, the front is double-breasted and ornamented by two rows of large buttons.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Tailor-made gowns are still very popular; but a decided change seems to be creeping in, in the way of stiff-boned waists and tight sleeves. The "Directory style," as it is called, is modified from the Directory style of the early part of the century. Bodices in this new fashion are looser and often worn with sashes which are either round or slightly pointed, the latter way adopted by those who have not slim waists. Of course, sashes are not suitable for elderly people, who wear the round waists. Lace cravats are worn with these bodices. The sleeves are slightly full; but this should depend on the figure: yet all sleeves are made looser and more comfortable than formerly. The front of the bodice is generally plaited, and has a vest or plastron. Sometimes, for house-dresses, the bodices are slightly open in front and creased, and ornamented with lace fichus or collars, which are so becoming to pretty necks.

Skirts are often plaited or gathered, the overskirt falling straight and full, and open over a simulated underskirt, often of a very rich material. These styles are not always seen in one costume as yet, but appear piecemeal here and there, but showing the tendency of the new fashion. FIG. X, in our illustrated Fashions, is a beautiful type of the new mode. The long full skirts are becoming to most figures, and we are rather weary of the many draperies—so difficult to arrange gracefully and so hard to keep in order. Moreover, dressmaking at home becomes easier when tailor-made gowns are dispensed with. For tall slender persons, two or three flounces are sometimes scantily gathered and put plain on the skirt, with a small drapery, which is full at the back above it.

Tournures are much smaller, and reeds or steels in the skirts are less worn. This is a great improvement, as they gave the wearer an ugly wriggle as she walked.

Both high and narrow and broad low collars are worn. Lace for the neck—plaited, quilled, etc.—often replaces the high stiff linen collar or the ribbons lately fashionable.

Wool goods of all descriptions are in great variety, some rough, some smooth—camel's-hairs, cashmeres, delaines, cheviots, homespuns, and serges. They come in one color or in stripes of different designs.

Norfolk and Garibaldi jackets are much worn by young people, and they make comfortable morning-jackets for the house for women of all ages.

Ulsters, light cloaks, and jackets are in great variety. Some ulsters are close-fitting in front, many loose in front; but all are tight at the back, with full skirts plaited or gathered to the pointed or round waists.

Long loose cloaks promise to be popular for the autumn. They were worn during the summer as wraps, in driving or traveling, and found much too convenient to be readily abandoned. They were made of India-silk, mohair, alpaca, etc., etc.; but, for the later season, are of cloth or some other woolen stuff.

Bonnets and hats are in the greatest variety. It seems almost impossible to introduce anything new—we have so many styles already—and what is thought the most becoming is the most worn.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The knickerbockers are close-fitting at the knees. Blouse waist, with large bone buttons. The pocket is fastened with a button. The sleeves are made full to bands at the wrists. Sailor-collar, deep at the back, tied in front with a blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF DARK-GREEN SATEEN, with rosebuds in stripes. The skirt is laid in large box-plaits. The blouse waist buttons down the front. Sailor-collar. Full sleeves at the wrists.

FIG. III.—COAT, OF BROWN DIAGONAL CLOTH, with very thin lining, for the early fall. It is made double-breasted, fastening far over on the left shoulder, and is trimmed with gimp ornaments. High plain collar. The cuffs have small gimp ornaments on the sleeves. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with brown and straw-colored striped ribbon.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S CAP, OF BLACK CLOTH. The brim is bordered with a gay plaid velvet, and a stiff wing is placed on the left side.

FIG. V.—MUSLIN CAP, FOR A SMALL CHILD. The border is trimmed with a lace edge, made very full above the face, and is finished with a rosette, also very full, made of very narrow white ribbon.

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Painted by J. J. Tissot. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

A REVERIE.

Engraved expressly for Petersons Magazine.

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DESIGN FOR CHAIR-TIDY OR PANEL: DARNED WORK

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A WIND OF FATE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. HAT. TOQUE.

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WRAP. FRONT AND BACK OF MANTLE. FALL JACKET.

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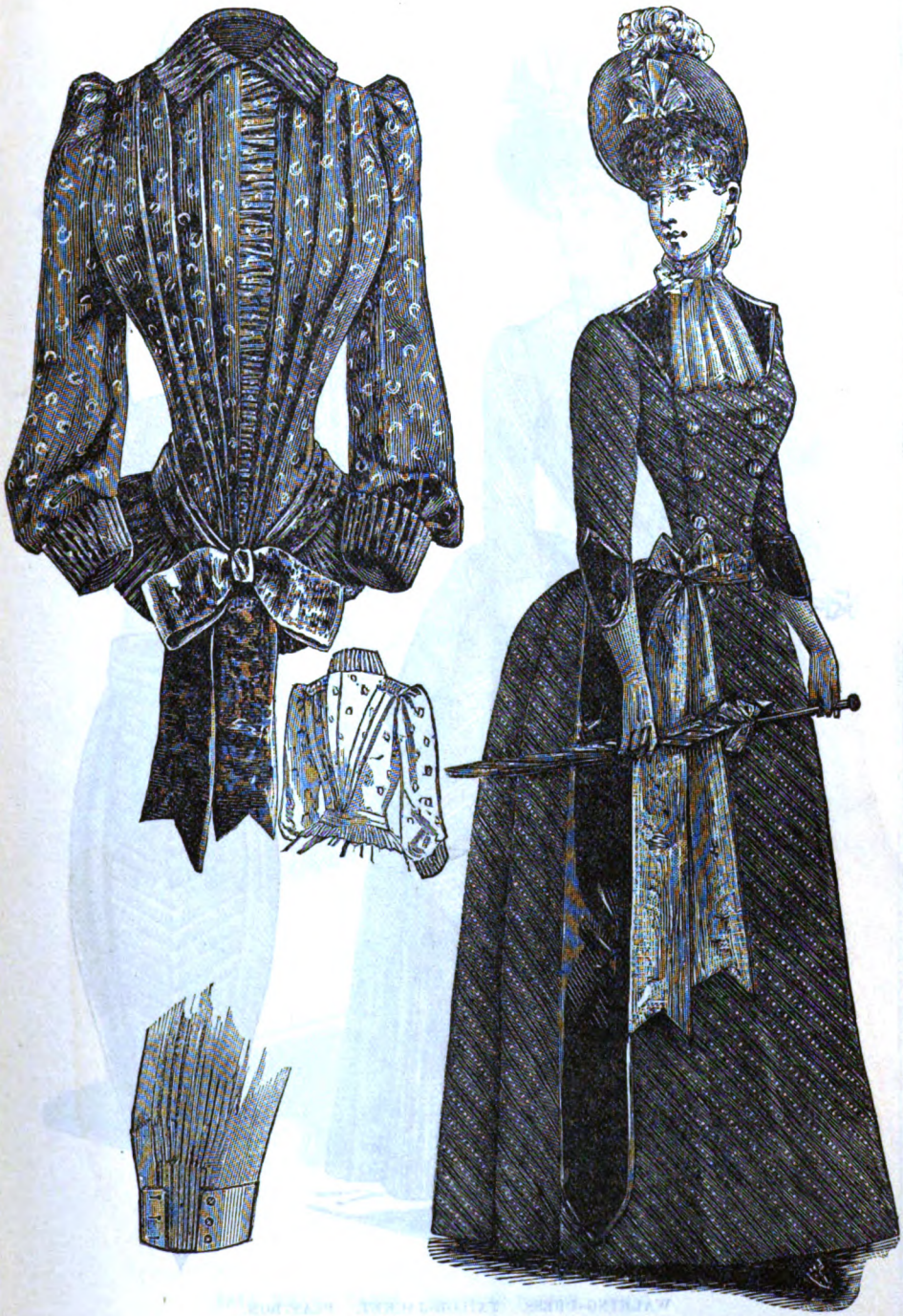

DIRECTORY DRESS. MORNING-BODICE. SLEEVE.

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WALKING-DRESS. TAILOR-JACKET. PLASTRON.

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FALL WRAP. CAPES. MORNING-BODICE. SHOE.

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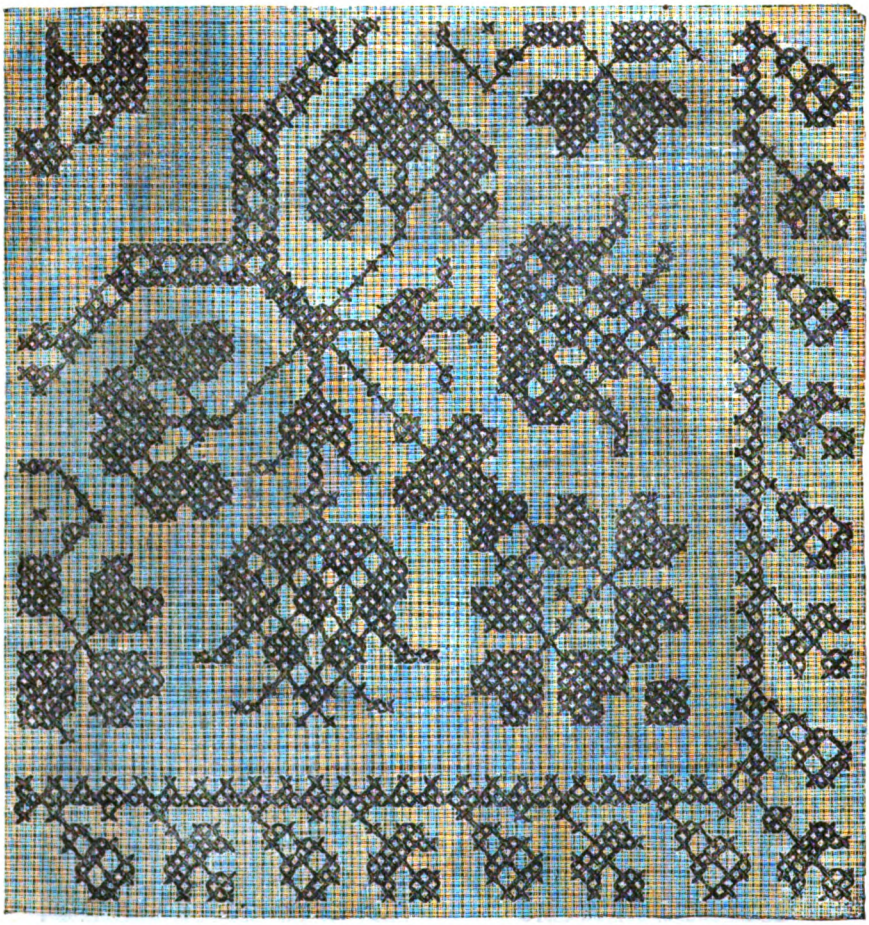

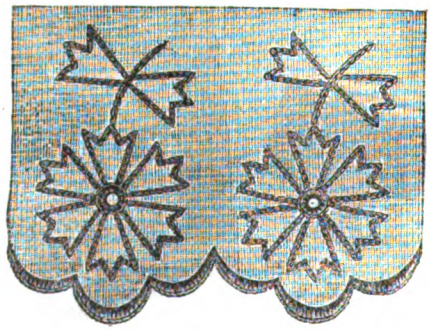

CORNER FOR TOWEL IN CROSS-STITCH. BRAIDED BORDER.

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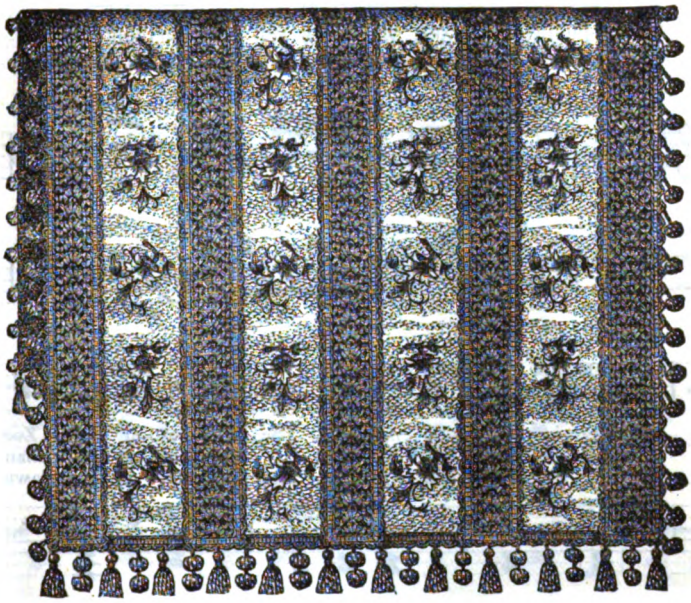

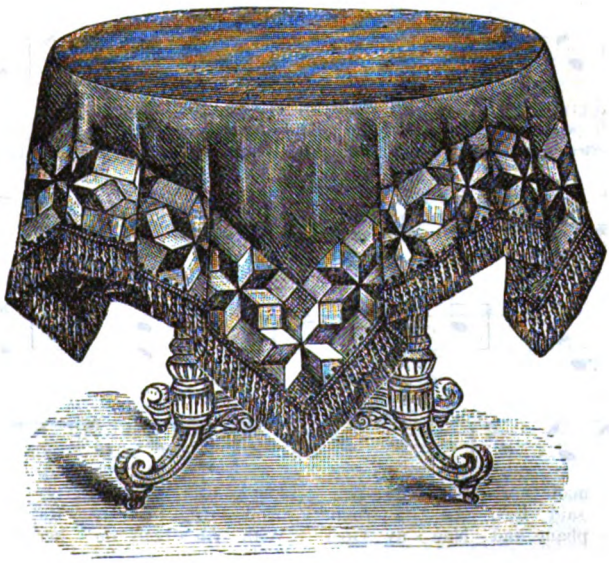

COVER FOR CRADLE OR PERAMBULATOR. TABLE-COVER.

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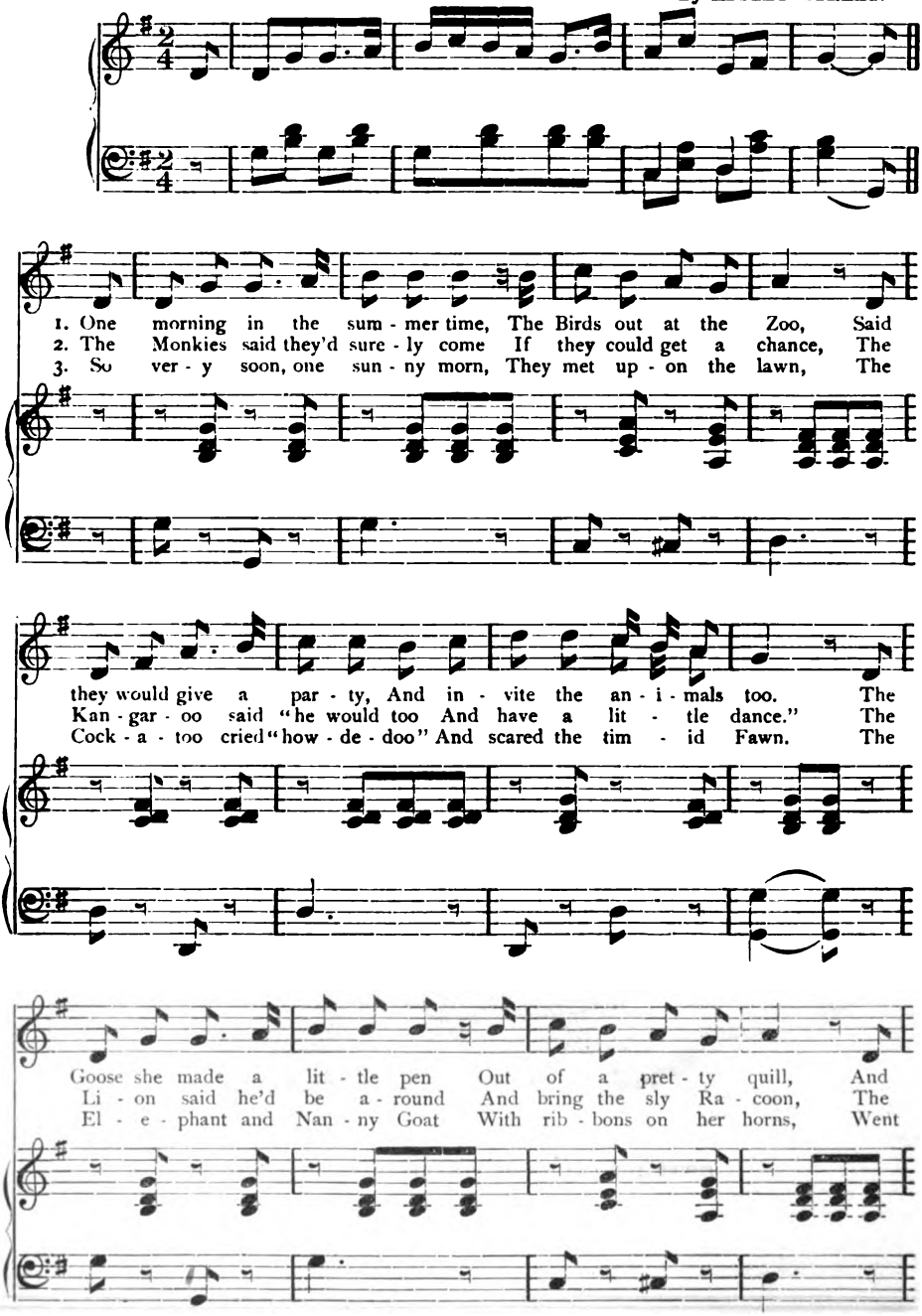
THE PARTY AT THE ZOO.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.

By APSLEY STREET.



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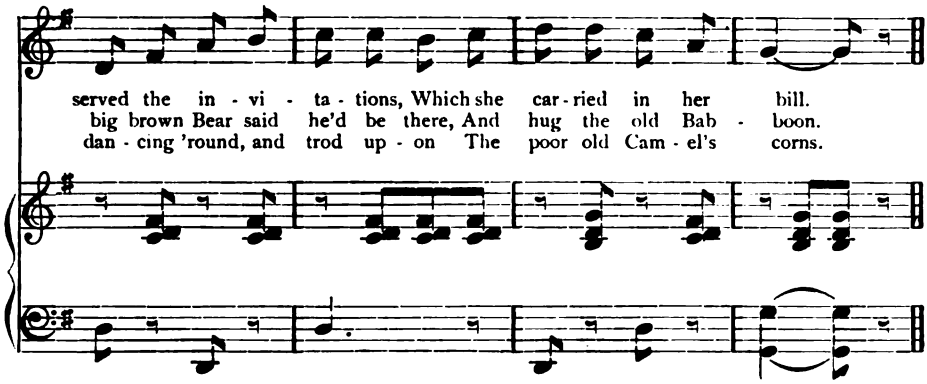

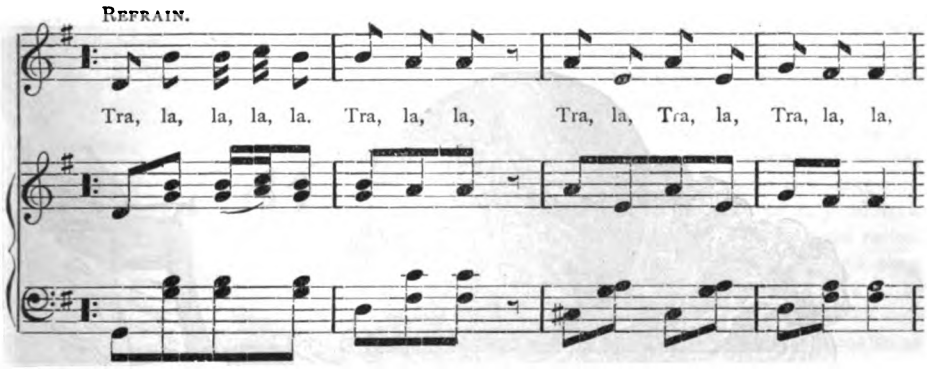

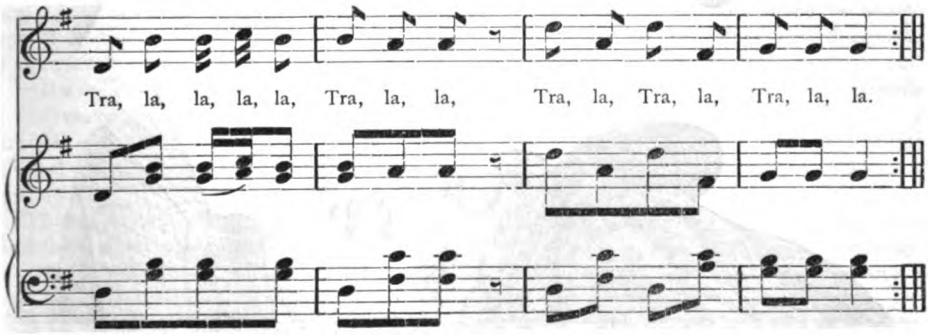

4.

They had a supper, very nice,
The Buffaloes ate hay;
The Kittens gobbled up some mice,
The Deer had grass all day.
The Goats ate pop-corn paper, and
The Frogs on worms were fed;
The Monkies munched fresh pea-nuts,
And the Ducks had milk and bread.

REFRAIN.—Tra, la, la, la, la, &c.

5.

Night came at last, the moon was up,
And music was the thing,
The Crickets, Owls, and Katy-did's,
Then all began to sing.
The Ducks and Geese began to quack,
The Tiger shook his head;
The Lion said, "let's say our prayers
'Tis time to go to bed.

REFRAIN.—Tra, la, la, la, la, &c.

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FALL HATS. BONNET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1888. No. 4.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

AT a rustic inn, up among the hills, two young men sat talking. One was an artist in search of the picturesque, the other his friend, who had accompanied him.

"Such an adventure as I had this morning," said the latter, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"As to how?" answered the other, lazily.

"Well, you know I went out to make a cast for trout while you were sketching. Tired out, at last I came to the little ferry you know so well, and, instead of the old fellow who usually rowed the boat, I found one of the prettiest girls I ever saw."

"His daughter, I suppose."

"Presumably. But, if so, only another illustration of my republican notion—if any were needed—that birth and fortune do not necessarily make beauty."

"Didn't you find her grammar rather halting? It's there where true rusticity shows itself."

"She was too shy to talk much. I tried in vain to start a flirtation, and, when that failed, to get her to talk of herself and her belongings; but all I could wring from her was that the old ferryman was down with rheumatism, and she was taking his place. 'Five cents' fare, sir,' she added, coolly, as we reached the opposite shore; and with that she held the skiff with a boat-hook, while I stepped ashore. When I turned to bow to her, after having climbed the bank, I saw her rowing back; nor did she ever look my way."

Harry Mordant was not especially susceptible. In fact, he had run the gauntlet of several seasons and was yet heart-whole. Perhaps one reason of this was that, from his earliest boyhood, it had been impressed on him that he was to marry a certain Lily Wentworth, a fourth or fifth cousin of his, as soon as she grew up. His father and hers had been lifelong friends, and the arrangement had been made between the two old men; a very sensible arrangement, as they considered, since it would unite two large fortunes, both Lily and Harry being only children. As for Harry, he accepted his fate quite resignedly. It was a thing that had to be; and, since he had never met any girl he could love, as he had read in novels girls were loved, he concluded that either he was unimpressionable or that such love was a mere fiction of the romancer. But now, for the first time, he began to doubt. For not only on that first day, but on every day for a week, he had somehow found he had to cross the ferry, and some days more than once, and the result was that, before the week was out, he was hopelessly in love with the ferryman's pretty niece.

"No, she is not his daughter," he told his friend: "that much I've found out. She must be his niece. I hear he has one, who lives with him. That much I learned from a lout of a boy I saw picking berries near there, yesterday, and whom I took the liberty to cross-question."

"Is she as shy as at first?"

"Not entirely. She talks—even eloquently, at times—as to the books she has read, her love of flowers. Why, she knows every wild blossom she sees! But, at other times, I can hardly get her to say a word."

"Look here, old fellow," said his friend: "don't you think we'd better pack up and be off? You're falling in love, very bad. And, considering what I know about Miss Wentworth and you, that's a contingency not at all desirable."

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"But we only know them slightly; in fact, since I think of it, we don't know them at all. You brought a letter of introduction to them. Mr. Lethington called, and we were out; you called, he was out; and then came the invitation. You wouldn't know each other if you met."

"But they're such swell people. It would be rude not to go, especially since I wrote and asked for an invitation for you, and Mrs. Lethington was so good as to send one. Besides, I should like you to see the grounds. Even from the glimpses I caught during my drive from the lodge to the house, I could discern they were beautifully laid out, with the rarest trees, and each one perfect in itself."

"I have been struck by the house, even at a distance: I've seen it across the lake. Once I tried to sketch the view, putting in some swans that came sailing along. Here it is. Picturesque, isn't it? Of course, I should like to go; only, for your sake, I think we had better leave."

Harry flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, hang Miss Wentworth!" he said, at last. "I had forgotten all about her."

"Where is she now?"

"On the ocean, I believe. You know she has been abroad for five years, completing her education, first in Paris and then by a year of travel. I am to meet her at Newport next month. She and her people—that is, papa and mamma—were to leave Paris yesterday for Havre, where they were to take the French steamer."

"My advice is more necessary than ever: Leave this at once."

"Oh, confound it, but I can't! We've accepted an invitation to that ball, at the Lethingtons', for to-morrow night."

"But we can't," Harry blurted out, after gnawing his mustache for a minute. "I can't, at least, until after to-morrow night: I must go to the ball."

"What! Is your fair inamorata going? I didn't know that ferrymen's nieces were asked to such swell places as the Lethingtons'. But perhaps Mr. Lethington contemplates running for Congress, and so wishes to make himself popular."

"No—she isn't," almost snapped Harry. "That's just it. She's only a ferryman's daughter; though to keep up distinctions in this republican country is simply absurd."

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"Well, yes—in one sense. But remember: while politically we are a republic, in social matters we are still as exclusive as our English ancestors. However, since your paragon can't go, why must you?"

"The fact is," stammered Harry, driven to the wall, "I said something about going to this ball, and she told me that the servants and poorer neighbors were allowed to come inside the grounds and look in the windows. And—and—"

"Oh, I understand. Spare your blushes. You promised to steal and join her, and look in the windows too." And he burst into a hearty laugh. "Only, my boy, don't let your hostess catch you at it."

This was too much for Harry. To be laughed at was more than he could bear. So, to avoid quarreling outright with his friend, he snatched his hat and hastily left the room.

He struck into a path across the fields which he had never traversed before: a circuitous path, that wound by a wood, and then through it: a path that came out finally on Lethington Lake. This lake was not very large, but it was a very picturesque one, made by the widening of the little river over which Harry had so often been ferried. Just as he emerged from the grove, he saw, at some distance, a lady standing up in a small flat-bottom skiff, and propelling it along by a pole. Several swans were following her, as if familiar companions. Her dress was strikingly effective, being of black velvet, fitting close to her figure; and it was a figure of which anyone, even a princess, might have been proud. A broad Rubens-like hat, with a drooping ostrich-feather, completed her costume. The face was turned from him, and, before he could catch a glimpse of it, the skiff shot around a little promontory and was lost to sight.

"The 'Lady of the Lake,' by Jove!" cried Harry. "She manages a boat, too, as if born to it. What suppleness! What grace in the figure! Is this fairy-land? I've been everywhere—at Newport, Saratoga, the White Sulphur—and yet here, in this out-of-the-way place, I've seen, within a week, two prettier girls than I ever saw before."

He told of his adventure to his friend on his return to the inn, concluding by saying:

"Now, Jack, here's a chance for you. This new 'Lady of the Lake' is obviously staying at the Lethingtons'. You'll be sure to see her, to-night."

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"Pardon me," answered the other: "you're almost as much in love with her, I see, as with the ferryman's niece; and I shan't interfere. Water-nymphs seem to be your fatality. Why not," in a tone of badinage, "get up a sculling-match between the two, and give the golden apple, à-la-Paris, to the one that wins? But to be serious: I'm quite reconciled to stay now; for, with two inamoratas, you're not likely to come to mischief; and, if there's danger at all, it's the 'Lady of the Lake' that, in the long run, is to be feared. I know you, Harry. A girl without money you might marry: but you'd never marry one without culture."

The two young men went early to the ball, but Harry looked in vain for the "Lady of the Lake." Their host had two daughters, both fine girls; but neither had the graceful figure he wished Jack to see. After he had done his duty by dancing two or three sets, he stole out-of-doors, and was not long before he found the ferryman's niece. A delicious half-hour was spent, which Harry would have made longer if his companion had not insisted she must go home. He would have even attended her all the way; but this she would not permit.

"Why not?" he said, at last. They had wandered off, and were now quite alone. "You know how I love you. All I ask is to be your protector through life. Let me begin now. It is not safe, believe me, for you to go alone."

But she broke from his arm, which attempted to encircle her. "It is safer, at least for you," she said, with a gay laugh, "if you are going to talk nonsense. I know, Mr. Mordant, that you are a rich man's son. What would he think, if he saw you now, with one like me? You need not protest. You will think differently of all this to-morrow."

"Never, never! Neither to-morrow nor any other day. Dear, you do love me; I know you do. You are too truthful to have listened to me, as you have this last week, if you meant to treat me in this way at last."

This was a bold stroke, but it proved the wisest. The girl flushed and hesitated.

"No," she replied, "I am not a heartless coquette. I—I—" But, whatever she was going to say, she checked herself. "Come to the ferry, to-morrow. Come to the house, I mean: see how poor and mean is the life there, and then—then," she faltered, "if you are still of the same mind—"

With the words, she snatched away the hand which he had been holding, plunged into the shrubbery, and disappeared.

"If that is the test, dear," said Harry, as he took his way back to the house, "you will not find me wanting. You are as proud as a duke's daughter. You would have me see how a ferryman's niece lives, before you will believe I am in earnest. Well, at the worst, I can earn my living; and poverty is bliss, compared with a loveless union."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Lethington came up to Harry, as he stood in the doorway, watching the dancers and gnawing his mustache.

"Oh, this will never do," she said. "I forgot you and your friend were strangers. I must introduce you to a partner." She took his arm and led him a few steps to the right. "Agnes," she said, "this is a friend of one of our city friends. Mr. Mordant, Miss Percival: Miss Percival, Mr. Mordant."

For a moment, Harry was dumb. He saw before him "The Lady of the Lake." There was

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no mistaking the graceful figure. The elaborate ball-dress was very different from the simple velvet of yesterday; but it displayed, with even greater effect, the lines of the lithe form, the rounded arms, the exquisite bust, the snowy shoulders. He bowed low; then, as he raised his eyes and for the first time saw the face, he started so that the crush hat he held fell to the ground. For if ever two faces could be alike in every particular, those of the ferryman's niece and "The Lady of the Lake" were alike. His having to stoop to pick up his hat gave him a moment to recover himself. Turning to Miss Percival to ask for a dance, he saw a look he had often seen before—one of sly mischief.

"Is it possible?" he stammered. "What a witch you are; or rather what a metamorphosis."

"Does that odd remark," was the demure reply, "mean that you don't wish to dance with me? Gentlemen have often called me a sylph, sir, or even sometimes a goddess; but I've never been called a witch before, much less a metamorphosis, whatever that may be."

There was no mistaking her now. This was a touch of the same gayety and sprightliness, the inborn repartee, as he had then thought it, which had so charmed him in the ferryman's niece. In a moment more, a waltz struck up, and Harry, with his arm around her waist, was whirling around the room with "The Lady of the Lake." His partner danced to perfection.

"You will give me your answer to-night?" he whispered, as they floated around, her head drooping almost on his shoulder. "You know now, don't you, dear, that you're loved for yourself only?"

"Take me into the conservatory," she whispered in reply, "after the waltz. I know a spot there where nobody can find us. I want to tell you how I came to be at the ferry. You mustn't think I masqueraded on purpose."

The story was soon told. This time, when Harry's arm stole about her waist, it was allowed to remain there unopposed; for another waltz was in full progress, and the conservatory was empty, except for themselves. In few words, she told him the old ferryman was a great friend of hers, and how, when he was struck down by rheumatism, she had offered to keep his ferry for him, "for he had nobody to do it," she added, "and I was familiar with boats and boating."

"It was you, then, that I saw yesterday on the lake," said Harry. And he told of his adventure. "There was something about your figure that puzzled me; it seemed familiar, and yet not. It was the exquisitely-fitting velvet dress, in contrast to the one you wore at the ferry."

She laughed a low musical laugh, and, looking up at him, answered with gay raillery:

"That shows how stupid all you men are. A shabby dress makes all the difference—"

"Now, dear, you know that's not fair."

She laughed that low musical laugh again.

"No: it wasn't," she said. "I must beg your pardon for all the deception. I was going to

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tell you long ago, as soon, as soon," with a little embarrassment, "well, as soon as I saw you liked me, only, when you spoke of this ball, and seemed so sorry that I couldn't be present, I had to give way to the fun of the thing, and keep up the deception, just to see if you would come out and speak to me. I pleaded a headache to Mrs. Lethington for being late; said I would take a cup of tea and try to sleep for an hour, before coming down; and that was the hour I gave to you, you foolish fellow, out on the lawn."

There was a sound, after this, suspiciously like a kiss. It was probably not that, for the lady showed no signs of anger, which she would have done, of course, if such a liberty had been taken.

The next day, Harry and his fiancée went out on the lake, at his invitation; he pulling the oars, she steering. It was a beautiful day, and sky and water were in unison with their hearts. After awhile, Harry laid aside the oars and let the boat drift. His companion sat for some time in silence, letting her left hand trail in the water. At last she said, but hesitatingly and still looking down: "I've another confession to make. I'm not Miss Percival at all. That was a name that I asked Mrs. Lethington to introduce me by to you last night. I told her I had a particular reason for it; that I wished to take you by surprise."

"I don't understand."

"Well, to be more explicit, have you never heard of girls being promised in their cradles, by their parents, to boys scarcely old enough to go to school? Have you never imagined that, in such a case, a girl, when she grew up, might shrink from such a compact, naturally wishing to be loved for herself? Now, I know just such a case. It was that of a young lady who had been for years in Europe, and who was about to be brought home to make the acquaintance of her fiancé. As a sort of reprieve, she persuaded her people to let her come home a couple of months earlier, with some friends whose acquaintance she had made in Paris. She came, and—"

"Great heavens, and you are Lily!" cried Harry. "Well, you are a witch."

"Yes, I am Lily. But I had no idea of meeting you here. I had no idea who you were when I did meet you, till—till—" blushing and more embarrassed than ever, "the second day, when you let slip your name. After that, dear," and this time she glanced up shyly for an instant, "I wished to see if you would love me for myself, which led to all the deception that followed. Do you really, really forgive me?"

For answer, Harry leaned forward, at the imminent peril of upsetting the boat, and, drawing her to him, kissed her again and again.

Then he drew back and contemplated her gravely for a moment.

"What is it?" she said, just the least bit frightened at his change of manner. "You look as solemn as an owl."

"I was thinking how glad the governor would be."

"And mine, too, as for that; though, perhaps," demurely, "he'll not quite like your marrying a ferryman's niece, for that is what you tell me you thought I was."

"I shall not marry the ferryman's niece," he retorted. "I shall put it more romantically. I shall marry 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

And to this day Harry calls his wife, though they have been wedded for years, THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SUMMER IS GONE.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

AYE, summer is over, its beauty is gone;
The roses are faded, their bright tints are flown,
The lilies are drooping, the violets sigh,
And breezes of autumn are sweeping the sky:
For summer is gone.

No longer the flowers breathe forth their perfume,
Their leaves they have folded in sadness and gloom,
And the silvery brook that glided along,
Now rushes in turmoil the pebbles among:
For summer is gone.

The tall trees are bending their forms to the blast,
For summer, bright summer, is over and past;
The song-birds are silent, their voices are hushed,
And the gay sportive insects with sorrow are crushed:
For summer is gone.

The children no longer shout forth in their glee
Whilst chasing the butterfly, hunting the bee;
The leaves of the forest sweep by on the gale,
Bearing onward the tidings—how mournful the tale!—
That summer is gone.

Yes, summer is gone, all its splendor is o'er—
We bask in its sunshine, its glory, no more;
Yet the bright star of hope still points to the skies
Where flowers are unfading, where beauty ne'er dies,
Though summer is gone.

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A WIND OF FATE.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

When mamma and I decided to summer at Greylock, a quiet little seaport on the New-England coast, of course Fred Lingard made arrangements to spend his vacation there also. For Fred and I were engaged—at least, we were as much engaged as I would consent to be: I said we were "half engaged," which always made mamma very indignant.

"Nobody ever heard of such a thing," was her displeased answer to all such statements on my part.

But I didn't care if it was unheard of. When people were really engaged, they began to think about getting married, which I never did. I was in no hurry to marry Fred or anybody else—I liked my freedom too well.

Fred himself took our engagement seriously enough, at least as seriously as it was in his nature to take anything, for he was about as harum-scarum as I—and mamma could tell you how bad that was, if you were to ask her. I think, between us, we were somewhat of a trial to dignified, sober, proper mamma—full of anxiety as to the proprieties, which never troubled me. Of the two, she minded Fred less. For one thing, he was a man, and many things were allowable for him that I could not do, as mamma often reminded me. Besides, she forgave Fred a good deal because of his devotion to me, for he really was devoted—at least, as much as I would allow him to be. Too much attention from one person, however agreeable, always bored me.

So when Fred, on being told of our plans, announced his intention of coming to Greylock in August, when his vacation began, I frowned and said rather pettishly:

"Why don't you go somewhere else, where you can see new people? You must be tired of the sight of me. And Greylock is a very stupid place, besides."

Whereat mamma looked very much shocked; but Fred only laughed.

"Perhaps you are tired of the sight of me," he suggested, amiably. "Why do you go there if it is stupid?"

"Oh—because I am tired of the rush and excitement of fashionable summer-resorts, which you never seem to be. I want to go where it is quiet and solitary, where I shall meet nobody I know."

"How can you be sure that I am not tired too? I need rest as well as you," he continued, quite unruffled. "Of course, if you don't want me to go, I won't," he concluded, looking so nearly hurt that I relented and accorded him my gracious permission.

Mamma and I left the city early in June. We had engaged rooms with a widow "who had seen better days." We had been recommended to her by an acquaintance, to whom she was a distant relation. Mrs. McClure lived in a little cottage down by the sea, taking one or two lodgers during the summer in order to eke out her scanty income. Unexceptionable references being one of her requirements, we were very glad that she consented to accommodate us.

Greylock owned one small hotel and a few boarding-houses; but it was, as I have said, very quiet. The sea-air and the rest, however, were just what I needed, and they soon brought back the color and flesh of which the winter's dissipations had deprived me.

It was not a very large place, but it boasted a small aristocracy, of which the minister and the doctor were the chief lights. Beside the floating population in summer, the regular inhabitants were mostly the fishermen and their families.

One day, in the course of some neighborhood gossip with my landlady, I happened to mention Dr. Risley's name, and I remarked that I had never met him. "I have had the pleasure of seeing your minister, and he is a dear old man," I added.

"The doctor's not old, miss—not much more than thirty," said Mrs. McClure, picking up the sock she was knitting, and clicking her needles as she talked. "But he's a character for you," she continued. "His sister ain't very young; she lives with him—she and Miss Grace. That big stone house on the hill is theirs. He has money, they say; but he seems to have settled down here for good. He tends all the poor folks round for nothing, and it's to be said they all adore him."

"Who is 'Miss Grace'?" I asked, a question now and then being all that was necessary to stimulate the old lady's unceasing flow of garrulity.

"She's his ward," was the prompt reply;

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"and a pretty girl she is, too. He thinks a sight of her, and she of him. I suppose they'll get married, after awhile."

This seeming to be the natural conclusion of the matter, I was not inclined to doubt it; and, presently, the subject was dropped.

Not long after this, I walked down to one of the fishermen's cottages, where a little girl lived who was ill. I had become interested in her, and was anxious to know how she was. I knocked at the door, and it was opened by a ruddy-looking, rather grave-faced man of thirty or thereabout. I felt sure that he was the doctor, and so he proved to be.

In the absence of her mother, the little invalid introduced us, and we talked quite unconstrainedly. There was a naive simplicity about the doctor that delighted me—it was so novel. He never looked at me to see whether I was handsome, and there was no flattery, either conscious or unconscious, in his manner. Accustomed as I am to it in society, its absence was rather refreshing than otherwise to me.

We met several times, after this, in the same way, and made acquaintance with each other rapidly. We were both of us much interested in little Bessie, and this helped to break the ice very quickly.

One day, on my return from a long walk, mamma met me with the announcement that there had been visitors.

"Miss Risley, the doctor's sister, and his ward, Miss Kimball, have just gone."

I felt somewhat disappointed, as I was slightly curious to see the doctor's family—particularly the younger lady, in whom he was supposed to be interested.

"Miss Risley is plain and not particularly attractive," continued mamma, "but Miss Kimball is very pretty and agreeable. They were sorry that you were not at home; but I promised them that we would return their visit soon."

Accordingly, in the course of the week, we called at the stone house on the hill. It was a queer rambling old-fashioned dwelling. Somehow, it reminded me of the doctor himself.

The ladies answered to mamma's description; but the elder was sufficiently like her brother to impress me pleasantly. Miss Kimball was about eighteen; a graceful blonde, with delightfully ingenuous ways. I was pleased with her at once.

After we had talked for a few minutes, the door opened and the doctor appeared, looking rather abstracted; but I decided that his manners were charming—the height of simplicity.

"What an oddity!" remarked mamma to me, afterward. But he impressed me, as usual, as an agreeable one.

Presently, he asked me whether I would like to see his collection.

Now, I have but one hobby—natural history—so I accepted the doctor's proposition with alacrity. Mamma declined going, so we two—Grace, as I learned later to call her, and I—went into the back parlor.

When I saw the result of the doctor's investigations, I concluded that I had discovered the reason for his burying himself and his unusual talents in this quiet place. He wanted time for research.

"Look at all these horrid things he wastes his leisure over," said Miss Kimball, smiling mischievously at her guardian, bending lovingly over his treasures.

He did not seem at all disturbed by her raillery. That he was both fond and proud of his ward was very evident. There certainly seemed to be a good understanding between them.

Our acquaintance with the Risleys ripened rapidly into friendship. They were almost the only persons in Greylock for whom I cared. The summer boarders were too much like inferior imitations of the people I had left behind in town, and the regular inhabitants were not of the intellectual order—generally speaking, at least.

Miss Risley improved so much on acquaintance that mamma and she formed quite an intimacy. I had become very fond of Grace, and, as for the doctor, he and I were fast friends. He interested me because he was so unlike the society-men with whom I was acquainted. He was what neither Fred Lingard nor any of them was—thoroughly in earnest. We met very often in the course of my visits to Bessie Lane, who was still an invalid. We even reached the stage of friendship when I ventured to rally him on being willing to remain in obscurity; but I did not make much impression.

It was August now, and Fred would soon arrive, whereat mamma was greatly delighted—more so than I, I'm afraid. I did not feel as enthusiastic, perhaps, as I might have or as mamma thought I should.

Walking along the cliffs, I met the doctor returning from some visits. It was the day I had just received Fred's letter announcing his coming. We began talking, and I remarked carelessly:

"We expect a friend here, shortly. I don't know whether you have heard me speak of him—Mr. Lingard."

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"No," replied the doctor, giving me one of his calm scrutinizing glances which seemed to read my very soul.

I felt as if it would be impossible to hide anything from him, even if one tried. I felt sure that he divined at once how matters stood with Fred and me, and of course I blushed a little, just because I did not wish to. He began to talk of something else, however; and, in five minutes, I had forgotten all about the matter. When the doctor talked, one forgot everything except what he was saying—at least, if one had sense enough to appreciate him.

Toward nightfall, the next day, a terrible storm broke. We learned that there was a ship tossing in the tempest, just outside the harbor. Very much excited by the idea, I insisted on being a witness of the sight. Mamma yielded a reluctant consent; and, well wrapped up in waterproof cloak and shoes, I accompanied Jennie, the stout serving-maid, to the cliffs, where a thrilling scene presented itself.

The waves rose high and the wind drove the ship wildly about. The lighthouse-keeper and all the men were there, getting out the boats. Foremost among them, leading and invigorating, was the doctor's tall figure. I now saw him in a new light—not a student or naturalist, but a leader of men: bold, fearless, and athletic.

Catching sight of me, he gave me a reassuring glance; even a smile, and, coming toward me, said:

"I do not think the danger is very great."

"Shall you venture out?" I asked, anxiously. The sea looked awful to my unaccustomed eyes.

"I do not think there will be any need," he answered. "These men are more skillful with the oars than I. All they need is a head to direct them—there are hands enough."

The doctor was right. Everybody on board the ship was saved, and even the vessel itself was found, next morning, to be less damaged than had been feared. But I had gained a new respect for my friend.

The following day dawned clear and beautiful. Fred was expected to arrive; so mamma, Grace, and I walked down to the little station, to meet him. Grace looked unusually pretty, and I told her so. She blushed very charmingly. I sang praises of the doctor's conduct the night before, and that delighted her, I could see.

Just as we reached the station, the train rushed rapidly in, stopping long enough to give a well-known figure time to alight; and, in a moment, Fred was holding mamma and me each by the hand, giving Grace a sidelong glance. Disengaging my hand, I introduced them, and we chatted gayly as we walked toward home. Fred was in the best of spirits, but he looked very young and boyish to me.

His arrival made the "partie-carrée" complete, so it did not disturb our intimacy. Fred is a sensible youth on the whole, and he liked the doctor at once. We had a great deal of fun and enjoyment in the days that followed. The doctor seemed to have dropped his grave student's-mantle and to have grown quite boyish. I liked Grace better, the more I understood the sweetness of her disposition.

August melted almost imperceptibly into September. Soon, it would be time to return home. Fred must go back, he said, by the end of September; so we about decided that we would accompany him.

One morning, toward the close of our last week, I wakened with a violent headache.

"I was going to propose a row," said Fred, at the breakfast-table.

"You will have to dispense with my society, then," I answered. "But the rest of you can go."

At first, he protested, offered his services to me; but I declined them.

"I am going to my own room," I said—I am afraid, a little irritably—"to lie down." And I went.

I fell asleep, and, about two hours later, awoke, feeling somewhat better. I fancied that the fresh air would do me good; so, arraying myself in a bright-scarlet jacket, for the weather was cool, I started for a walk. I sauntered toward the boat-landing, wondering whether the others had gone rowing. If so, I should probably meet them on their return. A fresh breeze blew so strongly, that it almost cured my headache. I buttoned my jacket up close and walked briskly on.

Suddenly, my name was spoken in a cheerful tone:

"Miss Grafton!"

Looking up, I saw the doctor.

"Good-morning," I said. Then: "Have you seen anything of the others?"

"No. I have been busy all morning," was the reply. "I have been rather idle of late," he continued, smiling.

"Let us walk down to the boat-landing," I suggested. "Fred wanted to take a row; perhaps he and Grace have gone. I had such a headache, that I had to lie down."

The doctor looked keenly into my face as I spoke, and of course I blushed slightly. I was not in the least troubled about Fred. He might go rowing with all the young women in Christen-

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dom—I did not feel afraid. We talked about other things until we reached the stone steps that led down to where the boats were fastened. They belonged to the doctor, and this was his land we were on. As we walked along, he looked rather abstracted. I wondered whether he liked the idea of Grace's going out with Fred alone. I felt like reassuring him; but I did not dare.

We stood at the top of the terrace, surrounded by old trees, one of which overhung the balustrade, almost brushing my hat with its leaves. We looked out across the sea.

Just a little distance above, the land jutted out into a point, on which the lighthouse stood. Inside this sheltered spot, the water was perfectly calm near the shore, but, farther out, a sudden gale had ruffled the waves into rough, white-capped, angry surges. The sky was banked up with heavy gray clouds, that threatened a storm. It hardly seemed safe to be away from shore in a rowboat.

Tossed on the highest billows, almost out of sight, was a tiny speck. Could it be their boat? Looking down, we saw that one was missing—a mere cockleshell. I glanced at the doctor. His face was grave, even anxious.

"You are alarmed?" But he was looking eagerly out at the troubled waters beyond the point.

"I am going to take one of those stronger boats and go after them," he said, abruptly.

"Is there danger?" I went on, anxiously.

"A little," was the reply, "in that frail boat. I cannot imagine what possessed Mr. Lingard to take it."

My heart sank within me. I hadn't much confidence in Fred's skill.

"But you will be risking three lives instead of two," I continued, hurriedly.

He smiled.

"No, I can manage a boat better than Mr. Lingard, and I shall take one that is stronger." As he spoke, he sprang down the steps, into the skiff, and, in a moment, was pulling with long steady strokes, out toward the other boat.

The waves beat against the little craft, but he seemed to control it perfectly. The keen wind still blew, but I felt as if I should suffocate. I unfastened my jacket at the throat, and pushed it back. As I leaned eagerly forward, I pressed my hand against my heart to stop its violent beating.

Now he has reached the little boat. I shut my eyes. When I opened them, I uttered an exclamation "Thank God!"—they were safe in the larger one. As they came nearer, I could see that Fred was exhausted by his struggles with the elements. The doctor was rowing with all his might and main. Would his strength fail before he reached the shore? Would the winds and waves overwhelm them?

Nearer and nearer they were coming. Almost I held my breath. They were close to the shore—they had reached it—in an instant, the doctor had sprung out—then my heart gave one gasp of relief—and then I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on the bed in my darkened room, mamma sitting by me, holding my hand. Gradually memory and thought returned to me.

"Are they all safe?" I gasped.

"Yes, yes—all safe," was mamma's assurance, as she bent solicitously over me.

Then I sank back on my pillows and closed my eyes for a moment. As my mind grew clearer, I realized what that short hour of peril had showed me in all its terrible vividness—what, but for that test of danger, I might never have known. But could the knowledge bring me anything but misery?

"Would you like to see Fred?" mamma was asking me.

"No," I answered, wearily; "I don't want to see anybody—I feel too tired."

Somehow I shrank from facing them all again. What had I said or done in that time of danger? Anything to reveal my secret—the secret that I had never guessed before?

"Nobody was hurt, thank heaven," mamma was saying, "not even the good doctor."

"Nobody?" I closed my eyes and turned my face to the wall. Mamma left me, hoping I would sleep; but I felt in no mood for that. Yet, sooner or later, I must dress and go downstairs. How I longed to put it off—to postpone meeting them all; but what was the use?

So I rose, dressed, and presented myself at the tea-table, looking a little ghost-like. Fred seemed glad to see me, though he only took my hand and pressed it. He was a trifle pale, but he looked very bright.

After some conversation on indifferent subjects, mamma turned to me and said:

"You won't be able to go, the day after to-morrow, will you?"

"Indeed I shall," I answered, quickly. "I should like to get away from this place as soon as possible." I felt that my tone was almost peevish.

Mamma looked at me sympathizingly. As if she could guess why I was so anxious to leave!

I was sitting on the porch, in the soft Septem-

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ber sunshine, the next morning. Fred had gone to the post-office. I had a book in my lap, but I was not looking at it. I did not try to read. My thoughts wandered back over the past summer, a strange mingling of bitter and sweet.

Hearing my name spoken in a familiar voice, I looked up and saw the doctor smiling down at me in his usual way. He shook my hand.

"Grace sent me to bring you over," he said. "Put on your shawl and come."

Slowly, unwillingly, I obeyed, and we walked leisurely along the cliffs.

"So you are going away to-morrow?" he said, after awhile.

"Yes," I answered, languidly.

As I saw the calm smiling sea, I shivered a little, thinking of the harm it might do. We were some distance from the boat-landing, and I felt that it was incumbent on me to speak of his bravery yesterday, but I did not want to.

At last I forced myself to say, not without an effort:

"You were very brave yesterday."

He smiled and answered: "Oh! it was nothing! I would have done much more for you, had it been necessary." He said it quite as a matter of course.

"For me?" I ejaculated. "I don't understand!"

"Have you no interest in Mr. Lingard—no special interest?" he asked, slowly, looking straight at me.

"Oh, yes—we are old friends," I answered.

"Nothing more?" he persisted, very gently.

I felt myself growing angry. My eyes fell, and the hot color crept into my cheeks.

At last I broke the silence and said softly: "You had someone in the boat in whom you were interested, too."

"You mean—Grace."

I did not look at him as I answered "Yes."

"You are right," he went on, gravely. "I am very fond of Grace, and she is very fond of me."

"I am very glad," I answered, wearily. "You deserve each other, and I am sure you ought to be happy."

"Yes, we ought to be, unless we wanted something else that we could not get."

"People want a great many things that they can't always have," I said, rather sharply. "They may as well make up their minds to do without them."

"That is true," he assented, gravely I began to think either his brain or mine must be softening.

"I suppose you did not care about my fate in those moments of suspense?" he asked, abruptly.

I felt his earnest gaze, but I did not dare face it.

"Certainly I cared," trying to make my voice sound unconcerned. "We are friends?"

"Surely! Even Fred could not object to that!"

"Nor Grace!" I could not resist saying, though I knew my voice was unsteady.

"Nor Grace!" he echoed. "But if they did care?" he added.

I looked at him in speechless astonishment.

Just at that moment, we rounded a curve in the shore, a sheltered sequestered spot, and saw two figures standing close together—Fred and Grace. He was holding her hand and looking down into her eyes as only a lover can look.

I stood perfectly still in silent amazement.

"I don't think they would care very much," whispered the doctor. "It looks to me as if we had been jilted."

"I am so glad!" escaped my lips, just audibly.

"Does that mean that you don't care for Fred, and do care for me?" he half whispered.

I did not answer, but he knew what I meant just the same.

"It was that hour of danger that told us all the truth," the doctor explained to me later. "When I reached the little boat, I found Grace clinging to Fred as she never clung to me—and, when I reached the shore, you just stretched out your hands to me and spoke my name. Then we all knew."

"Blessed gale!" I answered, looking into his happy eyes. "Our lives might have all been wrecked, had it not been for that fortunate WIND OF FATE."

INTUITION.

BY CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN.

In the deep watches of the night, beloved,
I am so near to thee, though far removed,
That I can turn and kiss thee in my heart
And feel the thrill along my pulses dart.

In the soft silence of the grave, my own,
Pillowed on love as on a bed of down,
Thou'lt be so close to me, though far apart,
That I will hear the throbbing of thy heart.

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LA BELLE MÉDUSE.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

I.

IN a miserable garret of the Rue N'importe, Paris, lay a woman slowly dying of a wasting disease. She was beyond the knowledge of her own condition, being fast bound in delirium—a helpless victim to the masquerading pranks of her rioting senses. Judging from the rapid fragmentary mutterings that fell from her parched crimson lips, she was the sport of spirits both joyous and mournful, of memories brilliantly gay and pathetically sad.

Even under the blighting touch of illness, she was a rarely beautiful creature, as she lay with both arms thrown above her head—arms which, though shrunken and wasted by disease and privation, were yet of a mold so delicate and exquisite that one could divine from their slender proportions a just conception of the symmetry that had once been theirs. These framed a head of startling individuality: it was that of a woman of perhaps twentythree years, whose face bore traces of fierce suffering and sorrow apart from those wrought by illness. There were heavy premature lines about the arched quivering mouth and across the low broad forehead. The pallor of the skin, unbroken save by the vivid lips and the dusky hue of brows and curling lashes, intensified the burning brilliancy of the glittering dark-blue eyes, and gave to face and bosom, exposed by the open ragged night-dress, the unnatural whiteness of marble. The features were of the delicate chiseling of sculpture; but no molder of clay or cutter of marble ever fashioned out of lifeless earth a likeness of the crowning glory of that prostrate figure.

Over the coarse bed-linen, trailing its ruddy splendor far away from the restless head, streamed a wealth of gleaming auburn hair, whose matchless beauty had first drawn upon Mathilde Monnier the attention of the Parisian world. Even now this adornment was being shorn off as rapidly as a pair of rusty shears, plied by the trembling fingers of age, could accomplish the task.

The committer of the theft was an old crone of frightful aspect and relentless energy—a creature so unsexed that she might have posed for man or woman: a short squat figure, clothed in a dirty blue blouse, which fell from neck to ankles and disclosed two monstrous splay-feet bulging from heelless cloth slippers; a large head, covered with short, coarse, grizzled hair; a parchment-hued face, in which two beady black eyes kept sentinel-watch above a beak-like nose and bristly-bearded chin, made up a personality sufficiently horrible without the detestable suggestiveness of the cruel hungry-looking talons that eagerly wielded their weapon of destruction.

This bird of prey, hovering about the portals of eternity, not waiting for death to have consummated his work before pouncing upon his victim, was none other than Françoise Marie Hélène Jacqueline, commonly called "Mère Jacqueline or Jacqué," proprietress of furnished apartments in the Rue N'importe.

On the rough uneven floor, beside the miserable pallet, lay already two long bands that glittered in a ray which streamed through the open skylight like gleaming serpents; while, as the destroying shears went "snip, snip, snip," they formed a dull accompaniment to the harsh raucous croaking that proceeded from the toothless mouth. The mutterings of the hag were a jumble of her own thoughts anent her present occupation and a running commentary upon the words distinguishable amid the ravings of the sufferer.

"It is magnifique — superbe! The real auburn! Ah, ma petite Jacqueline, thy fortune is made! Hold, my pretty: thou talkest of Victor—but the last name, the last name, my girl! Victor, Victor— What good of that without the surname? With that, perhaps the fortune of thy kind Jacqué might be trebled. Come, petite—say then: 'Victor—' It is of

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no use. Ah, that a woman like this should die in the best of her youth! What a pity! Such hair and eyes would have brought me to a palace. Bah! it's but a turn of fortune—they have brought her here."

By this time, she had ended her work. On one side of her crouching figure lay the shining coils of hair; on the other, the tossing, restless, cropped head, looking pitifully young without its womanly crown. Rising to her feet, the old creature gathered up the lustrous locks and carefully laid them in the horny palm of her left hand—which, huge as it was, was yet too small to close about the rich mass; then, moving directly beneath the skylight, she held them aloft and thus apostrophized them:

"À la belle Méduse! Little did she think, my pretties, that day when, in her silks and diamonds, she rustled into the shop of Antoine, le coiffeur, in order that he might arrange more comfortably your heavy weight—little did she dream that I, the dirt beneath her dainty feet, brushed by her dress as she passed, should one day strip her beauties from her! Ah, Monsieur Antoine, I offer you my thanks for the hint. Thy words, as she left the shop, gave me the cue: 'The hair of la belle Méduse would be worth a small fortune to a hairdresser.' And so it shall—so it shall; but first it shall pass through the fingers of thy Jacqué, that a little of its gold may cling to them."

At this point in her monologue, she was interrupted by the increased vehemence of the sick woman's ravings; and, laying down the precious weight of her theft, she crossed hastily to the bed, just in time to prevent the sufferer from rising. Wrapping her brawny arms about the fragile form, she forced it back to a recumbent position, never ceasing the while to mutter to herself in the hoarse guttural that seemed the fitting tone of her grisly throat.

"What strength! 'Tis easy seeing the grip is on her. Blessed Virgin! to think that Mathilde Monnier, whose heartlessness has worked more mischief than that of any woman in Paris, whose lovers have been like the sands of the sea, should come to die in a garret—and all, they say, on account of that."

The dying woman had sunk into a half-stupor, and the crone had no difficulty in raising a plain gold locket from the bare bosom, on which it rose and fell with the irregular pulsations of the fitful breathing. Like a vender appraising his wares, she told off the claims to woman's love possessed by the painted miniature:

"A strong face. The face of a young and honest man, one would say: fine dark eyes, a straight nose, the air noble, a good chin, a mouth— Ah, my child, one sees there the cause of thy despair—that mouth would never forgive thy little sins. Thou shouldst never have thought to blind those clear eyes to the real life of the Medusa, even if thou didst love him with all that cold heart of thine. That was the beginning of thy folly. These braids, which gained for thee thy title, would have betrayed thee—and then to abandon thy great career because he left thee in disgust! Ah, my pretties, but she was foolish!"

She laid the locket back on the heaving bosom and again lifted and caressed the red coils of hair, that twined and twisted their sinuous length about her fingers and arms. Of a sudden a sharp cry attracted her attention. Mathilde Monnier had risen to a sitting posture; her night-dress, fallen back from her neck and shoulders, exposed their wasted beauty; her wan arms were raised and her slender fingers clasped in groping bewilderment in and out of her cropped locks, while her burning eyes were fixed in angry terror on the old woman.

"What have you done, Mère Jacqueline? Oh, my pretty hair—the hair that he loved! You have robbed me of it. What, then, am I without it? La belle Méduse no longer. Ah, viper, diablesse! How, then, will he know me? Ah, Victor! Victor!" Rising more erect, she stretched forth her arms toward the crone and hurled the following words at her: "May all the evil deeds that I, Mathilde Monnier, have ever done, follow and curse her who shall wear my hair—may the hair of la Méduse turn into stone those who look upon it, and may the fingers that have cut it from my head shrivel into palsy, and—ah, bon Dieu—save—save—sa—" A gasp—a choking, awful, unmistakable sound, and Mathilde Monnier, once Queen of Bohemian Paris, fell back on her miserable pallet, dead.

II.

"My dear, I should wear a wig."

"The idea is horribly repulsive, mamma."

"But to think of a bride with a shaved head is even worse."

"Why need this fever have attacked me at such a time?"

"At all events, dearest, it spared your life, which is much to be thankful for. Seriously, Marian, you must consent to let Julien try his skill. Gordon insists that the wedding shall take place in six weeks, and by that time you will have become quite used to your new adornment."

"I don't believe he can match my hair, and I absolutely decline to have any other color.'

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"My dear, those Frenchmen can do everything. Trust Julien to find the hair of Medusa if anyone required it."

The dialogue took place in a dainty boudoir in the house of a merchant prince of New York. The speakers were Marian Doane, a delicate sweet-faced girl with a pale purity of expression in her large dark eyes, and her mother, a comfortable-looking matron of ordinary pattern. That the girl was convalescing was apparent in her exceeding fragility of appearance, and that the subject under discussion was thoroughly distasteful, one might read in the disdainful expression on the lovely face. For a few moments, there was silence between the two, during which Mrs. Doane cast anxious glances toward her daughter, whose consent to her proposition she was extremely desirous to secure. The girl lay still, gazing far away with a dreamy look filling her dark eyes. Suddenly she shuddered and turned toward her mother.

"Must I do it, mamma?"

"Indeed I think so, my love."

"Very well, then; order it of Julien, but do not let me see it until it is fairly on my head. I wish you had not said that about Medusa, mamma; it makes me creep. Ugh! What's that?"

Mrs. Doane, overjoyed at her easy victory, was about stooping to kiss the pale pretty lips, when a long bitter wail, heart-broken and sad, came thrilling in through the partially opened window and startled her from her intention. She paused to listen for a repetition of the mournful sound, but it did not come; then she drew a long breath and laughed a little nervously.

"Baby!" she cried, tapping the girl's cheek. "Only some street-sound. You are still weak, my dear, and must increase the dose of your good tonic."

So the important issue was decided; and, a week later, so expeditious had been Jupon, that Gordon Raymond was admitted to the presence of his fiancée, who lay in a nest of pillows, with one hand thrust into a braided mass of lustrous auburn hair, and the other languidly outstretched to greet him. As he clasped it in his and fell upon his knees beside the low couch, tears of thanksgiving and joy, that did no shame to his manhood, clouded his eyes and hid from their vision the face so dear to him. Then he leaned forward and kissed her, starting back at the chill unresponsiveness of her contact.

"Marian, you are cold!"

"Not in the least, Gordon."

Once more he stooped and kissed her passionately, as if seeking to bring warmth to the smiling lips.

"Are you so glad to get me back again?" she asked, carelessly.

The young man shuddered. "Don't say 'back again,' Marian; it sounds as if you had been raised from the dead."

"Does it?" she said, musingly. "Well, sometimes it seems as if I had gone through a great and mysterious change. How do I look, Gordon? Am I altered?"

He rose to his feet and looked down upon her as she lay gazing at him, and now both arms were thrown upward, and all the slender white fingers were hidden from view in the gleaming ruddy plaits. A quick impulse seemed to seize the young man; he bent suddenly and sought to withdraw her hands from their hiding-place, shuddering as his touch came in contact with the burnished coils.

"Let me hold your hands, Marian, while I look at you. I am absurdly fanciful, I know, but I feel as if they were being caressed by serpents. I don't like that hair; it is beautiful, but yet there is something terrible about it. It seems almost like a living thing—as if it were fairly writhing around your fingers."

He lifted them to his lips, and so, with his eyes lowered, failed to see the cold glitter that came into hers, and the cruel smile that settled about her mouth.

"Your speech is flattering, Gordon," she said, contemptuously. "A lover's terms of endearment are proverbially incomprehensible — I believe I am tired—mamma said she warned you against tiring me, and yet you have done so."

He looked at her in wounded amazement. These were strange words from one whose farewells, heretofore, had been uttered protestingly.

"Marian," he cried, "dearest, what do you mean? Why are you angry with me? Is it for what I said about your hair? My darling, don't let my foolish words cause a breach between us; I'll take them all back. Look, love, I will even admire and caress that which I have maligned."

She had turned her face from him and buried it resolutely among the pillows, leaving nothing exposed but the radiant glossy masses; he made a step forward and sought to lay his hand upon them, but, as it encountered a few stray locks that wound themselves about his fingers, with a cry he started back, while a look almost of terror filled his eyes.

"My God! I cannot touch it. Marian, dearest, take it off; you shall not wear it—it is an evil thing that has come between us. My darling, I beg you take it off."

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His agitation was fearful; intense and pathetic in its shuddering despair and horror, but it in no wise touched her; rather, it seemed to accentuate the coldness and contempt of her manner. Rising slowly, she slipped from her finger the ring that for twelve happy months had bound her to him, saying the while, in an icily sarcastic voice:

"You are too absurd for argument. Since your love for me has grown so weak as to become affected by a mere outward adornment, it will be better for us to part. I will listen no longer; either you will relieve me of your presence, or I shall quit the room."

She looked superbly beautiful as she shot the disdainful words at him—her slender form drawn proudly erect, the soft fabric of her white négligé sweeping about her figure in graceful folds, her heavily-weighted head thrown haughtily upward, and the hair, that had somewhat suffered from her manipulations, clustering in loosened twining locks about the white brow and neck. Her eyes gleamed red with anger, as eyes of a certain shade will sometimes do, and altogether, as Gordon Raymond looked his last upon her, she was as unlike the gentle fair girl he had wooed as was the transformed head of the Gorgon unlike that of the beautiful daughter of Phorcys.

A month after the rupture of her engagement, Marian Doane reappeared in society. Gossip concerning the affair had worn itself out, and the fact of a strange and unaccountable change in the girl had, after much comment, been accepted as the natural result of a disappointment. Some solicitous friends—her own family among the number—were inclined to attribute the alteration in her to the effect of the fever, sadly acknowledging among themselves that her brain must have suffered from the delirium which attends the disease of which she had been a victim. Mr. and Mrs. Doane admitted this solution to themselves in bitter sorrow, and gladly fell in with the physician's proposition that a period of foreign travel might be extremely beneficial. Therefore, as the proposal was eagerly assented to by Marian, they closed their house and were soon settled in bright cheery apartments at Menrice's—Paris being the objective point for which Marian showed a strong preference. Here she seemed to gain new life, literally new, for the spirit and animation which now possessed her were widely different from the simple girlish joyousness that had hitherto distinguished her manner. She was greatly admired in the circle they drew about them, while her odd beauty caused her to become quite celebrated as an attraction of the theatres and boulevards.

One night, in their box at the Grand Opera, while Mrs. Doane sat in the shade of the draperies, indulging in a surreptitious doze, a friend was laughingly complimenting Marian on the fact, with the easy politeness of a Frenchman.

"Mademoiselle, you are becoming quite a celebrity in our beautiful city. Every day I am questioned regarding 'la belle Americaine,' and teased with requests for introductions."

Marian Doane smiled, while no suggestion of embarrassment at the flattery flushed her cheek.

"Indeed, monsieur, I believe you are right, though my admission may savor of egotism. But to-day a strange thing happened—insignificant and trifling, but serving to strengthen your assertion, as coming from an unprejudiced stranger. Mamma and I were shopping; I had grown tired and was resting in the carriage while she was finishing her purchases, when a terrible old crone approached, with matches for sale. Something about the creature seemed familiar to me and arrested my attention. What it was I know not, for I am sure I had never seen the palsied uncanny old thing before—probably it was a mere unaccountable and groundless sensation. Still it was strong enough to cause me to buy some of her wares and thus give her an opportunity to talk to me. Ugh! she was a dreadful creature to look at, and immediately afterward I regretted speaking to her. 'Mademoiselle has the hair magnifique,' she said, in a shaking guttural tone, 'the true red auburn. I never saw it but once before in my life, and then it was on the head of la belle Méduse. Mademoiselle is justly celebrated in Paris for her wonderful hair; but, great as her renown is, it is nothing compared with that of la Méduse. If mademoiselle were but poor now, she might sell her hair for a pretty fortune; but mademoiselle is rich—all Paris talks of her great fortune.' Just then mamma came out and was disgusted at my tolerating such a dreadful old witch about me. But, for some reason, the crone fascinated me. She seemed the personification of evil, and I scarcely think the blessing she called down on my head, as she hobbled away, will avail much. Monsieur, you know everyone of distinction in Paris; who is the gentleman opposite, with the strong dark face?"

The Frenchman looked in the direction indicated, and uttered a cry of pleasure.

"Ah! Mademoiselle Doane, you have done me a real favor. That? The best fellow in France—Victor de Laine—one of my oldest friends, who has expatriated himself for years on account of a love-affair. I must see him. Have I Madame Doane's permission to introduce him?"

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"Certainly. Any friend of yours is heartily welcome," rejoined that lady, who had roused herself in time to hear the close of the conversation.

Ten minutes later, Marion Doane was conversing with the gentleman who, across the "glittering horseshoe," had attracted her notice. He was a tall dark man, with a singularly grave face and hair that for his age showed a prematurely heavy silvering. She found it extremely difficult to meet his eyes, which seemed fascinated by her elaborately dressed hair; but, as its beauty was often an object of admiring observation, she thought little of the fact that scarcely once, during the interview, did he remove his gaze from it. What did seem strange to her were the words spoken to her mother with a grace which excused their unconventionality:

"Madame will permit me to call on herself and mademoiselle? It will be a great pleasure to me. Mademoiselle's beautiful hair has aroused memories I had thought vanquished—painful memories, yet possessing a sweetness which, if madame will excuse my saying so, renders her daughter's society very attractive."

The Comte de Laine availed himself liberally of the permission accorded him, and, at the end of a month, offered himself to Mr. Doane as a suitor for his daughter. The proposal was made known to Miss Doane, and, the following day, Victor de Laine was received as the future husband of the young lady.

A few words sufficed to explain the mysterious memory to which De Laine had alluded. He frankly and without solicitation confessed to his fiancée the fact of his previous attachment to a woman who had proved unworthy of his love. He had been, in those days, a trusting unsuspicious youth—the cadet of a noble house—and, having spent his boyhood in the country, had come to Paris, believing all the world as honest as himself. He had learned the lesson of social wisdom at a bitter cost—the price being the better part of his life and heart. He had been the pliant dupe of a mere adventuress, a woman of marvelous beauty, whose cleverness had made him her innocent victim. Just before his marriage, he discovered her character, and, without even a farewell, left Paris to try to regain in distant lands the peace of mind of which she had robbed him.

"That, mademoiselle, is my past. I cannot offer you the first love of a fresh heart, for men never love twice as I loved her; but, if you will accept my utmost homage and respect, I assure you, you shall never repent of having thus honored me."

A week after, the engagement of Miss Doane, the beautiful American heiress, and the Comte de Laine was made public. The former was dressing for dinner, one evening, when there came a knock at her door. Her maid, who had removed and was brushing the auburn tresses whose fatal beauty had changed the current of the young girl's life, rose to answer the summons. She opened the door slightly, and Miss Doane heard her ask:

"What is it, François?"

The man explained that there was a woman below who requested a few words with their young mistress. But he begged Delphine to urge mademoiselle not to see the person, for she was a dreadful old creature and unworthy of notice. He had tried to get rid of her, but the hag insisted that mademoiselle had already aided her and that she would vouch for being received. She had added: "Mention to mademoiselle 'la belle Méduse,' and she will know who I am."

"Yes, I remember," called Miss Doane. "I will see her."

As Delphine closed the door, she asked:

"Shall I proceed with mademoiselle's toilet during her visit?"

"No; I will see her alone."

The maid went out, leaving the wig on a small table near the door. The light of the chandelier fell full upon it and played hide-and-seek amid its tawny masses. Marian Doane looked thoughtfully at it, her dark brows knit as though seeking to solve some perplexing thought by its aid.

"How strange if it should have been hers! They say that but few women are born in a century with hair of that color. Julien said that he bought it of a Parisian coiffeur at a fabulous price, and that it had lain in his safe for years without his ever having had a demand for its color; and yet here are two people within my little circle of acquaintance who have known women with such hair, and both of them were evil characters. What if that hair had belonged to both, and if the Medusa and Victor de Laine's betrothed had been one and the same woman! Great heaven! if I am wearing hair that came from the head of an abandoned creature—hair that ten years ago set Paris ablaze with its baleful beauty— Come in!"

A miserable crone, whose weak and palsied condition was evidently made more wretched by the effect of absinthe, availed herself of the permission to enter, and shuffled into the room, casting a puzzled inquiring glance at Miss

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Doane, whose crisp short curls probably somewhat hindered her recognition.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," she croaked; "I have made a mistake. I wished to see the lady with the hair like that of la belle Méduse."

"I am the lady," replied Miss Doane, "and look—see, there is the hair."

The hag gave a cry, half shriek, half exclamation, and ran toward the wig, seizing it in her trembling fingers.

"Ah, my pretties! You have returned to your Jacqué. Ah! mademoiselle, it is wonderful! incredible! Ah! my pretties, my jewels!"

She patted and caressed the two long braids into which the wig was plaited, with a horrible eagerness and avidity, winding them about her bony arms and shaping them into various forms with her lean and scraggy fingers, while the gleaming coils wound themselves pliantly into the desired shapes, as though they were living things, divining and obeying the inward workings of her mind. It almost seemed as if, instead of touching them, she moved her fingers above them, after the manner of a mesmerist, and that they writhed and twisted their burnished lengths according to her will.

Miss Doane looked at her in amazement, and, thinking her crazy, was about to rise and ring for Delphine, when the creature approached her.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you think me mad. Mon Dieu! it is not so; it is only that I am glad again to see these, my pretties."

"Was this, then, your hair?"

"Mine? Yes."

"And you were the beautiful Méduse?"

"Mercy! No; these jewels never grew on my head, mademoiselle, but they were mine all the same. For were they not given me by la belle Méduse? See, mademoiselle, how they love me—and simply because I tended and cared for the poor creature during her last illness."

"Did you know her history?"

"Mon dieu! Who that lived in Paris did not? A woman the most beautiful, who threw away her great luck for the love of a man. What stupidity! To think to become a respectable woman after such notoriety. It was madness!"

"What was the man's name for whom she made this sacrifice?"

The crone hesitated and looked at her suspiciously; then crossed herself and clasped the red braids tighter while she raised her bleared and bloodshot eyes to heaven.

"Everything comes to those who know how to wait," she chuckled, hoarsely. "It has come to me after many years! Mademoiselle, I am a poor woman; I am also old, and my words are difficult. Money, mademoiselle, gold will help me much and loosen the tongue that has grown stiff with hunger."

She paused, and Marian Doane, whose interest had grown intense, placed in her extended palm several Napoleons, after which the hag proceeded:

"Mademoiselle will be blessed! It is but little I can tell, however. The family name of the man for whom la Méduse relinquished all, even life itself, I do not know. His Christian name was Victor."

Miss Doane started. Notwithstanding her suspicions, it was a shock to have them thus confirmed. There was something terribly like fatality in the forging of the chain of circumstances that had linked her to Monsieur de Laine. A horrible shudder struck her at the thought that perhaps while she had worn those glittering coils, she had been possessed and directed by that other woman's spirit. She rose and pointed to the door, feeling that she must be alone to think over the wretched complication.

"Go," she cried to the woman, "leave me and never come here again; do you understand? Take with you that dreadful hair, and never let me hear of it or you again."

Almost unable to believe her ears, the old crone complied, seized the auburn mass, hid it under her ragged cloak, and hastened from the hôtel, fearful lest an afterthought should cause her recall. A few minutes later, Delphine, entering the room, found her mistress in a convulsion of weeping so excessive that, fearing hysterics, she sent for Mrs. Doane. As Marian saw her mother, she burst into earnest beseeching:

"Mamma, mamma, let us leave this miserable city—let us return to America. Mamma, I wish to see Raymond; I hate Monsieur de Laine. I cannot, will not marry him. Take me home, mamma."

"My dear, you engaged yourself to the Count de Laine of your own free will," her mother replied, in perplexed wonder.

"Yes, I know—at least—no, I did not; a spell was on me; now it is broken. Let us go quickly, mamma."

III.

Six weeks later, and different surroundings: New York again, and Mr. Doane's residence.

It is dusk, and a young lady is pacing restlessly up and down a large beautifully-furnished apartment; a tall slender girl, with short auburn locks and wearing a costume obviously of French cut and fashion. A young man enters, comes

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quickly forward, and, without word or protest, takes the pretty girl in his arms.

"Marian, dearest," he says, "this time you have indeed come back to me."

"Ah, Raymond, you have much to forgive; and yet I maintain that I was not responsible."

"Certainly not, my darling; you were but a tool in the hand of fate. Was I not right in shrinking from that horrible hair? Your mother wrote me that the Count de Laine was dead. Was his death sudden?"

The girl drew away and looked up in surprise.

"Do you not know? Then you have yet to learn the strangest part of the whole strange story. The night after the visit of Mère Jacqueline, as she called herself, we were disappointed in not seeing Monsieur de Laine, as he had promised to spend the evening with us, and mamma had decided to seize the occasion for breaking our engagement. The next morning, while we were breakfasting, a man called to see papa; he proved to be the poor count's valet, and had come to relate the sad fate that had befallen his master. The latter had started after dinner the previous evening, no doubt to keep his engagement with us, and about the same time a fire broke out in one of the wretched quarters of the city. The man said his master had often rendered great assistance in such cases, and probably was urged by some similar humane intention on this occasion, to seek the scene of the conflagration. It was pretty well under way when he reached the spot, and most of the tenants of the miserable dwellings had saved themselves. The count was about turning to go back, when someone called his attention to an old woman who was shrieking for help from an upper window. Immediately, he announced his determination of going to her rescue.

"It is useless, monsieur," said a man who knew him. "She could have saved herself long ago, but went back for something—'her jewels,' she said. Let her go, monsieur—she's lived long enough anyway, has Mère Jacqueline."

But the count would not be dissuaded; he ordered a ladder to be raised against the burning building and called to the old woman that he was coming. In a moment, he had scaled the ladder, and, reaching the terrified creature, stretched out his arms to lift her from the window, out of which even then hot flames were pouring. Had she but kept still, he could have saved her; but, crazed by fear and drink, she threw herself against him—he lost his footing, tottered, and together they fell headlong to the pavement—killed instantly. On his breast they found—what do you think?—a mass of scorched shining hair—undoubtedly that of la belle Méduse—the 'jewels,' which had fallen there from the dead hand of Mère Jacqueline."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MARY ONITA MARSTON.

'Twas near the pensive close of day,
The sun was sinking in the west,
And shadows veiled each cheering ray
That struggled in the gloom to rest,
When twilight dews came gently down
And bathed in soft and misty light
The tow'ring mountain's hoary crown,
That looked the sentinel of night.

Each em'rald blade and sleeping flow'r
Shed fragrance on the balmy breeze
That softly stirred in nature's bow'r
And swelled like music 'mong the trees;
The birds had ceased their vesper hymn;
The laughing rill, in liquid lays,
Re-echoed through the forest dim,
Reposing 'neath the silv'ry haze.

While bound by mem'ry's magic pow'r,
I gazed upon the solemn scene,
And dreams of childhood's sunny hour
Before my vision danced serene,
And fancy wove the mystic chain
Whose golden links of boyhood's years
Were dimmed in manhood's saddened train
Of sinful wiles and troubled cares.

Again, I roved the haunts of yore,
And felt my spirit thrill anew
As forms beloved appeared once more
To flit before my 'raptured view
And utter words of peace and love
In touching strains that melt the soul,
As softly whispered from above
When whelming tides around us roll.

Anon, I twined the garlands light
That decked with pride my youthful brow,
And thought the victor's path was bright,
As, soldier-like, I pledged my vow;
The rustic cot, with vineclad walls,
Now rose to view, and seemed more dear
Than glitt'ring thrones and marble halls
Of sceptred king and stately peer.

I fain would linger on the past
And scan the deeds of life's career;
But twilight shades were gath'ring fast,
And night's dark mantle, chill and drear,
Closed o'er the scene and broke the spell
That mem'ry waked with sad delight.
The vision fled, as passing bell
Proclaimed the silent reign of night.

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LEAP-YEAR MISHAPS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It has allers seemed strange to me that good, pious, well-meaning folks seem to kinder look down onto an old made, as though she was to blame for being born in a country where there's so many more women than men that it ain't possible for all the women to have husbands, unless the law can be altered so that the men can turn theirselves into Mormons.

I don't say that it ain't a misfortin to be born in such a country; but it's done now, and I can't help it: though, if it was to do over agin, and I had any voice in it, I should try to be born in Dakota, where women is scarce as white blackbirds, and where a single woman wouldn't have to live single a day longer, unless she wanted to. And who would?

When the present year rolled in as it did on a Sunday, and Christmas come on a Sunday too, and made it dreadful inconvenient about washing, which had to be put off because there was a Christmas-tree in our church—and anybody is so likely to git cold going out after having their hands in hot water—I got me an almanack and looked it over, as I allers do, to see if there's going to be any frost in June, and if there's much thunder and lightning sot down for July and August, and I seed that this year was leap-year.

What a thrill it give me! My heart leaped rite up into my mouth, and, for a minnit, I felt almost as upsot as I did when John Kenny come so near popping the question to me that he popped it to sister Martha instead.

The women have a right to propose!

I kept kinder turning of that over in my mind, and I concluded that it would be a sin and a shame if I, for one, did not take advantage of the chance. For Ringville, where I live, has fifteen old maids and twentyfour widders living rite in the village, and they can't git a single minister to come here to preach, even on trial, for fear all them women will want to marry him.

I thought over the unmarried men that I knowed. There was Major Webster: he's had three wives and eleven children, and he lost a leg in the war. But then a one-legged man is better than none: half a loaf is better than no bread. The major is deaf, and uses an ear-trumpet to talk with, and he's got a housekeeper that is deaf too—so that one can't laugh at the other.

Then there was Simeon Snasey: he was a batcheldore, and so bashful that he allers stays out in the entry of the meeting-house, and bolts for home the minnit the sarmon is over, for fear some of the female women will be put to set alongside him in the pew. He lived alone and cooked his own vittles and kept a dog and a cat for company; and, as I thought it over, it seemed to me that most likely the poor critter would be tickled to death to change his condition.

There was Abner Golding: his wife had run away with a sewing-machine agent, and left him a male grass-widder with five small children and the rhumaticks in his back; and I'd heern sed that he sed that he'd give a'most any price for somebody that would rub his back in Jinks's Perfection Anti-Inflammation Lineament, night and morning. A man can cook and mend his clothes, but, when it comes to rubbing lineament onto his own back, he ain't nowhere.

There was several others that I thought of; but 'tain't necessary to mention them. I ain't a-going to give 'em no free advertising.

I took the major fust.

I seed his deaf housekeeper going off to the sewing-society meeting, and I fixed myself up and went over to his house.

The major come to the door.

"She ain't to home," sez he; "she's gone to the sewing-bee."

"I don't want to see her," sez I, yelling with all my might into his trumpet, that he stuck up at me to fire into: "I want to speak to you!"

"Got two?" sez he. "Who's got two?"

"I want to speak to 'Y O U'!" sez I. And I felt the false bangs on my furrud actilly rise up as I stood tip-toe and shouted.

"I owe you?" sez he. "It's a lie! I don't owe no living critter a sixpence!"

"Let me come in," sez I, "and I will ixplain." For I seed that Grimes's boy and Green's hopeful and the Martine boy was all coming down the road, and would be a-listening.

And I stepped rite by him into the house, he being rather clumsy with that wooden leg of his'n, and moving slow. He follered me in, and I went rite to bizness.

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"Major," sez I, drawing a long breath to fill myself full of wind, "have you ever thought of marrying agin?"

"Hey?" sez he, p'inting the trumpet at me.

"Do you want a wife?" sez I.

"Where's my wife?" sez he. "Why, dang it all, Mary Ann Sloper, you know they're all dead!"

"Do you want another?" sez I, gitting desprit and feeling as if I would give five cents for somebody that would take a pair of bellerses and pump some breath into me.

"Want a mother?" sez he. "What in natur should I want of a mother? I'm old enuff to take keer of myself, I reckon!"

"Land of compassion!" sez I. "Who sed anything about your wanting a mother? Do you want to change your condition?"

And this time I screeched into that ear-trumpet so hard that the very plates in the cupboard rattled and my ears rung for a week afterward.

I never realized before what a serious job it was to court a deaf man. And jest at that minnit the door opened, and in come that housekeeper of his, looking as mad as a hornet that you have jest trod into its nest. I expect that, somehow or nuther, she had got wind of my being to the major's, and had come home to see what was up.

"Pity sakes, Miss Sloper!" sez she. "Who'd ever thought of seeing you?" And she was sweet as new milk, though she hates me like all git out.

"Law!" sez I, "I'm glad you've come, Mariar; for I can't make the major hear nothing. I come over to see if I couldn't swap some eggs to set. I've got a hen that wants to set."

I hope the Lord, as knows how lonesome 'tis to be an old maid, will forgive me for that fib.

"Our hens don't lay no eggs," sez she.

And, after a few more civil remarks, I left the house.

And, though that housekeeper-critter never let on that she mistrusted anything, it's my opinion that she knowed well enough that I was there after the major.

I went acrost lots to Abner Golding's next.

Abner has got five small children, and all of 'em is wuss than Satan—that is, if Satan was of their size.

They all pitched onto me as soon as I went in, and stuck me all over with molasses and orange-juice, and wiped their fingers on my shawl, and jest about spilte my gown and fixin's gin'rally.

Abner, he was all doubled up with the rhumatiz, and has to go with a cane, and the house smelled of arniky and ile of cedar and tansy and wormwood and goodness knows what, enuff to choke ye.

I made up my mind that, if ever I did come there to live, I'd fummergate the house with old shoes and brimstone, and see if I couldn't change the smell.

I unfolded my bizness to Abner, and he smiled kinder shy, and sez he:

"I'm sorry—but the Widder Pendergast spoke to me last week. And fust come, fust served."

Wal, I got out of there as quick as I could, and struck a bee-line for Simeon Snasey's.

When I got in sight of the house, I seed that the gate was boarded up and all the winder-blinds was shot. Could it be that Simeon was dead or moved away, and I had not heard of it? I pulled at the gate; but I couldn't stir it a peg. Then I clim over the picket-fence, and tore pritty nigh all the plaiting off the skirt of my gownd on one of them pickets—consarn it! I tried the door, and I knocked, and I tried the back door, and I went to the barn and I hollered "Mister Snasey!" with all my might; but only echo replied.

Then I come back to the house and tried to shove up some of the winders. I lugged an old hencoop round to the front of the house and mounted that, and I guess I should have managed to h'ist up the kitchen-winder if I hadn't heern a voice from overhead; and, looking up, I see Simeon peeping out of the attic-winder.

"You can go home," sez he; "'tain't no use to stay. I shan't come down—I won't! You're the fifth woman that has been here inside of a week, and all of 'em wanting to git married. I don't want no wife! I ain't lonesome. I'm as happy as a clam. I can cook my own vittles and mend my own clothes. Go home! If I was a-going to marry, I'd never marry an old maid that was baldheaded and lank as a fence-rail!"

And he slammed down the winder. If I could have got hold of him, I'd a-made him think his day had come! I was mad clean through, and I was still madder when the dog come tearing out after me and follered me, a-barking like all possessed, till I got past where the sewing-society had met; and every one of them women looked out and seed that it was me, and that Simeon Snasey's dog was follering me.

And, as some of them had been there their-selves, they knowed what it meant; and they've told all round that I've been trying to pop to Simeon. But it ain't so—I never sed nothing to him! And I'll have the whole of 'em understand it, too!

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ESCULAPIUS IN ACADIA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 247.

CHAPTER IV.

TRACKING.

AND thus it was that Esculapius gained his name—thus it was that he became somewhat domesticated in the simple Acadian family, tasting life as he had not before tasted it, all flavored with the freedom of the prairie—shaded by the tender lights and shadows of the marsh, mysterious with the sighings of wind among bayou grasses, the air beautiful with wonders of bird life, the earth lovely this warm winter month—through all, over all, the spirit of his dead daughter breathing in the child eyes of Angel.

And so two weeks passed away, and an evening came when the child Angel, at his bidding, lifted her arm—the little dead arm, holding the fragile hand before the face of the grandfather.

One might have thought a miracle had bloomed beneath that roof, so great the joy, Monsieur Leblanc pressing kisses on the small fingers of Angel and sending across the hearth to his mother noisy notes of delight. They were all gathered in the small room, needles clicking, wheels whirring, fire crackling, the lights and shadows of the blaze touching the walls and the people into soft shadings. On Madame Lucien's face, there was no smile. She lifted her stern eyes and paused in her knitting, but it was only to make over her bosom the sign of the cross and to mutter a prayer. Alcée, filling his powder-horn, stood with flask suspended, beside him "sa vieille," both stilled into silent rejoicing; and Raoul, quite as still, his dark hand clasped about the gun he cleaned, no joy in his face, gazed on Aurore. And Aurore?

"I wonder, does she never raise her eyelids," thought Grafberg, glancing a little curiously toward the maiden, who had been busied over her spinning. She was so quiet, so shy, flitting hither and thither through the garden-paths, across the fields, over the broad sweep of the grass-lands, that she seemed even as the wild birds of the prairie. Twice he had marked Acadian youths dash back and forth before the fence yonder, swooping, curveting, and rising and swooping again, but not once had the girl lifted those shy eyes. And even now it was from under the lids she looked forth on Angel, the glad look beneath glinting down over her cheeks like veiled sunlight. She also had ceased work, and, as she now stood, one hand on the wheel, the other holding the white thread, Grafberg thought of a wild hawk he had once seen held by a silken ribbon.

The discord of that gold-brown head was fast resolving itself into the harmony of his new life—rather it was as a note to which he had grown accustomed, to which indeed he was now quite careless. He smiled, thinking how this prairie child would fight and strain and struggle within the bonds of the life he had known; and Raoul, one instant moving his dark eyes, caught the regard and the smile. Like spark to tinder, they touched his heart, where love smoldered. Who was this stranger? Why had he come to their land? Why had he bought a pirogue? Was not his own boat sufficient? What was he seeking, paddling their quiet waters? Where did he spend the long hours of daylight? What was this he had done for Angel? What the machine he used? What the strange yellow paper with its lines of mystery? What was an Esculapius? Were they people who used charms? And, if so, who was safe? Might not these same charms be thrown about all? About his uncle? About Alcée? About Aurore?

Never had there come for him, on Aurore's face, the glad light which he had seen when she stood by the wheel yonder. That morn—the morn following the eve of this stranger's coming, when he had found the first white lily of the year, when he had stooped from his saddle to pluck it, and after, in triumph, had risen to wave it, so that she might see—why, Aurore had not deigned one glance; and she knew what that meant—the finding of that first lily—she knew it told of wedding-garments and a marriage-feast.

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Black and sullen, he lounged in the chair by the hearth, pondering, restless, ill at ease. The old clock on the mantel ticked the hours away, the family slept, the fire smoldered. He reached forth his hands over the red coals and looked beyond them in deep thought. After a long time, he got up and stretched himself and climbed to his hammock, and lay there staring till a gray line came in under the crack of the batten shutter, and then he slipped from the hammock, stealthily creeping about the room. He stood one moment by the bed in the further corner, listening to the quiet breathing of his sleeping uncle, and, as if satisfied, moved tiptoeing away. He caught up a canteen, softly filled it with water standing in the great bucket near, snatched a loaf of corn-bread lying in sight on the shelf before him, and then stepped quietly into the dimness of the new day.

The marsh, like a great smoky plain, extended heavy in mist; but Raoul, after one glance toward the sombre sky, walked swiftly to the bank of the bayou, and, casting off his rough clothing, sprang into the dark water. He battled like one mad, dashing foam and spray, so that it fell with keen hissing sound upon the dried wintry grass. He came forth cooled and calm, shaking the water from his sinewy body, drawing it deftly from his long hair, afterward as deftly slipping again into his rough clothes.

There was a faint touch of red in the eastern sky, and a few birds were chirping among the grasses. He looked toward the house. There was no one moving yet. He stepped into his pirogue and paddled up-stream. He knew they would think he had gone fishing. They were all used to his wanderings, his uncertain moods.

His nature had never brooked control. He owned cattle here on the lands of his uncle, and cattle fifteen miles distant, on the lands of his father's home. But sometimes he deserted all—sometimes he was gone weeks, living with gun and horse on the prairie, sleeping as long ago the wild savage of the Attakapas had slept, with only the sky and the stars for cover, and the earth for bed.

The glow of the beautiful morning deepening touched his tense face, but the soul beneath did not respond. He rowed swiftly—rowed till he had reached a wooded point jutting into the bayou with sombre shadows. The sun touched the tops of the great oaks, but there was only a gray dimness below, where palmettos and vines clustered in densely woven mattings. Among these he crept, drawing the boat ashore and hiding it in a thick tangle; then, stealing near the edge of the bayou and stooping, he watched. Shielded by a clump of palmetto heavily draped with vines, he felt secure. His ears were strained, his eyes were strained and turned toward the watery way he had traveled. One hour he waited, crouching among those heavy vines; then faintly there came to him the sound of oars. After a while, Raoul saw that for which he waited—saw Grafberg coming swiftly up-stream—saw the glint of his oars and the little dark-brown pirogue gliding over the smooth water. He held his breath as it passed—his eyes flashed, his fingers played nervously about the knife in his leathern belt. He drew a long breath as the pirogue swept by, watched till it had turned a bare unwooded point above, then arose cautiously, dragged his own pirogue from cover, set it afloat, and stepped within.

The deep bayou was not very wide; nevertheless he hugged the shore, keeping close among the tall rushes. They waved far above his head, rattling in the morning breeze. When he had gained that point around which Grafberg had disappeared, he shot the boat upward among the tall grasses, stepped ashore, crept stooping across the five yards of the narrow bend, and, parting some thick clumps, set his dark face between, peering forth.

The bayou stretched some distance before. It was all clear. There was no boat in sight. Grafberg must have disappeared about that further point.

He hastened back to his pirogue, shot forth now with long clear strokes, reached the further point, drew up his pirogue as before, and, as before, peered forth. He could just see Grafberg—could see that he had left the main bayou and was turning into a branch, one of many meshes in a great network of waters, knitted and laced upon the bosom of the marsh on that right bank—the side opposite Leblanc's home—the side all cut with waters and set with hummocks like isles.

A low execration burst from the lips of Raoul. It would be hard work to follow unperceived, but he did not despair. There were no bushes on the banks of these bayous; however, the grasses were tall and there were many bends and many hummocks rising almost upon the banks.

And thus he dogged the stranger—followed him over miles of dark waters, about narrow points and soft bends, and, under the shadows of hummocks, peeped forth.

The sun stood at high noon in the warm wintry sky when Raoul, crouched in grass, saw Grafberg shoot his pirogue in a deep bend of the bank. He paused a moment, looked around as if not quite sure of his location, took from his

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pocket a compass, looked around again as if studying a problem, then again up-stream and down-stream—north, east, west, south—finally stooping, drew a shovel from his boat, and so stalked forward.

And now Raoul trembled. Like a fish his pirogue sped. Near the bend, he shot it deftly into the tall grass, sprang among the rushes, writhed, crouched, and crawled. He could see Grafberg's tall head in front—could hear him springing from grass-clump to grass-clump—saw him linger once watching a bird overhead—saw him pass onward again, and step at last on the higher land of the hummock.

Raoul waited and thought. It behooved him to be very cautious now. The grass was not so high, but there were great palmettos hung with vines. He again did not despair. Laying himself flat, he drew his lithe body across the low grass. A snake, called forth by the warm sunlight, lay beside his way. He did not heed, but crept along, and the snake crept, slipping off among the mysteries of grass and water.

The open space was safely crossed—the edge of the hummock gained. A palmetto stood near. He reached it, and, with a gasp of relief, raised himself slowly and peered forth. There was nothing to be seen, save the soft shadows of the oaks. A strong wind was blowing. It rattled the palmetto clump and swept the moss-trails in soft sighs. How still, except for these sounds, and the singing of the birds, and the distant caw of a crow.

Quite sure that there was no one in sight, he stepped from the palmetto, hiding himself behind the thick trunk of an oak. He knew he could find this "Haisculaipius." The hummock was not large. With the deftness of an Attakapas savage, he slipped from oak to oak, lingering behind each only long enough to send forth a keen sharp glance through the shadowy depths.

Almost on the further edge of the hummock, Raoul paused. His eyes, looking forth at first with curiosity, gradually distended in anger and amaze. He gasped, he breathed hard, he could hear the hot blood seething behind his listening ears. He grew pale. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead. His black eyes glowed, fixing themselves on the stranger as if fascinated. His fingers again clutched the knife in his belt.

And what had Raoul seen?

Only a strong man digging under an oak, in the rich black loam.

Unconscious of the fierce eyes watching his movements, the stranger worked. His tall sinewy figure swayed back and forth. His booted foot pressed the spade deep, his strong arms tossed forth the black mold.

After a while, Raoul glanced around, and then he raised his hand and wiped the sweat from his brow, and the strange expression changed to one of eager search as his big eyes flashed from tree to tree, and, baffled and uncertain, came back to watch again the strong figure of Grafberg.

Presently the digger stopped, and, stooping low, looked within the hole he had made, and then, half raising himself, stooped again, plucked a plant from the dark earth he had thrown forth, seated himself and took from the pocket of his flannel hunting-shirt a glass, through which he peered, examining root, and stem, and leaf.

Raoul wondered, the angry glow on his face dying into an expression as of one mystified.

Was this "Haisculaipius" indeed just one of those men who study earth and plants? And then he smiled disdainfully, as if ashamed of his own simplicity, and then his thoughts went back to that first night of the stranger's coming, when he had found him in the fire-glow, studying that big paper. Ah, ha! he knew now. Either the President—the great man of Washington—had sent this man to seek and to pry about many things, or he was what he had called himself, a "Haisculaipius," who had come to dig for charms and to practice with infernal machines on their people—"machins du diable," Raoul called them.

On one point he had made up his mind: this "Haisculaipius" must go—he must go, he must go.

And what prevented his stepping forth and telling this Grafberg—this man of mystery, this "Haisculaipius"—the truth and all that he had discovered? Ah, a great deal: that which again sent a cold sweat on the face of Raoul—that behind which hung the yellow paper and the shadow of the great man at Washington.

And, while he thus thought, the shy sweet face of Aurore shone as a star in a mist—far away—ah, very far away from Raoul—and his hopes almost as withered as the little white lily which he had laid in the old armoire at home.

So time passed—Raoul watching, pondering—Grafberg digging, resting, pausing now and then to examine a plant or to follow with his keen eye the flight of a bird.

After a time, he set his spade in the hole, measuring its depth, then wandered about a while, looking at the trees, rubbing his fingers over the barked trunks, and gazing upward into the great arches above.

When he commenced tossing back the loose earth into the deep hole, Raoul did not wait.

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He had seen enough. It was easy to creep away, easy to bound from tussock to tussock, easy to reach his pirogue, and set it afloat, and speed homeward—that is, to the home of his cousin Aurore.

Ah, if but this "Haisculaipius" had never come to their land.

CHAPTER V.

AURORE.

It had been a strange winter—fitful, capricious. Somehow one thought of snow strewn with roses. Even the birds had seemed puzzled, darting back and forth across the uncertain sky—one week southward, the next northward—restless, troubled.

It was the evening of the day by whose morning light Raoul had tracked Grafberg. Out on the bay of Vermillion, twenty miles distant, a gray fog had risen—warm air, condensed by the cool waters beneath, floated away in clouds of mist. Sunbeams entangled in these clouds made the sky a seething mass of broken floating gold. They sailed northward, great drifts of soft luminous fog, out on the marsh falling low, almost filling that whole great chasm twixt earth and sky.

Monsieur Leblanc and all the men were absent. They had gone to rescue a bullock caught in the marsh "là bas."

Aurore stood on the bayou bank. She had come to set her father's lines.

All was very quiet and still. There was just the wind beating the grasses in a musical wave-symphony, and the cries of the men far off on the marsh softened into that melody which distance gives.

The glow of the sky touched her figure, as she stood in all the grace of her wild breeding, the face uplifted, the hand shading the eyes. There were great buzzards swooping in the air above her head. Their black bodies caught the yellow light. They seemed gracefully battling among waters of gold.

It was a remarkable scene; and Grafberg, in his boat, forgetting the book he held, sat regarding the picture. If this man had not been a student, he would have been an artist. His sad eyes drank the beautiful scene—they lingered on Aurore. That obnoxious gold-brown hair was forgotten, and the outlines of the loosely-robed figure, thrown in relief against the golden sky, was just the keynote—the one bit of human life making a perfect whole.

He wondered whether she felt the charm—wondered whether her untutored mind responded—wondered whether those heavenly lights touched her soul. The girl was different from anyone he had ever seen. As he watched her standing in the halo of that cloud-glory, there came to him certain other pictures—pictures of everyday life, in which she figured with that nameless untutored grace—bending in the fire-glow, busy with her cookery, hanging on bushes and fence the rough garments of the family, turning with her shapely young arms the household beds made of dried moss gathered from the swamps, or beating up pillows filled with the feathers of birds shot by father and brother.

He sat quiet a few moments, and then he got up and approached her, much as he might have approached a strange plant. He was filled with a lazy curiosity. He thought he would like to see whether her eyes were at last lifted. But he was foiled in this. As his step drew nearer, like a startled fawn Aurore turned and moved toward the bayou, her eyes again downcast, her head slightly bent in greeting, as she passed.

"Mademoiselle Aurore!"

"M'sieu?"

She stood still and turned her head shyly.

"Were you looking at that beautiful sky?"

He was standing before her bareheaded—just as he had left the boat—his hand holding a book, the leaves parted by an inserted finger.

"Le ziel?" ("Le ciel?") "Yasse, an' les aies. Gar ya!" ("Behold there!")

She lifted her hand and pointed toward a faint wedge-shaped trail, lying like a gray mist against the luminous gold.

"Wild geese. You have quick eyes, mademoiselle. I had not seen them."

She moved again as if to go, and again lingered when he spoke:

"Do you often have such skies?"

"Non, m'sieu," shaking her head and then turning a little sideways and looking off over the marsh; "non, m'sieu."

"I have never seen anything like it," pursued Grafberg. "No artist could paint those changing lights."

She did not reply, but stirred as if to take a step forward.

"Have you ever seen any beautiful pictures, mademoiselle?" asked Grafberg.

He was determined to find out what lay under that silence.

"Me? I dunno, m'sieu. I zee à chapelle, yasse—la Vierge."

"You have no need of pictures, mademoiselle—you have them always here: le marais, le prairie, le bayou."

Grafberg was picking up French.

"Yasse—dass zo, m'sieu."

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She moved again.

"Wait," he said: "I want to show you a picture. It is not colored, but I think it pretty —a snow-scene."

"Grand-Pré in Winter" was printed beneath. The engraving was very soft. Aurore bent forward, her eyes downcast, and looked intently.

"Do you know what that means—the words written beneath?"

She shook her head.

"Read, and I will tell you."

She again shook her head, saying slowly and without shame:

"I dunno."

"Do you mean that you cannot read?" asked Grafberg, astonished

"A leel, m'sieu."

"Then try: let me hear."

She commenced without embarrassment, slowly spelling:

"Shay-err-ah-enn-day — grand, pay-err-e weed la marque ·ai'—pré, ee-enn—eeu—"

At the letter "w," she shook her head.

"Umph!" said Grafberg to himself. He had found some very unexpected properties. "It is a picture of 'Grand-Pré in Winter.' Don't you see the snow?"

"Ah, yasse—la neige. Mais won taime—mais eet wass yere. Ah, le marais!"

She was looking again over the marsh, and her usually quiet face, thrown in profile, seemed lighted—was it with the memory of a beautiful snow-scene or with the reflection of those fog-driftings?

"Did you ever hear of Grand-Pré?" pursued Grafberg, closing the book.

Again the head was shaken.

"Non, m'sieu."

"Come—I will set your father's lines. Let us go down to my boat—or stay, let us sit on this log—I would like to tell you about Grand-Pré, because most of your people came from there long ago."

She hesitated, looked helplessly at the log, as if seeking some apology for refusing, and then, finding none, walked forward and resignedly seated herself.

"This book is filled with beautiful pictures," said Grafberg, turning the leaves of the volume he held. "I will show them to you after awhile."

And then, taking a place near, he commenced with those old nursery words "Once upon a time," and so going on, told in simple syllables, spoken slowly and distinctly, the story of Evangeline.

Aurore was very quiet.

She had at first plucked some blades of grasses, idly weaving them with listless fingers; but, as Grafberg continued, the fingers became stilled and the little brown hands rested motionless. The whole attitude told of marked attention, and about the sweet serious mouth Grafberg thought he detected a softened expression, as if the heart of the young Acadian maiden stirred with gentle pity for her lovely sister of the long ago.

When the story-teller had finished, he was silent an instant, then brought forward his book, and, opening at the frontispiece, said quietly: "And this was Grand-Pré in winter."

She looked with even more interest now, the head bent, the eyes lingering.

"And this was Grand-Pré in summer. And here you see Evangeline spinning 'close at her father's side,' spinning, mademoiselle, as you spin. Would you like to live at Grand-Pré?"

"Non, m'sieu. Le marais, le prairie, dass betteh."

"Better than the sea? Better than the great water stretching like the marsh yonder, as far as the sky?"

"Laike de bay là bas. Won taime een bote, I deed go."

She was again looking over the marsh. Grafberg fancied that her face reflected the memory of sunlit waters.

"And don't you think it was far lovelier than this—waves moving, and birds flying over them, and sun shining?"

"Dass nuting, m'sieu. De bird yere, an' de flore, an' de vache, an' de ship."

"But it is so still. Don't you like the move of the water?"

"Steel? Non, m'sieu. Gar ya!" ("Look there!")

She lifted her hand, pointing toward the rapidly sailing fog-drifts and the grass stirred by a strong evening breeze, and then she got up suddenly, as if startled by the low fall of the sun.

"Wait a moment," said Grafberg.

He hesitated, revolving the sudden idea which had just presented itself to his mind.

Should he open to this untutored girl the book of knowledge? Would she indeed be happier if shown the great world and the life beyond bound of prairie and marsh? She loved it all—she was content, she was happy—happy in the passing of the seasons, the coming and going of the birds she loved, the fish she knew—happy watching her flowers in their growth, the planting and the ripening of the cotton-fields.

He could see the long years stretching forward. Raoul or some other Acadian youth taking her brown hand and leading her to a cypress home on a bit of prairie, where grazed the flocks

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and herds she loved. And, under the lowly cypress roof, pretty bare-foot children would grow, soft-eyed and soft-voiced, with strong, passionate, tender hearts, loving "la maman," and the years would pass peacefully, rolling into eternity under the hum of her spinning-wheel, till at last the thread of life would fall broken, and she would sleep with her fathers on the prairie she loved, a tree or two, planted by the brown hands of her children, shading her grave, or perhaps by the chapel in the village, twelve miles distant, where morning and vesper bells would drop their benedictions.

Here Aurore moved slightly.

"I have not forgotten you," said Grafberg, turning the leaves of the book he held and glancing up.

He smiled under his beard. The girl had been, for him, dead and buried. He had seen the rise of the grave, and here she stood, health on the rounded cheek, health in the slender hand hanging against the folds of her cotton skirt.

He must choose quickly.

There was the other side of the question. Could he not bring to this untutored nature a higher, nobler life? Could he not quicken into growth the seeds laid in each human mind, seeds of a God-given nature, whose bloom touches the mysteries of heaven, whose fragrance floats through the cycle of eternity? Was not this the march of progress?

What ages it had taken to bring to his hand the book he held. What ages to perfect the black letters. What ages before, to the Chaldeans and their ancestors, there had come even the perfection of the voice, whose sounds they first pictured.

And, when he could give, was it right to withhold the knowledge which it seemed a part of creation to increase, age by age, year by year, day by day?

"I would like to teach you to read," said Grafberg, suddenly pausing in the turning of the leaves.

Aurore did not answer.

He looked up, just catching a glimpse of the soft eyes raised in surprise and as quickly veiled. There was a bright color showing under the brown skin, and, over the usually still face, such emotion played, Grafberg felt as if he had already quickened the girl to a broader, higher life.

"Strenge kinder man, yasse—strenge kinder man."

She seemed communing with herself, yet, speaking English, the communing was evidently half addressed to him.

"Do you mean that I am a strange kind of man because I want to teach you to read?" asked Grafberg, smiling.

"Oui, m'sieu, dass zo."

She nodded her head and folded her arms. The glow was dying in the west, but enough lingered to touch her downcast thoughtful face.

"I am an industrious man, mademoiselle. I do not like idleness. I must stay here at least a month longer, and, if I teach you, I shall have something to do."

"You school-ticher, m'sieu?"

Grafberg bit his lip. The girl was refreshingly naive.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I learn and I teach. What I teach, a great teacher—nature—teaches me. There is one of her books—the prairie; another, the marsh; here another, the bayou. I learn about the fish and the birds and the flowers and the earth and the water. I learn about life: la vie—you understand, mademoiselle, la vie—and, what I learn, I teach to others, in books like this—books which I write myself."

"Ah, zo."

She had followed the gestures of his hand pointing to prairie, bayou, and marsh. The face was very serious.

"An' you tich dat to me, M'sieu Haisculaipius?"

"First, you must learn to read the books I make—then you can read what I write."

She nodded her head.

"And when can our lessons commence, mademoiselle? Shall I say to-morrow? and at this time? and on the gallery—or here?"

She put forth her little foot—it was not often shoeless now—and pressed a clump of grass, and turned the blades over, and then pressed the clump again, and then looked off, embarrassed.

"You want to learn, mademoiselle, do you not?" queried Grafberg.

She was a shy silent creature, demanding skillful management.

The little foot did not become quiet—the head was again bent—the eyes regarded the grass-clump with which the foot battled.

"You haske papa?" she questioned.

So, this was the difficulty. Grafberg had forgotten that he was in Acadia—had forgotten that he was talking to a shy Acadian maiden, hedged round by the watchfulness of the whole household.

He smiled under his beard, then, drawing his face into serious lines, answered gravely:

"I will ask your papa, mademoiselle, and, if he consent, you will come to-morrow evening?"

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"Mais oui, m'sieu."

She moved away very quickly now, and Grafberg did not seek to detain her.

Leblanc, nephew, and son were dashing home. He could see the three riders far out on the prairie.

The after-glow lingered from those golden-draped heavens, under whose glory he had offered to open to Aurore a broader deeper life—a life beyond prairie and bayou and marsh.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LESSONS.

Those golden fog-driftings and the wild geese were heralds of a change in the weather. All night, wintry winds swept with moan and sigh about the pointed roof and sharp corners of the cypress home. A gray morning showed only a plain of mist, where rain and wind battled at will under wild heavens. The cattle stood forlorn, hanging their heads and huddled together as seeking comfort in mutual misery. After a while, the rain growing denser, the prospect narrowing, the little home seemed closed in by walls of mist, for a thick veil was over prairie and marsh, hiding the coulées, the tall yellow grass, and the distant horizon.

Within, a great fire roared up the big chimney, and Grafberg sat near, lazily watching Madame Alcée with the eyes of a philosopher, watching soft eggs harden under heat in a black skillet, watching hard rice absorb moisture, and red snipe suspended by cords over burning coals gradually change their red for a deep brown.

To those who study nature, cooking is chemistry, and heat, to them, a source of ceaseless interest.

On the gallery without, Raoul was lounging against the house-wall, looking forth into that rain-draped distance. A daring horseman, he had, the day before, surpassed all former feats, dashing hither and thither over the prairie, turning, curveting, digging spurs into the sides of his fiery pony, springing over wide coulées, darting off into distance, and galloping back like one mad. The agitation of his mind had sought relief in action. To drive the stranger away from the land—but how? Easy enough to whisper just a breath of suspicion into the ear of the uncle—easy enough to whisper just a breath of suspicion into the ear of the cousin, and Raoul knew what would follow—a fierce sending forth.

And if the stranger went—what then? With others he might return. Hundreds of men would come, obedient to the beck of a finger from the great man at Washington.

And say that there was no sending forth—say that there was just the gleam of a knife, and, after, a dead stillness—what then?

What then? Why, would not those who had sent send again to seek and to find and to question?

Raoul clinched his nails deep in his dark palm.

Could he but persuade his uncle to forbid the stranger his roof, as a man of magic. Alas, now that the child could move her arm again—

Raoul pondered.

The man had said that he was a "Haisculaipius." Raoul knew what to do. He would go to the village, to the chapel—he would see the priest—he would ask what it meant, this word "Haisculaipius."

See the priest?

Did he dare—he, Raoul—to look into the keen eyes of the father, when he had forsaken confession—when— It was not to be thought of.

No; he would go home. He would not stay here. He should suffocate, shut up in the house with that man. And who knew what spells he might work on all—on him, Raoul, even—with his books and his glasses and his "machins"?

Raoul started, tightened the belt about his waist, and stalked within. He nodded, silently greeting the family, took a cup from the table, poured forth some hot coffee, and drank it standing.

A few moments later, Grafberg, lifting his eyes, beheld him on his pony dashing before the old fence. He did not seem to heed the rain. He had taken off his hat; he held it aloft, his long black locks streamed over his shoulders. Twice he dashed back and forth, then disappeared in the rain-mist.

"I tink de deb got Raoul, me," remarked Leblanc, who at this moment entered. "Ee zay ee got go ees ouse dees daiye."

"Does he live far from here?"

"Joliment" ("Pretty far"), shrugging his shoulders, "feeveteen meel. Waile, ee wan go, ee bettch go—ain't eet?"

It was after breakfast that Grafberg, while discussing fishing-lines with the father, managed to bring forward the subject of Aurore's reading.

"You wan tich 'er? Waile, dass nuting. At de prairie, dere wass won taime school, an' she steddy leel wile—mais eet wass doo faa—five—zeex meel. An' Aurore wan learn, you zay? Waile, dass goot. She maight learn, yasse."

And so, as the rain continued, it was not on gallery, not on bayou bank, that Grafberg gave his first lesson, but by the big hearth, I co Leblanc sitting near, making his great net; on the opposite side, Madame Lucien knotting cotton fringe, casting on her grandchild watchful

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glances, the old face filled with intense disapproval. Over the circle flickered firelight, lighting up the tints of Aurore's hair. Without, the wind wailed and the rain sent sharp beats against the cypress walls.

Aurore was strangely quiet, naming the letters in her soft low voice, putting them together like a child, but weaving the sound into words so quickly that her teacher foresaw an easy progress. She showed a little surprise when he set before her a French book, questioning quickly in her low voice: "You spick Frainche, m'sieu?"

"No," he explained, "but I can read a little."

When she had spelled a half-hour, he opened another book—one filled with pictures of gay flowers. He had brought the book as an aid to his own studies, and the blossoms presented were all of southern growth. They seemed speaking with the voice of old friends to Aurore, and, as she recognized one after another, little soft exclamations of pleasure fell from her lips. Monsieur Leblanc must needs come too, bending his gray head over his daughter's gold-brown plaits—his net hanging forgotten from the old willow chair. He called several times across the hearth to Madame Lucien, even once seizing the book, holding it before her, and pointing with his brown finger to a trail of the large crimson-hearted white convolvulus; but she scarce lifted her eyes, nor did the sullen heavy look once leave her wrinkled face.

Both father and daughter moved in dismay when the clock struck eight. There hung the father's net, scarce touched, and there stood the daughter's wheel, silent. The whirr of Madame Alcée's wheel came with reproachful sound from the open door of the chamber beyond.

Madame Lucien said nothing, but, when she raised her eyes to the clock, held up, as if for measurement, the length of wrought fringe—a silent rebuke—and Aurore, with soft adieus, slipped away.

Grafberg climbed to his cot under the shingle roof, while the now sobbing rain soothed him to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAITING.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

To her heart she whispered "Courage!"
When she heard the north winds blow,
And saw, in the winding valley,
The gleam of the rushing snow.
She looked toward the sunset
And, smiling, kissed his ring.
"Courage, O heart!" she whispered;
"He's coming in the spring."

"Hope, O heart!" she whispered,
When she walked the April woods,
With the mellow west winds bringing
The balm of countless buds,
And heard how the mountain-torrent
To the valley stream replied.
"He'll come with June," she whispered,
And kissed his ring and sighed.

To her heart she whispered "Patience!"
In the long still summer nights,
When the white moon looked upon her
O'er the dark pine-ruffled heights.
"He'll come with autumn's dawning,"
She said, amid her fears.
And, in the morning twilight,
She kissed his ring with tears.

Ah me! the golden summer
Has vanished like a dream,
And gray mists mark the windings
Of the sullen valley stream.
Oh, how the wild rain patters!
And how the sad winds moan!
And high at her storm-swept casement,
My lady stands—alone.

A MESSAGE.

BY CARRIE HOLMES.

Dear little leaf that fluttered,
Falling close to her lonely grave—
You come like a message from heaven,
A sweet little token, to save.

Did you cling to the life around you
Till, weary and worn and dry,
You came from your home in the branches
Low down to flutter and lie
Close to the grave of mortals
Deep in their last long sleep,
Where all is quiet and safety,
Where angels a loving watch keep?

The one blessed word that you whisper
Can make all my sighing cease,
And deep in my heart I cherish
That sweetest of all words: "Peace."

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LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

"SHE will be golden-haired, dark-eyed, tall and stately, and must be the owner of a plump white hand. Of course, I could not admire any woman who was not intellectual and graceful."

It was handsome hazel-eyed Rob Graem who said this, as he reclined upon a crimson smoking-lounge, lazily stroking his dark silken mustache, and watching through his half-closed eyes the effect his words had upon poor, plain, lonely Beth Raymond, whose nimble fingers were employed in doing the week's mending, that Rob's tired mother might have a few moments' rest.

Beth was an orphan. Her seventeen years had been full of toil and care. For the last two years, she had found a home with the Graems, in the pretty New-England town up among the green hills of Vermont, where they lived, and until lately had been very happy.

By much pinching and contriving, the Graems had given handsome talented Rob the needed advantages required to make him a proficient in his cherished ambition; and now, at the age of twentyfour, fortune had begun to smile upon him. He was the fashion in Farleigh. No musical or artistic entertainment was complete without him.

Rob well knew that his words cruelly hurt plain faithful Beth. The poor girl colored, and tried to hide her thin brown hands, forgetting that they had been roughened in the effort to economize for the one grand object of the Graem family, which was to make an artist of Rob.

Rob appeared to forget or ignore all this, when he so glibly described his ideal.

"You should see Miss Canrobert, Beth," he continued. "She will be at Mrs. Landry's reception, to-night. Her eyes are as bright as stars, and her taste in dress perfection. And her eyes express something, too, Beth—she appreciates a fellow. Don't you think, Beth, that I could work better with such a lovely study before me continually?"

"I hope you will be very happy with the wife you choose, Rob, and that she will be a real help to you," said Beth, in a queer muffled voice, as she left the room hastily.

Miss Amy Canrobert deserved all that Rob had said of her. She was a golden-haired dark-eyed beauty and a reputed heiress. She was spending the winter with Mrs. Judge Landry, the acknowledged leader of Farleigh society. Mrs. Landry was infatuated with Miss Canrobert, whom she had met at Beech Glen, the summer before, and had invited to spend the winter at Farleigh. The invitation was a boon to Miss Amy, whose summer at Beech Glen had been a failure; and money was not too plenty in the Canrobert family, in spite of their reputed wealth. Indeed, it was necessary that Miss Canrobert should marry for money. She might, perhaps, have had Dick Hildreth, the banker: but handsome Rob Graem was the more attractive, and as yet she did not know how poor he was.

Rob, on his part, though fascinated by Miss Canrobert, and willing to enjoy a flirtation with her, fully meant to marry Beth, and so grant the dearest wish of his mother. He well knew all the small brown hands had done for him. In his studio was a picture of Beth—idealized of course, but the resemblance was there. He had hung "Little Brown Hands," as he called it, where her face was the first object his eyes rested upon when awaking in the morning, and the last when he sought sleep.

"Tea is ready, Robert," said Mrs. Graem, a stately matron of fortyfive years, rousing him from a reverie into which he had fallen.

"Yes, mother; and I'm ready for tea." And, encircling the waist of the proud and happy mother, he led the way to the dining-room.

Beth's face was flushed unbecomingly; for she had burned it a fiery crimson, toasting the bread to the degree of brownness Rob liked, and broiling the partidges to his taste; and her brown hair was tightly twisted into a small knot and drawn back plainly from her forehead. She was not looking her best, that evening.

"How homely she looks, to-day," said Rob to himself. "I declare, she is growing to be a positive fright. She might be less dowdyish in her dress, at least."

He ate his supper hastily, as this was the evening he was to escort Miss Amy Canrobert to a concert. After a careful toilet and a careless good-bye, he was gone.

Beth, girl-like, relieved her wounded feelings by a good cry. Then she sat down to think it over.

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"Rob isn't the same—he never will be again," she reflected. "I am too plain and ugly for him. In the circles that will welcome him hereafter, I should be pitied: people would say he had made a mistake. I can and will crush this love for him from my heart."

She was still moodily thinking over her lot, when a step was heard, and a cheery voice came into the little parlor where Beth sat alone.

"All by yourself?" it said.

Dick Hildreth was everybody's friend. He was not handsome like Rob. Indeed, many called him homely; but then he was so full of kindly and genial humor, and had a pleasant word and smile for all. He had long loved Beth—as he thought, hopelessly—and his true heart swelled with indignation as he looked on at the cool and indifferent manner with which Rob received Beth's humble and blind devotion. He noted now the swelled eyelids and the tear-stained face, and guessed the cause. He had seen Rob and Miss Canrobert go by, and hence had determined to call on Beth, as he was sure to find her alone.

"Poor little Brownie! I wish I had the right to make her life cheerful," he said.

Dick was so merry and jolly, all the evening, that Beth forgot to be miserable. She found herself singing as gayly as if an hour before had not witnessed her in tears.

"Please God, she will forget that selfish Rob before long, if I know myself," was Dick's thought, as he left her at the door.

At breakfast next day, Rob's head was full of Miss Canrobert. Beth heard, with less pain than she had expected, his praises of her golden hair, lovely voice, and distingué air.

Beth herself was an attractive sight, that morning: her eyes shone; her neat brown morning-dress fitted her graceful figure exquisitely: her shining hair was a picture in itself. But Rob was blinded to the fact—he could only think of Miss Canrobert, in her blue satin and point lace.

A deep snow had fallen the night before, and ten o'clock found Dick Hildreth, with his sleigh, at the door of the Graem cottage.

"Yes—go, Beth. It will do you good. You stay indoors too much," said Mrs. Graem.

"But I haven't arranged Rob's flowers, or marked his handkerchiefs, or mended his velvet blouse."

"Never mind. Let them go." And she brought the brown hat and sacque for Beth.

"Little Brownie," murmured Dick, as she came out of the house.

"What did you say, Dick?"

"Oh, I was talking to the horse."

Two o'clock came, but no Beth. They sat down to dinner without her. Rob missed her. Even the image of the lovely Miss Canrobert could not drive from his mind the wish to have Beth sitting at the dinner-table with them.

At sunset, the truants returned, Beth radiant and smiling.

"Oh, Mamma Graem—we had such a lovely time!" she cried. "We went to visit Dick's sister, in the country. She is so good—something like Dick—and would make us stay all day. I will explain all at tea."

"I'm glad, Beth, you had a pleasurable day; but we missed you, dear," said Mrs. Graem, as she poured a cup of chocolate, put in an extra lump of sugar, and handed it to Beth.

"I do not see anything remarkable in Dick Hildreth, Beth. To me, he seems remarkably stupid," said Rob, whose head ached, and who had, in spite of that, to dress for another party. Too much dissipation was interfering with his painting, and Miss Canrobert was an exacting young lady to pay court to.

Rob grew more irritable daily, after this, and began to miss the little things that Beth had always done for him; for her time was now principally taken up by Dick Hildreth, who spent all his leisure with Beth. He always had some excuse for calling.

And now Rob discovered that he wanted Beth more than he had supposed; and one evening he told her "how necessary she was to him."

"I am sorry, Rob," was her answer. "I thought you knew I was engaged to Dick, and expect to go very soon to my own home. You always said your wife was to have golden hair and dark eyes. You are jesting with me. Miss Canrobert, surely, is your ideal."

"Yes, the red on her cheek is artistically laid on, the ivory complexion skillfully made up, and she looks beautifully in the parlor; but she is not 'Brownie.' Was it my silly speech that prejudiced you against me? I only said it to tease you, darling."

"I think I did love you once, Rob," answered the girl, frankly. "But I knew that I never could be your ideal. I am not talented or beautiful enough to be your wife. What you said made me unhappy; but Dick has been so kind and unselfish, that I could not help loving him. I hope that you and Miss Canrobert will be as happy as Dick and I." The truthful look in the brown eyes told Rob that she was sincere.

The evening before Beth's wedding was the last day of Miss Canrobert's stay in Farleigh. She had determined to bring Rob to her feet

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that night. In his first stage of admiration, she had warded off his tender speeches. But now, she was eager to listen to words that, somehow, did not come.

Perhaps a peep at the letter received by the lovely Amy, the week before, might explain the change.

"MY DAUGHTER:

"Our little all, that we entrusted to Mr. Clemmer, is gone. You had better secure the artist, as you say he has a future, even though no present fortune, as you thought at first. I am sorry the Landrys leave Farleigh. Of course, you will have to come home, but affairs are bad with us now. Hastily,

"E. CANROBERT."

Amy Canrobert well knew the pinching poverty that awaited her, if she returned home. Instead of the wealthy heiress, she was one of six daughters whose sole dower was their beauty. Their father's scanty salary had barely afforded a scanty living, and now her mother's little dower was gone.

Rob presented himself at Mrs. Landry's, feeling deeply that "Brownie" would soon be lost to him, and that his own selfishness had been the cause. Miss Canrobert was lovelier than ever. She wore cream satin and lace. Great jacqueminots nestled at her throat and in her belt. She skillfully led the way to a proposal; but Rob was distrait; his words were few, and he soon bade her a formal "good-bye," leaving her to bitter tears of mortification and chagrin.

Rob walked the streets until a late hour, in a state of unrest. "Too late, too late," he said, "I have learned what my ideal woman is. How can we ever do without our darling Beth, the sunniest, cheeriest little girl that ever blessed a home?"

Beth has long been a happy wife and mother, the light of her husband's home. Rob is still unmarried. He lives for success alone. Fortune smiles upon all his efforts.

A picture in a famous art-gallery attracts much attention. It is that of a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, sitting netting a scarlet hood. The expression on the face captivates all lookers-on. Art critics say "the study in brown is the best work Graem ever did." And Rob thinks daily of "Little Brown Hands," and how much he lost by his cruel speeches.

Miss Canrobert is Miss Canrobert still. She is as beautiful and selfish as ever. Often she wonders "why Dick Hildreth and Rob Graem were so infatuated with that little brown Beth Raymond," forgetting that Beth possessed a true loving heart, the one thing that makes a woman's love a priceless treasure to any man.

AUTUMN.

BY HELEN TURNER.

THE crown of beauty trembles on thy head,
As, casting backward looks, thou goest to join
Innumerable predecessors dead,
Faintly remembered or forgotten all;
But none of them could boast a grander pall
Than prodigal nature has allotted thee.

Dear God! How glorious is this autumn land
Whereon Thou pourest beauty without stint,
Where every hill-top is an altar-flame
Of joyous sacrifice, with incense bland
Brought by the censer-swinging winds, which chant
Weird voluntaries and anthems sweet and strong.

I breathe a new life in this scented air,
Ethereal as violet tints of dawn—
It is as if a curtain were withdrawn—
And I can see repeated everywhere
The miracle of mystic meaning grand,
The bush which burned and yet was not consumed.

THE ALCHEMIST.

BY SANDA ENOS.

BARRED in his lonely chamber, hid from eyes
That fain his mystic movements would behold,
Unheeding thirst or hunger, heat or cold,
The alchemist, with hope that never dies,
Pursues the secret that forever flies.
Ah, could he grasp it, he could turn to gold
Base objects round him, banish woes untold,
And change the earth into a Paradise!

But when, as he imagines, matter dumb
Begins to breathe the mystery in his ears,
And sudden hope o'erpowers all his fears,
His veins grow chill, his pulses faint and numb—
Death taps him on the shoulder and says: "Come!"
Poor fool! The knowledge that in useless chase
He strove to clutch for threescore bitter years
She taught to me in one sweet second's space!

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A LONDON SUCCESS.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 269.

CHAPTER V.

"Y daughter is better," said Mrs. St. Maur to Mr. Cameron, as he called on her late in July. "She has had a brain-fever, and she is hardly strong enough to see Lord Pemberton yet. But she consents to marry him."

"Yes, Mrs. St. Maur; I am very glad for my friend. But, you know, I may as well be frank with you: the money must come from your side."

"My daughter will not go empty-handed into the house of her husband," said Mrs. St. Maur; "but he, too, must make some settlements."

"He can give her nothing but his mother's diamonds, poor boy! He has been extravagant, I fear, and the marquis, his uncle, who will leave him forty thousand pounds a year, will now give him nothing. The marquis, you know, is very eccentric and very miserly; if his nephew marries money, he will do more for him. But consider, madam, the position: your daughter will become Lady Pemberton Dreary! She will command London society."

"And it appears that she must pay for it," said Mrs. St. Maur, rather bitterly.

"I have never known but one English nobleman who married a penniless American," said Mr. Cameron. "I have not heard that it was an especially happy marriage. In Europe, my dear Mrs. St. Maur, we expect both sides to help keep the house. I am desired by Lord Pemberton Dreary's solicitors to state that his title is worth twenty thousand pounds a year. Many a Manchester or Birmingham heiress would give that for it."

"Twenty thousand pounds a year!" That was a hundred thousand dollars! More than she could command; she must ask St. Maur to help her.

Then she remembered that St. Maur had been writing her strangely beseeching letters lately, asking her to sign away her right of dower in his great property, the All Right Insurance Building; she had refused; now she would ask Thornby Percival about it, and, if he thought well, she would oblige him. If he would help her to raise Mabel's dowry, she would consent.

At first, St. Maur swore a great oath that he would not help at all. He had made all his money himself, and he would not pay any such price for a son-in-law.

But he needed a million just then. Things had been going all wrong; he must have Sophia's signature, or he could not part with an acre of the real estate with which he had foolishly cumbered himself.

For his great fortune had come just as a craze about real estate had set in in New York, and he had bought too much of it.

So it ended in his yielding to his wife, in order to get her signature, and the settlements were made as Mr. Cameron wished. Mrs. St. Maur gave mortgages on all her houses, reduced herself to the smallest sum on which she could live and support her two youngest daughters, and St. Maur managed to find the rest.

The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. The lovely princess sent a bracelet and offered her felicitations in person, and the Duchess of Smedlerburg gave the wedding breakfast. Everybody from America, Italy, France, Spain, and the Philippine Islands was either there, or tried to be asked, or wrote home to the newspapers accounts of the wedding so magnificent that Mrs. Newby Nee wept tears of spite and boxed her beloved Beatrice's ears, saying antiphonally:

"You might have got him, you wretched little failure, if you had not been a fool to let that Mabel St. Maur get ahead of you." Box—box—tears—box.

All were gay, none more so than Lady Parke Cootes, who had arranged the trousseau, and who had made a very pretty penny out of it: all were gratified but the bride herself.

She moved through all the preparations, she received the caresses of her lover, with the same profound indifference. It was called "ill-health."

"I call it heart-break," said Claretie Chubrol,

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with a sentiment of deep pity down in her worldly heart.

However, Mabel had the chin and the pluck of her mother; what she put her hand to do, she did.

Yes, it was a splendid alliance. Lady Evelyn asked them to take Davenport Lodge for the honeymoon, and the Court Journal announced that Lady Pemberton Dreary was the loveliest bride of the season.

Months passed away. The winter found them at Monte Carlo, where Lord Pemberton played heavily. With him, at his side, was always Lady Parke Cootes—she and a Polish princess who seemed to have a great attraction.

Lord Freddy Bert and Sir Samuel Pert endeavored to arouse Mabel.

"How she has gone off, for a beautiful woman," said the latter.

"Yes; and she acts as if that fever had affected her brain," said Lord Freddy.

Meantime, Mrs. St. Maur was called home by a great catastrophe. The fine fortune was all tumbling, and, unless she could do something to help, St. Maur was a poor man.

Alas! and alas! she recognized then what she had done! She had thrown all she had into the hands of this gambler, who did not treat Mabel well or make her happy, whose infatuation for the Polish princess was growing daily. She appealed to him to give up a part of the security. He laughed in her face, and sent over to America to see if the houses were all right.

Mabel was powerless. All she could say or do was to appeal to her husband for her father; but he croaked at her:

"You never loved me. You married me for my title, I married you for your money: you have got the title, I have got the money; and we had better both hold on to what we have got."

"But, Pemberton," said Mabel, "if your uncle dies and leaves you forty thousand pounds, will you not return to my father at least half of what he has given you?"

Lord Pemberton Dreary had a temper if he had no brain, and he swore a dreadful oath that he would never, never, never give up a pound.

So the great St. Maur bubble burst, and the Newby Nees and the Carpinghams and the Snookses held up their hands and uttered many an eloquent commonplace as to the uncertainty of fortune and the retribution which followed the evil-doer. And yet one galling fact remained out of this short half-hour of sunshine: their daughter had caught and kept an English lord. Mabel was Lady Pemberton Dreary, with twenty thousand pounds a year—and nothing could deprive her of that. And where was she, poor child? Was she utterly miserable? Perhaps not. Perhaps worldliness got possession of her heart, and she determined to get what she could out of life. Lady Evelyn became her very good friend, and she was one of those amiable creatures, full of philosophy, who almost make one in love with worldliness.

She read Mabel's history by intuition. She knew that disappointment reigned in that heart, that a great sweeping sorrow, perhaps an unformed hope, had died. She liked the courage, the pluck, and the composure of Lady Pemberton.

"Do you know," said she, as they went looking up some Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, "I find you Americans so much better educated than you are accredited with being? Now, where do you keep those eccentrics who appear in the pages of the modern novel, who say 'I bet' and 'I guess' and 'I'll be hanged if I don't marry a Britisher'?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mabel. "I am sure I have never seen one. And yet the London season does give us a new idea of what our great continent can bring forth."

She and Lady Evelyn spent much time together. They went down to quiet old English homes, full of the sweetest and most cultivated ladies who did not care for fashion. Mabel began to sing again. Lady Evelyn enjoyed her voice to the full.

It was at Templeden Cottage, the home of Lady Evelyn's favorite aunt, that she came upon her fate once more. She turned over some music, one day. There was a duet she had sung with Stanhope! His name was written on the music! And old Lady Caroline Galloway told her that he used to come to them when a boy. Dear Stanhope—she heard many a story of his noble and truthful brave boyhood.

And yet he was dead, dead! and lay, perhaps, on some unrecognized heath, his poor face to the sky.

But Lady Pemberton Dreary had little time for reflection or regret: she was the "fashion"; she had her duties to perform; she was still the rich young woman of fashion, a favorite and a beauty.

The failure of St. Maur crippled everybody; remotely, it ruined poor Claretie Chabrol: and, as for Lady Parke Cootes, she became aware that she must look out for fresh fields to conquer. She had never cared for Mabel: therefore, Mabel's husband was her first and most promising victim. But he had, like most fools and

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most stupid men, a great eye to the main chance, and he did not "pay up" well. Claretie Chabrol, alias "Abbey Baker," one day, gave them all the slip, and sailed back to New York and opened her bonnet-shop again.

"I do not know why I should not do so," said she. "Noble ladies in London and Paris keep bonnet-shops—a son of an earl is a tailor. It is a gold-mine; and, besides, I want to pay back Sophia for something she has done for me."

Claretie was the most sensible of all the London successes. She knew but too well, for she had seen it, that her London friends, fond of her as they had seemed, did not care a pin for her after she should have ceased to be of use to them.

Meantime, what had become of Stanhope?

It was the day that he got Mabel's little letter—it was a very short letter, and did not say much—that he went out to rescue a fainting flock of his, and bounded over the dried grass like an antelope. Those few lines! They were better than all the rain for which he had been devoutly praying. He felt that nothing was arid or drear in the whole world!

Just as his soul bounded like a hart for the water-brooks, a strong sudden blow from behind felled him to the earth; he had one pang, and knew no more.

Several hours after this, his partner found him—quite dead, as he supposed—clutching a woman's letter in his hand. The mail was just going off for England, and he sent word of the poor fellow's death, himself leaving for Melbourne that afternoon.

The shepherd in whose hut the supposed dead man was laid was one of his own servants, whom he had brought out from home.

Malcolm and his wife sat up all night, to watch by the senseless clay, as they thought, and to give the cruel night no chance to desecrate it—when, toward morning, as they were praying, they saw the eyelids twitch.

"He is not dead," said Elsie.

"No," said Malcolm, "see, the mouth moves." And they worked over him for hours.

Pulse began, the heart slowly resumed its function, and he lived.

But he had been struck on the back of the head by a sand-bag, that most cruel of all ruffianly instruments, for it paralyzes the brain. It was a long time before he could see or speak or walk.

They attended him with the fidelity of a dog, these poor people, but it was a hard struggle with them, not only to make him live, but to live themselves, even for the barest necessaries of life. He had been their head, their moving impulse. They did not know what to do without his brain.

Months passed in this torpor and death-like trance, when, one morning, Stanhope seemed to arouse himself and asked for an English newspaper. The mind came back all at once. They gave him his mail, which had been accumulating for months. Slowly the wounded man read his letters, then his papers, and then—he read an item, the paper fell from his hands, and he relapsed again into unconsciousness.

Elsie, with a woman's wit, picked up the paper and read: "On the 16th instant, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Caum Fleming, assisted by the Rev. A. Bartley, John Clanricarde Pemberton, Viscount Dreary, to Mabel, daughter of Ferdinand St. Maur, of New York."

She ran for the little letter which poor Stanhope had held in his hand when he was seized, and looked at the signature. It was "Mabel St. Maur."

"Ah, each, he has lost his sweetheart, poor boy," said she; and, after a day or two, he aroused himself again. The man was young; he lived, he recovered. The vital principle was not crushed out of him, even yet; he was determined to live. He began to walk, to work, to take up the daily duty of living, but he would not look at an English newspaper.

Finally, his partner came back, in a year's time, to bring away his share of the sheep, and, to his astonishment, he found the dead man alive; yes, alive, and recovering mind and memory.

At first, Elsie's little girl would lead Stanhope to the field, and go for him; but he grew rapidly better, after the first effort was made, and, as his brain recovered its tone, prosperity began to return to his ranch, and in another half-year he was himself again.

Two important attorneys from Melbourne made their appearance one day, asking at the cottage for Mr. Stanhope.

"He is gac up with the sheep," said Elsie; "but, if your honors will sit down, he will be here at dinner."

And down came the bronzed man in his Australian outfit, to bow to two obsequious strangers.

"Hon. John Clarence Ernest, Marquis of Paulet Norfolk, I believe," said one, obsequiously.

"No; simply Ernest Stanhope," said he.

The other rose, and, producing a formidable document, remarked: "A copy of the will of the late Marquis of Paulet Norfolk—your uncle, if we mistake not (your honor), who died December 4th, aged 86, and who leaves to his nephew, John Clarence Ernest Stanhope, all his furniture

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and household effects, plate, pictures, and horses, also articles of vertu. He appoints, under powers given him by his marriage-settlement and the family settlement in 1860, said John Clarence Ernest Stanhope to be the successor to his title, and bequeaths to him, after certain legacies are paid, the residue of his estate, including two life-policies, his house in London, the manor of Eliot Grange, farms in Devonshire and Knole parish—the personalty being valued at upward of two hundred thousand pounds—to said John Clarence Ernest Stanhope, his sister's son.

"Probate has been granted of this will, January 1st, with one codicil; the acting executor is the Most Hon. William Beaumont Paulet," etc., etc., etc.

Then followed many formalities.

"Well, gentlemen, this is news for an Australian sheep-farmer, indeed," said Stanhope, rubbing his forehead. The attorneys from Melbourne were pleased at the facetiæ of a lord who had forty thousand pounds a year to make merry on!

"You have been supposed to be dead, my lord; you must prove yourself to be alive."

"That, with the help of Malcolm and Elsie, will be easily done," said the marquis.

And now for London, new duties, new sorrows, and—Mabel!

Yes; in all this great sweep of a monstrous good-fortune, the successful man thought with a great taste of bitterness in his mouth that she, who alone would have made wealth and title dear to him, was lost to him forever. How vainly he had once dreamed that he could offer her an humble but honest home in Australia; how in his lonely watches on the hill-side, through heat and drought, discouragement and despair, he had lived on the memory of those songs, and those eyes, and the certain bliss of the day when he had read in her sweet maidenly eyes that she loved him. He had known all his life that this remote possibility awaited him of the inheritance, but he had not allowed it to influence him. It was too vague, of late years; also, the old marquis had not treated him well: like many rich men, he had hated his heir.

Now came the thought, if this selfish old man had only died two years sooner! Or if he had told him of his intentions—for the will had been made ten years before. Two years—yes, perhaps five years—of dotage and of pain had been dragged out by the old marquis: just long enough to ruin two young lives!

Mabel the wife of Pemberton Dreary! His Mabel profaned by that touch—made miserable by that selfishness! The thought was madness.

Yet he remembered a little song they used to sing together, and, with a chivalrous throb at his heart, he determined to devote himself to her service. The words sang themselves in his brain:

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world, uncertain, comes and goes,
The lover, rooted, stays.

"I fancied he was fled—
And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.

"My careful heart was free again,
Oh friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red!

"All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.

"Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair!"

Yes, he would be Mabel's faithful knight. He knew well that the character of her husband would leave her many an hour of despair, and he remembered, with a thrill, how she had sung

"I fancied he was fled—"

looking at him—Stanhope—the while, as if to reassure herself.

How he went over and over his recollections of Eliot Grange, one of the most beautiful places in rural England! It would have been his home, could Mabel have been with him, his wife, his lady, his love! He remembered his fair young mother there, the noble old beeches, the swans on the lake, and the park, where she used to drive, his mother, with him by her side. Oh, could he have reproduced that scene with Mabel and her children!

Poor fellow! he put his hands to his forehead and wept aloud.

But life was full of duties to the marquis. He could hardly find a moment alone. Even in Australia, the flood of sycophants rose higher and higher each hour. When he set sail for England, he hoped no one on the ship would know him; he wrote himself simply Ernest Stanhope. But every sailor and deck-waiter found him out. He was toadied for six weeks at sea, as if he had been on Piccadilly.

The London season had begun when he reached London. He had many duties to perform. No man can step into such an inheritance as his without trouble, annoyance, and work.

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There were lawyers, lawyers, lawyers, lawyers, from morning until night.

There were clubs to be visited, old friends to shake by the hand; he must kiss hands at a drawing-room, and bow at a levee!

His title brought with it certain hereditary duties to his sovereign.

It was a long time before he dared to ask for Mabel; he hoped he should meet her somewhere, but he did not. At length, he said to a friend:

"What of Lord and Lady Pemberton Dreary?"

"Why, have you not heard? Have you not heard that strange story? Well, you have been out of the world, marquis!"

"She is dead, then?" said he.

"No; worse. She is abandoned. Dreary ran away with the Princess Torniatowski, from Monte Carlo, last March, and he has all his wife's money. The father failed, so I fear Lady Pemberton is in a bad way."

The Marquis of Paulet Norfolk straightened himself up and walked away. Two men, who met him on St. James Street, mentioned the fact that the air of England was beginning to rejuvenate him, that he looked twenty years younger, that he had been a very handsome man, and really it was all coming back to him.

Yes! he had a reason for living. It was to seek her out, to take care of her, to live for her.

No matter where, how, when—he was all for her, as much of him as she chose to take; all was hers.

And how gladly he counted up his rent-roll and thought of his nine or ten houses; one of them, at least, Mabel might be brought to accept.

CHAPTER VI.

It seemed ages to Lord Paulet before he could see the Duchess of Smedlerburg, the nearest connection to both himself and Pemberton Dreary.

"It is a strange story," said she. "We cannot imagine how he had the wit or the audacity to do it. This Polish princess got hold of him so completely. He has, of course, a right to the income of Mabel's marriage-settlements.* He had anticipated all he could—left her absolutely without twenty pounds. She had to borrow money to get to London. I saw her; she was brave and silent, and asked me to sell a few diamonds for her. I did so, and she appointed the next morning to see me again.

"But, when I went to see her, she was gone, and no one knows where. A confidential servant paid all the bills and shut up the house, and refused, if he knew, to tell where his mistress had gone; we supposed, possibly, to America, but I have telegraphed to her friends; they know nothing of her. One of her maids, coming to me for a direction, told me that she thought her mistress had gone to Australia; that she had asked her many questions about that country, and the best line of ships, etc., but she knew nothing; she only guessed. In fact, she had been dismissed several days before Lady Pemberton disappeared."

"Who were her friends?" asked Lord Paulet.

"Well, that strange American, freaky half-adventuress, Lady Parke Cootes, was a sort of friend, although she too had played her false. Many people think she aided the elopement."

"She is to be bought, I hear," said Lord Paulet, who had not been at the clubs for nothing.

"Yes. But I do not believe she has any truth to sell. My idea, as I remember Mabel's set face, is that she meant to kill herself."

Lord Paulet shuddered.

"A live woman can hide herself; a dead woman cannot. Besides, what reason could she have for killing herself? Did she love Pemberton?"

"Oh, no," said the duchess; "she hated him. But she was so proud and so proper, she had been such a 'London success,' that she could not show her face here; and, as for going home to America, to her ruined family—ruined, too, for her sake—she could hardly do that. Perhaps she has gone off to Australia, or Zululand, or somewhere merely to get rid of a year or two, and then she will reappear. But why are you so interested?"

"Because, Cecil, she is my love and my life. I knew her in New York, before she became a 'London success,' and, alas! before Pemberton Dreary came to blight her life. Now, take this confidence from me: I shall not slumber or rest until Mabel is found."

"And this is what the Marquis of Paulet Norfolk intends to waste his life over! Oh, these Americans—what trouble they make in London!" said the duchess, thoroughly disgusted with the new peer.

Lord Paulet went to see Lady Parke Cootes, and learned much of Mabel's past history, of the cruelty and meanness of Lord Pemberton. Lady Parke Cootes spoke by the book in this connection, for he had gone off without paying her.

But Lady Parke Cootes knew nothing of Mabel's flight: she strongly inclined to the idea of suicide.

* Prior to the Act of Parliament passed last year, an English husband had full power to appropriate his wife's income.

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"She never got over that brain-fever which preceded her marriage. Some men came in suddenly and told her of an accident in Australia—a man had been killed whom she knew. I never heard who it was, nor would she tell me; but I dare say it was someone she cared for, for she was a romantic puss. After she got well, she accepted Lord Pemberton at her mother's request. Mrs. St. Maur always loved titles, but she never pretended to care for him. He is not so much to blame for running away with the princess; for she really pretended to love him. Mabel never did. Nor did I ever see her care for anyone. She was ambitious, and played her part well in society; but I think she was a little crazed."

Lord Paulet was deeply affected, but remained silent. Lady Parke Cootes was rewarded with a handsome diamond necklace, she scarcely knew why.

So Mabel had heard of his accident? And she had broken her heart for him! And now, possibly, not knowing of his change of fortune and name, she had gone, in her misery, to Australia—to find him!

Were they to be like the lovers of Acadia, like Evangeline and Gabriel—always seeking each other?

He thought of that long dreary journey which he had just accomplished. How could he find her, in that vast uncertain place?

He haunted Scotland Yard; he spent a fortune in sending to every port in Australia descriptions of a wandering lady; he had every ship's complement of passengers overhauled.

Then he wrote to Mabel's mother. At this most miserable moment of his life, Mrs. Newby Nee and Beatrice arrived in London, and met him at a Court ball.

He had known them very well at New York, and, at the sight of their familiar faces, he seemed again to breathe of Mabel; she was associated with them.

He talked freely with them about her strange disappearance. They told him that Mrs. St. Maur seemed very heartless about it all: that she was so disgusted at the loss of fortune, with St. Maur's drunkenness, and the fact that she had put all her fine houses under mortgage to pay Pemberton Dreary twenty thousand pounds a year, that she did not seem to care about Mabel.

Lord Paulet spent a great deal of time with Beatrice Nee, so much that the rumor went back to New York that she had captured him; and Mrs. Newby Nee kissed her, instead of boxing her ears, and said:

"Well, Beatrice, it will be poetic justice if you get him—the real thing—while Lord Pemberton Dreary was just like the St. Maurs: a pretender."

Lord Freddy Bert and Sir Samuel Pert were invited down to Eliot Grange, to the splendid opening of the old house by the new marquis, and Thornby Percival happened to be in London, and old Michlenburg was there. They all wrote home to the papers that Mrs. Nee and her daughter Beatrice were favored guests, and that there was no doubt of the match: it would come off as soon as the new marquis could decently marry, considering his mourning, etc.

But far from his heart was any such intention, poor man.

He began to wander off to the country, to the old haunts of his youth. He found a sort of pleasure in going to Eton and to Oxford, to see the cricket-ground and the boating-houses, recalling those days of his neglected boyhood.

One day, he remembered his old cousin, Lady Caroline Galloway, at Templeden Cottage. He would surprise the old lady, and steal down upon her.

He went by train to the little out-of-the-way village, and struck across the fields. How well he remembered that path! There was the same village green, the turnstile, the brown cottage where old Mr. Hampden, his tutor, had lived. How that memory brought back Mabel!

He came up a sheltered walk through the orchard, without meeting even a dog. The old lady was asleep, no doubt. He would look in at the window.

But, as he approached the honeysuckle lattice, he heard a voice—whose voice?—singing

> "A ruddy drop of manly blood
> The surging sea outweighs;
> The world, uncertain, comes and goes,
> The lover, rooted, stays."

And, peeping through the vines, he saw Mabel, his Mabel, sitting, in her white dress, at the piano.

Yes, she had gone no further than this dear and sheltered cottage, where she had seen his name on the music.

Lady Evelyn and Lady Caroline Galloway had been her innocent accomplices.

He paused until she had finished her song. She leaned her head on her hands and wearily sank forward, with her arms on the piano.

He pushed the window open and called her by her name:

"Mabel! Mabel, my love! my life! come to my heart!"

She rose—she, the woman of many sorrows

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—dazed and frightened. But the lover would brook no delays; he folded her in his arms!

And then followed the long story of his search for her, of her reasons for hiding, of her story and his, and of the chance which led them together.

Then, after days and weeks, through which

"Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there,"

Lady Caroline watched a new love-affair, and kept, as she had done in her youth, Stanhope's secret.

"My mother alone knows where I am," said Mabel. "You must not think I could be so cruel as to deceive her; but she can keep a secret."

"But why—why—why, darling, are you doing this strange thing? Why not give me the right to shoot Pemberton—to claim you, to call you mine, to make you my marchioness?"

"Because, Stanhope"—she would never call him by other name—"because, Stanhope, I must be true to my vow, even if Lord Pemberton has broken his. I was not guiltless in that matter, for I married him, hating him. I had heard that you were dead; what did I care what happened to me? If I had loved him, he might—he might—have done better."

So Lord Paulet entered on a life of waiting, until Mabel should speak the word.

It was not a dreary life. It was, to the man who had suffered and waited in Australia through dreary months of pain and anguish, a life of ecstasy. But he only asked himself sometime: "How long?" Love is impatient.

But fate had for them a startling tragedy in store.

One day, Galignani's came, freighted with the intelligence

"Lord Pemberton Dreary shot—shot by Prince Torniatowski dreadful story of crime and vengeance; the end of a vicious career; the young nobleman's prospects, etc.; his American wife." It need not surprise our contemporaries who have noticed the American in England, to hear that the principal excuse for Lord Pemberton Dreary's bad life was that he had married an American woman That was the beginning of his downfall. They argued from parallel cases that all men had gone wrong who had done this fearful thing.

"And where," the papers asked, "is that wife who probably drove the young man to crime? Is she hiding with some lover, perhaps the same who broke his youthful heart?"

Here was an embarrassment, indeed. For the first time, Lord Paulet and Mabel felt that they had been doing a foolish thing

Secrecy is always foolish. It is, presumably, bad.

Some of the more shrewd of the professional gossips, who had an inkling of the situation, were, however, quiet and cautious.

To attack a man who has forty thousand pounds a year, and who can marry whom he pleases, is a foolish and adventurous thing to do: so many even virtuous people change their minds, under the new light of prosperity.

It is the "Claude Lorraine" glass: it outlines to the gaze of the traveler the dullest landscape with golden and with rosy hues.

Lady Evelyn came to the rescue. She was one of those admirable English women who have the good old-fashioned virtues of truth and sincerity. She was in the world, but not of it. If she wanted to go to Lady Parke Cootes's parties, she went; and, if someone said "How can you?" she laughed and said: "Oh, you see, I know so very little about her; I know so little about anybody; but I do know when I am amused. That I always know, and I am amused there."

"But these Americans are so fast, so rowdy, and so disreputable," said Lady Lucy Pounds.

"There are Americans *and* Americans," said Lady Evelyn. "Some are quite as good as we are, just as much bound by what we consider right and noble and true; others play the rôle of adventuress, and succeed—nowhere so well as in London. Who is to blame—they or society? All we ask of them is to amuse us; and they do it remarkably well. If one of them is a 'London success,' and marries a lord, does she marry into an aristocracy that numbers no black sheep? No. I have an American friend who has shown the highest virtues, and who although by the accident of fate, she is the friend of Lady Parke Cootes, she has a character as different as was Lady Jane Grey from the Duchesse de Villiers. By the way, you knew her—Lady Pemberton Dreary. She is coming to stay with me."

"That woman? Why, Evelyn! I heard that she shot herself, the day he ran away with the princess."

"Oh, no. She simply retired to Templeden Cottage, with Lady Caroline Galloway."

"And Caroline Galloway received such a wretch—such a creature?"

"My dear, she was not a wretch. She is a creature; I admit that: one of God's noblest and best creatures. By the way, when her year of mourning is at an end, she will marry, I think, Lord Paulet Norfolk. He is devoted to her—loved her before she married. It is a most romantic story."

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Lady Lucy Pounds went away perfectly disgusted. She had three unmarried plain daughters!

It made very little difference, to the happy and reunited souls who had gone through so much since they sang their first duet together, what the world said.

But Mabel had a strong instinct of propriety within her; perhaps it was her legacy from her mother. She insisted on the year of mourning, although she had little reason for wearing crape for a man who had run away from her.

She spent the year quietly with Lady Evelyn and with her dear old friend Lady Caroline.

"Learning," as she wrote to her mother, "to be that most perfect thing in the world—an English hostess; Stanhope must, with his many houses, his high position, and his hospitable intent, need such a wife."

They were married quietly, at the little chapel near Lady Caroline's cottage, and a duke gave the bride away.

Mrs. St. Maur and the younger daughters came over to the wedding, but poor old Ferdinand had sunk too far away into drunken sleepiness to be aroused.

His favorite dear daughter had been stolen from him, first and last.

But she is true and faithful to him now, and all that could be returned to him from the wreck of Pemberton Dreary's fortune went back to him through Mabel.

Stanhope and Mabel live much at Eliot Grange; they delight in that life of country quiet and relaxation. Lord Paulet has constructed an Australian cottage in his grounds, and has established Malcolm and Elsie there. His favorite day of all the year is the anniversary of that accident, when they found him clasping Mabel's letter, lying insensible on the dried grass.

"Don't be 'spoony,' Stanhope," Mabel says to him, as he takes her down through the shrubbery, holding her hand clasped in his arm. "Really, Malcolm and Elsie will get tired of your ecstasies."

"And are you tired of them, Mabel? If you are, I will go back to sheep-farming in Australia."

"No—let us stay here and be a couple of sheep," she says, pulling his brown beard.

Happiness can afford to be foolish; it can afford to joke. These two people have found the rare thing in this life—that they are sufficient unto each other.

The American contingent has never quite forgiven Mabel. The Newby Nees declare that it was a most unpardonable piece of coquetry, her throwing herself upon Lord Paulet's generosity and insisting on his marrying her after his cousin had run away from her.

"He thought he had to do it, for the honor of the family," says Mrs. Newby Nee to her intimates in New York.

Lady Parke Cootes is, perhaps, the most successful of the London successes. She has "gone in" for the life which her mother saw faintly shadowed forth in her early married days. She is bought and sold. Retaining enough of her position to be of advantage in introducing people, she reaps a precarious but sufficient livelihood by use of her wits, which were always sharp. It is well for her that she has this capital. Her husband is sufficiently worthless to afford an admirable excuse, if any is needed, for her conduct, and she continues a very pretty woman. Not a foreign casino but knows her as a gambler, not a winter resort, Cannes, Nice, or Monte Carlo, but can furnish its quota of scandal, not a Trouville, or Deauville, or Ostende, or Scheriningen, but has its record of Lady Parke Cootes. Not a cure, from Carlsbad to Hombourg, but has the pleasure of a visit from her. "The bliss of a spirit is in action." Sometimes a letter from her mother bores her, but she writes back: "What did you tell me to win? Success." And Claretie goes on making her bonnets, in which she has been more successful than in education.

Lady Parke Cootes thinks the Marchioness of Paulet Norfolk is a very great fool to lead so quiet a life. She acknowledges, with a bitter smile, that she has been a very fortunate woman, and, when the birth of a son and heir made the heart of the father to swell with joy and pride, and when Mabel appeared, radiant with her new happiness, in greater beauty than ever, Lady Parke Cootes looked pale and sorrowful for a week. But, in such a life as hers, no time must be lost in regrets. There is the roulette, and the baccarat, the heated salon, the excitement of a new game, some nouveau riche to introduce. Lady Parke Cootes has no time for reflection.

Meantime, Paulet and Mabel admire the new little happiness which has been sent them. Mabel discerns the fine aristocratic outline of Paulet's nose in a pug which has no shape to other eyes, and Paulet declares that he hears in the rather commonplace cry of his infant heir the sure promise of his mother's fine soprano voice.

Mabel is doing much, as is every well-bred and well-educated American woman, to reverse in the English mind its somewhat pardonable opinion that all beautiful American women are adventuresses.

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Old Johnson said of Americans: "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them, short of hanging."

Lord Paulet Norfolk thinks differently, as he sees his beautiful wife go from one success to another.

He differs, also, from that dyspeptic philosopher who said: "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American." No, he does not agree with either Carlyle or Johnson. Rather, he would quote, from their favorite song:

"Oh, friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.

"All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.

"The fountains of my hidden life
Shall gladden all the earth."

OUTSIDE.

BY PEARL EYTINGE.

O HEART that aches with such bitter pain—
Will it ever be so, in the weary years?
Will hope and life and love be vain,
And all my soul be given to tears?

Will never there be a time of peace,
Of rest and love, of beauty and truth?
Will never regret and sorrow cease?
Must I lose them all as I lost my youth?

There's music and gladness beyond that gate,
While I stand shivering here outside.
When I sought to enter, they bade me wait,
And help with the crowd to cheer the bride.

The bride—ah, I loved her long ago;
She was a child, and laughed in scorn,
And I was quiet and grave and slow,
Though rich in gold and nobly born:

Nothing but gold—no home, no wife;
Nothing to cheer my lonely life;
Nothing but houses and lands and slaves;
Only the sound of the wind and waves.

And I pray for the hour of light and love,
When a merciful Voice shall call from above,
And the door of heaven be opened wide
To welcome my weary soul inside.

AT THE DOOR.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But lo! he, toddling, comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
If my heart were stone, could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby-knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me"?

I threw aside th' unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like my truant child, shall 'wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate?
And will that heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead
"'Tis I, O Father—only I"?

THE BIRD'S ADIEU.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

LISTEN! How sweet and clear and low
The bird-notes, softly trilling
Where autumn's leaves lie scattered round,
Where autumn's winds are chilling!

A bird's farewell to summer's joys
Ere yet his flight he's winging
To distant climes, where summer's sun
Shall bless him for his singing.

He longs to soar to warmer lands,
And yet his throat is swelling
With music sad—a long farewell
To this, his northern dwelling.

The bees and flowers are long since gone,
The chilling rain is falling,
And yet he stops to sing adieu
Though fairer scenes are calling.

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AT BREAK OF DAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THERE Leonard Ford sits, as he has sat for the last hour, his face buried in his hands, never once stirring or lifting his head.

The full moon shines in through the open window, casting long rays of tremulous light across the room—outside, making a silvery paradise of sea and shore. A low breeze whispers softly in answer to the mysterious questionings of the waves; the great white clouds float serenely up toward the zenith; the midnight is so full of peace, that it seems as if its influence ought actually to soothe human suffering; but Ford neither sees nor hears—nature owns no spell which can lull his anguish into even temporary rest. The clock strikes; as its musical chime rings out, Ford rises as if the tones had been a signal, lifts his haggard face, and stares with his weary eyes across the moonlit sea.

So late? Then, after all, he must delay till morning the awful revelation which, all day long, he has been telling himself shall be whispered in her horrified ears before he sleeps. And now, the knowledge that his confession must be deferred until another morning dawns brings back the endless interrogatories and arguments with which he has so often striven to convince his soul that he need never speak, but let the dead past lie there in its shroud, dumb, powerless to stand between him and his every hope in life.

It is not remorse for his crime—if crime it must be called—that has impelled him to the task against which he has struggled with all the force of his powerful will. He has lived for five years with those memories; of themselves, they would never trouble his repose; it is the consciousness of what is due the woman who is all the world to him which wrings his heart-strings.

He has never regretted killing the man; even had he taken the wretch's life intentionally, he doubts whether he should not call it a righteous deed! Yet no hardened murderer ever paid a more fearful penalty for his sin than he must, since honor and duty, where his idol is concerned, force him to speak at last.

He flings himself down into his chair again, and gradually as his tired mind drifts back and forth, passively yielding itself a battle-ground to the old arguments and questions, which fight there like sentient creatures extraneous to his will, pictures from that long-silenced past start up, resembling figures in a phantasmagoria, and pass in slow procession before his inward sight.

He sees again that mountain-village in California, and himself detained there for a space by unavoidable business; sees the rude streets crowded with drunken miners, come thither to waste their earnings in a week's debauchery; hears even the rough voices, the tumult, all the numberless revolting accessories, as vividly as if he were standing there still.

The last evening of his stay, he is forced to search for a friend whom it is imperative he shall meet before he departs. Somebody tells him that the man has gone over to one of the numerous gaming-places which make a hell of the town, and offers to show him the way.

Ford mounts the narrow stairs, and finds himself in the smoke-tainted room, in the midst of the motley throng, absorbed at faro-table or poker-board, and, at the further end, perceives the youth whom he has ventured thither to seek.

As he stands looking at the pale haggard face of the boy, who is playing cards with a trio of ruffians, he hears some man close to him say to his neighbor:

"That young chap won't have much left by the time he gets out; it's black George Enmore and two of his pals that have got hold of him."

Ford, during these past days, has grown familiar with those names—even in that lawless God-forsaken region, black George and his band are the synonyms for all that is worst and most abandoned. Ford waits for a chance to get near enough the table to speak to young Arthur Carroll, half mad with drink and despair, who, in his irresponsible frenzy, is staking, recklessly, money which belongs to the Sacramento firm for whom he has come up to collect certain debts. He must atone for his drinking-bout by the loss of honor, if this business goes on, and, weak and thin-natured as the youth is, he possesses quali-

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ties enough to make it worth an effort to save him—besides, Ford has promised the widowed mother that he will look after her boy.

The sight of the youthful face, in its crazed excitement, is so painful that Ford turns his eyes, and they rest on Black George—so called from his swarthy complexion and his evil deeds—and it requires only one glance to read the man's debased nature, so deadened by evil courses that, if ever it held a gleam of decent feeling, such impulse has long since died out.

Now the crowd lessens, so that Ford can reach the end of the room; he goes behind the young lunatic, regardless of the danger he runs in striving to snatch the prey of those brigands from under their very eyes, and says softly:

"Come now, Arthur; I have made arrangements so that we can start to-night—you must get ready at once."

There are coarse ejaculations from two of the men, but Black George speaks never a word—sits looking at his cards. Ford repeats his request, adds to it low whispers, trying to force on the boy's soddened brain a realization of what he is doing. Carroll replies impatiently, then listens; at last, with a half-idiotic laugh, makes a movement to rise.

"Young man," says Black George, "if you stir, I'll put daylight straight through you."

And he means it—his revolver is out, leveled at the youth's head. Ford springs at him; they grapple; the pistol goes off in George's hand, and he falls back—dead, without even a groan, shot through the heart.

How it is done, Ford hardly knows; but he gets out of the room by a back door, which somebody opens, taking Carroll with him. There is a fierce fight in the town, but at least half of the crowd are opposed to Black George and his followers, so Ford and his young friend are enabled to escape, and, within an hour, are galloping down the mountain-road toward the nearest railway station.

For some reason or with none, the villagers have elected to consider Ford's Christian name his family appellation, so such mere notices of the brawl as creep into the newspapers term him only "Mr. Leonard." As he leaves California within a month, his connection with the dismal affair seems at an end.

The next picture on which memory seizes and holds up to view, as Ford sits here in the silent midnight, is of a scene whose occurrences own a date three years later than the first.

He finds himself on a North-River steamboat, and sees a lady by whose appearance he is more attracted than he has been by any woman for a long time. She is young still—twentysix, perhaps—handsome, elegant, everything about her and the rest of her party betokening that they belong to those favored ones of the earth who resemble the lilies, inasmuch as "they toil not, neither do they spin." But not so strongly do her beauty and elegance, noticeable as they are, fascinate Ford as that strange expression in her eyes—always there, even when she talks and laughs gayly—the look of a person who has lived through some terrible experience which no time, no happiness, can ever obliterate.

In the middle of the night, the passengers are roused by the awful alarm of fire, prelude to one of the numerous horrible disasters to which the ever-traveling nineteenth-century public has grown so accustomed that it seems to take them as a matter of course, hardly asking if anybody is to blame.

Scores of wounded and maimed, of dead and dying, tell the tale in the next morning's journals. They mention that the wealthy John Upton was among those killed, and that his beautiful niece Geraldine would have shared his fate save for the superhuman courage of a certain Mr. Leonard Ford.

That is all. The lady, safe in the charge of her surviving friends, lies ill in a chamber of a hotel in the village near which they landed; and Ford goes his way to New York, to have his wounds and broken arm nursed and cured.

It is spring when this adventure happens, and, toward October, Ford finds himself in Vermont, led by a sudden whim to make an equestrian-tour among its glorious mountains. He carries no luggage but a light knapsack strapped to his saddle, chooses whatsoever route caprice indicates, stops the night at country inns, and enjoys the trip more than he has done anything in a long while. For Leonard Ford is a very melancholy solitary man—partly by nature, more from the effect of great troubles pressing, one after another, so heavily on his boyhood and youth, that now, when at thirtyfive he finds himself free and rich, he has few capabilities left for enjoying the mild pleasures and interests which are all fate seems to hold for him in her hands.

One morning, he has set out in especially good spirits, and rides on through the glory of the autumn day—wondering, as he does not often allow himself to do, whether even for him the future may not carry some supreme good which shall at last be bestowed as a recompense for all that he has so unjustly suffered.

And he rides, dreaming on, with slackened rein; and, just at a sharp turn in the road, his

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beast takes fright at the sudden approach of some barking dogs. He rears so quickly, that, experienced horseman as he is, Ford is thrown from the saddle and rolls helplessly down the ravine along which his course has lain.

He comes to himself—he supposes, after a brief insensibility—to learn that he has been ill and delirious for ten days, nursed and cared for by two ladies who chance to have been passing in their carriage and witnessed the accident. He learns that the ladies are spending some weeks at the hotel where he lies now, brought thither by their command.

Weary and exhausted, Ford falls asleep, and, when he wakes, the ladies themselves are seated by his bed. In one of them, he recognizes the girl whose life he saved in the spring, whose strange magnetic beauty has haunted him with a persistency which no effort of his usually imperious will has been able to shake off.

Dizzy and still half delirious from the effects of the opiates which have been so freely administered, he stares at her and cries:

"Am I dreaming, or have I found you? I know now—I have loved you all the while."

He cannot keep awake, however; and, by the time he again rouses, is in sufficient possession of his senses to talk sanely, and is not certain whether that crazy speech he recollects uttering has been a part of his visions or a reality.

Miss Upton and her gentle middle-aged companion remain until he is pronounced convalescent; but, on the first day he is able to rise and be dressed, promising himself several hours in her society, one of the servants brings him a note, saying:

"The ladies left unexpectedly, this morning; it was so early, they wouldn't have you wakened to say good-bye."

When he is alone and sufficiently recovered from his stupefaction to see and think, Ford opens the note and reads:

"We are quits now. God bless you! Farewell!"

His first idea is to follow her: and start he will, as fast as train can carry him, in spite of doctors—everything. The consequence is that, by the time he reaches Troy, he has a relapse and lies very ill for many weeks.

It is almost winter when he gets to New York; he makes inquiries concerning Miss Upton, and hears that she has gone to St. Louis; he follows, only to discover that she has left for New Orleans. But even there he does not overtake her—she and her friend, owing to some unexpected news, have returned to New York; and he pursues, to meet the exasperating tidings that they have sailed for Europe.

Now he realizes that this Wandering-Jew course has been a flight worthy of an imbecile escaped from the shelter of an idiot-asylum, and learns through the medium of a garrulous acquaintance that Miss Upton has gone to Paris, to choose her trousseau preparatory to a speedy marriage with some titled Englishman.

Another year goes by before memory has found a picture worth putting on its walls—a year of dullness, slow suffering, heart-starvation, in the midst of Dives plenty—of made duties and feeble pleasures—let it go!

Then life suddenly assumes color, and hope brightens its pale routine into brilliant hues—all effected by another little speech from the same acquaintance:

"Oh, no; after all, it was not Geraldine Upton who married L'Estrange; it was a relative of hers—Julia—Mary—oh, never mind—an Upton, anyhow." The other one—the heiress? Ah, yes; well, the fair Geraldine is still in Europe; one can never count on her movements—she is as eccentric as she is handsome!"

And, for Europe, Ford sails as soon as some business-matters, into which he has plunged just to pass the time, can be arranged and got off his hands. Landed in London, he commits still another blunder—gets on the wrong track, and goes to Berlin! But, after all his disappointments, one gorgeous Easter morning he arrives in Rome, and Rome is rendered more beautiful to his eyes than it could have been in the fullest glory of the Cæsars, by the fact that Geraldine Upton is there.

He tries to write a reasonable letter; he cannot, nor can he wait—he must see her! Surely, the mutual services they have rendered each other are such as to permit him to call upon her. He will go! He carries out his intention at once, and reaches the stately old palace where she dwells, to discover that it is her reception-day. There are crowds of carriages at the doors; on staircase and in the vast salons are numberless guests, from cardinals to Chicago merchants; but Ford will not turn back.

He finds her in a little boudoir, surrounded by a knot of specially-favored persons, and, when his name—which has been echoing like thunder, it seems to him, from one lackey's lips to another—reaches her ears, she rises and comes forward. She is white as the flowers at her bosom, but calm and graceful as ever; her beauty radiant as of yore—the same sphinx-like smile upon her lips, the same memory-haunted expression in her eyes.

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"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Ford," she says, holding out her hand; it is cold as death, and her color does not return, but she is perfectly composed. "This is an unexpected pleasure! Ah, here is my cousin, Mrs. Rodney—you remember her in Vermont?"

What Ford says, he does not know; but, with a slight apology, Miss Upton passes, on some magnate's arm, into the centre salon, and for a few moments Ford stands and listens to Mrs. Rodney's gentle platitudes; then can bear it no longer, and rushes away.

"Going already?" Miss Upton says, when she encounters him in his flight, much delayed by flounces, furbelows, and all the other impedimenta of a reception. "You must come to us again! Dear me, dear me, I'm afraid our being in Rome at the same time portends disaster to the old city! But I promise not to set the Tiber boats on fire, if you will agree to kill no horses, and run no risk to ribs and arms."

And he has waited, lived, journeyed, suffered, for this!

Ford swears he will never go near her again; but he does, and for a week, day and evening, haunts every place where he knows he shall find her, though never was man less given to society.

She is always cordial; so much so, that strangers may think them friends of long standing; still, he can never manage to see her alone, and her language is always that of light badinage and pleasant familiarity.

But one day he comes upon her, out on the broad Campagna; she has been driving by herself—has left the carriage for a little stroll. She stands near a moss-grown ruin, gazing, not back at Rome, but across the wide sweep of desert waste—in her eyes that strange far-off look lying like a shadow.

"Geraldine!" he cries, before she is even aware of his approach. She totters—he throws out his arm; she waves him off, but he catches her hand, holds it fast, and pours forth his story.

"I love you—I love you! From the first moment we met—and in Vermont—oh, how could you leave me so? And then I followed you—oh, my God! for a year I thought you married—think—think! I have no reason to hope, no right, but I love you!"

There they stand, conversing for a long hour; but, when the twilight begins to gather, cold and gray, they turn to go, and, at last, Geraldine has confessed that she loves him!

"Fate is strong," she says, softly. "I will struggle no longer—yes, I love you! I had not meant to marry—my reasons do not matter now! We know little of each other, I suppose, but yet I think we know each other better than many friends of a whole life."

"We have time; we can talk over everything," he cries. "As for my past—oh, such a dull dreary waste—"

"Never mind the past," she breaks in. "I tell you frankly, I never want to think of the past! You will not suppose it holds deed or thought of my own at which I should have cause to blush; but it is painful—dreadful to me—I hold the word in horror!"

"Let it go, yours and mine," he answers. "We have all our future before us—oh, my love, my love!"

"All the future; yes, we will have it!" she exclaims, with a strange energy, and so they turn homeward.

They tell us that time was when angels walked the earth; but to Ford comes not the angel alone—she brings heaven with her. There are no earthly hues in which to portray the Elysian pictures that the ensuing weeks present. In the midst of the world, they two manage to have a world apart; freedom in spite of all the restraints upon them; they live for each other, and, when a few hours inevitably elapse without meeting, they exchange notes. The periods which he must devote to sleep are not even solitary to Ford, for he carries her so close in his soul that to her mental image he talks, sleeping or waking, as he would if she were there in bodily presence.

The spring deepens, and strangers begin to flee; the Eternal City will soon grow empty and so get back a little of the blessed quiet that once was its normal state, which, to many tired souls, seemed pleasanter than its active new life and energy.

There is to be a break in this knot of paradisaical weeks; Miss Upton is going North. Ford cannot accompany her. She and Mrs. Rodney are called to Paris, to stay with an invalid relative. It is agreed that, when summer comes, they are to meet at a quiet little Breton watering-place, and there spend two months. Geraldine has promised that, during this sojourn, the day shall be set which will unite them forever.

At the last moment, Ford finds that he must not even allow himself the bliss of accompanying her as far as Florence, as has been arranged. His faithful servant has fallen ill with Roman fever, and neither Ford nor his betrothed for one instant thinks the sick man can be left, any more than if he were an equal as well as a friend.

"In three days, the doctor says, Henry may be able to travel; but you can't wait, because

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you are behind your time," Ford observes, disconsolately.

"If I waited, I should reach Brittany so much the later," she half whispers.

And that settles it.

The morning of her departure arrives; Ford has taken her to the station, put her into the railway-carriage, seen her gloved hand wave a last adieu from the window, then he turns slowly away as the train disappears.

"Good-mornin'! We hit against each other every now and then," says a voice in his ear.

Ford turns, and sees a man whom he has often met in Rome—a man first met in California; who, since then, has acquired a fortune and seen fit to rejuvenate himself by a tour in Europe—of which, by the way, he has a poor opinion.

"Still here, Mr. Long?" says Ford.

"Ya'as; but we're off to-morrow. And I ain't sorry; though, arter all, these furrin places are pretty much of a muchness," he answers. "I say—that gal you were bidding good-bye to is jest about the harnsomest I've seen: a body would know she was American."

"Yes," rejoins Ford, coldly, as he bows and moves on.

But Mr. Long walks beside him and continues:

"I knowed her, the minute I set eyes on her; but I never said nothing. Afore I went to Californy, I lived in New Hampshire, and so she did she—a little gal; her name was 'Enmore' then."

"Enmore?" Ford gasps.

"Ya'as, siree!" said Mr. Long. "I see you remember about 'Black George,' as they used to call him. Wal, sir, he was her brother! Arter he'd spent all their mother's money, he went off to Californy. Don't you recollect hearing he got killed in a drunken fight?"

Ford, striving to repress a groan, is supposed to be uttering an affirmative response, and Mr. Long goes on:

"Of course, nobody could doubt it. Wal, jest about that time—I mean, when 'Black George' went—an uncle on the mother's side hunted the gal up, made her his heiress ef she'd take his name; and she did. But that's atween you and me. I ain't no talker, and 'tain't my business—I jest mentioned it to you 'cause we knowed each other in 'Frisco. I only wanted to p'int out how queer things go in this world. She looks a right tip-topper—looks good, too! But laws! in them old days in Hampshire, I 'low she never expected to be a-queenin' of it round this benighted old Europe."

Ford breaks away from his tormentor, and, when reason comes back, he is alone in his own apartment. Oh, the days that follow—the awful, awful days—concentrating the agony of a century into their round!

They end at length. Ford is out of Rome; up north on the plains of Lombardy, then in Vienna; then he appears, like an unquiet ghost, in the Tyrol, and is regarded as a maniac by the hotel-keepers, because the season has not yet opened.

But July comes at last, and Ford reaches La Tournelles, the quaint little Breton watering-place. His mind is made up, and he believes himself at rest—he has decided to keep his secret locked in his own bosom forever.

Her brother's blood flows between; but that shall not part them: no law, human or divine, ought to demand the sacrifice on his part—he will not make it! His strong sense of honor impels him from the first to tell her; but he cannot. She would feel that the accident put an impassable barrier between them, as much as a deliberate crime could have done.

Ford knows that such would have been his opinion once—that it would be the judgment of the world; but he cannot lose her, and he will not.

The days float on—the charmed days; for, in spite of his secret, he has a week's happiness; he puts by thought, and Geraldine is as happy as he. The sphinx-like smile has given place to a tender expression which perfects her stately beauty; the glorious eyes are so full of love, that the mysterious shadow seems to have been chased away forever.

A week, and last evening the end!

They have found agreeable acquaintances at La Tournelles, and had quiet festivities, which have not greatly interfered with the lovers' Paradise—just heightened it by contrast.

And, on the previous evening, Ford has heard Geraldine speak the words which shut the portals of heaven against him.

At a little gathering on the sands, in the moonlight, he approaches just as she says to an English friend seated by her:

"Yes; I had a brother whom I adored. His death was very terrible—that is why I never speak of him. Please forget that I have said even so much."

Ford gets away unseen. It is half an hour before he comes back. He is calm enough, for he holds fast to his determination—even yet he will not reveal his secret.

He accounts for his pallor on the plea of a headache, which is a truthful plea enough; and

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Geraldine, in her great delicacy, is too fearful of annoying him to give more than passing sign of her solicitude. He will keep his secret! He repeats this to himself scores of times, as he paces the sands in solitude. He goes home, holding fast to his resolve during many sleepless hours; but, before the dawn breaks, he has made his decision—he will tell her!

The terrible line which Elizabeth Browning once wrote rings persistently in his ear:

"I could have walked through hell that day, and never flinched!"

And he, walking straight through a hell blacker than any poet's fancy could create, holds fast to his resolve—she shall hear the truth!

The new morning dawns; he sends an excuse to Geraldine for not joining a fishing-party, which is to start early and not return till late; he has urgent letters to write; he will see her when she comes back; he has an important communication to make her.

And the day has gone—the evening gone—midnight! One o'clock strikes, then two, and here he sits in his chamber, and the secret not yet told!

He starts up again, when the fresh chime of the clock warns him that he has been anew yielding himself a passive prey to memory. He cannot bear the confinement of the house—he must go out—get into the air.

He seizes his hat, and passes downstairs; opens the house-door, and finds himself on the wide stretch of white beach. His lodgings are at the extremity of the village; beyond is a long sweep of glittering shore; then comes a sort of promontory, jutting out so far as to leave only a narrow path at its foot. On this elevation stands the quaint chalet where Miss Upton and her relative are residing.

He finds himself in sight of the little dwelling before he is aware; his intention has been to walk in the opposite direction; but here he is, just at the base of the garden-wall.

The moon's radiance is so clear that every object is as distinctly visible as if it were noonday, only transformed into a supernatural beauty which day can never give.

Ford stops and looks up—hears his name called:

"Leonard—Leonard!"

He sees Geraldine sitting on the parapet; without stopping to think, he pushes open the crazy old gate, rushes up the steps, and meets her as she is hurrying forward. He stops short, and cries—he cannot tell whether actuated by his own volition or a force superior to his will:

"I swore I would not tell you, but I must—Geraldine! That brother you spoke of last night—I killed him! At least, I was the cause—I knocked aside his arm, and the pistol went off! You understand—all s said—try to forgive me—I am gone."

He turns as quickly as he had come; dashes down the steps, out on the sands, then he hears her voice again:

"Leonard—Leonard!"

He stops, looks back; he sees her hastening toward him, white of vesture and face as a spirit. Before he can stir, her arms are about his neck, and she is clinging to him with all her strength.

"Let me go!" he moans. "Let me go! You didn't understand—or you think I'm mad—"

"No," she breaks in. "Wait—you must hear! I have known the truth ever since we were in Vermont. One night, in your delirium, you told the whole—even to the man's name! I went away—I knew you did not dream that I was his sister."

"As God is my witness!"

"Hush!" she says. "When you found me in Rome, a year later, I had learned to love you so well that at last I told myself no barrier—not even the dead—ought to separate us! George tortured me as a child—his evil conduct killed my mother—the result of his violence caused the illness and death of a brother I worshiped—"

She stops, choked by tearless sobs.

"Geraldine!" murmurs Ford, but she lays her hand on his lips.

"If there is any sin, call it mine," she hurries on; "but I cannot believe there is! Human judgment might bid us part—I can't hear heaven's voice say it—Leonard, Leonard!"

And, an hour after, they are still there, sitting, side by side, on the garden-steps.

"I think George knows, and is glad," Geraldine says, softly. "Dear love, see—the dawn is breaking—the new day!"

LOVE.

Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter naught but pain;

Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

No great movement of modern times has met with more violent opposition than the admittance of women into the medical profession. Yet the number of female medical students is steadily increasing; nearly four hundred female physicians are in active practice in twentysix of the United States, while in Russia twelve are officially engaged in teaching medicine to women.

Whatever objections may be urged against the education of women as doctors, no one questions that nursing is an occupation emphatically well within the limits of their sphere. If they are to follow it for a living, let them be taught to do it in the best manner possible. There is enough mediocre work done in the world, without adding to it in this branch. Good nurses are the reverse of poets: they are made, not born; and it was for the special purpose of cultivating them that training-schools for nurses were established.

Many women, who have an aptitude for this employment, would be glad to avail themselves of the instruction given in these institutions, if the subject were brought to their notice, and many others, who are not conscious of possessing any qualifications for the work, would be surprised to find unsuspected capabilities developing under proper training, if they took it up.

These schools are always attached to hospitals, in whose wards the pupils serve as nurses and obtain the practice without which mere theoretical teaching is of little use. There is nothing romantic about hospital nursing: it is hard and sometimes disagreeable work. Young ladies who imagine that it consists principally in smoothing pillows, bathing fevered brows, and reading to interesting patients, will be speedily undeceived when they encounter the reality. To care for suffering humanity and try to lighten a little the burdens of pain and weariness that oppress it is a very noble and blessed task; but it involves much petty drudgery and constant self-denial. No woman should undertake it who has not fully counted the cost and prepared herself to meet it.

The routine of life in a training-school for nurses varies a little in the different institutions, although the general outline is substantially the same in all. In that best known to the writer, and which is one of the largest in the United States, the nurse's day begins with breakfast at 6.15 A. M., and she goes on duty in the wards half an hour later. Breakfast is sent from the kitchen for the patients, and she begins her labors by serving a portion to each of her charges who is in bed. The convalescents eat their meals at a table which is prepared for them. The dishes are washed by a ward-maid, who is not under training. The nurse then makes or arranges each bed that is occupied, changes the linen of the occupant if necessary, and, if the patient is a female, bathes her, brushes her hair, and makes her tidy and as comfortable as is possible. This accomplished, she sweeps and dusts the portion of the ward allotted to her. The floor is mopped by the ward-maid, and, once a week, scrubbed by a woman who comes for the purpose.

The nurse notes the temperature, by means of a clinical thermometer, counts the pulse-beats and the number of respirations per minute, and records them on a chart kept for the purpose, in the case of each patient for whom the doctor orders it to be done. If she is in a surgical ward, she prepares the dressings required for each case, and places them by the bed-side, in readiness for the medical student who attends to them before the visit of the consulting surgeon, and she also does the dressings which are entrusted to her. Twelve o'clock brings dinner for the nurses; they dine, as they breakfast, by themselves. Dinner is then served to the patients, and, when all traces of it have been removed, the beds are straightened and the ward put in perfect order. At four o'clock, she again records the state of the temperature, pulse, and respiration of the patients for whom it is necessary. She then places in readiness the dishes required for tea, that there may be no delay in serving it when she returns from her own supper at a quarter to six. The tea-things are washed by the ward-maid, except on her evening off duty, when it falls to the lot of the nurse. After they are put away, she prepares the beds for the night, and sees that there is a sufficient supply of milk, beef-tea, or whatever may be required before the morning; if there is

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not, she procures it from the kitchen. At eight o'clock, she turns down the lights and resigns her place to the night nurse, who has charge of the ward until 6.45 A. M., when she in turn goes off duty and sleeps during the day. As a rule, a nurse remains one month on night-duty, and two or three on day-duty, at one time.

Besides this daily routine, which never varies, the nurse must be ready at any moment to attend to the special wants of her patients. She must remember to give medicine and nourishment at stated hours, make poultices, fill hot-water bags, apply hot fomentations or cooling lotions, and keep a watchful eye on those under her care, that she may report at once to the head nurse any change in their condition. She must be ready at a moment's notice to carry out orders to the letter, and to do as she is told, without question or hesitation.

Each ward has a head nurse, with two or more assistants, not including the night nurse, according to the number of the patients and the severity of the cases. The head nurse is supreme in everything that relates to the work and management of the ward, and is responsible for the proper execution of all orders given by the doctors. The assistants accompany her in turn when she makes the round of the ward with the consulting physician, during his daily visit, and learn something of each case from his remarks upon it. Beside this informal instruction, each pupil has a lesson once a week from the superintendent of the training-school, on the details of nursing, including simple lessons in anatomy and physiology. She also has a course of instruction in cookery for invalids. A lecture is delivered each week by a physician or surgeon, of which she takes notes, writing them out afterward in a connected form. There are often supplementary lectures, and special instruction is given in bandaging and other technical subjects.

Each nurse has an hour every day for rest and recreation, one afternoon and an additional evening each week, some part of Sunday, and a vacation of three weeks during each year.

Quarterly examinations are held, to test the advancement of the pupil, and on the result of these her standing in the school depends. At the end of the two years' course, if she passes the final examination and her conduct has been satisfactory, she is given a diploma certifying to these facts. A pupil receives ten dollars a month during the first year, and fourteen dollars during the second year, and is provided with board and lodging, her washing also being done free of expense.

Three courses are open to the graduate:

First: If there is a vacancy, she may remain in the hospital where she was trained, as head nurse of a ward, night superintendent, or assistant superintendent. The latter would fit her to become a superintendent, which position is an excellent one, the salary being from seven hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year.

Second: She may obtain a situation as matron in a hospital where there is not a training-school or in an asylum or other similar institution, and her training will command for her a higher remuneration than she would receive without it.

Third: She may undertake the care of private patients—that is, nursing the sick in their own homes—and will find no difficulty in obtaining employment through any reputable physician. Trained nurses receive from fifteen to twenty dollars a week; those who are not trained get from seven to ten dollars.

A woman who wishes to enter a training-school should apply personally or by letter at the hospital she may select. A letter addressed "Superintendent of Training-School," followed by the name and address of the hospital, will bring her all necessary information. There are schools attached to Bellevue Hospital, New York; Philadelphia Hospital; the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston; the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, Rhode Island; the Cook County Hospital, Chicago; and many other large hospitals throughout the United States. It is frequently difficult to gain admittance to these large institutions, owing to the long list of applicants. This difficulty is not so great in smaller training-schools. Those at the Newport Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island, the Lynn, Waltham, and Newton Hospitals in Massachusetts, may be mentioned as examples of the latter class. There is a school also at the Toronto Hospital, Ontario.

When educated, women have such difficulty in obtaining suitable occupation that this opening should not be neglected. Comparatively few have as yet taken advantage of it in this country. It is not so in England, where many women of culture and position have taken up the good work. Florence Nightingale and Florence Lees, Agnes Jones and Sister Dora, Clara Lumley and Clara Barton are loved and honored the world over, and besides them there are scores and scores less well known, but not less worthy of reverence.

Together, these noble sisters form a roll of honor to which any woman may be proud to have her name added.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a house-dress, of gray or any other self-colored foulé cloth. The underskirt is plain and trimmed with a broad band of velvet to

No. 1.

match, put on above the hem. The tunic forms a full apron-front, looped high at the sides and long at the back. The round belted waist opens on a gathered chemisette of either surah or soft mull. Collar, cuffs, and belt of velvet matching the trimming on the skirt. These full belted bodices are greatly in favor for slight figures, when the material used is of some soft woolen fabric. Eight to ten yards of double-width foulé, fortysix to fortyeight inches wide, and one and a half yards of velvet cut on the bias, will be required for this dress.

No. 2—Is a home or evening dress, for a young girl, made of pale-pink, blue, gray, or any

No. 2.

pretty evening shade of cashmere. The foundation-skirt has a plaited ruffle at the edge. The overdress hangs almost straight, being but

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a trifle shorter than the underskirt. It is plaited, and passes under the belt in front,

No. 3.

forming a half-rosette. This part of the drapery is faced with surah to match. The back-drapery hangs straight. The belt ends in a long sash at

No. 4.

the back. The full waist is cut low in front and ornamented by a scarf of lace, which passes around the throat and forms the trimming for the neck of the bodice, as seen in the illustration. Short and full elbow-sleeves—which, however, are entirely optional. Longer ones would be quite as pretty, if preferred.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, with skirt and corsage with revers. The front of this skirt is of velvet or velveteen, in seal-brown. The corsage and other part of the skirt are in a lighter shade of brown serge or lady's-cloth.

No.

Three gathered ruffles of the cloth or serge trim the front breadth. The sides and back of the skirt are adjusted to the foundation-skirt, which holds the front breadth. The fullness of the back is laid in deep box-plaits. The double-breasted bodice is slightly pointed in front, ending in a deeper point at the back. Revers, collar, cuffs, and buttons of the same as the skirt, be it velvet or velveteen. The chemisette is of plaited cream-white cashmere. Six to

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eight yards of serge, at least two and a half yards of velveteen, and about three-eighths of a yard of white cashmere, will be required.

No. 4—Is a breakfast-wrapper, of crimson cashmere or flannel, with front, belt, collar, and cuffs of black moiré. A full box-plaited ruching edges the bottom of the wrapper and makes a very pretty and stylish finish. A plainer finish may be had by continuing a band of the black

No. 6.

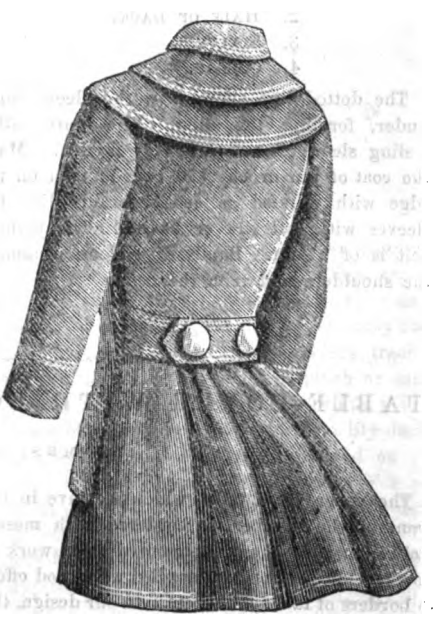
moiré around the edge of the skirt. Ten yards of cashmere and two yards of moiré will be required, a yard extra of moiré will be needed in case a band around the edge of the skirt be desired.

No. 5—Is a cloak for a little girl of eight years, of camel's-hair cloth in a myrtle-green tint, striped with brown, ivory, and gold. Any pretty cloth or flannel may be used. The collar and cuffs are in dark velvet, matching the ribbon

No. 7.—Front.

low at neck and waist. Felt hat, faced and trimmed with velvet, and trimmed with standing loops of ribbon, with two quills fastened in the midst.

No. 6—Is a waterproof cloak, with full sleeves and cape, for a girl of ten years. The back is plaited and the cloak fastens straight down the



No. 7.—Back.

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No. 8.

front with metal buttons. Hat of felt, with wing at the side.

No. 7.—We give the front and back of coat for a little boy of four or five years. It is made of cloth, and simply stitched on edge with two rows of stitching. The upper collar is attached to the coat, while the two larger ones are separate, and are hooked on under the neck-collar. Large metal buttons are to be used for the front and back.

No. 8—Is a corset-cover, of nainsook, flannel, or China silk. This cover must be trimmed with ornamental stitching and edging either in muslin embroidery or torchon lace. The bodice is V-shaped in front and round at the back. White China silk makes exceedingly beautiful corset-covers, and it washes and wears quite as well as muslin.

COAT FOR LITTLE GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our Supplement pattern consists of four pieces, comprising the half of the coat and collar and one entire sleeve of a new and stylish coat for the coming season. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined.

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Sleeve.
4. Collar.

The dotted line shows how the sleeve turns under, forming the sling. These are called "sling sleeves," and are very stylish. Make the coat of pin or checked tweed; trim on the edge with worsted galloon or braid; line the sleeves with soft silk or flannel. The pointed belt is of velvet. Bands of galloon ornament the shoulders and trim the collar.

TABLE-COVER WITH BORDER IN CLOTH MOSAIC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The cover for a table, which we give in the front of the number, is bordered with mosaic embroidery, as the time-honored patchwork is now called. It has been applied with good effect to borders of table-cloths, etc. In our design, the stars of eight points are formed of velvet in two contrasting colors, the remainder of the design being composed of light-colored cloth of various shades. When finished, the mosaic border is stitched to the table-cover of dark-brown cloth, trimmed with a fringe, and lined with pretty tinted material.

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HANGING PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Square cushion, painted, embroidered, or covered with fancy muslin, made up over a satin foundation of some bright color. The pattern for the embroidery should be some simple flowers—pansies, daisies, or buttercups, with a few green leaves. After the cushion is covered, it is edged with a tinsel cord of chenille, and placed diamond-wise, to be suspended by three cords, forming at the top a trefoil loop, at the back of which is sewed a metal ring, to be hooked to the wall; the silk tassels should be in variegated colors.

WATER-LILIES FOR OUTLINE-WORK, IN EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The colored design in the front of the September number, the description of which was omitted, can be worked simply in outline on white linen, piqué, etc. It is to be traced in the usual way on the material, and is then outlined in palest green or yellow silk. There is one long leaf of the plant which should be partially filled with long stitches in dark-green silk; so also the shading under the first lily. The stems to be done in solid work of brown silk. Another way of using the design is to have the ground of brown holland. Then trace the design in tissue-paper, and tack it on blue or pale-yellow French merino, or finest and thinnest flannel; run over the outline with green silk, and tear away the paper; then place the outlined design on the dark material and sew it at the back, so as to keep the flowers not quite flat, but strongly fixed to the holland. If used for embroidery, trace on muslin; tack it to a ground of plush or satin, and work over the pattern in pink, white, yellow, or pale-blue loose-twisted silk. The lily design has a very pretty effect when painted on oatmeal-cloth in Chinese or zinc white. For yellow, use cadmia, which is a rich brilliant yellow. For rose-color, use five parts white and two parts of carmine. For blue, use cærulean or Egyptian blue.

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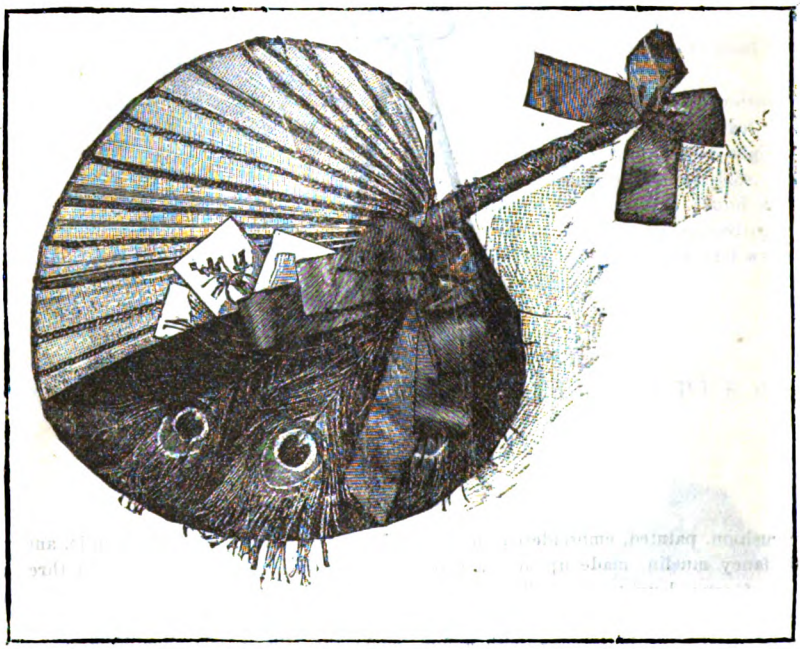
WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This novel and ornamental wall-pocket is made, as is seen by the illustration, on an ordinary large palm-leaf fan, one-half of which is covered with some pretty light-colored cream or pale-blue surah or satin, and the veins of the palm are outlined with tinsel cord; the other half is in velvet, plush, or satin, of peacock blue or green, ornamented by three natural peacock feathers, tied on with a pretty bow of satin ribbon, of the color of the lighter half. The handle is also covered and crossed by the tinsel cord, and a bow of ribbon ornaments the end. The velvet or darker half is arranged on card-board and lined, to form the pocket, in which photographs or other cards can be held. The pocket is suspended by small brass tacks.

CORNER, IN CROSS-STITCH, FOR TOWELS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design to be done in cross-stitch on towels, table-cloths, etc. Red washing-cotton is the best for the embroidery.

BRAIDED BORDER.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for a braided border. This is very simple, and can be worked on linen or any other material. It is very pretty either braided or done in Kensington-stitch, and can be utilized for many purposes.

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CROCHET CASE, FOR HOLDING TWINE BALLS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This case is worked in one single or several colors of stout crochet cotton, and is closed at the top under a bright-colored bow of satin ribbon. In the centre, a small cord or narrow ribbon is drawn through a row of holes, to define the narrowest part of the ball. At the bottom the twine pulls. The case may have a loop of ribbon at the top, to suspend the ball. If preferred, the case may be crocheted of knitting-silk, which is much prettier.

DESIGN FOR CHAIR-TIDY OR PANEL: DARNED WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The materials for the colored design in front of the number are a piece of unbleached coarse linen huckaback, the size of the outer outline of the design, and red linen floss for the outlining and background. The design is first drawn upon the huckaback with tracing-paper; red is the best. The design is first done in outline-stitch, either in coarse white or red linen floss. The background is then darned in by putting the needle into each raised spot of the huckaback, line after line, until the entire background is filled in. Border with guipure or crochet lace. If used for a panel for a box or a small cupboard, the work will be stretched upon a thin board or cardboard back. If preferred, the work may be done in filoselle silk.

COVER FOR CRADLE OR PERAMBULATOR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design of a cover for a cradle or perambulator. This cover is composed of alternate bands of light-colored cloth and crochet insertions done in colored cotton. On the cloth bands, sprigs of flowers are to be embroidered in satin and stem stitch. Heavy lace can be substituted for the crochet if preferred. The cover should be lined with blue sateen and trimmed with handsome tassels.

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HANDKERCHIEF-SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Crushed-strawberry plush or satin, embroidered with red and yellow florettes, and lined with cream-colored quilted satin, inside of which some sachet-powder has been well sprinkled. The sachet is fastened on one side with red and yellow ribbon strings, and on the curved top with a button and elastic loop, hidden under a ribbon rosette to match. This model may be utilized for a needle-case by reducing the size.

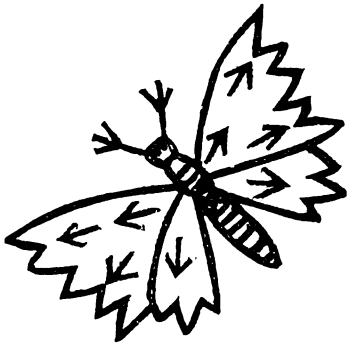
CORNER BORDER IN CROSS-STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This border may be worked in colored linen filoselle on the edge of small table-covers. It is done by forming the inside, by crossing the threads and sewing them down with a cross-stitch. Then the edges are done in several rows of cross-stitches. Java canvas or coarse butcher's-linen or crash is the best material upon which to form this kind of a border.

BUTTERFLY DESIGN, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This prtty design, done in outline-stitch, is suitable for the corner of a handkerchief, a napkin for the finger-bowl, and also for a toilet sett, etc.

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BABY'S BOOTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give two designs for baby's boots. The first one is of quilted cashmere. The edges are bound with silk braid, and the scallops around the top and those of the flap are finished in the same manner. Five flat pearl buttons fasten the boot.

The second boot is also of cashmere, lined with flannel, and embroidered in a star-shaped design in white or pale blue or pink silk. The top of this boot is trimmed with a band of soft white fur, or else a knitted ruching to simulate fur, and tied with narrow satin ribbon.

EMBROIDERED SACHET FOR LONG GLOVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This long case, quilted on both sides, displays pale-blue satin inside, and navy-blue outside. In each lozenge is embroidered a corn-flower in dark, pale, and violet blue, as well as tinsel thread. This case is well scented with some good sachet-powder, violet or heliotrope, and then put together with a tinsel cord, and fastened with a short moiré or satin ribbon. The embroidery may be varied, and, if preferred, only simple cross-stitches, forming stars, can be put into each lozenge. Some are painted upon the satin.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FLORAL NOTES.—The season will soon be here when the planting of bulbs will be in order. To those who have even the smallest plot of ground, the planting of a few dozen bulbs will not fail to give the most entire satisfaction.

There are such varieties of these hardy beautiful bulbs that one can scarcely determine what to select. But a tulip-bed we must have, in a variety of colors, both early and late kinds, so as to secure a succession of bloom. Many of the named varieties are superb, but, if you have none, and send your order to a reliable dealer, allowing him to make a selection for you, you will not be disappointed when blooming-time comes.

Have the bulb-bed spaded to a good depth; pulverize the soil well, incorporating with some very old and well-rotted manure a little sand, and you are ready for planting. I believe the very best results are attained when bulbs are planted early in the autumn. In planting bulbs that I have lifted, I usually do so as early as the middle of September; but, of course, if you purchase, you must wait until your order can be filled, as the bulbs are not in the hands of the dealers so early. A bed of mixed tulips, with a close-set border of crocus in variety, will prove an unfailing source of delight.

The crocus puts up its sweet florets almost out of the snow, and then come the early tulips; so that, if you have planted wisely, there will be at least a month of beauty in that bed, that you have spent but few dollars upon. You can have both single and double, but my preference is for the single ones. Then, too, you may have a "crazy" bed, a mixture of several hardy bulbs. I have one, in the centre of which are rows of hyacinths (some I had previously flowered in the house), then rows of tulips in variety, then narcissus, bordered with crocus; this for one side. On the other, I have feathered hyacinths, also Roman and grape hyacinths, Star of Bethlehem, and scillas, and then the crocus border. If you send for a bulb catalogue, you will hardly know what to leave out of it. The firms advertised in "Peterson" are perfectly reliable, as I have purchased of most of them, and know whereof I speak. But send in your orders early for bulbs, as it gives you the advantage of getting the choicest stock before they have been culled over. And, too, you must plant early; but, if from some unforeseen reason you were unable to plant early, still plant, for, though they do better planted early, they are not failures, by any means, if planted late—even as late as November. I have tried them at all times.

Tulips should be dug about once in three years. As soon as the tops die down, remove them, and, after drying, put them in paper bags and hang in a dry cellar until planting-time again. They must be examined frequently, to make sure that they are not molding.

Dig up the bed thoroughly, putting in several barrow-loads of rotten manure, and you are ready to begin planting. I think the bed should be well renewed at least every third year. A slight protection of stable-litter is all that is necessary, which may be removed in early spring. The bulbs should be planted at the depth of four inches.

MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

"INVALUABLE EVERY WAY."—A lady writes: "Where dress, household, or reading is concerned, I find 'Peterson' alike invaluable."

TO PREVENT A COARSE RED SKIN.—This trouble arises from various causes, but in many cases it may be mitigated at least by the use of proper remedies.

First, care should be taken that the clothing is loose and easy, also the shoes. Nothing so quickly makes the face and hands red as a tight and constraining mode of dress; and, as it causes the small veins to swell and impedes the circulation, the coarse appearance so produced soon becomes permanent, unless the warning is heeded and the practice discontinued.

Next, in bathing, carefully avoid soap and cold hard water: use soft tepid water, a soft cloth, and do not rub the face in drying it—pat it gently, instead. If at any time soap seems necessary, put a little borax into the water, as a substitute. This is soothing and softening to the skin, and quite as cleansing as soap. Oatmeal put into the water also makes a good substitute for soap—it softens and whitens the skin. Dry oatmeal, rubbed over the face, neck, and hands after bathing, has a softening effect on the skin.

All who desire a clear complexion must see that the rooms they work and sleep in do not lack for ventilation. Bad air will soon spoil the fairest skin. Fresh air, sunshine, and exercise are the most essential cosmetics to be used in gaining a clear, fresh, pearly skin. A help will be found in frequently rubbing with almond, olive, or cocoanut oil, about the throat, neck, arms, waist—the whole body, if practicable. The rubbing should be gentle, but persistent and frequent. The oil is used only to make the skin more pliable and to open the pores. The chief benefit is derived from the rubbing. With regard to this—and, indeed, to all these small cares relating to the person—it will be found that a little regular painstaking, every day, is better than a great deal one day and none the next.

PINE CONES are very decorative. They may be bronzed or gilded, and then a small picture-frame screw and eye fastened in one end and placed among loops of ribbon, to decorate fancy baskets or wall-pockets. On wood baskets they are very appropriate. I recently saw a lovely one, made of the woven mats that raisins are bought in. The mats are about two yards around. Make two loops of one-third of the distance, and of the remaining part form a circle. Line with some stout material, and run a wire band round the top, to keep the pocket in shape. Make a handle of heavy hat-braid, and then bronze the outside, and paint an appropriate quotation in black or a different colored paint from the ground. Fasten the cones at the top of the two loops, or a pretty border of the small cones might be put around the top of the basket.

THE EDGE OF THE TEETH.—Many women have the habit, when sewing, of biting off threads instead of cutting them with scissors. For either natural or artificial teeth, this is bad, and soon necessitates repairs. The edge of the teeth becomes very rough by the breaking of the enamel, when thread is bitten off many times in the same place on the tooth, as is liable to be the case, for all the muscular force exerted by the jaws is centred upon the small space measured by the width of a thread.

"BETTER AND BETTER."—A recent subscriber writes: "I like 'Peterson'; each month seems an improvement on the last in some way."

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Our Principal Premiums for 1889 are announced on the second page of the cover. "Buds and Blossoms" will be found the most beautiful gift-book this or any other magazine has ever offered as a premium. It is a volume of original and selected poems, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound, with gilt edges, etc., etc. It is printed on the same-sized paper as the "Book of Beauty," but will contain more matter. Beside numerous exquisite steel-engravings, it gives nearly a score of the finest wood-drawings by famous artists—studies of rare flowers and dainty bits of landscape—illustrating the poems. It will make a valuable addition to a library, as well as a charming ornament to a centre-table.

Another premium will be a large engraving, called "The Morning Greeting." This is really one of the most perfect engravings we have ever offered, and is in an entirely different style from any heretofore given by us. The background shows a picturesque cottage, with a glimpse of rural scenery at the side. In the foreground, stands a lovely girl in rustic dress, who has stopped to caress the dumb pets which have run forward to meet her. The original picture is the work of a celebrated painter, and the best connoisseurs pronounce the engraving a gem.

It is only necessary to get up a club in order to obtain either book or picture, and both can be secured by making the club a large one, and to do this it is only necessary to begin early. See club-terms on second page of cover.

Our premium-offer of valuable books proved so successful, a year ago, that we shall renew it, and have made arrangements to offer handsomely-bound copies of several of the most popular authors' best works.

Another premium will be an extra copy of the magazine, and that is the most popular because it is by all odds the best of premiums. It should always be kept in mind that, by setting to work in good time, any two premiums can easily be gained, and, with a little energy, all three may be secured.

Our inducements to subscribers for 1889 are in various ways superior to any we have ever offered, and we are too near our semi-centennial for people to require to be told that every promise we make is always more than fulfilled. Popular as "Peterson" has been for almost fifty years, we can safely assert that, next year, it will prove more desirable than ever.

To Make a Scrap-Basket at small expense, take four common wicker fans or hand-screens, tie all the four handles together with colored ribbon, so as to convert them into a stand; then tie the sides of the fans together with colored ribbons, to form the basket itself. You may line the interior or not, as you please, and edge with fringe and trim with ribbons or flowers, according to taste. Old scraps of silk or lace may be brought into use, and converted into little drawing-room ornaments with a little taste and ingenuity.

A Handsome Cloth for the centre of the dining-table is of twilled linen, eighteen inches square. Around the sides are traced large maple-leaves; one leaf at each corner, underlapping those on each side of it. These are outlined with different shades of heavy gold or copper colored floss. The veins are worked in stem-stitch, and the space in the leaves is filled in with different lace-stitches. Cut the outer edge of the cloth close to the embroidery.

The Hair is beginning to be seen dressed in loops of wide plaits at the back, fastened by large pins on the neck. High top-knots, with all kinds of fancy pins fastening its knots to each other, are, however, still seen in majority. The front hair is always curled or waved or frizzed, however the back hair may be dressed.

Begin Talking to Your Friends Now about taking "Peterson" for 1889: be early in the field. Every year, we receive hundreds of letters, in which the writers say that, if they had only begun earlier, they could have raised large clubs. Begin in time, and you will not fail.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Laconisms. By J. M. P. Otis, D.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The author gives his book a second title, "The Wisdom of Many in the Words of One"; but, if all the thoughts expressed are not altogether original, they are always put with a terseness and vigor which make them worth preserving. It is really an admirable work, and what the writer says in his modest preface is its best criticism: "This little volume is the result of the study of men and books for many years; but its lessons have not been learned in books nor from men, but by books and men—that is, by reflection on what has been found in the pages of books and in the lives of men. Sometimes, both men and books teach more than they say, and better than their best thoughts. It is the fruit of a growth of reflection from seeds gathered from many sources that is here condensed."

From Eighteen to Twenty: A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is a story by an anonymous writer which will prove pleasant reading; and if it is, as we are inclined to think, a maiden effort, it offers promise of good work to come. It is a young girl's account of her first season in society—the history of her likes and dislikes, her aspirations and disappointments, her blunders and her triumphs—and it is really well told. She is a girl possessing both heart and brains, and one thoroughly sympathizes with her from first to last, and is pleased by the determination with which she fights against her faults. The book contains a good many lessons by which, while enjoying the story, young women of the heroine's age might greatly profit if they would give the warnings due reflection.

The Animal Life of Our Seashore. By Angelo Heilprin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This hand-book on the animal life of our Eastern seacoast is a very careful production, as interesting as it will prove useful—which is a good deal to say. It is issued at a very cheap rate, though it is got up on good paper, and the numerous illustrations are excellent, giving examples of all sorts of odd water-creatures, from polyps, squirts, and sea-urchins up to fishing-frogs, swell-toads, and zebra-fish. The author has the happy faculty of making scientific descriptions clear and attractive; and, while this little volume contains many things that will be new even to the mature student, it is written in a fashion which will fascinate childish minds as might a book of fairy-tales.

The Maiden Widow. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is one of the most popular novels that Mrs. Southworth has given the public, and it thoroughly deserves the reputation it has achieved. The book has never before been sold under one dollar and a half; but the publishers have issued this exceedingly tasteful edition at the almost nominal price of twentyfive cents. The volume is the same size as "The Family Doom," which we noticed in our last number, and should be sought by everybody who read that interesting story, as the principal characters therein have a place in the present tale.

Benedicta: A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred Phillips. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Company.—A book which will help one to pass a very pleasant morning. It is a story of English country life, though the authoress has managed to give plenty of incident and a good deal of striking characterization, though, as a rule, the women are much better drawn than the men.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY of a magazine must always carry great weight, as they see all the periodicals each month, and are therefore able to make comparisons. For years, the general verdict of the press has placed "Peterson" above every other magazine of its kind, giving it the palm of superiority in every respect, and, as time goes on, this decision only grows more pronounced and emphatic. The leading journals in every quarter of the country never fail to give each number long and laudatory notices. It is very gratifying also to remark that every successive volume receives a higher average of praise than its predecessor. To quote a tithe of these proofs of appreciation would be impossible; but, at this season, room ought to be made for a few: The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin says: "'Peterson' vies with purely literary periodicals of the first class, as most of its articles are by writers employed on those monthlies: its claims, therefore, in a literary and artistic point of view, separate it widely from the ordinary fashion magazine. It gives stories by authors of established reputation. The newest fashions and work-table designs, and the cook-book and medical department, would of themselves be invaluable." The Columbia (S. C.) Christian Advocate says: "'Peterson' maintains its place as the best of the lady's-magazines." The Burns (Oregon) Herald says: "'Peterson's' bewitching engravings, serials, short stories, poems, recipes, fancy-work, illustrations, etc., etc., give it a place that is all its own." The La Fayette (Ind.) Sunday Leader says: "To those who wish to subscribe for a first-class family magazine, we recommend 'Peterson's Magazine,' the old stand-by and favorite." The Kingston (Tenn.) East-Tennesseean says of "Peterson": "Artistic beauty, literary interest, and household utility are so well combined, that there is ample choice for every taste and a certainty of pleasing the most fastidious." The Keene (N. H.) New England Observer says: "Long years of unexampled success and prosperity have thoroughly established 'Peterson's' position; and, as it yearly offers greater and more striking attractions, it runs no risk, even in this age of competition, of losing one iota of its hold on public favor." The Liverpool (Ohio) Gazette says: "'Peterson' offers the best of inducements to persons getting up clubs, which will fully repay any lady for the little time necessary to secure one of the handsome premiums." This last is an item to note just at this season, and one on which subscribers ought to act at once. "Peterson's" premiums for 1889 will be finer than those of any preceding year.

MAKING SOUP is a great deal of trouble in a small household, yet everybody's dinner ought to begin with it. There are numerous preparations, nowadays, of liquid and consolidated soups, and, among these, the Franco-American rank pre-eminent, being prepared from the best materials by a famous French cook. Every housekeeper should give them a trial: it only needs this to secure their universal and lasting popularity.

AMONG THE noteworthy evolutions of fashion, this fall, is a marked decrease in the size of ladies' watches.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS, ETC.

Veal Soup.—Take two pounds of veal and one gallon of water; let it boil until tender; add a pot of marjoram, thyme, chopped onions, pepper, and salt. To brown it, take a tablespoonful of butter, and two of flour; mix with a little of the broth; roll the butter in the flour, and let it stew in the broth; then add to the soup. Just before serving, add a wineglassful of wine, a few cloves, spice, and cayenne pepper. Cut and slice three hard-boiled eggs.

Fish with Tomatoes.—Cut the fish in pieces; fry it in boiling lard, a light-brown, having first rolled the fish in cornmeal. When done, set it to one side, where it will keep warm, and put some tomatoes in the skillet with a little onion, and stir them until they are done; then pour over them a little boiling water. Season with pepper and salt; pour over the fish, and serve hot.

MEATS, ETC.

Scalloped Mutton.—Remove the fat and skin from cold roast mutton; cut the meat in small thin slices; season it with salt and pepper. Butter a shallow dish; put in a layer of bread or cracker crumb, then a layer of meat, then oysters, strained and seasoned, tomato or brown gravy, then crumb, meat, etc., having on the top a thick layer of crumb, moistened in one-third of a cup of melted butter. Cold boiled macaroni, cut into inch pieces, may be used in place of oysters.

Scalloped Chicken.—Take equal parts of cold chicken, boiled rice or macaroni, and tomato sauce. Put in layers in a shallow dish, and cover with buttered crumb. Bake till brown. Cold roast turkey, using stuffing and gravy, may be prepared in the same way.

DESSERTS.

Batter Pudding.—Take two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter, and a breakfastcupful of milk. Beat the butter to a cream; beat the eggs, add a little white sugar, and, for a change, the grated rind of a lemon; put in the flour and milk, and beat all together. Pour the mixture into a buttered shallow dish, and bake twenty minutes in a sharp oven. It may also be baked in common saucers instead of a dish, when the puddings should be doubled up when turned out, so as to form semicircles on the dish, and sifted sugar strewed over them.

Shape of Rice.—Bake a quarter of a pound of rice, as directed for plain rice-pudding, taking care to have it dry. Remove the brown skin, and mix with the rice the yolks of two eggs, two ounces of powdered lump-sugar, and a little almond or vanilla flavoring. Beat all together, but do not boil after adding the eggs. Press the rice into a mold; let it stand for some hours until set, then turn it out on a glass dish.

Ground Rice Pudding.—Mix two ounces of ground rice in half a pint of cold milk; pour on it half a pint of boiling milk, in which six lumps of sugar have been dissolved, and stir over the fire for ten minutes. Put in the pudding an egg well beaten, and bake in a buttered tart-dish for three-quarters of an hour.

CAKES.

Fat Rascals.—One pound of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one-quarter pound of currants, one ounce of moist sugar, half or a teaspoonful of salt; mix; then roll out the paste about an inch thick, dust powdered sugar over it, cut into rounds; bake in a quick oven.

Sour-cream Cookies are made of one cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful (not heaping) of soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; flavor with cinnamon.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Pickled Walnuts.—Take large French walnuts and pare them till the white part appears; but be very careful not to cut too deep. Have a pan of salt-and-water close by, and drop each nut into it as pared or they will get black. Have ready a lined saucepan full of boiling water in which is a handful of salt, put the walnuts into this, and let them boil quickly for five minutes; then take them out and spread between two clean cloths. When they are cold, put them into wide-mouthed bottles and fill up with strong vinegar, putting a blade of mace and a teaspoonful of salad oil into each bottle; cork down, the next day, and keep in a dry place.

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Quince-and-Apple Jelly.—Cut small and core an equal quantity of apples and quinces, put the quinces in a preserving-kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft. Add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp. Put the whole into a jelly-bag and strain them without pressing. Add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice and boil together until it jellies.

Taffee.—One pound of brown sugar, a small quantity of treacle, two ounces of butter; put into a saucepan, and stir carefully; when boiling, add the juice and peel of half a lemon; continue boiling and stirring until, when a small quantity is put into cold water, it will taste crisp. Then add six ounces of sweet and bitter almonds cut in pieces, and pour the mixture out on buttered tins.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine breadcrumb; add a small onion stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and, at the time of serving, remove the onion and mace.

Eggs au Gratin.—Cut some hard-boiled eggs in slices; lay them on a well-buttered dish, with grated Parmesan cheese, black pepper, and the least bit of powdered nutmeg; sprinkle some baked breadcrumb over all; put the dish in the oven, and serve as soon as the contents begin to color.

IN THE GARDEN.

Bulbs.—The time for starting hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, scillas, etc., has again come round, and those amateurs who are in doubt as to what bulbs they shall plant will do well, while they are losing time in making up their minds, to send to some well-known firm for a collection suitable for the garden or the house. Where it is desired to have a succession of blooming bulbs in pots for the room, conservatory, or greenhouse, potting should not be delayed, and should be repeated at intervals of about a fortnight, until the end of the year. When the potting is complete, the pots should be placed on a hard level dry bottom of sand, coal-ash, very small cinders, brick, stone, or boards, in a sheltered place—an out-building or dry cellar is excellent for the purpose; when the pots have been got into position, they should be covered over half a foot deep in sand, fine ashes, or cocoanut-fibre refuse, or some similar suitable material.

The great secret in forcing all kinds of bulbs is to stimulate the growth of roots before that of foliage and flowers, and this can only be done where the heat of the sun cannot reach to cause the bulbs to produce leaves—that is, to push upward before they have put out a sufficient number of roots; in about eight or ten weeks from the time of starting as above, the pots will be full of roots, and such plants as are showing for bloom through the blanched leaves may be selected and placed for a time in a shady part of a greenhouse, or in a sitting-room where the sun cannot shine upon them until the leaves have become green.

One very important matter to be attended to after obtaining good, sound, plump, hard, heavy bulbs is to see that all the pots in which they are to grow have perfect drainage, which is only to be obtained by having plenty of shards (pieces of broken flower-pot) in the bottom of each pot, to allow the water to filter slowly but thoroughly through; two inches, at least, of the broken material, should be at the bottom of each pot. The soil, also, should receive careful attention; this should consist of turfy loam, leaf-mold, sand, and thoroughly rotten dung, such as may be got from an old hot-bed.

When grown in glasses, the bulbs of hyacinths should not be allowed to touch the water, but be as near to it as possible without doing so. When in glasses, the bulbs should be placed in some cool dark spot, where, indeed, no light whatever can have access, for five or six weeks—until, in fact, a sufficient number of roots have been shot down into the water, and the plant above starting well into leaf and flower-bud; the glasses may then be gradually brought into the light. Tulips, single and double Van Thol, may still be started for early blooming in pots. They should be treated just in the same manner as directed above for hyacinths, removing them at the end of November into a gentle warmth.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress, of Fawn-Colored Woolen. The underskirt is figured in stripes and ovals of a darker shade and is without trimming. The overdress is of plain fawn-colored woolen, long and full, and draped at the sides. The tailor-made jacket is of dark-green cloth, with a vest of the same trimmed with braid. It fastens to the left side with large fancy buttons. The deep skirt of the jacket has square pockets. Bonnet of green felt, trimmed with a red bird.

Fig. II.—Visiting-Dress, of Blue Foulard. The skirt, of striped blue-and-red foulard, falls quite straight at the sides and opens over a front of plain blue foulard, prettily draped. The striped skirt is full at the back, but is undraped. The bodice, of the striped material, opens over a vest of the plain, laid in diagonal plaits. Hat of blue velvet, with red plumes.

Fig. III.—Garden-Party Dress, of Gray India Silk. The front and sides are trimmed and draped with a silk of the same color in gay stripes. The bodice is trimmed with this striped silk, and the fichu mantle, which crosses in front with long ends, has a trimming of it on the chest. Collar and cuffs of the striped silk. Straw hat, trimmed with a broad braid and feathers.

Fig. IV.—Walking-Dress, of Soft Black Cloth. The skirt is quite plain at the back; in front, it opens V-shape over a chamois-colored cloth, and has chamois-colored cloth revers, trimmed with buttons. The jacket bodice has a small basque at the back, and a vest of chamois-colored cloth trimmed with buttons. Hat of black velvet, faced with chamois-colored satin and trimmed with a bird and ostrich-tips.

Fig. V.—Walking-Dress, of Blue Mousline Delaine. The skirt is full, slightly looped a. ... back; at the side, the lining of the drapery and the lengthwise plaits are of strawberry-and-blue striped silk. The drapery in front, below the bodice, opens over a simulated skirt of the striped material. The bodice is cut away in front, has collar and revers of the striped silk and a full vest of plain blue surah. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon and strawberry-colored feathers.

Fig. VI.—Wrap, For Walking or Traveling, Made of Dark Fawn-Colored Cloth. It is long and plain, with fullness enough in the back to make it fall easily over the dress. It has three small capes, finished by machine-stitching. Black straw hat and feathers.

Figs. VII and VIII.—Front and Back of a Fall Mantle, of Dark-Green Cloth. The front is laid in plaits and has long ends. The sides and sleeves are formed of three deep ruffles—which, with the ends at the front, are pinked out. The back fits closely, the small piece over the skirt being pinked out. The hood is lined with dark-red silk.

Fig. IX.—Jacket, of heavy black jersey-cloth, trimmed with black gimp and braid.

Fig. X.—Walking-Dress, in the Directory Style, Made of Striped Woolen Material. It is plain in front, is laid in wide plaits at the sides, and full at the back; there is no looping. On the right side is a pointed panel of black velvet. The bodice is double-breasted, and orna-

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mented with two rows of large smoked-pearl buttons. The revers and cuffs are of black velvet. Chemisette of colored surah. Directory hat of gray straw, with a bow under the brim, and trimmed with gray ostrich-feathers.

FIGS. XI AND XII.—FRONT AND BACK OF MORNING-BODICE, OF DARK-BLUE SURAH studded with horseshoes. It is laid in plaits from the shoulders to the waist, both back and front. At the back, it is slightly shirred at the shoulders. The collar, cuffs, skirt, and trimming down the front are of plaited surah. Waist-ribbon of blue watered silk.

FIG. XIII.—BLOUSE-SLEEVE, full, plaited on the top of the arm, and finished with a wide cuff.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is laid in wide plaits. The tunic is crossed and pointed in front, draped at the side and back. The bodice is full, with vest of the same material, arranged V-shape on the chest. Felt bonnet, trimmed with striped ribbon and cock's-plumes and faced with velvet.

FIG. XV.—TAILOR-MADE JACKET, OF FIGURED CLOTH. It is trimmed with braid and opens over a long vest of plaid cloth.

FIG. XVI.—PLASTRON, OF BLACK CRÈPE. The folds are on the cross and meet in a point in front. Two cross-bands frame them; the high collar corresponds.

FIG. XVII.—WRAP, OF PLAID CLOTH. It fits close to the figure at the back, where it is full over the tournure, is loose in front, and is trimmed with bands of velvet, pointed and fastened with buttons. The cape is laid in plaits, is trimmed like the cloak, has a deep velvet collar, and can be removed at pleasure. High hat, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

FIGS. XVIII AND XIX.—TWO CAPES, to be worn on cool days. One has a full pinked-out ruching around the neck, the other has a high collar fastened by a bow of ribbon.

FIG. XX.—BODICE, FOR MORNING WEAR, OF DULL-RED TWILLED FLANNEL. The back and front are both full and the waistband crosses in a point in front. It is embroidered in a silk of a darker shade.

FIG. XXI.—SHOE, FOR EVENING WEAR. The front is done in beaded embroidery; the full rosette is also beaded.

FIG. XXII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with a scarf of gay-striped surah and two quills and faced with black velvet.

FIG. XXIII.—BONNET, OF DARK-BLUE STRAW, faced with dark-blue. A large bow of dull-red ribbon is placed under the brim. It is [illegible]ned with dull-red ribbon and dark-blue feathers.

FIG. XXIV.—HAT, OF COARSE YELLOW STRAW, faced with black, and trimmed with loops of black and yellow ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fashions are altering, but so gradually that the alteration is almost imperceptible.

Tournures or "bustles" are still worn, but smaller and smaller, though there is no prospect that they will be quite discarded at present; but anything like exaggeration is regarded with disfavor. A slight bend is necessary for real elegance—and nothing is uglier than a perfectly flat dress; but the mode has been so caricatured, and so many people have worn such enormous tournures, that good taste now permits very little to be worn. If it is a little pronounced at the top of the skirt on account of the two or three little steels, the lower part is flat and the folds fall naturally.

A method that obviates the wearing of a tournure, and one adopted by many good dressmakers, is to line the back of the skirt with crinoline, arranged in tubes which extend from the top to the bottom of the skirt, and are sewed in place throughout their length. At the top, these plaits are arranged very compactly, and extend in width as they approach the bottom of the skirt. Of course, it is only with substantial materials that this arrangement can be employed; with the lighter ones, a slight tournure is almost a necessity.

Tailor-made costumes are by no means abandoned, but they are much modified in consequence of the shorter-waisted gowns that are becoming fashionable. In truth, in the make of dresses, fashion is divided into two distinct fields: short and long waists. It is almost certain, however, that short waists will win the day; for plain skirts and pointless bodices are quite decided by our best houses, and some distinguished dressmakers are assiduously studying all the engravings and portraits of the end of the last and the commencement of this century.

Ladies with long waists will naturally cling to bodices in accordance, but, with a broad sash added, makes them look short-waisted even when they are not so in reality. And the eye soon becomes accustomed to fashions, of whatever kind.

Bodices are nearly all made either full or with some trimming which takes away the corseted appearance of the close-fitting plain bodice.

Round waists, with belts and buckles or broad sashes, are much in favor as the newest thing, but should only be worn by slender persons. The pointed bodice is much more becoming to stout persons; but this can be made without the exaggerated length that has recently been so fashionable.

Jacket bodices divide the favor with the round ones, so many of the newest costumes are seen with rolling collars, lappels, vests, etc., etc.

Skirts are usually made flat on the front and sides, though many of our best dressmakers still cling to some drapery, and but few skirts are draped alike on both sides. If the apron overskirt is worn, the drapery is long and narrow; but most of the back-drapery is long and straight.

Wraps are of all descriptions; the jacket is much too comfortable and useful to be discarded; mantles are short at the back, with long ends in front, which are sometimes tied. Long straight coats will probably be much worn later; but, in these happy days, when women dress much as they fancy, the style of the wrap depends very much on the taste or purse of the wearer.

Bonnets are also very much a matter of taste. The small pointed capote is seen; but the various modifications of the Directoire bonnet are worn by those who wish to inaugurate a new fashion or by those who consider them becoming. The Directoire bonnet has a broad crown—a flaring brim, usually—and is set far back on the head, with a bow of ribbon set under the brim.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE-AND-GRAY STRIPED SERGE. The stripes of the dress are arranged to bring two stripes on the surface of the box-plait, concealing the next two underneath. The very useful collar-cape, which can be removed at pleasure, is of velveteen, as also the belt and cuffs. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-GRAY OR HEATHER MIXTURE. The cape, which is removable, has a hood at the back lined with red striped silk. The toque is of crimson plush, trimmed with goose-quill feathers or with any stiff feather.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF SCOTCH PLAID WOOLEN. The skirt is kilted. The body opens diagonally over a shirt of surah silk. The rounded jacket has revers, and is of dark-green cloth. Tam O'Shanter of dark-green cloth.

FIG. IV.—HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is of dark-blue felt, with turned-up brim faced with dark-blue velvet. Birds and wings in front.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S TOQUE, OF PLAID VELVET OR WOOLEN MATERIAL. It is bordered with folds of plain dark velvet, ornamented with a group of tinted ostrich-tips, which is placed in a windmill-bow of watered silk.

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Painted by M. Brooker. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

ENTICING THE BUTTERFLIES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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Peterson's Magazine—November, 1888

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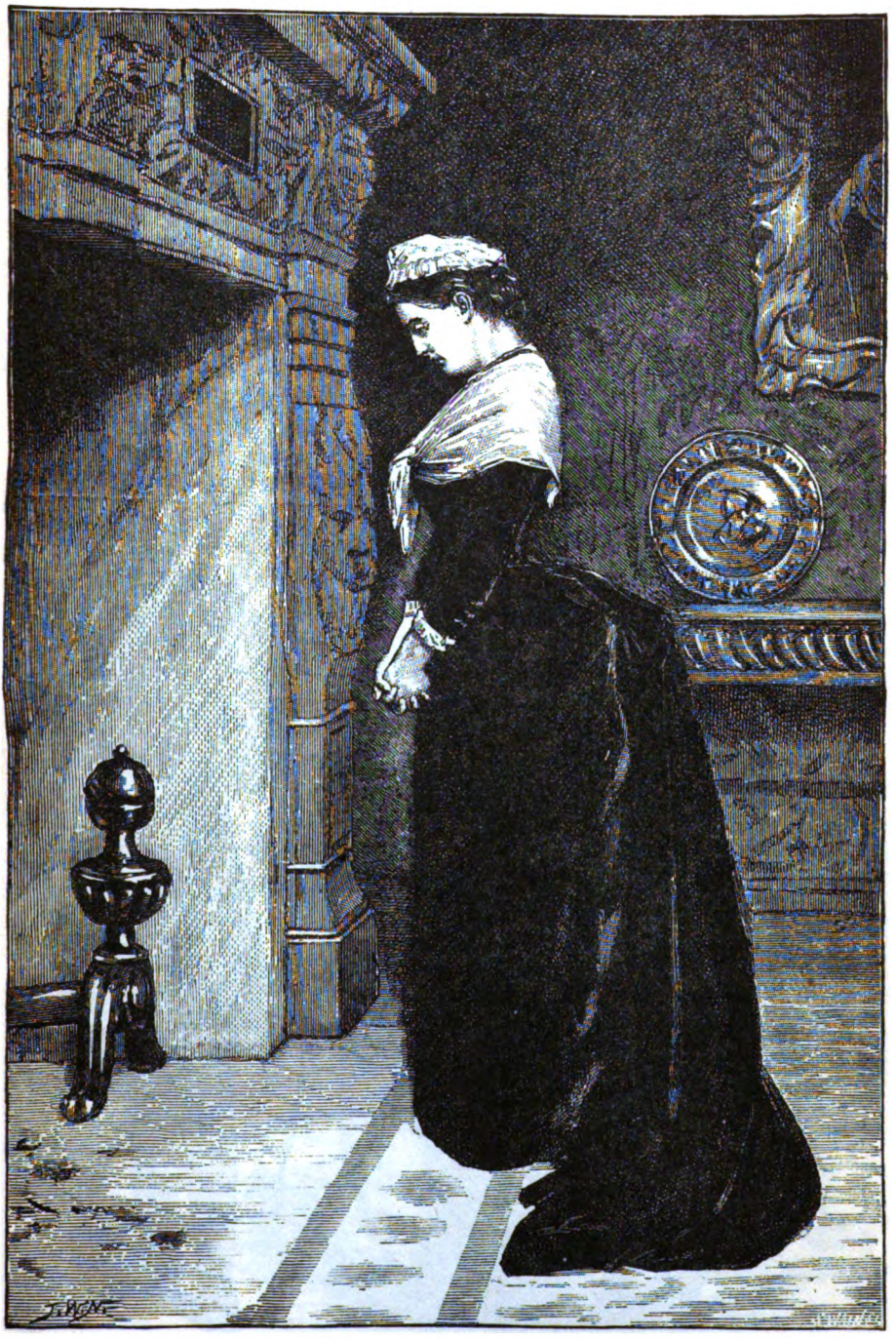

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

[*See the Story, "The Widow's Thanksgiving Festival."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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TRAVELING-CLOAK. TOQUE. HEAD-DRESSES.

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WALKING-DRESS. DIRECTOIRE BONNET. MUFF.

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WALKING-DRESS. BRAIDED JACKET. BOA.

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WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-BODICE. TURBAN HAT.

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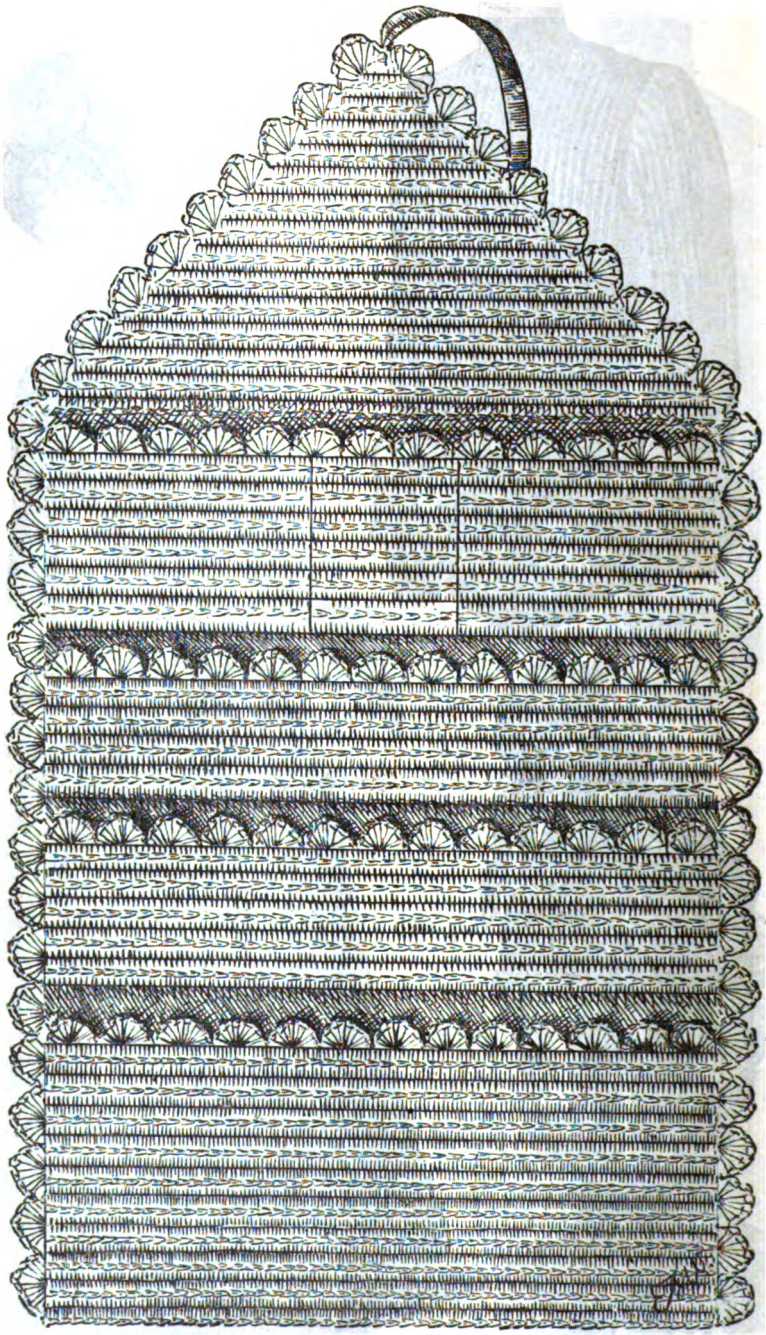

TRAVELING-CASE, IN CROCHET.

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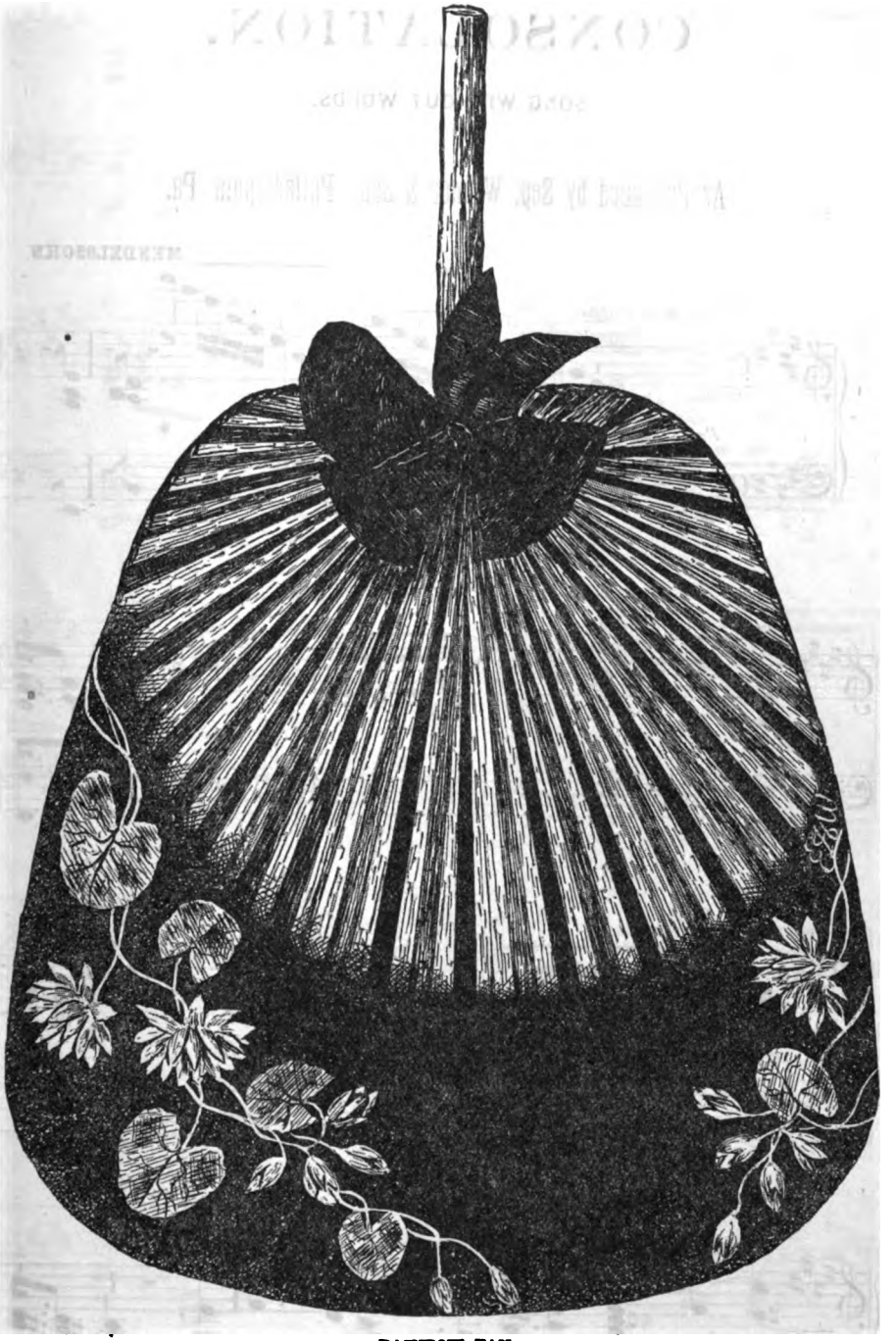

RAINBOW FAN.

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CONSOLATION.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son. Philadelphia Pa.

MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio non troppo.

Ped.

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sf *p* *mf* *f*

p

cres

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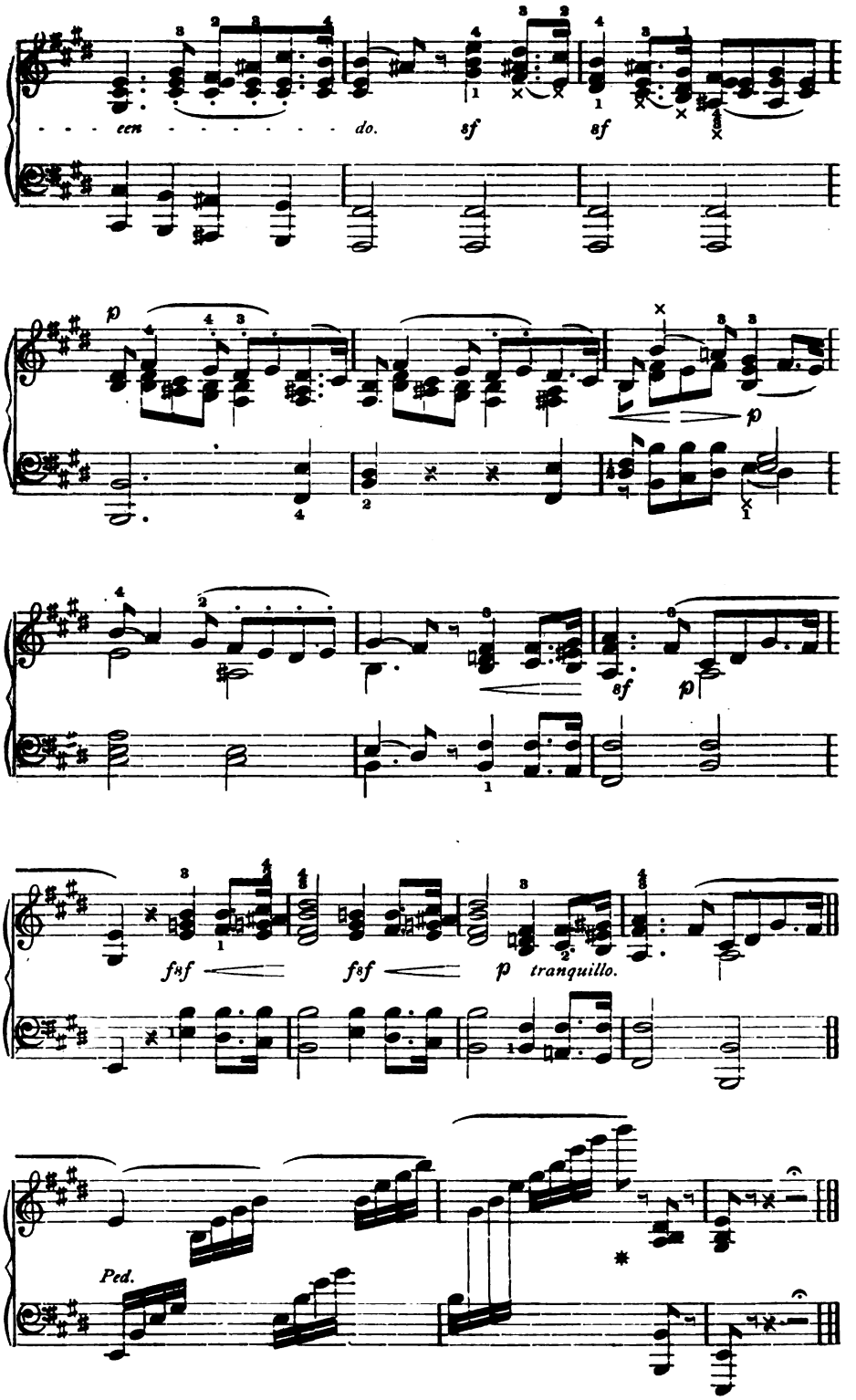

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PRINCE OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD BISMARCK.

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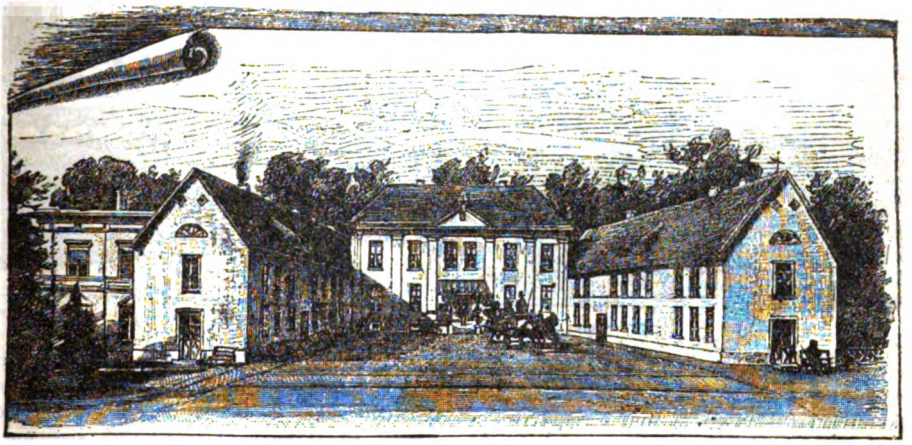
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1888. No. 5.

THE GREAT CHANCELLOR.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



THE CASTLE OF VARZIN.

THE castle of Varzin stands a few miles from the Baltic coast, in one of the most picturesque districts of Northern Prussia. The name "castle" strikes the visitor as a sad misnomer: in England, Varzin would be considered merely a comfortable manor-house. But, although the dwelling can boast no architectural pretension, the domain possesses one noticeable beauty in its vast park, which contains some of the most magnificent beech and oak trees in the whole region. However, were the place the simplest cottage, it would still be viewed with interest as the favorite country home of Prussia's great chancellor.

Among the few really colossal figures which the nineteenth century can boast, that of Otto von Bismarck looms up among the very foremost.

No matter what may be the diversity of opinion in regard to his aims and acts, the fact remains that, in a generation which esteems lightly the influence of any single individual, the marvelous task of a nation's reconstruction was accomplished in six short years by the determination and daring, the ceaseless labor and endless resource, of this one man.

No famous personage has been more voluminously written about by friends and enemies, and none has been more frankly outspoken or allowed private letters and conversations to be more freely reported in newspapers and books. Yet he remains, in many ways, almost as much of a mystery as when he first earned the title of "The Sphinx of Modern Diplomacy."

In an article like the present, it is not necessary to argue on his policy, and of his public career there is nothing new to tell. But a few authentic details and anecdotes of his private life may prove interesting:

Bismarck was born in 1815, at Schoenhausen, in the old Mark of Brandenburg, and to this day conservative and radical writers are quarreling as to whether his family was noble or not, a contest which seems ludicrously puerile in regarding a man like him.

We have his own avowal that, from his sixth

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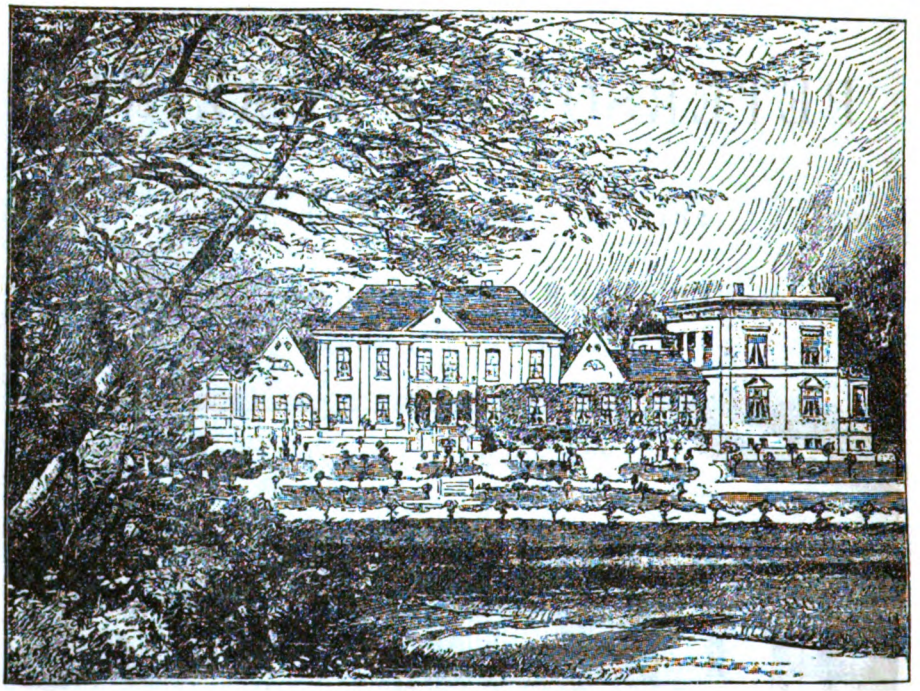

THE CASTLE OF VARZIN, FROM THE PARK.

to his twelfth year, he was sent to an institute in which Spartan laws were rigidly carried out. The meat provided was so hard it could scarcely be chewed, and the entire diet so meagre "that he never once ate his fill, except when he was asked out."

Later, he went to the Berlin University, and from thence to that of Göttingen—where, for a time, he occupied rooms with a young American named Motley, destined in after-years to become one of the most prominent of our century's historians.

As has been the case with so many famous men, Bismarck's college-record was not that of a student—not even of a moderately hard worker. He was marked as a wild rebellious fellow, ready for any rash undertaking or adventure, and regarded with little favor by the ruling powers. At Göttingen alone, he fought twentyeight of those noted student-duels, in which, though so carried on that nobody is ever killed, a man may receive bad wounds and lasting scars; but he was lucky enough to get only a single hurt.

One biographer asserts that, in spite of his idleness, at the close of the university-course he passed his jurisprudence examination with credit, "thanks to his spasmodic industry, his great mental gifts, and a huge pile of reference-books for cramming." But most writers deny him so much credit. However this may be, it is certain that, on leaving Göttingen, he obtained the post of Referendary in one of the minor courts of Berlin, where he used to astonish spectators, confound witnesses, and paralyze the court by his matchless audacity.

He was, one day, taking the deposition of a man who tried his patience by studied impertinence till he could bear no more, and he jumped up from his seat, exclaiming: "Sir, behave better, or I'll have you kicked out." The magistrate smiled and said in a good-natured tone: "No—the kicking-out would be my business." The taking of the evidence went on again, so did the man's impudence, and once more Bismarck sprang to his feet, thundering forth: "Sir, behave yourself better, or the magistrate shall kick you out!" The faces of the judge and the spectators may be imagined.

In 1836, he was transferred to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, later, he held the same position at Potsdam. He then tried the army, but did not rise higher than lieutenant of the militia. His temporary withdrawal from the civil service is said to have been owing to the fact that the state of the family property, through his father's mismanagement, required his attention. In spite of the many wild freaks with which his name was already connected, he had the reputation of

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being a great reader, and his studies were eclectic, embracing history, theology, and philosophy—even including a thorough course of Spinoza.

He visited France and England, having first made himself familiar with the language of each country. When he came back, perhaps feeling the need of fixed occupation, he got reappointed to his old position of Referendary at Potsdam. But he did not remain there very long, his temper being roused by the President of the Court, one day, making him wait an hour for an interview.

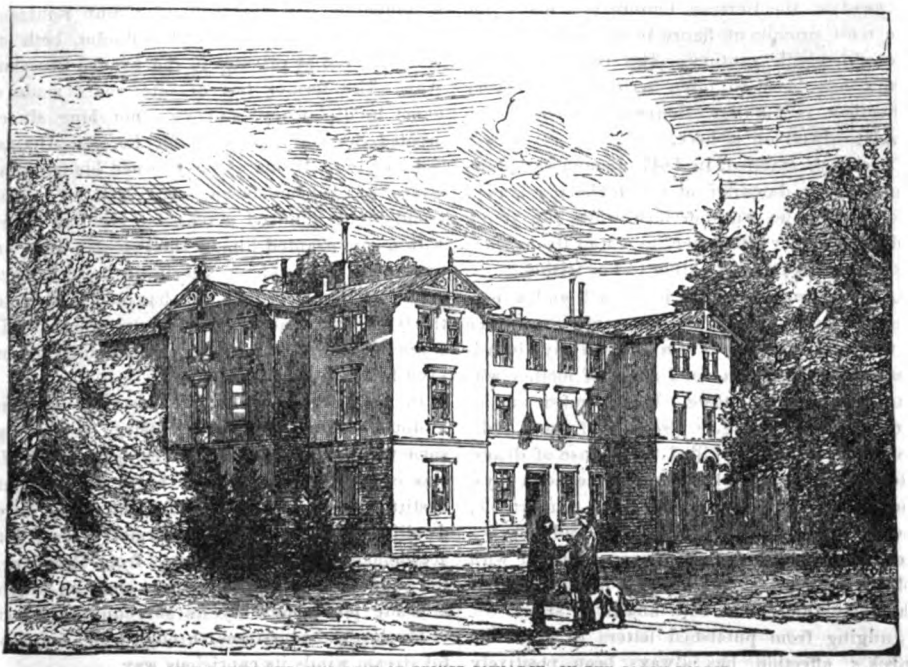
"I came to request a short leave of absence," said the irate Bismarck, when he was at last permitted to enter his chief's cabinet; "but, having passed the last hour in reflection, I now demand leave to resign."

He then returned to his home, and, his father dying in 1845, he settled down on the estate which he inherited. Here, he led the rough rollicking existence common in those days among young German land-owners, dispensing a lavish hospitality resembling that of Irish squires in the last century—playing such wild pranks and indulging in so many eccentricities as to earn for himself the name of "The Mad Bismarck."

Pecuniary difficulties apparently ensued: for he is said to have been actually contemplating seeking his fortune in the Indies, when he was elected a member of the Landstag at Berlin. He was an uncompromising Tory and the champion of Austria, and his maiden speech created such an uproar that he had to sit down, whereon he drew a newspaper from his pocket and read till quiet was restored. His power gradually made itself felt, his influence grew, and, in 1851, he was appointed Prussian Envoy to the German Diet at Frankfort, as a person likely to be agreeable to Austria; and there he launched on the career which was finally to expel that nation from the Federation.

It was not in his nature to bear the petty slights put on brother envoys by the Austrian representative, and his first open rebellion was asking that personage for a light and beginning to smoke, a privilege which had hitherto been reserved for the Vienna diplomat. By 1859, he had become so open an enemy of Austria that, for fear of complications which might arise during the Italian War, he was sent ambassador to St. Petersburg. Here, he cemented the relations already formed with the famous Gortschakoff and made himself generally popular.

In 1862, he was for a few months ambassador at Paris, and it is matter of history how completely Napoleon III and his ministers failed to appreciate his powers. To the Emperor also he was "Mad Bismarck," while he retorted



FRIEDRICHSRUHE, THE SEAT OF PRINCE BISMARCK, IN THE SAXON FOREST.

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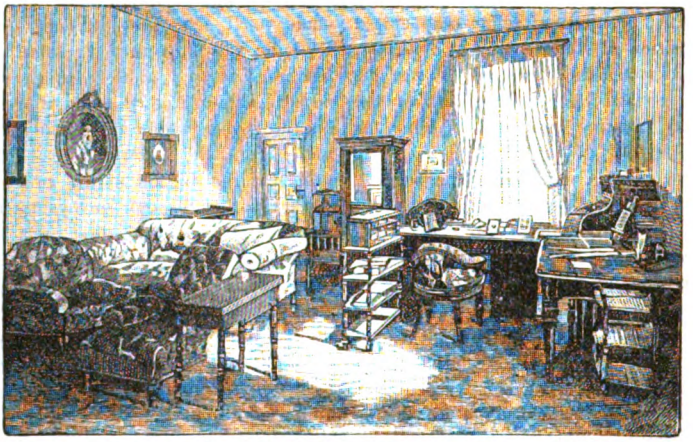
by his famous criticism: "The great unrecognized incapacity."

In 1863, he was made Minister-President of Prussia amid intense unpopularity, and, without delay and in spite of all opposition, began the stern work he deemed essential to the development of the power which he meant his country to attain. This work, not to be wrought by speeches, but by "iron and blood," in his own famous phrase, commenced by his reforms in the army—reforms which "put all Prussia into the saddle"—and the marvelous diplomatic



BISMARCK'S STUDY AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

negotiations whereby those powers of Europe with which he did not come into conflict became either allies or neutrals.

Then followed the three successive wars, the last of which completed Prussia's supremacy as head of the German Empire and made him the most prominent figure in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The record of these years has been so often written, that every schoolboy is familiar therewith—there is no need to dwell on it here.

Bismarck married, in 1847, Joanna von Puttkammer, the daughter of a neighboring landed proprietor, who was horrified when the young lady avowed her attachment to "Mad Bismarck," though he ended by yielding to her wishes.

A very happy marriage it proved, and a personal friend of Bismarck wrote some years since of the wife that "she is of a quick lively disposition, endowed with a good share of mother wit, sensibility, and good taste. Fond of music and an excellent pianist, she is also a careful and judicious housewife and skilled in the use of drugs, after the manner of noble dames of the olden days. She has made her husband's home comfortable, and intelligently shared his cares and hopes—even, to a certain extent, those connected with politics—though she is not one of those ladies who busy themselves with affairs of state."

Judging from published letters to her, Bismarck's affection has always been positively romantic in its intensity, and one catches oneself smiling when the grim chancellor addresses her by the tender epithet "my beloved heart" and others equally impassioned.

The pair have three children: the eldest, a daughter, now the wife of Count Rantzau, and two sons, Herbert and Wilhelm, both of whom served as privates in the Franco-Prussian War. The former has of late years made a name in diplomacy, and was, not long since, created Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Up to 1867, Bismarck only owned his parental estate of Schoenhausen, consisting of about twentyeight hundred acres; but, in that year, with a sum granted him by the Prussian Diet, he purchased the estate of Varzin, in Lower Pomerania. Since that time, he has added thereto thirty thousand acres, mostly unproductive soil when it came into his hands—condemned as not even fit for fir-tree plantation.

In 1871, Emperor William bestowed on him a domain situated near Hamburg, containing some twentyeight thousand acres, most of which was covered by magnificent beech forests, but destitute of mansion and arable land. The only dwelling-house, a building formerly used for accommodating summer tourists from Hamburg, the chancellor has turned into a chateau, which is made picturesque by its surrounding forest of beeches and pine-trees, through which a graceful stream winds its capricious way.

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The mansion, while making no claim to grandeur, is thoroughly comfortable, even handsome, though about the only apartment interesting to the visitor as possessing any distinctive character is Bismarck's study.

The room is crowded with desks, book-racks, and easychairs; but the object which attracts most attention is the closed table by the side of the sofa, at the left hand of the chamber—a table which ranks next in interest to the one at Fontainebleau, on which Napoleon I wrote his abdication—for upon it was signed the Treaty of Versailles in 1871.

Varzin has always remained Bismarck's favorite residence, and of that there is little to be said after one has spoken of the beauty of the park. However, Varzin can lay claim to the possession of a mystery: In the chancellor's bath-room, a door, hidden in the wall, opens on a dark winding corridor, which might be supposed to lead to a dungeon for any unwary enemy beguiled into the castle, but is in reality a means of escape for the owner from intrusive visitors. He flees through it into a nook in the park, where he lies hidden till a trusty servant warns him that the coast is clear.

As Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Bismarck draws a salary of less than fifteen thousand dollars. The rest of his income accrues from the rents yielded by his estates—rents which he owes to his own wise schemes and vast improvements. He has established saw-mills and factories, gives constant employment to hundreds of men, and is himself as good a practical farmer and forester as he is diplomat and politician.

He was made count in 1865 and prince in 1871. His first decoration was gained when he was a young lieutenant in the militia, by saving a man from drowning.

A general drill was in progress on the bank of a lake, and Bismarck was standing on a bridge with some other officers, when a soldier came down to water a horse just under the place where the party was stationed. The man, leaning over too far to pick up his whip, lost his balance and fell headlong into the lake. He did not rise, and Bismarck, throwing aside his sabre, plunged

FRIEDRICHSRUHE, FROM THE PARK.

after the unfortunate fellow. Presently those watching saw him clutch the soldier, who clung so tightly to his rescuer in his frenzy of fear that both men went under. Everybody had given them up as lost, when Bismarck rose to the surface and swam to the shore with one arm, while with the other he dragged his insensible burden, managing to keep the man's head above water until assistance could reach them.

The town of Lippehne, near which the incident happened, went into a wild state of excitement over the lieutenant's gallant conduct. The local

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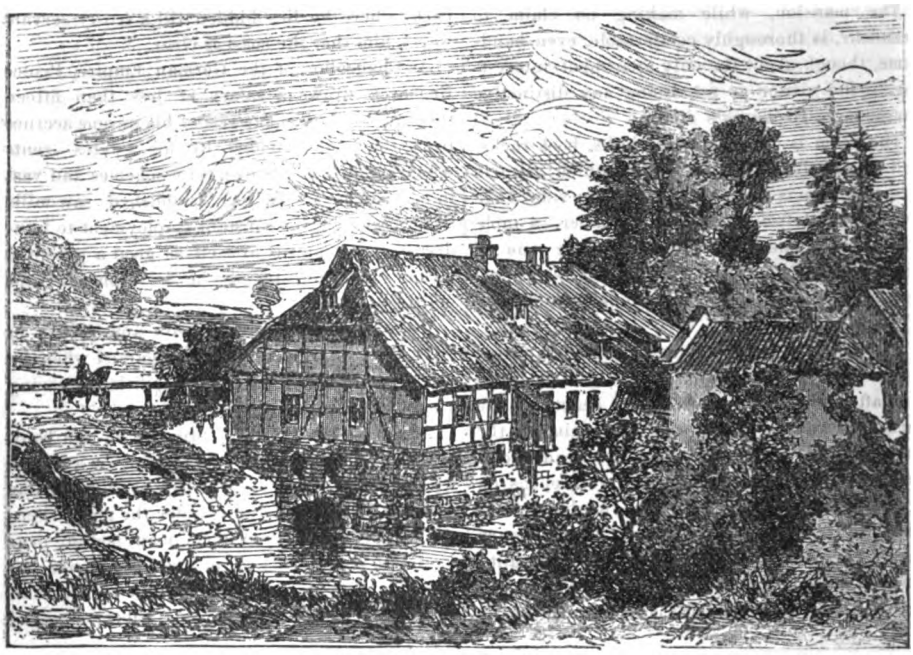

MILL AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

clergyman paid him a visit, attired in full canonicals; the head men of the place followed suit, and one can easily fancy that the whole matter must have been made wearisome to the impatient young gentleman, however much he may have prized the medal bestowed by the king when the story reached the royal ear.

Up to middle-age, Bismarck continued a bold and untiring horseman, and thought nothing of following the hounds across country for thirty or forty miles at a stretch. Indeed, long after he became prime minister, he showed that he could hold his own on occasion—noticeably at the battle of Koeniggraetz, where he stayed in his saddle for twelve hours; and later, when, on the day succeeding the victory of Sedan, he rode about from early in the morning until midnight, almost without repose.

However the world in general may regard him, Bismarck is beloved by his own family, and his dependents are devoted to him.

One who knows his whole life well asserts that he has always proved the poor man's friend, not in words alone, but in deeds. A bill for the relief of the aged destitute will always remain a noble monument to his memory.

The portrait which accompanies this article is acknowledged to be the best ever painted of him. It was the work of the famous German artist Franz Senbach, and the original hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin. It is a wonderful likeness, its faithfulness perhaps owing to the circumstances under which it was taken. The chancellor and the painter were walking in the park at Friedrichsruhe, and Bismarck stopped to look up at a flock of birds flying past. "Don't stir," Senbach cried. "Keep quite still—that is what I want." And out came book and pencil, and the sketch was made then and there.

Bismarck's religious views are as deep and conservative as his royalist opinions, yet one finds therein a great similitude to those of Cromwell. Nobody ever accused that stern iconoclast of hypocrisy; it is universally admitted that he was sincere in his professed conviction as to being an instrument in the hands of Providence, with his work too plainly shown to leave the slightest room for doubt or hesitation. And whatever else one may deny to Bismarck, one is forced to admit that his faith in his own mission is as firm and complete as was that of the great Protector.

The chancellor's bitterest enemy has never accused him of personal ambition; it is all for his country and his king; every political scheme, every diplomatic intrigue, every recourse to arms, has been the result of a plan deliberately formed and relentlessly carried out to serve that end.

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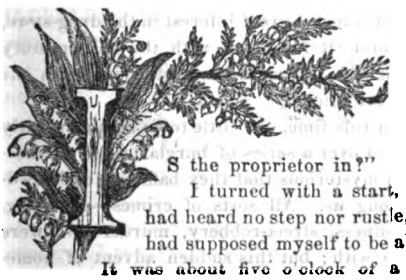
SAVED BY A TELEPHONE.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON, AUTHOR OF "IN THE TULES," "AHEAD O' TIME," ETC.



"IS the proprietor in?"

I turned with a start, for I had heard no step nor rustle, and had supposed myself to be alone.

It was about five o'clock of a dull October afternoon and already dusk—for night comes early in the Grand Ronde valley. And, in that dim uncertain light, I could only discern that the speaker was a woman, tall, slight, and, I fancied, young.

Six months previous to this time, my husband had opened a well-stocked drug and notion store in the new town of Lawrence, in Eastern Oregon. As our business was not very large at first, I had filled the place of a clerk, having had a little experience in the drug business before my marriage.

It was about the time the Oregon Short Line was completed, and no mining-camp life could have been wilder or rougher than we found it in Lawrence.

Every second building was a saloon or low dive; and we, having rooms behind our store, were so completely surrounded by dens of every description that each night was one perpetual horror to me. Violin, banjo, and accordeon kept up an incessant din until broad daylight, mingled with coarse singing, fights, pistol-shots, and stabbing affrays.

The town was not incorporated, and gambling, lawlessness, and crime ran riot in our midst.

A queer life, truly, for a refined woman. But the truth was, we were making money, and I summoned all my strength of mind to my aid, and gradually schooled myself to bear it all with equanimity.

Besides, the roughest and lowest of both sexes seemed to have a certain respect for me, as the only lady with whom they were brought in contact.

And, then, the serene peaceful loveliness of the valley almost reconciled one to the roughness of the town. The long sweep of fields, golden with waving grain; the timber-banked river winding away to lose itself in broader waters; the soft bluish haze lingering over the dimpled mountains, and the pale cloud-flecked sky bending eternally above all, make a picture varying always in light and shadow and color, but one that is always grandly beautiful.

Even when

> "Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
> And the winter winds are wearily sighing,"

the wide stretch of undulating whiteness and the blaze of scarlet in the winter sky hold one entranced.

But all this time I have left a lady standing in our store-door in the dusk of an October evening.

"Is the proprietor in?" she repeated, in a clear sweet voice, as I hesitated.

"No; he is not," I replied. "But I can wait upon you."

"I wished to see him on business," she said, hesitatingly. "Do you expect him in soon?"

"Very soon. Will you sit down and wait?"

She accepted my invitation.

I gave her an easychair, stirred the fire, and then climbed upon a high stool and lighted the chandelier.

The reader will doubtless surmise what I next did.

I turned and looked curiously in her face. She appeared to be about twentyfive years old and was very handsome. She had large, soft, dark eyes, black fluffy hair, good features, a delicious mouth, and a perfect complexion; above all, she had the appearance of a refined woman, and was dressed quietly and becomingly.

"It seems odd to see a lady in a drug-store," she remarked, pleasantly but not familiarly, as I seated myself opposite her.

"I am my husband's only clerk," I replied, briefly. "We get along very nicely."

"I like a self-reliant woman," she said, with an admiring glance at me that would have certainly touched my vanity had I not been slightly suspicious of her. "Before my mother died," with a little pathetic fall in her voice, "she taught me to depend upon myself instead of others, and I have blessed her for it a thousand times."

"Has your mother been dead long?" I asked, stupidly, not knowing what to say.

"Only a year," and she turned aside her

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head. Instead of saying something pretty in sympathy, I fell to thinking what a beautiful profile she had; and, before I had ceased thinking about it, my husband came in.

"John," said I, coolly, for I must confess I never did relish having pretty women inquiring for my husband, "here is a lady who wishes to see you."

She arose and looked at him in timid entreaty.

"I am a jeweler," she began, evidently speaking with difficulty. "I have to support myself, and, as I am not able to rent a whole building, I thought—perhaps—as you have such large windows, you might rent one of them reasonably to me. Only a small corner," she added, looking earnestly up into his face, "just to give me a chance. I will be so careful not to be in your way."

John began asking her questions, and, to my dismay, I soon discovered that he was favorably considering her proposition.

I tried to catch his attention and caution him by one look; but his attention declined to be caught. Then I tried to step on his toe; but he only moved slightly and said: "Beg pardon," without looking at me. I even stooped so low as to give him an undignified "nudge" with my elbow; but, if his left side had been paralyzed, he could not have paid less heed.

And the result was, he then and there rented that window to that woman for ten dollars a month.

I do not wish to make myself appear ridiculous; but, of course, I have my faults—who, indeed, has not?—and one of them is an unjust and unreasonable prejudice against pretty women.

Perhaps it is because I am plain myself. Often have I marveled that John ever fell in love with me; for, besides being plain, my temper is none of the sweetest. But love me he must, for very sure am I he never married me for my money, for not a cent had I.

But of Miss Halyon, as she gave her name, I was suspicious from the first. What I suspected I could not define, even to my own satisfaction. But I watched her—oh, how I did watch her! Every movement, every expression, every act.

I have a great bump of caution, however, and I flatter myself she never perceived she was the object of secret concern on my part.

I must confess that her conduct was admirable. She was always quiet and unobtrusive; deferential alike to John and me; attended strictly to business, and never received company.

After a couple of months, I began to like her, and, as for John, I fancy he liked and pitied her from the first moment his eyes met her appealing ones.

She was unselfish, and made herself useful to us in many little ways; always insisting upon remaining in the store while we went out to our meals, and even sometimes assisting me in my light housework.

She also took a great interest in the drug-store, and would sit for hours with the Dispensatory upon her knee, reading and studying with the closest attention.

About this time, our little town became greatly disturbed over a series of burglaries, so successful and mysterious that they baffled the shrewdest among us. All sorts of crimes—gambling, drunkenness, street-robbery, murder—we were familiar with; but this sudden advent of home-burglars into our midst astonished us and benumbed our faculties.

We had slept with wide-open windows and unlocked doors, and in two successive nights some three thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and plate was taken from different houses, and no traces of them could be discovered.

Miss Halyon was besieged with inquiries in regard to them, but, as none of them were ever offered to her for sale, she could give no assistance in the search.

One winter evening, when the wind was blowing and the snow drifting in great heaps about our buildings, Miss Halyon and I were sitting quietly by the fire in the store, both reading and feeling a trifle nervous, as we were alone—John having gone to the lodge.

It was about nine o'clock. The train from the East had just come in, having been delayed by a snow-slide in Pyle Cañon, and I was expecting to hear the jingling of the sleigh-bells that always announced the arrival at our door of the Wells-Fargo Express.

The express-office proper was located at the old town of Lawrence, a mile distant; but we had a branch-office in our store, my husband acting as sub-agent under Mr. Wesley, the agent in the old town.

I had always demurred at this, as we had no safe, and yet, once in a while, were compelled to keep large sums of money in the store for a day or night, which always threw a weight on my mind.

Suddenly the door opened, and, before I could turn, a man's voice exclaimed abruptly:

"Is there any express for D. P. Hazen?"

I arose and went forward.

A small slim man stood near the door, which he had just closed. He was thinly covered with freshly-fallen snow. He could have been well

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described by the one word—insignificant. You would have passed him a hundred times and not have noticed him; and, if anybody had called your attention to him on the one hundredth occasion that you passed him, you would have sworn that you had never seen him before.

This is the best description I can give of him. If I had lived in the same house with him fifty years, I think I could give no better.

"Hazen?" said I, reflectively. "No; I think not."

"Please be sure," said he, quietly; and, while I went to look on the book, he advanced and seated himself by the stove.

Miss Halyon drew aside slightly, as though she did not relish such close proximity to a stranger, I thought; and I smiled as I reflected that she would not notice such trifles when she had lived six months in Lawrence.

"Nothing for Hazen," said I, aloud, as I resumed my seat near him.

"That is strange," returned he, reflectively. "I fully expected a package."

"It will doubtless be here to-morrow," I remarked, carelessly, resuming my reading, for he did not seem worth much attention.

"I beg your pardon," said he, quietly; and, as I looked up inquiringly, he took a small square card from his case and handed it to me. I found written on it, in fine beautiful chirography: "D. P. Hazen, Private Detective, W. F. & Co., Chicago."

I lifted my eyes involuntarily to his, and found that he was quietly regarding me with a sphinx-like face. I felt the blood recede from my cheeks.

Could it be that anything was wrong with the company's business so far as we were concerned? But no; impossible. What could be wrong? And yet—oh, why, why did the man look at me with such grave questioning eyes?

"I am happy to meet you," I murmured, and my voice sounded oddly to my own ears. "You come on business connected with—with—"

"With a robbery of Wells-Fargo Express," he replied, without moving his eyes from my face. "It lies between this town and Upham."

"I have heard nothing of it," I faltered, confused by that horrible fear—many an innocent person has known it—that I was going to be accused of something of which I was guiltless.

"Probably not," replied Mr. Hazen, indifferently, rising and buttoning his great-coat. "It has been kept a secret, and—you will do well to say nothing about it. Tell your husband"—as carelessly as though he had known me all his life—"that I will call to see him to-morrow morning."

He bowed courteously to us both and went out into the bitter stormy night, leaving me almost dazed.

"How did he know I had a husband?" I asked Miss Halyon, shivering and drawing nearer to the fire.

"He seems to know a good deal," she replied, thoughtfully. And then we dropped the subject, but "D. P. Hazen, Private Detective," was not out of my mind one minute that entire evening.

However, I was slightly reassured after his visit to my husband. All he asked of us was to be allowed to loiter about the store and watch everyone who came in on express-business.

"There are parties living in this valley," he said, "who, sooner or later, will come here and send a package to a certain address, and I must see them, to be able to identify them. They may come within a week, and they may not come for a month; but to this office they will be sure to come, as it is nearer the depot—and right here I must stay. I will wander about town and try to ferret out something in regard to these recent burglaries, just for recreation," he added, smiling his weary smile, that never seemed to have any mirth in it.

At the close of two days, that fellow knew the name and reputation of every man, woman, and child in Lawrence. He knew the boy who played the best game of baseball, the girl who had the biggest doll, and the men who abused their wives. He knew that a little band of sheep grazed, at night, away up on the side of the hills—so far, that the "tinkle, tinkle" of their musical bells could not be heard down in the valley.

He laughed about the many petitions we had sent to Washington for the removal of the post-office from the old town to the new, and the many times we had been disappointed.

All our little hobbies and scandals were an open secret to him: in short, he knew all about our town and its people, and all about every other town in Oregon.

He entertained us, those long winter evenings, with personal reminiscences and detective-stories that won our hearts, despite their secret resolves not to be won. There was a hotel he desired to watch, which could only be seen from my kitchen window, and another which was only visible from my bed-room; so that it came to pass that a private detective lounged in my home, fell asleep on my sofa, and dined sometimes at my table.

And, what is more, he made himself so agree-

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able—was so courteous and unselfish—that we all liked him and reposed perfect confidence in him, except perhaps Miss Halyon, who tried to avoid his company.

One evening, she and I were alone in the store. Mr. Hazen had been away somewhere in the valley for a couple of days, and John was at the lodge.

Miss Halyon had been trying to persuade me to go to bed, as I was not feeling very well. Everything was so quiet, that we both started when the telephone suddenly pealed out our call. We had no switch-board, and each office had a separate call, ours being three short rings.

"How it startled me!" exclaimed Miss Halyon, turning pale. "I wouldn't answer it, Mrs. Austin; it is probably a dispatch, and you cannot go out such a night as this."

I remember I laughed as I shook my head and went around behind the prescription-case and gave the answering ring.

"Hullo!" said a sharp quick voice, which seemed faintly familiar to me, though I knew I had never heard it over the wire before.

"Hullo!" I replied.

There was a slight hesitation, and then "Is that you?" said the voice, with a significant emphasis.

As I was not above a little joke through the telephone, I instantly responded in the affirmative.

"Is everything all right?"

"All right."

"Has anything come?" eagerly.

"Yes," said I, rather doubtfully, fearful that I was going too far with my joke.

"When shall it be? To-night?"

"When shall what be?" I cried, bursting out laughing. "And who in the world are you, anyhow? And what are you talking about?"

There was an exclamation that sounded like an oath, and then "Who are you?" exclaimed my interlocutor, savagely. "If you have fooled me, by heaven I'll make you regret it!"

"I shall very likely regret it, then," I replied, still laughing: "for I have certainly fooled you in first-class style."

There was another terrible oath, and then the instrument was closed violently.

Somehow, this little incident impressed me deeply. I could not banish it from my mind during the whole evening. Who was my questioner? And for whom did he mistake me?

Our store was the principal telephone-office. In the old town of Lawrence, a mile distant, there were instruments only in the livery-stable and in the doctor's office; and, in Ilman, three miles down the valley, one in the drug-store and another in the warehouse.

Through which of these had those questions been asked? I sat down and looked thoughtfully into the fire. Miss Halyon laughed, and declared it was someone playing a joke on me; but, though I tried hard to regard it in that light, my mind was still uneasy.

I was finally aroused from my reverie by the entrance of a customer, who desired an ounce of chloroform for toothache.

I smiled as I went to the poison-closet; for, only a few moments before John's departure for the lodge, we both had occasion to go to this closet at the same time, and John said, tapping the chloroform-bottle with his pencil:

"I declare, I haven't sold a drop of chloroform for a month!"

"Nor I," I returned, laughing. "Only see how thick the dust is on the bottle."

And now, so soon after this conversation, I had a call for it.

I opened the door of the closet carefully, and the bell attached gave its little sharp clear "ting. ting" to remind me that I was about to handle poisons. I took down the chloroform-bottle and had my lips already pursed up to blow off the dust, when, to my astonishment, I perceived that there was no dust on it. Even the stopper was clean, and, what was more, a few drops of the liquid had trickled down, staining the label and settling on the shelf.

I was certainly surprised at this; but I immediately reflected that John must have sold some just before going out, and I soon forgot all about it; nor did I think to speak to him of it when he came home.

About ten o'clock the following morning, John came into my room, where I was sitting with Miss Halyon, with an open telegram in his hand.

"I have just received a dispatch," said he, glancing at his watch, "calling me to Pendleton on business connected with this express-robbery, and I have barely time to catch the train. If only Hazen were here. I don't understand their sending for me. Will you be afraid to remain alone with Miss Halyon?"

"N-no," returned I, doubtfully. For I was a veritable coward.

"I would not go on any less important business," said John, looking worried and perplexed. "But this must be attended to. Be careful that everything is locked up safely, and do not forget that there are ten thousand dollars in gold in the house."

Miss Halyon gave a little cry.

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"Oh, do you think it safe to leave so much?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said John, smiling. "Nobody knows it is here. It came by express, this morning. Put it in your pillow," he added, turning to me; "and do not forget it for a moment."

Shortly after his departure, Miss Halyon asked me coaxingly if I would make a chocolate cake, a delicacy of which she was particularly fond.

"I will light the fire for you," she cried, gayly. "And then I will stay in the store, and, if anyone come in—which isn't likely, this dull day—I'll call you. Come, now—isn't that fair?"

She looked so bright and lovely, that I involuntarily put my arm around her and kissed her.

"Who could resist you?" I asked, laughing. "I suppose I must do it, to please you. But the kitchen is so far back, it takes a long time to call me when anyone is waiting."

With a merry retort, she ran away to build a fire. And, presently, when the stove was hot, I donned my white apron and went out, prepared for a good hour's baking.

A man was standing at the half-open door, with a long box on his arms.

"Your husband sent me to the express-office fur a telephone," said he, "and told me fur to put it up in your bed-room."

I then recollected that John had ordered another instrument from San Francisco, to be put in our chamber for greater convenience at night. By some mistake, this had come by Pacific Express, instead of Wells-Fargo.

Our bed-room opened into the kitchen, so I threw open the door, showed the man where to put the telephone, and then resumed my occupation.

Probably half an hour had passed, and I was just frosting the top layer of my cake, when a loud ring told me that the man had succeeded in connecting this instrument with the others on the circuit. Not having a switch-board, one instrument could not be rung without all on the line ringing at the same time. Thus, when Number One called Number Two, the ring was heard by Number Three—who, if so disposed, could listen and overhear a whole conversation not intended for his ears.

John had very strictly forbidden me ever to listen to the dialogues of others, and I had always been careful to obey him.

"Is it all right?" I asked, running into the room, spatula in hand.

"I reckon so," replied the man, dubiously, scratching his head. "I heard the thing ring."

The bell again tinkled out the call of the drug-store at Ilman, and almost instantly came the reply.

"I'll see if it works all right," said I, thinking it would do no harm to listen once.

As I put the tube to my ear, I was startled to hear the sharp quick tones I had heard the previous night exclaim:

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"—and, to my still greater astonishment, I recognized Miss Halyon's voice.

"Well?" said the man's tones, sharply.

"It's the right person this time, Ned," said Miss Halyon, with a low soft laugh.

I had now certainly satisfied myself that the instrument "worked" well, and should have ceased listening to a private conversation; but something held me spell-bound.

"How did you come to get me into such a scrape last night?" demanded the man, savagely.

"Oh," said Miss Halyon, again laughing, but very slyly this time, "I couldn't get her off to bed last night, to save me. Usually, I have only to suggest such a thing, and she takes me at my word; but last night—just because I made sure it would be all right—it was a complete failure. I almost jumped out of my dress when you did ring and she went to the telephone."

"Curse a 'she,' anyhow!" returned the voice, vindictively. "I'd rather try to manage a man any time."

"I got her off to bake a cake about half an hour ago, so it's all clear now, Ned. He has gone to Pendleton, in response to a telegram from Jule. It"—with a mysterious emphasis—"came this morning, and I telegraphed Jule to send for him."

"We must do it to-night, then!"

"Oh, of course; to-night at half-past eleven."

"What are you going to give her?"

"Chloroform."

I now understood so much of the diabolical scheme on foot that I could stand only by leaning heavily against the wall. The shock was terrible. A cold perspiration stood all over my face, and there was a horrible ringing in my ears; but I strained them until I heard every word.

"Are you just going to give her enough to put her to sleep, or—"

A significant pause completed the sentence.

"'Or,' I think," said Miss Halyon, with a horrible laugh that made me turn cold. "I stole enough chloroform yesterday, so that's all right."

"Everything will be ready, then, at half-past eleven."

"Yes; be at the back door at that time

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exactly. Have the sleigh in the alley. Bring our disguises to the house, so we can dress with the aid of my lady's mirror. We will reach Meacham's in time for the morning train, and no one will ever dream that the old farmer and his wife have got ten thousand dollars at the bottom of their basket of eggs. Ah!—hush!—" she exclaimed, hurriedly—"someone is coming in!"

I heard first one instrument and then the other close; yet I stood there with the tube glued to my ear, too numb and bewildered to move, until suddenly the old Irishman spoke:

"Shure, mum, does she wurrk?"

I started as if I had been shot, and almost shrieked aloud, so great was the shock of hearing a human voice at my side; for, in the awful horror of the last few moments, I had forgotten that I was not alone.

But I controlled myself as well as I could, and closed the instrument.

"Yes, it works all right," I said, hurriedly, drawing such hard short breaths I could only speak with difficulty. "You can go now. Please go at once, so I can lock the door and go in the store," I added; for I knew, if a customer had come in, Miss Halyon would come for me.

As soon as the old man had shouldered his tools and stumbled out the back gate, I ran to the side board and hastily drained a glass of wine, that soon brought the blood back to my face. I had just time to get into the kitchen and resume my work, when Miss Halyon entered.

I was sorely afraid my countenance would betray my knowledge of the fearful crime she was plotting, but I summoned all my courage to my aid, and bravely looked her full in the face.

"A boy wants some chloroform," she said, smiling serenely and holding a little bottle airily toward me.

"And couldn't you find it?" I asked, carelessly; but my eyes fell, unable to meet hers.

"No," she said, with a merry laugh. "I looked every place. Is the cake finished?"

I nodded, and took the bottle, shrinking involuntarily as I touched her cool slim hand—the hand that had clasped mine in friendship, and which once I had even kissed when it ministered to my suffering in sickness; the hand that was, in a few hours, to murder me.

How I managed to control myself that she might suspect nothing, while suffering such an agony of doubt as to what course would be best to pursue, I do not know. But, now that I come to think of it, I fancy she was so occupied with the desire to throw me entirely off guard, that she did not notice my nervousness at all.

We ate luncheon together, and she drank a glass of wine with me, clinking her glass against mine with the charming abandon of a little bacchante.

"Here's to your future happiness!" she said, looking at me over her glass, with a laughing demon in her beautiful eyes.

After luncheon, she always took a long walk over the crisp frozen fields. On this day, as soon as she was out of sight, I ran like some wild thing across the street, to a neighbor. Mr. Brown was a warm friend of my husband's, and, to my inexpressible relief, he listened with credent ear to my unreasonable story.

"It certainly seems improbable," he said, thoughtfully, when I had finished, "that such a diabolical plot could have been formed against you by Miss Halyon. But I will talk to a few of your friends about it, and you shall hear from me in an hour or two hours. In the meantime, try to find the chloroform she has secreted; and, if you find it, pour out all but enough to give it the required odor and fill it up with water; then replace the bottle where you find it. If you do find it," he added, gravely, "you are in serious danger; but I will save you."

At my agitated entreaty, he accompanied me to Miss Halyon's room, which was in a private boarding-house. Her room was locked. We were, of course, forced to take the landlady into our confidence; and, after trying at least a dozen keys, we found one which opened her door.

After a careful search of about ten minutes, I found, in a corner of a bureau-drawer, a small bottle filled with a colorless liquid. I removed the stopper and smelled the contents.

It was chloroform!

"My dear Mrs. Austin," said Mr. Brown, turning very white, "run home and compose yourself, before that fiend returns. Mrs. Jenkins and I will arrange this little bottle so that the contents could not harm a fly. Make some excuse and come to my house in two hours, and I will have my plans all ready."

I gladly obeyed.

I was sitting by the fire, quietly embroidering, when Miss Halyon returned.

"I wonder where Mr. Hazen is," she said, carelessly, flinging her shawl over a chair.

I started, despite my efforts to the contrary. Where, indeed? Oh, if he were only here now! Why had I not thought of him before? And he had never liked or trusted Miss Halyon, I reflected, nor she him.

But it was too late now; and, besides, I had not the slightest idea as to his whereabouts. But, all that day, I watched and hoped for his coming.

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As the clock struck three, I arose, feigning a yawn.

"As business is dull," I said, carelessly throwing Miss Halyon's shawl about my shoulders, "I will run over and get Mrs. Brown to teach me that new stitch. You can call me, if you need me."

Miss Halyon nodded—with a look of relief, I fancied—and I hastened over to my neighbor's.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, smiling encouragingly at me as I entered his presence, "everything is nicely arranged. Be seated, my dear, while I tell you about it. First of all, I rode down to Hall's drug-store at Ilman. Mr. Hall was alone and could give me no clue. He said he was out between ten o'clock and noon, but could not be quite positive as to the exact time; was out about half an hour, leaving in charge a new clerk whom he has had only three or four days. We are all convinced that this is the man. He is short and stout, with strikingly black hair and mustache, but light eyes. Now, listen: Exert yourself to act as if nothing unusual had occurred; you are a strong woman, and I feel sure you can do it. Go to bed at the usual time and feign sleep. The girl will then, probably, chloroform you, and you must soon begin to breathe deeply and heavily, then gradually more faintly, until she thinks all safe. I will watch with a dozen men, and, the instant anyone enters your house, we will surround it and seize him."

I was appalled by this plan, but was ashamed to confess it; and, after reflecting a moment, I told him that I was sure I could carry out his instructions faithfully. I fear his little complimentary allusion to the strength of my mind buoyed me up.

At this moment, Miss Halyon's clear voice came ringing across the street, and I ran home to find several customers in the store, to wait upon whom kept me busy fully an hour.

The short winter afternoon wore away. I shivered more than once as darkness came on; but I had now fully made up my mind to carry out the difficult part assigned me. I waxed exceedingly cheerful on the thought that I was soon to become a heroine; my coolness and self-possession came back to my aid, and I grew remarkably brave and independent.

The evening passed quietly. Miss Halyon read aloud in a clear even voice that never once faltered, while I knitted. At nine o'clock, she suggested that we should retire. I put her off, and thus gained twenty minutes. Then I arose, yawning, and went sleepily about the store, counting up the sales, making some entries in the book, etc., etc.

Just as I was closing the doors, a man came in for some fluid extract of digitalis.

I went to the poison-closet, and, as I opened the door, I received instantly the impression that something inside had been changed. This was important, and I racked my brain to discover what it was. By the time I had filled a small bottle with digitalis and labeled it, I knew what had happened: On a shelf which held only ounce bottles, all of which were labeled "Poison!" in scarlet letters on green background, one bottle had been removed and the others pushed along so as to conceal its removal.

I ran my eye over the shelf and then over a list of the poisons it contained, said list being tacked on the inside of the door. I turned cold with an awful terror: for the bottle removed contained one of the deadliest known poisons—hydrocyanic acid.

I instantly reflected, however, that it was not as bad as chloroform, as she could not give it to me unless I drank something; and when, soon after the man departed, she offered me a glass of sherry, I politely declined.

It just was half-past ten o'clock when I at last lay down in my bed, with what feelings the reader can perhaps imagine. Presently, I began to feign sleep, and attempted my first snore; it sounded so forced and unnatural to my own ears, that I almost laughed aloud.

I thought better of it, however, and snored placidly away with all my might—first a long snore, then a short one, then a sigh, etc.—until at last I began to fear I might snore myself out, and was beginning to "fill in" with little sleepy murmurs and moans when suddenly there was a movement—and a soft damp cloth was thrown over my face.

An awful silence followed. I lay perfectly quiet; but, when I reflectedthat she thought she was giving me chloroform, while I knew she was giving me water, that terrible hysterical inclination to laugh again seized me. But again I conquered it and faithfully followed my instructions. The clock had struck eleven sometime before, and a dreamy sensation was stealing over me, when suddenly she removed the cloth, saturated it again, and instantly pressed it tightly all over my nostrils and mouth.

This meant suffocation if not chloroforming, and I became so violently angry, in spite of my dulled senses, that, with one bound, I darted up in bed and dashed the bottle out of her hand.

"Good heaven!" I cried. "Don't you think I've got enough? It's only water, anyhow!"

She uttered a shriek of mortal terror and

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sprang backward off the bed; and, as she fell, I saw her thrust her hand in her bosom. But I thought nothing of it—for, just then, I saw something else: a man had entered stealthily, and now, with a terrible oath, he dashed at me.

But, as I fell, there came a shout and a rush of many feet, and I knew I was saved. For a moment only, I lost consciousness; but, even in that short time, I perceived, when my mind became clear, that something terrible had taken place:

On the floor, prone, breathing slowly and laboriously, lay Miss Halyon. There was a thick froth about her mouth, and her eyes were protruded and staring with an agony which no words can describe.

"What is it?" I cried, staggering to her and immediately forgetting everything but her terrible suffering.

A dozen men were standing around; but kneeling beside her was the one for whom she had risked her life.

"God only knows what she has taken," he said to me, brokenly. "She's threatened to kill herself a hundred times. "They've gone for the doctor—oh, if he would only come—only come!"

"Great heaven!" cried I—for, in bending over her, that awful odor of bitter almonds, which every druggist knows, had come to my nostrils—"she has taken hydrocyanic acid! she will be dead in a moment!"

Her glazing eyes turned to me and an awful convulsion shook her frame; but, in that last look, I read an agonized appeal for pardon. Her purple lips parted, and through her set teeth she gasped: "For—his—sake!" and, so gasping, died.

And the man for whom she sold her soul? He is serving a life-sentence in the penitentiary; and perhaps—who knows?—there are times when he envies the lot of the beautiful girl who sleeps in a lonely grave in the shadow of the Blue Mountains, and who would have been a happy honored woman had she never met him—who was none other than "D. P. Hazen, Private Detective."

By pretending to be in Wells-Fargo's employ, he had become familiar with every corner of our store and home. He confessed that he had been in Lawrence, under a different disguise, before Miss Halyon came, and had burglarized private houses, and Miss Halyon had sent the valuables away under our very eyes. We remembered when too late the many packages we had expressed for her to New York. By feigning a desire to learn the drug-business, he had worked his way into the store in the neighboring town, where his accomplice could keep him informed, without arousing suspicion, of all that transpired in Lawrence, which could in any way regard their plans.

I tell my husband that the moral to this story is that a man should never befriend a lovely woman against his wife's wishes and prejudices: in reply, he only shrugs his shoulders and looks scornful.

But there is a moral in the fate of the girl who lies with folded hands in an unknown grave, where only the night-wind makes its sorrowful moan, and

"The pine, dropping burrs in the sweet autumn weather.
Sadly and softly its rosary tells."

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Blight hangs o'er the fairest flowers,
Sunny mornings end in showers,
Golden clouds at eve of day
Change full soon to sombre gray;
Paths that glow with rosy light
Lead to deepest, darkest night;
Hope is always marred by fear,
Disappointments 'wait us here.

Through the portals of each home
Soon or late a change will come:
Dear ones labored for in pain
Turn aside to lesser gain,
Deaf to sighs and blind to tears,
Careless of the love of years;
Or, perchance, the loved of all
Stands where darkest shadows fall.

Goals which seemed to hold within
Treasures that we hoped to win,
Reached at last, are cold and bare
Of the comforts promised there—
Empty of their promised bliss,
Vapid as a dreamer's kiss,
All the light within them gone,
Shining somewhere farther on.

Oh, for wings to waft us higher!
Oh, for hearts that can aspire,
Hope that will not be deferred,
Buoyant as a summer bird,
Eyes to view the "promised land"
Where the waiting mansions stand,
Faith to see what God above
Gives the children of His love!

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HUGH BICKESTER'S WIFE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ET Johnson be ready to take me out in half an hour," said Mr. Bickester to the servant who answered the parlor bell.

A cloud fell over the fair face of his wife.

"Are you going out this evening?" she asked, and the disappointment in her voice was perhaps not unmixed with reproof.

"Yes; there is to be quite a famous guest at the club to-night," he said; "some English swell, and we are to give him a supper, and then a party of us go to the opera. It is something I must not fail to do my share of—this entertaining business, you know, Clarice."

"It must be very delightful to be entertained," she said, sarcastically. "I would like to realize it myself."

"Well, isn't De Forest coming around to practice with you? I saw him to-day, and told him to come. I don't want you to get lonesome; and you know I am very liberal with you. I don't know another fellow with a handsome wife who is as glad to have his friends entertain her, and be entertained by her, as I am."

"Oh, yes; I know that," Mrs. Bickester answered, with a weary little sigh. "But sometimes a wife is so foolish, you know, as to prefer her husband to her husband's friends. However, I would be the last woman on earth to want you to stay at home one evening, or one hour, against your own inclinations. There is the bell—no doubt it is De Forest and his violin."

It was De Forest with his violin, and accompanied by a strikingly handsome man, whom he introduced as Count Dubois.

"I took the liberty of bringing my friend with me," he said to Mr. and Mrs. Bickester, as he placed his violin at the end of the piano, "without waiting to ask permission. The count only arrived this afternoon from an extended tour of the States; and I did not wish to neglect the kind invitation extended to me to-day by the hospitable host of this mansion, and I felt sure I could not better entertain my friend than to bring him here into the presence of the charming hostess."

"I am very glad you took the liberty, and I trust you will have a pleasant evening," Mr. Bickester said, as he rose to go out. "As for me, I have a duty of entertainment to perform at the club to-night; and duty is not always the greatest pleasure, you know, if it is supposed to bring the highest happiness. In this instance, I am certain, both the pleasure and the highest happiness would be secured by foregoing the duty and remaining at home with three such companions. However, I trust to have that privilege on many future occasions. Count Dubois, consider the house yours while you remain with us. Any friend of Mr. De Forest's is welcome. Good-evening, gentlemen; au revoir, madame."

Hugh Bickester little dreamed how fully Count Dubois would carry out the privilege accorded him by his host.

"Oh, yes; it was a very pleasant evening, as such evenings go," Clarice told her husband, when he asked her if she was well entertained during his absence. "Mr. De Forest played better than usual, and he brought a beautiful composition with him—something new, for piano and violin. And, best of all, Count Dubois sang. He has a marvelous tenor voice, which affected me powerfully. I could not restrain the tears when he sang one song. Mr. De Forest tells me he is the last of a very old family in France—the sole possessor of the title and the estate, which yields him a competence."

"And he has come to America to seek a rich wife? He is very shrewd—he will, of course, succeed," laughed Hugh. "Scores of heiresses will be glad to lay their fortunes at his feet, in exchange for his title."

"But he could not give his title to a score of them very well," Clarice responded. "And Mr. De Forest tells me he has a romantic history; he lost the idol of his heart—a young girl whom he was to wed—just before they were to have been married. That was ten years ago, and he has been a restless wanderer ever since, and never taken the least interest in womankind. Isn't it sad?"

"Very, if true, and a harmless little story at all events," Mr. Bickester replied. "He is evidently a very highly cultivated fellow, and a very handsome man. We are quite fortunate in

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being the first to entertain him. No doubt, he will become the sensation ere long, and charming Mrs. Bickester will be more than ever the envied of her sex, for having been the first to feed the lion."

Clarice smiled a sad little smile.

"Charming Mrs. Bickester asks for no honors of that kind, and for no notoriety in connection with foreign counts or society lions," she said. "She would much prefer to have her name spoken only in connection with her husband's."

"And his spoken only in connection with hers? A couple noted for their conjugal devotion? That cannot be in these days, my dear, when society demands so much of husband and wife in different directions. Were we dwelling in Arcadia, clothed in fig-leaves and sustained by falling fruit and running brooks, we could afford to forget the whole world and live for each other only, with 'Love is enough' for our motto. But we dwell in a hard and practical age. Society is composed of wheels within wheels. I am dependent upon Jones, Smith, and Brown for success in my business. Consequently I must not offend Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown; in fact, I must be gallant and compliment them when we meet, and you must be as charming as possible to them all. The more popular you are every way, the better for me. If we care for nobody, nobody cares for us. And this reminds me that Harry Gray and his wife are getting up a theatre-party for this evening, and have asked us and any of our friends to join them. Suppose I drop around and invite De Forest and Dubois?"

Another shadow flitted across the face of Mrs. Bickester as this proposition was made; but she assented readily, and Hugh went out to hunt up his musical friend and the count.

Clarice had thought she and Hugh might enjoy a delightful tête-à-tête evening at home that night, but she gave up the idea now. She had been married five years, and to her the love and romance of the union were unabated, undimmed. Indeed, she loved her husband far better, more passionately, than when she had married him.

She had been a belle in her first season, he some eight years her senior. He had wooed her with ardent devotion, and won her away from a throng of eager suitors. She loved him then with a young girl's timid love; she worshiped him now, with an awakened woman's deep passion. But, while her home and her domestic joys became each year more satisfying to Clarice, she saw with alarm Hugh's growing distaste for quiet evenings and simple pleasures. He wanted a crowd about him. He grew more devoted to the club. He craved excitement. He never took her out now for an evening at the theatre alone, and a cozy supper afterward, as in the old days. It must be a theatre-party now, where he was the escort of some other lady, she the recipient of some other gallant's attention. If she complained, he called her attention to the fact that he was quite as liberal with her as he was with himself. He invited gentlemen to the house, and was glad to have her entertain them. Of course he could not always remain at home: a man in business and in society had a thousand things to take his time and attention. If he provided for his family, paid all bills without objection, and never left his wife to mope at home alone, what complaint could she make?

Surely none, save that of a starving heart. But there is no law of the statutes or of society which enables a woman to gain redress for wrongs of this kind.

Perhaps there was no real wrong in the matter at this juncture. We must make allowances for inherited natures. Hugh Bickester was the son of an ambitious and unhappy politician, who fought his way from obscurity to notoriety, and died, leaving his only child the inheritance of his ambitious propensities, his restlessness and craving for excitement, and his selfish blindness to the smaller duties of life which lie so close we often overlook them.

He had, like many men, been wild in his pursuit of a lovely woman, until he made her wholly his own. Then he had become accustomed to the thought of possession, and, while he was content and satisfied with his choice, other aims, objects, and pleasures, aside from his home, became necessary to his happiness.

Clarice often exhibited a lack of tact in her management of him, which a more worldly woman would have avoided. She complained of the change from lover to husband—of the absence of his former interest in her; and a man never is won over by complaints, especially if it is his wife who makes them.

And she questioned him when he went out, and when he returned, concerning his whereabouts and actions; and a man never enjoys or is made better by this espionage of his conduct, especially one who for many years has lived a life of bachelor freedom.

Hugh Bickester took especial pains to see that Clarice was never left alone, but he showed no return of his old passing devotion to his home, which had blessed her early married life. And though now he almost invariably announced where he was to pass his time, and how, when absent

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from Clarice, which rendered her questioning unnecessary. his absences were more frequent and prolonged, and the term "domestic happiness" seemed one of mocking derision to Clarice. She was unhappy, but she was not a woman to sit and pine and grieve.

She preferred the society of her husband to that of all the world beside; but, if she could not have it, she accepted the society of the agreeable men who were ever ready to do her homage. Among them, Count Dubois was foremost. Handsome, cultured, magnetic, the possessor of a thrilling tenor voice and an inflection whose every expression was a caress, he was a dangerous companion for most women. But, sheltered behind her great love for her husband, Clarice seemed to be proof against all his fascinations. She admired him, she enjoyed his society, she was thrilled by his singing, but her heart was untouched.

While Count Dubois? He was growing madly, fiercely, hopelessly in love with the fair unhappy woman with whom he was thrown so constantly by the oft-expressed desire of her husband.

When he first became aware of the danger of the sentiment which was dawning in his breast, let us do him the justice to say that he made a resolve to avoid and fly temptation. He remained a whole week away from the Bickesters', and then Hugh hunted him up and insisted upon his going home to dinner with him.

"We are perfectly forlorn without you," he said. "We made up a theatre-party last evening, and half a dozen fair ladies were disconsolate because you were not of the number. Mrs. Bickester was cross-questioned by each lady separately, and obliged to confess her utter ignorance of your whereabouts. Now, I don't want this to occur again, my dear count, while you are in the city. See that you report here at least twice a week."

What could a man, a Frenchman, do, under those circumstances? Madly in love with the wife, and urged—nay, commanded—by the husband to seek her presence, he, of course, cast his scruples to the wind and plunged into the exciting game of love. Very carefully, very slowly, very systematically, he laid his plans to win the heart of the wife from her husband. He made slow progress; but he was so madly in love, he felt he could afford to wait.

Hugh Bickester frequented the club more and more, and was less and less at his own fireside, and, when he was at home, he invariably wanted a crowd about him. It was more than six months from the time when Count Dubois first entered the Bickester home, that husband and wife sat alone in their handsome parlors again. Hugh glanced at his watch.

"I must be off," he said; "I am half an hour late at the club now."

Clarice looked at him with an expression of infinite longing and tenderness in her face, which had grown strangely thin and pallid of late.

"Why do you never spend any more quiet evenings with me at home?" she said. "Why do you always want to go away for entertainment, or have a crowd about you? Have you lost all interest in your home and your wife, Hugh?"

"Why, of course not! What a foolish idea," he answered, carelessly.

She sat gazing at him a moment in silence. Then she rose suddenly, her cheeks flushing, her eyes flashing.

"I know one thing," she said, slowly—"I know I have not lost your love because I have ceased to be an attractive woman: for other men find me attractive, if my husband does not."

He might have seen, he might have known, that she was laboring under some strange excitement when she spoke those words. He ought to have taken the alarm then and there, but he did not.

He was too sure of her absolute love and devotion to feel troubled. He only looked at her, smiling lazily, as he lighted his cigar.

"Of course you are attractive, Clarice," he said. "I do not see that you look a day older than you did when I married you. Why should you? I give you every comfort and luxury, and never find fault with you in any way, or deny you one wish. I don't know any married woman who lives an easier life than you do, Clarice. Money, ease, luxury, society, full liberty to do as you please, to go and come, and entertain whom you will—I think I am a pretty good husband, as husbands go, after all. But good-night—I must be off. I suppose the count is coming to practice that duet with you, is he not?"

Clarice, who had not taken her eyes from his face while he spoke, but had listened with the flush slowly dying from her cheek, and leaving it more ghastly in its pallor than before, turned now and walked to the opposite side of the room, as she said in a low and weary tone: "Yes, he is coming. Good-night, Hugh."

Five minutes later, she stood alone, leaning her brow on her clasped hands above the mantel, the very droop of her figure bespeaking a listless despairing weariness of soul and body, when a rich and melodious voice spoke close at her side:

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"Madame—madame, are you ill?"

She started violently, and looked up into the handsome face of Count Dubois. He was standing very near her. She trembled with a strange agitation.

"You are certainly ill," he said, and he drew her hand in his arm and led her gently to a divan and seated himself beside her. They were silent for a moment.

"I met monsieur your husband, madame, as I came in," the count said, presently. "It is a strange mystery to me how a man with such a beautiful home and lovely wife can leave them both so often for the boudoir of an actress like Nanine. Her brazen beauty would repel, not attract, me. I am glad, madame, that you do not allow yourself to pine away in solitude, and make yourself miserable on that account. I am glad that you allow yourself the pleasures of society, even though you starve your heart and the hearts of those who adore you."

While the count spoke, Clarice felt herself growing cold and numb. She closed her eyes and swayed backward, where a gentle arm was stretched to support her. She yielded herself to its pressure unconsciously. Heart and brain were so tortured and stung with pain, she gave no thought to her body.

"What were you saying about—about Nanine?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Surely you are jesting. My husband does not go to see that actress, save in the audience. We have all been to see her several times. She plays well. But he—oh, no, you are mistaken, Count Dubois."

The count laughed, a bitter sarcastic laugh, unpleasant to hear.

"My dear lady," he said, "I did not suppose you ignorant of this matter, or I should never have been the first to speak of it to you. But the whole city knows what a slave to Nanine Monsieur Bickester has become during the last two months. No day passes that he does not see her. He is said to be most favored of all her lovers, just now. But surely, madame, you—" At this juncture, the count's remarks were interrupted by the sudden dropping of a limp figure against his shoulder. Clarice had fainted.

She recovered consciousness to find herself held closely in the count's arms, his hands stroking her brow, his pale face bent closely above her own, while he murmured passionate words of endearment.

"My darling, my beautiful one," he cried, as she opened her eyes, "you must not grieve over one man's perfidy and falseness. Here is one who loves you better than his life, who will give you devotion, tenderness, happiness forever. Fly with me, dearest; go this very night. Let your husband seek the actress, but never again let him insult you by coming home to you. It is more sinful to dwell with him after he is untrue to you, than to fly with one who will devote his life to making you happy. Come, go with me this very night, Clarice—"

But Clarice drew herself from his arms, weak, trembling, and pallid as death.

"No, no," she cried, "wait, wait. I must see him first—I must hear the confession from his own lips. I cannot believe it till he tells me it is so. I cannot condemn him unheard."

"You have but to go with me this very evening, to the side entrance of the theatre, and I will give you proof of my words," Count Dubois answered, quietly. "Your husband will emerge therefrom at Nanine's side, and drive away with her in a close carriage. Will you go? Do you desire the proof?"

"I do—I will go," she answered.

An hour later, two cloaked figures stood motionless at the private entrance of the theatre where the beautiful "Nanine" performed nightly to enthusiastic audiences.

A thousand wild thoughts, memories, incidents, were floating through the excited brain of Clarice, as she waited there. Her husband's prolonged absences, his increasing disregard of his home, his avoidance of quiet evenings alone with her. Ah, why had she been so blind as not to see and understand that she had a rival in his heart? Why had she been the last to know the bitter humiliating truth? And yet—and yet perhaps, after all, it was not true; perhaps he was not there; perhaps he would not come forth with Nanine, and Count Dubois would confess it all a cruel jest.

But, even as the wild hope began to find a place in her tortured mind, there was a murmur of voices, the sound of footsteps, a light laugh—and Nanine, all wrapped in a snowy fleece of cloud-like drapery from which her face shone like a star, came tripping into the glare of the gaslight, leaning upon the arm of Hugh Bickester. They paused just a second in the full blaze of the light.

"Why, where is my carriage?" cried the silvery voice of Nanine. "Ah, there it is at the corner. Let us walk down there, Hugh—it is but a step."

Count Dubois felt his arm pressed by the clutch of two convulsive hands. He did not dare look at his companion for a moment.

"Let us go," she said, quite calmly.

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Hope for the first time awakened in the count's breast as he saw the effect of this certainly convincing proof on the slighted woman. She still held her head erect, still walked quietly at his side, apparently unmoved by the sight of her husband's conduct. But Dubois knew better; he saw that the blow had stricken Clarice with a sort of numbness which would make her utterly indifferent to everything save her own misery. He compassionated her deeply, though there was a thrill of triumph mingled with his better feeling. Surely, he could, in time, make her happy; she would not go on caring for her false husband forever. Love, mortally wounded, must die; and, some day, in return for his own untiring devotion, she would give him her heart. He looked down at her pityingly as she turned mechanically away, still supported by his arm.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, softly, in response to her words.

"Anywhere, anywhere—it does not matter to me," she answered, in a tone of dull hopeless despair.

"Shall I take you home?" the count inquired, laying gentle stress on the last word.

The familiar phrase seemed to sting her into sudden, keen, bitter remembrance. It was a horrible mockery of her misery. Perhaps he had guessed that the words might have some such effect—had hoped so.

For a few instants, Clarice, overcome by the rush of returning memory, could not answer to his question. It was no longer her home since love had fled—merely a luxurious dwelling where she was housed and fed by an unloving husband who had promised to shield and honor her. And this was the manner in which he had fulfilled his vow! Wearily, hopelessly, she lifted her eyes to the count's and gasped out the words:

"Anywhere but there—anywhere else: all other places are the same."

"My poor child!" was the only answer he made, as he found a carriage and helped the almost fainting Clarice into it. But he knew that he had attained the summit of his hopes.

It was twelve years later, when a woman sat quite alone in her room, in one of the largest European hospitals. She was one of the trained nurses, and had been in her present position for almost three years

She had had a hard day, and was very tired now; yet, though it was past midnight, she could not sleep. Ghosts of her past life seemed haunting her with more than their usual persistency. Dead joys, dead sorrows, dead sins rose up and confronted her, whichever way she sought to turn, to-night.

She arose and stood before the mirror, arranging her hair for the night.

"I am only thirtyeight, and yet my hair is almost snow-white," she mused, as she laid aside her professional cap and brushed out the still abundant locks. "And my face—how haggard and old it looks to-night. Ah, well, it does not matter! there is no one to care—no one to care." She dropped down in a chair and hid her face in her hands, and the tears fell through them in bitter scalding drops. She was thinking of a bright beautiful girlhood, a brilliant marriage, a happy wifehood of a few brief years, then of neglect, estrangement, doubt, treachery, despair, temptation, flight.

"It was a great mistake, a great mistake," she moaned; "though the devotion promised me was given—though, while Count Dubois lived, he was my slave, and I his idol—it was a terrible mistake. Sin and happiness cannot walk hand in hand—it is one of God's sternest laws, that they shall not be united. Far better had I borne my bitter lot in silence, and suffered my humiliation alone with an unsullied soul. There could have been no lot more wretched than mine has been during all these terrible years. Love, devotion, wealth, excitement, travel, assumed honors, what were they all to one whose heart was tortured with the remembrance of a lost Paradise, a ruined name, a wrecked life? Oh, it would have been better, far better, to have suffered and made no sign. And where—oh, where to-night is he who brought all this ruin to a life that was once happy and good? Is he alive—and does he feel no remorse?"

A quick rap sounded on the door.

The nurse started from her bitter reverie and hastily brushed away the tears as she opened the door.

One of the physicians stood before her.

"Pardon my disturbing you at this late hour," he said, "but there has been an accident in the street; a man has been thrown out of a carriage and badly injured, and we need a steady hand and calm nerve to assist us. We can trust no one so well as you. Come at once to the operating-room."

The nurse hastily coiled her hair, and, replacing her cap, followed the physician to the room indicated.

The injured man lay stretched upon the table, bared to the waist, one crushed and mangled arm hanging, a mass of unsightly flesh and broken projecting bones, at his side. But he was perfectly conscious.

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When the nurse approached the table, she gave a low moan, and would have fallen had not one of the physicians reached out a protecting arm.

"You are overdone, overtaxed," he said. "I never knew you to be so affected at a sight of this kind. You must return to your room."

"No, no," she answered. "I am better now. It is nothing—only the patient is known to me. But hush—he may not recognize me—it is better if he does not."

But already the patient's feverishly brilliant eyes were fixed upon the face of the nurse with a searching gaze. Then he spoke, starting to an upright position.

"My God!" he cried, "it is Clarice—Clarice here—and with that hair!" Then he fell back again.

The nurse was kneeling at his side.

"You must be quiet; you must not be agitated," she said, calmly. "There is a dangerous operation to perform, and you must not be excited."

"There need be no operation," he said, in a labored voice. "The crushed arm does not matter—the trouble lies here in my chest. There is some internal injury. I shall not live many hours. It does not matter now. I came to Europe to seek you, Clarice; I could not live longer—I could not die—until I had seen you and told you that it was all a terrible mistake. I wronged you—I was unkind; but I was never as you thought—"

He ceased suddenly and put his hand upon his chest. He gave one long sigh, and then he breathed no more.

"This man was a friend of yours?" the physician asked, turning to the nurse. "Someone you had known?"

"He was my husband," she answered. They went out quietly, and left her alone with her dead—alone with the irrevocable past, the pitiless present, the hopeless future.

There her husband lay, deaf to entreaty, insistence, or outcry. She had spoken no word of forgiveness, had received none—death had come too quickly for this comfort to be possible. She must live the rest of her days with regret and remorse as her constant companions. If she could only have known the peace of pardon from him whom she had wronged so deeply; but that could not be. All the ghosts of the past which had haunted her before must rise up now with tenfold power to torture her.

She knelt by her dead—all her own now, when too late—until the gray of the morning. Then she rose and walked to the window, looking out at the dawn just beginning to redden in the east.

A faint gleam touched the white still face like a benediction. Was he sorry for her? she wondered. Did he love her now with the old-time fondness before change had come? Surely, it must be so. With the new day, a new hope seemed born—she could believe that all might be well with them both. Somewhere in the eternal morning, forgiveness and reconciliation awaited.

And, with this trust in her heart, she finds peace kneeling there beside her dead.

REVENANT.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

What is this that comes between—
  Shadowy, faint, elusive,
Perceptible, yet unseen—
  Like some sweet hope delusive?
You say that you love me well,
  And I believe your saying—
Yet forever this strange spell
  Around our hearts is playing.

As we stand here, side by side—
  And in your eyes love's greeting—
Before us there seems to glide
  This phantom swift and fleeting.
"Ah, once so near, once so dear!"
  It murmurs. "Can you forget?
Have you for the past no tear,
  For other days no regret?"

Coldly, then, I turn from you,
  And seem to see falling rain,
To hear "Love, will you be true?"
  (For that dear past comes again)
And look in eyes full of grief
  That stern fate should intervene—
Eyes whose glance of fond belief,
  Wraith-like, gently floats between.

Land nor sea can divide
  Like this sweet solemn vision,
That softly comes to chide us
  And show love's real Elysian!
Where we cannot truly dwell—
  You and I—so let us part:
For love is not love, nor well,
  When it speaks not heart to heart.

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THE ROBIN'S VESPER.

WHEN shadows brood upon the hill
And daylight draweth to a close,
When frogs pipe by the lowland rill,
Within the valley's dim repose—
Then the small bird seeks her nest,
Swinging on the blossoming spray;
Only Robin doth not rest,
Singing to the dying day.
Sweet Robin!
Merry Robin!
So I'd have my soul to be—
Singing clear
Through the near
Shadow of eternity.

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THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. IRENE FOSTER.

THE accident had been a dreadful one. Through the carelessness of a switch-tender, a passenger-train had jumped the track and plunged over a high trestle-work. Twenty people were killed at once, and at least forty injured. Among the latter was James Saybrook. Some had bruises and broken bones; others were taken up insensible, and, after lingering for a few days, died without returning to consciousness—a merciful dispensation. The physicians pronounced Mr. Saybrook's spine so seriously injured that they could hold out but slight hope of his recovery.

He was a vigorous man of middle-age, with a lovely loving wife and three children; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty, his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune and a pleasant home. What more could life offer? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that, with him, all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her, but they were young. They leaned on her, and she had clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she had grown as a vine grows—weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wearing out with a strain of suspense and anxiety; trying to keep her face calm, and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer, and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband, and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alternations of hope and fear tortured her, and, in watching the minute symptoms and the trivial details, she lost all power to comprehend the case.

She did not see that he gained nothing, that no day found him stronger, but that every week he lost something and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep, to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless and unrecognizing. As she buried her head in the pillow beside her dead, she longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her, even in her despair. They must not enter, so she rose and went out to them. They were children—they could not even know what death was; and their questions, their want of grief, stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence, and sent them away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone, and began to realize it.

But why should I describe the dire anguish we have almost all of us suffered in some form? What I have to do with is Mrs. Saybrook's life after the funeral pageant was over, the grave green, the children taught their sorrow by those about them, and then comforted out of it into forgetfulness. But Harriet Saybrook did not forget; time could not comfort her. She felt, day by day, more deeply her loss; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it to be past repair—in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted."

Her children were careless, happy, and in health—they had their school and comrades; but she had made few friends in Salem, where her husband had brought her a bride.

She was not a woman of broad nature, and yet she was intense. She had found all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society—even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and, though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere, and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart, and thus find the relief of "the grief that speaks."

A dreary Sunday in November had come to an end. The twilight shadows had fallen, and, after going into the nursery to see the children safe in bed, she went down into the library, to spend a solitary evening. The rain beat fiercely against the windows, and, in its gusty pauses, the surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind, even through the heart of the town. She stood before the fire, in her sombre widow's-weeds, gazing absently into the flickering flames. She was thinking about the proclamation for Thanksgiving-Day, that had been read from the pulpit that morning. And a smile, sadder than tears, crossed her lips. "Thanks-

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giving!" she murmured. "I keep Thanksgiving?" She sank into a chair, and lost herself in a gloomy reverie. She thought of the many times she had kept that festival—kept it outwardly and in spirit, for she was a good woman, and had meant to be a grateful one, till three months ago. She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins, in the old red farmhouse; and what wonderful viands grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming back from school, and her brother brought his classmate home with him—"to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband. Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry escaped her; the fire grew dull; and she went on with her review of the past. Then came her wedding on Thanksgiving-Day.

After that, were not all her Thanksgivings alike full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness? And now—

"I shall not try to keep Thanksgiving," she said, dreamily; and, looking up, saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It seemed so natural to see him there, that only a sweet sense of peace stole over her soul. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his: "Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy," adding "there are other widows beside you, Hattie."

Other widows? What did he mean? A brand fell, blazed up, and went out. She started up and looked eagerly about. The chair opposite hers was empty. The clock on the mantel struck nine. It had marked the half-hour, she remembered, just as the first brands fell together. It had been a dream, then. She shivered and came back to reality, lighted the lamp, fed the dying fire, and returned to her new grief. New, because that face had been so real, her gladness so deep, and now it was lost once more, with a fresh bereavement. But, though the tears fell hopelessly and fast from her eyes, and her heart ached anew with rebellious anguish, still his words kept recurring to her. She had not thought of that before. There were other widows, no doubt—others sorrowing with her sorrow, in kind, if not in degree. She remembered several whom she had visited in her charitable rounds, and was startled to remember, how she had passed their sorrows by, without any real sympathy. A sense of companionship stole upon her, as if, suddenly wrecked on some desert shore, she had met with beings of her own race after long lonely weeks of silence and despair.

Then the thought flashed across her that these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her?

She fell asleep thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shamefaced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sacredly wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan.

When the morning's duties were fulfilled, she sat down again by the fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth story of a tenement-house, and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion, at dinner, for Mrs. Graves, whose husband had left her a large fortune.

A text from the Bible flashed into her mind: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." With a thrill in her darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a sincere Christian; but her love and her great loss had come between her and duty. The question as to her guests was settled, and, in the afternoon, she set out on her errand. She selected six poor widows, who would probably not have feasted, but fasted, at their own homes. Mrs. Saybrook felt that there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week. The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them, with trembling lips: "Papa would like it."

At last the festival-day came. Mrs. Broome, smiling in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins, trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first to arrive. Then the carriage made a second trip, bringing lame Mrs. Hutchins, very meek in her alpaca gown; Mrs. Peck, proudly stepping along, and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "genteel" as she could make herself in a new muslin neckerchief. "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner, so came on foot, entering with a new ear-trumpet in her hand, and her face radiant.

The dinner proved a great success. The

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"baby" of the house sat in his high chair, by mamma; but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests, and enjoyed their office.

"Them is sweet children of your'n, Mis' Saybrook," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been such a blessin'."

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins. "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they wan't no comfort to speak of, for they went and had diptheery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off, just as sudden. T'other one held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever see. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer, I wanted for her to get rest and easement so."

Mrs. Saybrook's arm stole about little Willie, and Mrs. Hutchins said very gently: "I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember't when Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip-trouble—and a young babe, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had, or could have, no affliction like mine; but somehow I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, and the Lord helps the lame and the poor," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to this confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an audible sniff and a hard voice. "I din't think I was the worst off that ever was when Peck died. He was a drinkin' man. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. He had the tremens three times, and died on't; and I went out a-sewin', to keep body and soul together. I could have taken care of myself ef my eyes hadn't ha' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Saybrook regarded her with infinite pity.

"You don't none of ye hev jest my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Tom Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin' ship when we was married. My sakes! how lively he was. He had money, too. We was real well off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three years' voyage right away, and then he didn't stay home no time when he did come; but I had twins for to show him when he come back fust, and you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about pa, an' where he went to, an' what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners, and hed their little ships a-sailin' in the pools. It makes me laugh now to think of their tricks." And Aunt Hannah drew her red silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"The fust I knowed, my boys they was eighteen year old, and they hadn't seen their pa more'n six times; but he came back then, and there they was as likely men as you'd see; and he hed money in the bank, and he and John Stims they clubbed and built a whaler o' their own, and Tom was cap'en, and John fust mate, and nothin' would do but them boys must go along fust voyage. Well, it's thirty years ago. I'm past sixtyeight now; but I don't like to talk on't. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, and night and day; winds a-blowin' an' tempest howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin', and here I be. I do' know so much as where their bones do lie, nor I haven't this thirty year."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it; but little Ray, who had listened, with her sweet blue eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms about Aunt Hannah's neck, and, with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a resounding kiss.

"That done me real good, dearie," she said. "I kep' a school for children twenty odd year. I do' know but what I should ha' died but for them. Waitin' is work, now, I tell ye; but I hain't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty fur ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's recital. When dinner was over, they gathered about the drawing-room fire, and tea was served. Soon afterward the carriage took them away in relays, and Harriet Saybrook sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands.

What had she not to be thankful for? Living affectionate children, a long sweet memory of love and care lavished on her, of complete happiness, an ample provision left—not only for her needs, but her comforts. How terribly ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips: "I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, "Widowed Thanksgiving Festival."

NATURE'S TEACHING.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

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LOVE THE LEVELER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE long twilight of a winter's day was closing over St. Petersburg. The Neva, ice-locked and snow-shrouded, slept between its frozen banks in the chill silence of its annual slumber. The sky, gray with mist, gloomed darkly over the famous city, according only too well with the shadow that rested on the souls of its inhabitants; for the Crimean defeats, with all their woes and losses, were still fresh in the memory of man. The great Czar Nicholas had gone to his rest only a short time before, and, in Russia, his wonderful beauty and his vast strength of character were remembered with a sorrowful tenderness. His son, the gentle and beneficent Alexander, had not long occupied the throne, but already the minds of his subjects were troubled by the rumors of new measures and great reforms that were to be put in force in the near future. The nobility especially brooded with sullen wrath over the possible abridgment of power and diminution of privileges.

At a window of the Vasaloff Palace, one of the noblest buildings in the aristocratic quarter of the Russian capital, stood a lady looking out upon the darkening sky and snow-covered earth with a fixed and unseeing gaze, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts. Beneath the shadow of the rich curtains of antique tapestry, she formed a picture which would have pleased the eye of an artist to contemplate. The Countess Natalia was often cited as the most beautiful of the young Russian ladies in attendance upon the Czarina. A captious critic might have urged against her that her loveliness was of too cold and colorless a type, or that the slight prominence of the cheekbones told too eloquently of her Tartar ancestry. She might indeed have fitly personified the winter of her native land. The transparent azure of her large eyes and the paly gold of her profuse tresses, together with the vivid vermilion of her small finely-cut mouth, lent needed coloring to a countenance otherwise almost marble-like in its regularity of features and its tintless and statuesque repose. Her dress of pale-gray velvet, confined at the waist by a girdle of antique Russian enamel-work, thickly studded with turquoises and uncut emeralds and rubies, suited to perfection the stately yet slender proportions of her form.

The Countess Natalia Vasaloff was one of the famous heiresses of her day. The vast estates of her ancient family had become centred in her possession by a series of deaths, the last of which—that of her brother, Count Sergius—having taken place only some two years before. People said that the Countess Natalia had never recovered from the grief caused by that last surviving brother's sudden demise, and that her peculiar pallor and lack of animation had resulted from the shock of hearing of his fate—he having been killed by a fall from his horse whilst out hunting with two of the Imperial archdukes. But there were others who declared that this singular change in her aspect dated from at least three years earlier, and had been brought about by some catastrophe unknown to the world at large. Be this as it may, all the young girl's depth of feeling and force of character seemed to have become concentrated in her loyalty to the reigning family. She was a great favorite with the young and fragile Empress Marie, no less than with the Czar himself. And it was the personal solicitation of

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her sovereign that had alone decided her to relinquish her idea of remaining single all her days. For Countess Natalia, when besieged by suitors on her first introduction to society some four years before, had given out that she had vowed never to marry. She had reiterated her determinaiion when the death of Count Sergius made of her the greatest heiress in Russia and the head of her family. But, one day, she was summoned to a private audience by the Czar. "Dear child," said Alexander, in those kind and winning tones whereof he knew the secret no less than his father had done, "you have it in your power to do a great service to your emperor and to your country. The greatest noble of the aristocracy of Poland, Prince Stephen Zavalensky, seeks your hand in marriage. Although ostensibly reconciled to the Government of Russia, there is always danger of his flinging his unbounded influence into the scale of disaffection and rebellion. He has more power over the people of Poland than any one of the avowed champions of the Polish cause. His union with you, a lady of such unswerving and passionate loyalty, joined to his interests in your estates, would give us a hold upon his actions, and would serve, moreover, to link him firmly to the interests of Russia."

Thus appealed to, the Countess Natalia gave way. She had met Prince Stephen in society, and knew him to be a high-bred accomplished gentleman—some twenty years her senior, it was true, but for that very reason less likely to expect a degree of tender attachment from his wife than might be anticipated by a more youthful wooer.

The marriage had been arranged to take place at the end of February, and it only wanted a week of that date at the time that we find the Countess Natalia looking forth from her window as if expecting the advent of someone. She was indeed expecting a visit from her betrothed. She had requested him to come to her that afternoon, and, though the hour she had herself appointed had only just sounded, she was awaiting his coming with a feverish impatience wholly foreign to her self-controlled nature, and which would have greatly flattered her future husband, had he been present to behold it. As the moments passed, a rose flush tinged her usually pale cheeks and lighted up her large blue eyes with unwonted lustre. She looked wonderfully lovely in her novel state of agitation, as she turned from the window upon the entrance of her servant with the lamps.

"His Excellency the Prince Zavalensky has just arrived, madame," observed Demetrius, as he placed the lighted lamps upon the table and busied himself with arranging the shades.

And, at that moment, Prince Stephen was announced.

Tall and spare almost to emaciation, with well-cut features, keen glittering gray eyes, and sparse fair hair already showing thin at the temples, he came forward to greet his betrothed with that exquisite air of elegance and high-breeding which was his chief attraction, and which had formed the secret of his great social successes at the Courts of Queen Victoria and of Louis Philippe. Of the society of the newly-established French Empire, he had been wont to express a singular degree of contemptuous disdain. Despite his fortyfive years, he showed no traces of advancing middle-age. His carriage was grace and activity itself, and a fine set of teeth was visible under the shadow of the heavy fair mustache that concealed the one unpleasant feature of his face—a thin-lipped colorless mouth, closing with the rigid aspect of a spring of steel. Faultless in aspect and in manner, faultless in attire, a prince in looks and bearing as in title, he came lightly through the shaded drawing-room and greeted the countess with a charm of utterance and gesture that atoned for whatever want of fervor a captious critic might have discerned in his address.

"Pardon me, countess, if I am some minutes late," he observed, after raising her hand with courtly gallantry to his lips. "I only received your note a quarter of an hour ago, on returning from my club. And now in what way can I be of service to you? I am yours to command, now and always. Has the new Parisian artist failed to forward your wedding-dress? And shall I order a messenger to go post-haste to Paris, in search of it? Or has Fromont-Meurice disappointed your expectations in the resetting of the Zavalensky sapphires? The designs looked charming in paper; but I had my doubts, I must confess, about the introduction of colored diamonds into the diadem."

Without answering him, the countess sank into a large armchair and motioned to him to take a seat near her.

"I have sent for you, prince," she said, in her clear even tones, in which a thrill of suppressed emotion might have been detected, "to ask you to take in my behalf a momentous and perhaps dangerous step."

"And what can Natalia Nicolaievna ask of her future husband that he will not gladly strive to execute?"

"Before I explain to you the nature of my request, I must beg of you to listen patiently

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to a page of my early history. You smile, prince. I am only twentyfive, it is true—but I have passed through some painful and momentous experiences, brief though my existence has been. You know, I believe, that my brother and I were left orphans when we were both mere children, and that we were reared on the estates of our uncle, Count Vladimir, in Northern Russia. He was a widower and childless, and was absent during the greater part of the year, in Paris or in Florence. He had a passion for art and spent his days in studios or in exhibition-rooms, and his niece and nephew were left to the care of servants. Not that our health or our interests suffered: my kind old nurse Marfa looked after us both most carefully while we were children; and, when we grew older, we had tutors and governesses by the score.

"Among the serfs on my uncle's estate was a boy about the age of my brother, who had been left an orphan, like ourselves, when a mere infant. He was a child of exceptional beauty and promise, and, on one of Count Vladimir's rare visits, he was greatly attracted by the little fellow. He caused him to be placed under the special care of our nurse Marfa, and gave orders that he should share in the instructions of our teachers, and that he himself should be informed if his little protégé, Ivan Petrovich, showed any aptitude for any particular art or accomplishment. It was just at that time that the Russian tenor, Ivanoff, the rival of Mario, was at the height of his fame. He too had been a serf, and my uncle doubtless hoped that his favorite might, in the same way, prove a pearl of genius. His expectations were not disappointed, though Ivan's genius was in a different line from that of the great singer: his talent was for art, and, as a painter, he outstripped, before he was fourteen, the trained masters sent down from St. Petersburg to give us drawing-lessons. See, prince," she continued, unloosing a bracelet from her arm and showing him an exquisitely-painted miniature inserted on the clasp: "he executed this miniature copy of my mother's portrait, as a New-Year gift to me, before he was seventeen."

Prince Stephen took the bracelet, glanced at the picture, and returned it to the countess without a word. His cold clear eyes never strayed from her face as she continued:

"It was not only in painting that Ivan excelled—languages, music, riding, gymnastics: he became a proficient in them all. He grew to manhood, superbly beautiful as an antique statue. He had, moreover, the kindest heart and the noblest disposition that ever were granted to erring man. There was not a dog on the estate that would not follow him and fawn upon him—not a horse in our stables, however wild and untamed, that did not grow gentle beneath his caress. Even his fellow-serfs forgave him for the exceptional favor accorded to him and for the extraordinary privileges that he enjoyed."

She rose and walked to and fro, as though carried away by the force of her reminiscences and the fervor of her speech, still followed by those coldly-gleaming eyes.

"Ivan, noblest of men—brave, gifted, handsome—your image rises before me as I speak, as if to mock at the inadequacy of my words. No—I cannot describe him, prince."

"Then let us pass over the picture of this Hercules-Adonis, countess, and let us hear the rest," was the response, uttered with a ring of covert sarcasm in the silken tones. But Natalia, absorbed in her reminiscences, did not notice or did not heed this fine shade of expression.

"Have patience, prince," she said, reseating herself: "I will be as brief in the remainder of my narration as my crowding recollections will permit. When Ivan was twenty years old, Count Vladimir came to make a longer visit to us than usual. He was charmed with Ivan's talent and with the pictures that he had executed, and he took the boy with him to Paris and to Rome, there to spend two years in the study of art. At the end of that time, Ivan returned to Russia."

"And for what reason?" remarked Prince Stephen. "In France, he was a free man; he came back voluntarily to reassume his fetters as a serf. He was mad!"

"And can you not divine, prince, the reason of his return? It was I—for he loved me."

"Ah!" Prince Stephen passed his long slender white hand over his mustache. "He probably did not make Count Vladimir aware of his passion for that gentleman's niece—else the knout would have made short work of both the love and the lover."

"No. But he knew that I loved him—that I was ready at any hour to become his wife."

"You, Countess Natalia—you, the friend of the Czarina—a member of one of the haughtiest families of the Russian aristocracy? You would have stooped to unite yourself in marriage with a serf?"

"Did not Peter the Great do so? Was I as far above Ivan as the Imperial founder of Russia's greatness was above the Empress Catherine? And then I loved him, prince. Ah, heaven, how I loved him—as fervently, as truly as he loved me, when he gave up all his

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hopes of liberty to return to the land that held for him slavery, but which also held me."

"You are candid, countess, in thus giving all these details to the man who is to become your husband in a week from to-day."

"It is my will and my intention to deal frankly with you; and, indeed, the exigencies of the case demand that I should do so. I will pass over the history of our mutual attachment and come to its denouement. We were—that is to say, my brother and myself—spending the summer at my mother's dower-estate of Somarevna, which is near the sea. Marfa and Ivan were numbered among the train of attendants that accompanied us. We had not been long at Somarevna, when Ivan came to me, one day, pale and agitated, with a great project and a new hope. An American man-of-war was anchored in the bay near which our estate was situated. He had made friends with some of the officers, one of whom he had met in Paris. To this old acquaintance he had confided his hopes and his projects, and, between them, a plan had been formed that only needed my assent to be put into action. I was to leave the house on a certain night, at midnight. Ivan was to join me, and, under his guardianship, I was to proceed to the seashore. There a boat from the American vessel was to be in waiting for us, and we were to go on board. The ship was to sail at daybreak, and was to touch at one of the nearest ports of France. There we were to be married, and were then to proceed to the United States. My mother's jewels were to form my dowry—as, by my flight, I relinquished all claim on the hereditary estates of the family."

"You had a disinterested lover, assuredly," remarked Prince Stephen; but Natalia went on without noticing the interruption.

"I assented joyfully to the proposal, and all things were arranged for our flight. The appointed night arrived. I waited long and anxiously for the signal that Ivan was to give me, but I waited in vain. The night wore on and passed away, and still there came no tidings from Ivan. Early the next morning, I sought the shore of the little bay. The ship was gone. There were traces of a struggle at one point, and on the stones there were stains of blood. As I retraced my steps, I met Sergius, who was coming in search of me. Without seeming to notice my pallor or my agitation, he told me in a light off-hand way that there had been a quarrel during the night between some of our servants and a party of American sailors. 'And I am sorry to say, for our uncle's sake, that his pet and protégé, Ivan Petrovich, was amongst those who were killed. For there were three men killed in the affair, sister. How white you look, Natalia; you are really losing your nerve, if the death of two or three peasants and common sailors can so overcome you.'

"Prince, from that hour I heard nothing whatever concerning Ivan or his fate. I understood perfectly that my brother had, by some means, discovered our projected elopement, and that it was he who had brought about the affray that had, as I then thought, cost my lover his life. I grew gradually to believe that he was dead, and in this belief I was confirmed by the fact that neither letter nor message from him ever reached me. Time passed on, my brother died, and I became my own mistress and the inheritrix of the Vasaloff estates. My first care was to visit Somarevna and to endeavor to trace out the true story of the events of the night of Ivan's disappearance. But years had gone by since then, and the terror of the commands of Count Sergius still weighed upon the people. I learned nothing, and I returned home, baffled, discouraged, despairing."

CHAPTER II.

NATALIA paused for a moment, and Prince Stephen asked quietly:

"Then it was in this mood, countess, that you consented to become my wife?"

"Even so, prince. The life that seemed to me so worthless in itself, because so void and desolate, I resolved to make of value by dedicating it to the cause of Russia. When my sovereign asked for the disposal of my hand, not claiming it as his right as the Czar, but as a friend, almost as a father—not commanding my obedience, but craving it as a favor—I consented to the marriage that he proposed. I did not love you, prince; I avowed that freely, if you will remember, at our first interview. All love seemed then over for me, in this world. But within the last twentyfour hours I have learned the truth. Ivan is living—he is in St. Petersburg—I have seen him once more—I have heard from his own lips the story of his flight from Somarevna and the mystery of his disappearance and his long silence. He was wounded almost to death by the servants of Count Sergius, who were acting under my brother's orders."

"And those orders were—"

"To slay at all hazards the presumptuous serf who had dared to love the Countess Natalia. Ivan was only saved by the courage and devotion of his American friends. He was transported on board the vessel, and reached the shores of the United States almost in a dying state. It was

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weeks before he could take a pencil in his hand to write me a line, and months before he fairly recovered his strength. Count Sergius undoubtedly caused the suppression of all his letters, since not a single one has ever reached me. But it is all over now—Ivan has regained his health—he is here—and I am happy beyond the power of words to express. Now, prince, can you not imagine why I asked for this interview?"

"You must pardon my obtuseness, countess; but I cannot well imagine why you should have sent for me to tell me this story. I, your betrothed husband, could naturally be expected to take but little interest in your passion for a serf, except, possibly, in the way of suppressing so dangerous and so unflattering a rival."

"Listen to me, prince. If Ivan had returned to St. Petersburg after our marriage—had I learned then the truth that I have learned to-day—I should have closed my doors against him and should never have looked upon his face again. I come of a race whose women were as spotless in wedlock as its men were brave upon the field of battle. Emperors themselves have loved the fair women of the Vasaloff family, and have loved in vain. Have you not heard the history of the beautiful Olga Vasaloff, who was beloved by Peter the Great, and who loved him in return as such a man was worthy of being loved? She retired into a convent, leaving behind her one line for the Czar: 'If you had been the humble shipwright that you once played at being, I should have given you my hand; I go now where I can give you always my prayers.'"

"I remember the story. A miniature of the lady was found amongst the treasures of Peter the Great when he died. Now, what is it that you wish me to do, countess?"

"Only this—to break off our engagement as if by your own volition. I dare not do so myself. Ivan is under the ban of the law for the part he took in the fatal affray at Somarevna—that my brother Sergius took good care to arrange at the time. He forgot no precautions—of that you may rest assured. Then I shall leave Russia and shall join Ivan in America, as we originally intended. I shall transfer thither the proceeds of my mother's dower-estates of Reveland and Somarevna, abandoning the hereditary property of the Vasaloffs to the next heir. Ivan is already a successful and celebrated painter. After our marriage, we shall probably go to Paris to reside, and the personality of the Countess Natalia will disappear forever in that of Madame Petrovich."

"And what if I refuse to grant your request—what if I still insist upon the fulfillment of your promise to become my wife?"

"You cannot, you must not, refuse me!" She rose to her feet, pale as ashes, with a sinister lustre in her blue eyes.

"Pray resume your seat and listen to me patiently, countess," remarked Prince Stephen, with immovable calm. "You see, I heard your history to the very end, which was a civil act on my part, as I knew it all before."

"You knew it all before?" Natalia gazed at him in amazement. "And how—from what source?"

"From one whose authenticity is undeniable. It was told me by your brother."

"By Sergius?"

"Yes. You do not need to be reminded, countess, of the unfortunate tendency to dissipation which was the curse of his life. And when, in one of the orgies that he often indulged in, he had taken a certain quantity of brandy, he was apt to become garrulous and to converse freely with the nearest stranger, not only concerning his own affairs, but about the most secret of those of his family. In this way, I learned the whole story. I have been silent during your recital, wishing to learn if your account of the matter would differ in any point from what I already knew. You have been both correct and candid, and for that I thank you. But nothing in respect of our relations to each other has been changed by this interview. I insist upon the maintenance of our engagement and the solemnization of our marriage at the appointed date."

"And you refuse to grant me my release?"

"I do refuse. Remember, countess, that the shadow of a certain amount of suspicion, owing to my Polish extraction, has always rested upon me. Were I to offer so marked an insult as the canceling of our engagement would be, to the friend and favorite companion of the empress and to the Czar himself, by annulling the alliance he had arranged for me, I might as well make ready to leave for Siberia at once, as my journey thither would be a question, not of days, but of hours."

She drew a long deep breath. "That is true, prince," she said, slowly and in a softened tone. "I have no right to involve you in ruin for the severance of the bond that links me to you, and that I voluntarily assumed. I will go myself to the Czar, and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind." For the first time during that long interview, the clear suave tones of Prince Stephen assumed a ring of menace.

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"And who shall prevent me?"

"I will."

"And how?"

"By simply informing you of a fact with which you are as yet unacquainted. The serf, Ivan Petrovich, is not your property—he belongs to me."

"Must I then remind you, prince, of the law by which no serf can be sold apart from the land on which he dwells? Ivan is one of the natives of Somarevna, and Somarevna, since the death of my brother, is my own."

"Pardon me: Somarevna was sold to me by Count Sergius, after a gambling-bout at his club, in which he lost more roubles than I care to enumerate to you. I was his chief creditor after that famous night, which is still celebrated in the club-annals of St. Petersburg, and I accepted the title-deeds of that estate as a settlement in full for all my claims. I had already a hope of becoming your husband, countess, and I was determined to clear all possible obstacles from my path."

"And if I were to offer you in exchange for Somarevna—"

"Pardon me: All the wealth at your disposal would not suffice to purchase it from me. Look you, countess; we may as well understand each other at once. All my hopes and my future prospects of political or military advancement lie in the obtaining of your hand in marriage. As the husband of Natalia Vasaloff, the Prince Zavalensky may hope to rise above the prejudices created by his family's nationality. Therefore, I repeat that I maintain in full force your promise to become my wife."

"I refuse! Come what may, I will break off my engagement!"

A sinister smile quivered for a moment around the thin finely-cut lips of the prince.

"You forget, countess, that the fate of the serf Ivan is in my hands. The police have been already warned to hold themselves in readiness to arrest the fugitive. But I have not yet given them the necessary indications—namely, that he is to be found amongst the members of the suite of the American Minister, bearing the name of Armstrong and disguised as an interpreter."

A cry broke from the paling lips of his hearer.

"But I should not press against him the old accusation of the affray at Somarevna; for, after all, I believe that no one was killed or even seriously hurt in that affair. I myself should prefer to remain the master of his destiny. I might send him to work in the salt-mines on my estates in Galicia. Men have been known to issue from those pitiless caverns eyeless, voiceless, crippled, from the effects of the mysterious accidents that sometimes happen in the mines. Or else," he continued, fixing his gaze with steel-like persistency on the pallid countenance before him, "I might hand him over to my grooms on my Northern estates, to be converted into a statue of ice. You have heard of that pastime, doubtless. When the winter weather is at its coldest—when the thermometer has fallen far below zero—the future statue is led out and is stripped naked. Then each of his comrades in turn dashes a bucket of water over him. The water freezes as it falls, and by the time a dozen or two have taken part in the sport, the statue is complete—and lifeless. He will make a fine statue, will your handsome Ivan."

"Oh, fiend! fiend! why do you torture me in this way?" She wrung her hands in the intensity of her anguish. "I yield—I give up the struggle—I am powerless before your determined cruelty. I will marry you, Prince Zavalensky, and I wish you joy of your wife. But I insist upon one condition—Ivan's safety and freedom must be secured before your ring is placed upon my finger."

"Until our marriage-day, provided that Mr. Armstrong, of the American Legation, at once takes measures to depart from Russia, I shall take no step to procure his detention. Of this I pledge you my honor," Prince Stephen rejoined, composedly.

"Honor—your honor!" she murmured, with scathing bitterness. "I will trust you, however, for I, in turn, pledge to you my honor, that, if harm happen to Ivan Petrovich through your machinations, you will find a corpse on your marriage-day when you come to seek a bride. This I swear to you—you hear me, prince—I swear it!"

She extended her hand, with a gesture of ineffable solemnity, toward a picture of one of the saints of the Greek Church that hung, framed in its golden shrine, near where she stood. Then, suddenly, once more, she turned upon Prince Stephen the lightning glances of her blue burning eyes.

"If I were a weaker woman or you a weaker man," she said, slowly, after a pause, "I might rend the air with passionate supplications. Yet, bethink you well, prince, what it is that you are about to do. You will crush out all the womanhood in my heart that dwelt there, vital and intense by reason of the one great love of my life, and you will leave there only the Russian."

She paused, pressing one hand hard against her bosom, as if in actual physical pain. The prince watched her without the slightest show of emotion or feeling of any sort. If she had

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just uttered the most unimportant remark on some subject indifferent to both, the expression of his face could not have been calmer or more unconcerned.

After an instant's silence, Natalia went on, in a voice still lower, still slower, than before, but fuller of relentless determination than the wildest outburst of passion could have been:

"Henceforth my life must be devoted to my country and my Czar. Son of an alien and a hostile race, beware how, in the future, you lift your hand against holy Russia! You have bidden, to share your home and your fireside, no fond devoted spouse, but an incarnate Nemesis. Yet my own wrecked happiness shall cry for vengeance in vain if only you remain a loyal subject of the Czar. I have warned you; now go! Do not approach me again till our wedding-day. And then, if Ivan be not free and in safety, you will find that my vast fortune, my political affinities—all—will have escaped you. I shall not survive the man I love, if by dying I can be revenged upon his murderer. Remember what I say, prince!"

"These are harsh words, countess, and they are unnecessary. Every facility shall be afforded Ivan Petrovich for his departure from Russia. And now I take my leave of you—not to see you again until the day you have yourself appointed."

"Wait! I have never yet offered you a betrothal-gift. Accept this." And, as she spoke, she placed in the hand of the prince a small object.

He bowed and left her, and, when he was once seated in his carriage and took the opportunity to examine the gift so strangely offered, he found it to be one of the links of the girdle of enameled silver that Natalia had worn during their interview. Under the nervous pressure of her fingers, it had been twisted like a scrap of paper.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DREAMING OF SUMMER.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

Now the autumn late doth wane,
And the gray clouds, dropping rain,
Parting, show a cold blue sky
As the fierce winds drive them by.

In the woods, with weary tread,
I walk where summer lieth dead;
Shadows pale go hurrying past;
Withered leaves whirl in the blast;

Aspens stretch a ghostly hand;
Giant oak-trees naked stand;
And the pine-trees bow and moan
For the summer richness flown.

I pause where pine and aspen meet,
With the clear brook at my feet,
To listen to its song, with rhyme
So like its song of summer-time.

And, with the brook's low-murmured lay,
To summer lands I float away—
To sunny summer's mystic land,
Where youth and love rove hand in hand.

Birds are singing, gray bees drone,
All my fierce unrest has flown;
Afar, the kine sound drowsy bells,
And perfect peace within me dwells.

But ah, I start and wake—and lo!
The cold clouds are sifting snow:
So careless I, thus to forget
The many tasks that 'wait me yet!

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ANSETH LEAF.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

OING toward the house, Robert Ogden saw Anseth Leaf for the first time. She was standing in the wide verandah which stretched along the front of the quaint old homestead, trying to arrange some rebellious creepers of the woodbine which grew in luxuriant masses to the very roof. She did not see him as he walked up the grassy path, so he was able to study at leisure the fine pose of her figure which at once struck his artistic eye. No woman who wore a corset could ever stretch her arms so freely, and only one who had had plenty of exercise could possess a physique so harmoniously developed.

He knew at once that she must be the grandaughter of whom Mrs. Leaf had spoken when he came to the house that morning, and, supported by the influence of his acquaintance, the rector, proffered his request to be received as a lodger for the summer. Blessed as she was with this world's goods, old Mrs. Leaf's New-England instincts made her still like to gather as well as to save, and the wise clergyman was careful to state that, though he knew it was not her habit to receive inmates, he had ventured to bring his former college-chum because he wanted quiet and home-comforts, which could not be found either at the hotel or the boarding-houses in the village, and then Mr. Ogden's agreeable face and manner did the rest.

An arrangement satisfactory to both parties was concluded—a couple of charming upper rooms assigned for Ogden's use; and, having had his luggage sent over and spent the afternoon chatting about old days with the rector, he had come back to the house at sunset, to be in time for supper.

He walked slowly toward the steps, wondering if Anseth Leaf's face would be as remarkable as her figure, and, in another moment, having arranged the young shoots to her satisfaction, she turned so as to give him full opportunity to decide.

A handsome countenance, but rather from expression than regularity of feature; the complexion clear and pale; the head and neck magnificently poised on the shapely bust; hair a dusky brown, with bronze lights in its rich waves. Then she lifted her eyes, in regard to whose beauty there could not be two opinions—gray, soft, yet lambent: then he had no further space for criticism or admiration. She saw him and moved forward with a little smile, saying in a voice of courteous ease:

"Good-evening, Mr. Ogden. It is Mr. Ogden, I know. There's the advantage of living in a quiet neighborhood, where there are seldom any strangers seen—one can't make unfortunate blunders as to identity."

"And therefore I can be certain that I am speaking to Miss Leaf," he replied, bowing, while one of his sunny smiles lighted the countenance that looked somewhat severe in repose.

"And grandma told you that we were only two lone females in this great barrack, so you cannot claim a much keener gift of intuition than I," she said. "But here comes grandma now, so we can be properly and decorously introduced."

Old Mrs. Leaf appeared in the doorway, as erect as if she had been forty instead of seventy-five; a very stately old lady, in spite of her diminutive size: quite one's idea of a fairy godmother, with her snowy hair and her musical voice, which sounded like a little peal of silver bells, though possessing a certain ring of authority which completed the aptitude of the elfin metaphor.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Ogden," she said, "and so is my Anseth; though she declared, to-day, that she didn't know whether we should be the greatest bother to you or you to us."

"Grandma, you are incorrigible!" cried Anseth, laughing, not in the least embarrassed, but with just a sufficient shade of confusion to make her color.

"I told her," pursued the old lady, nodding her dainty cap, "that I never let anybody bother me, and that I never bothered anybody except when it was for that person's good—then I never hesitated."

"I will try not to be a nuisance, Miss Leaf," rejoined Ogden, laughing; "and I am very

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grateful to your grandmother and you for taking me in."

"She had nothing to do with it," said the old fairy. "I am obliged to put a great deal on her—all sorts of out-of-door work; but I make up for that by never letting her have her own way—things must be balanced."

"Perhaps Mr. Ogden would like to look after his special things," observed her grandaughter; "your trunks are safe upstairs."

"You'd much better let Anseth show you the garden before it gets dark," said Mrs. Leaf. "I know you wonder how she ever got that name—people always do. I'm proud of it—I invented it myself."

"It certainly sounds odd—but it's very quaint and pretty," Ogden replied; "but I can't imagine how you got at it."

"Nobody can," said the old fairy. "I should hate the person who presumed to guess anywhere near right! This was the way: Her father was named Seth; he was my only boy, and he married the best girl in the world, and her name was Ann."

"Ah!" said Mr. Ogden, comprehendingly.

"Exactly! I dropped one 'n'—I can't bear to see anything wasted—and there you have it! And now, Anseth, why don't you show the garden? It will soon be dusk."

"This is already a case of bothering you for your own good, Mr. Ogden," said Anseth, merrily.

"But I want to see it. If it is in keeping with this charming old house, it must be delightful."

"It's as old-fashioned as I am, and you can't say any more!" pronounced the fairy. "The June roses are only just coming out; but wait a little and you will find the sight worth waiting for."

She went back into the house, and Anseth and Mr. Ogden passed down the sycamore-walk toward the great garden, where hosts of early flowers of every description glowed in the last glories of sunset and perfumed the air with their breath.

Mr. Ogden was a very direct straighforward man, and, before they reached the gate, he said frankly:

"I do hope, Miss Leaf, that you don't find my coming here a nuisance; but I suppose it isn't quite pleasant to have a stranger suddenly flung in on you."

"You'll not be a stranger long," she replied, in a tone as silvery as her grandmother's—only, with her, the tone of authority was softened to a certain ring of decision. "I was a little taken aback when grandma told me; but, after I learned who it was— You see, I have often heard the rector speak of you."

"Oh, then you heard only good—poor old Fenton always would believe my very common clay the best porcelain. And you are sure you are not annoyed at my coming?"

"I can go further," she replied, as frankly as a boy: "I think it will be very pleasant for grandma and me if you are good enough to notice us. She is too old and I too busy to make visits, so we live a good deal alone; trouble you won't be, in that big house; and we have a capital cook and a fair housemaid, so you run no risk of being starved or your comfort neglected."

"I had no fear of that," he rejoined, laughing. "But, now the dread of annoying you is off my mind, I can enjoy the garden in peace. What a dear old place it is!"

They wandered up and down the paths till long after it was too dusky to see the flowers, and found numerous subjects of interest to talk about, as even strangers who chance to be sympathetic speedily can.

Suddenly, the full moon started up from behind a neighboring hill and flooded the garden with soft yellow light, and Anseth said:

"We must go in at once: grandma will not forgive us if we are late for supper."

Back to the house they went—through the wide hall, with spacious apartments on either hand, into a cozy room, where Mrs. Leaf sat placidly knitting by a shaded lamp.

"You must have looked at every rose in the garden, Mr. Ogden," she said, "so you have earned your supper; and here comes Clorinda to say that it is ready."

When bed-time arrived and Ogden was alone in his room, he told himself that he had not, in a long while, passed an evening so pleasant. He was glad that a letter from Mr. Fenton had induced him to select this picturesque Pennsylvania valley to pass at least a part of the season of enforced inactivity which lay before him.

Ogden was thirty now, and, while still quite young, had achieved an enviable reputation in his profession as an engineer. During the past two years, he had somewhat overworked himself. He had planned and completed a branch of the Pacific Railway, in a series of dizzying zigzags down a mountain almost as perpendicular as an exclamation-point; had brought into successful operation an invention connected with the machinery of rolling-mills which I cannot pretend to explain; and had written a book on

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subjects pertaining to his profession, equally a mystery to me, though it was much praised by the wise, and he had earned plenty of money as well.

But, following the usual habit of clever Americans with a superabundance of energy, he had overdone matters, though the doctors agreed that all he needed was a few months' rest. He felt this himself, and, possessing as much common-sense as cleverness, he did not put off the required repose until it could be of no avail: it was less than a month since the medical fiat had been pronounced, and here he was already in his retreat. He had of late been tormented by sleeplessness; but, this night, he fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. No brief doze, to be followed by rousing with a start and waiting till almost daylight before he could sleep again—but honest healthful slumber, which lasted so far into the morning that, by the time he had bathed and dressed, it was so late he felt actually ashamed to appear belowstairs.

Grandma Leaf greeted him with her gracious smile, made light of his excuses, and met his request to be called in future with a decided refusal.

"You are to sleep as long as you can and whenever you can—make a dormouse of yourself as nearly as possible. I know what you men need when you will let your minds make slaves of your bodies; you always forget that an insurrection must follow sooner or later."

She presided over his breakfast, which was perfect even to the coffee, and made it evident that she had already adopted him as one of her family, to be petted and admired and tyrannized over in a half-playful, wholly agreeable fashion.

"I hope Miss Leaf is well, this morning," he said.

"She never was anything else in her life; even measles and whooping-cough didn't pull her down as a child," said the old fairy. "She has my constitution, and, if she never inherited anything else from me, she ought to be grateful."

"Yes, indeed! Is she out?"

"Bless me, yes! She was off on horseback at six o'clock: she had to ride over to West Farm, as we call it. We let that on shares, and she has more trouble with it than with all the rest of the land and the saw-mill and flour-mill put together. She manages everything out-of-doors—has since she was nineteen, and that's four years ago."

"I had heard something of her skill and energy from Mr. Fenton," rejoined Ogden; "and he says yours are admitted to be the best-managed farms in the county."

"Of course," said the old fairy, in the commonplace tone of a person stating a self-evident fact. "Whatever Anseth does is done thoroughly and in the very best way possible."

Ogden read the paper, strolled to the top of the nearest hill and back, reaching the house again a little after twelve, just as Miss Leaf rode up, looking as graceful on her handsome gray horse as Penthesilea herself could have done.

In the afternoon, he went with the old fairy for a drive; had a long walk with Anseth later; and then there followed an evening as pleasant as the previous one. The ensuing morning, having had a horse put at his disposal, he accompanied Miss Leaf in her rounds, and they visited the farms and the mills. Ogden found his companion as well versed in business-matters as a practical man, as well read as a professional student, as natural as a child, and as thoroughbred as a woman who did nothing but study the requirements of conventional society.

She had been very carefully educated—had traveled with her grandmother over nearly the whole of Europe and her own country, and, until the fairy had grown so old that she did not care for much exertion, a portion of each winter had been spent either in Boston or New York.

To Robert Ogden, this was the beginning of a long series of charming days and weeks. The rides, drives, and walks became established daily matters, and almost the only breaks in their home-life were made by visits from the rector and the little circle of neighbors. Anseth had decided, that spring, that she did not care to invite friends to come and stay with her, as had usually been her habit during the summer months; and, after Mr. Ogden's arrival, grandma forgot to rebel and wonder, as she had at first done.

Charmed weeks, indeed, to Robert Ogden; his health improved rapidly; he had ample leisure for books, and a most intelligent companion at hand to share his literary pleasures, whether occupied with novels and poetry, or studies of a graver character. He had no intention or wish to fall in love with any woman, and Anseth had no desire to be fallen in love with—indeed, she hardly considered herself free for such indulgence. It had made their intercourse from the first all the pleasanter, that she had gathered from Miss Fenton's remarks that Ogden was engaged.

Now Miss Fenton was the best old maid in the world, as she was one of the plainest, with no

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two features that belonged to the same face, and her hair drawn so tightly up in a knot on the top of her head that it was a wonder how she ever contrived to shut her eyes. She cheerfully devoted her life to her widowed brother and his five children. She was a Lucretia for virtue, a Martha for industry, and a Griselda for patience, and meant to be as truthful as George Washington, yet she was always stating as facts astounding propositions evolved out of her inner consciousness, and this assertion in regard to Ogden was one of them.

But it put Anseth Leaf completely at her ease, and she could enjoy this man's companionship as freely as if he had been her brother. Determinedly cheerful as she always was, life had held an experience which cast a certain shadow over her—and the worst of the matter was, that she could not decide whether that experience was to be relegated to the past, or allowed to exercise a dominating influence over her future. She was doubtful what it was right to do; a little doubtful, too, decided as her character was, what her own sentiments really were, and, for the first time in her life, she allowed herself to procrastinate even where the complete analyzing of her own feelings was concerned. A season of probation had been agreed on; until its close, she would enjoy the luxury of not reflecting, so far as was possible; she did not mean to be so weak, but, when she found that she was, she did not struggle against her lack of firmness.

So the months passed; not quickly, though the days were full of occupation and enjoyment both to Anseth and Ogden—it seemed a long, long time that they had lived thus in close companionship: it actually appeared odd to recall a season when they were not as now associated in study, sympathy, and pleasure.

June blossomed into July; August came and burned out its eager passionate life, and golden September ran half its course before there was the slightest break in that band of sunny weeks. Then some business which could not be settled by letter summoned Ogden to New York: he received the message at noon, and must start that evening.

"If I had not grown a hopelessly idle wretch," he said, "I suppose I should make this the end of my holiday. I am perfectly well—that is certain—quite able to work."

"You must not think of doing anything of the sort," said the old fairy. "Your doctors ordered you six months' rest before beginning your professional labors—it is dishonest to employ a doctor and not obey him implicitly."

"I am only culpably ready to do so in this case," Ogden averred. "I didn't dream I had such a reserve of indolence in me."

"And this last month you have been busy," Anseth reminded him, "you have your new book fairly begun."

"This is the very place for him to finish it in," pronounced the fairy, with an extra click of her knitting-needles.

"Certainly the pleasantest," said Ogden. "I shall see the doctor while I am in town—perhaps he will order me to stay till November."

"At the very least, if he is as wise as I take him to be," chimed in the old fairy.

So Ogden was only to be gone four days, yet somehow they looked very long in anticipation. The elfin godmother was the first to remark this discrepancy between time as measured by mathematical rules, and time as measured by the feelings—then the other two fully agreed with her.

Ogden made ready and set off by the night express, which halted at the village station not from any heed of travelers, but in order to let its thirsty engine drink—and sped away across mountains and through valleys to the great city, to which he returned as changed in some things as if years had elapsed since he left it.

Nearly thirty, I said, this man was, and without intention or wish to fall in love. Yet now, he suddenly discovered that he had done so, when the discovery came too late for him to oppose—had he desired—the barrier of his will against this extraneous force which had insidiously made its way with such determining power into the deepest channels of his nature. As a rule, men perceive quickly, and admit without reserve to themselves, when love comes. But the knowledge was a surprise to Ogden, though almost, in the first flash thereof, the thing appeared so natural that he could only wonder that life had been endurable before he met and loved this Anseth Leaf. But then it had only been a preparation therefor—he wished it had been a better one—still he had a stand in the world which did not make it a presumption to ask for that priceless gift—her love.

Had she learned to care? He went swiftly back over the memories of the past months. He was as far as possible from that meanest form of masculine vanity, the thinking that no woman could refuse his love; yet he hoped that she cared. Doubtless, she had been as unconscious as he; but, surely, she must care—fate could not be so cruel as to have forced this glimpse of Paradise on him only to snatch it away and leave him in the dark.

Not quite thirty, he did not know how cruel

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fate can be—some human beings never are called on to learn the full extent of her deadly power and will to thwart and hurt. Some among mortals must be born to happiness, else the gross amount of the article would go to waste—unless, maybe, when soured, it might serve for misery, as the choicest wine makes the sharpest vinegar.

The four days grew into a week and two days over, before Robert Ogden's business allowed him to set out on his return. There had been an interchange of telegrams and friendly notes between him and the inmates of the quiet valley home that looked, to his yearning eyes, the loveliest spot on earth. But no hint of his secret found its way into his letters; he could not risk disappointment by any premature betrayal thereof. It would be bliss enough, for a time, once more to sun himself in her presence—he would remain in the valley and finish his book, aided by her companionship and wise counsels. Her quick intuitions would discover the change in him, perhaps rouse her out of her unconsciousness and teach her that his love might become of value in her life. Before his departure, he could speak; by that time, she would have grown accustomed to the contemplation of the idea. Surely, he should succeed in winning the highest guerdon that fate could hold for him—fate who, in her kindness, had brought them at first so unexpectedly together.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached his journey's end. He was expected; grandma and Anseth were waiting for him in the great roomy carry-all drawn up at a safe distance from the station. It was a delightful meeting; the ancient fairy radiant, Anseth serenely glad; and they drove away through the golden light toward the old house. To Ogden, it was a drive along an enchanted road leading straight to a magical palace of peace and rest.

"This is like coming home," he said, in the deep tone, with a slight quiver in it, which his voice took when he was greatly moved. "You can't think what it is to a man who has had no home ties for years."

"That's the way we want it to seem," said grandma; "and we are so glad to get you back. He doesn't know how we have missed him—does he, Anseth?"

"He must judge by remembering how much or how little he has missed us," Anseth replied, playfully: yet Ogden fancied that, in face and voice, there was a slight indefinable change—it was not shyness. Oh, no matter what it was not—did it mean that separation had given her warning that he had grown more to her, during the fair summer weeks, than she had dreamed?

The possibility set his heart to beating violently; but self-control was habitual with him, and, in an instant, he could speak quietly enough.

"Then you must have missed me every moment," he said.

"Except when we were busy, and that was most of the time," replied Anseth, laughing: "we can go as far as that without flattering your masculine vanity."

"He has none!" added grandma, indignantly. "I never saw a man so free from anything of the sort. You have often said so yourself, Anseth."

"Oh, grandma, grandma, it won't be your fault if the weakness is not fostered in him," Anseth cried; and then they all laughed.

After supper, the rector came up; contrary to custom, a couple of other visitors dropped in: so they were not for a moment alone. But, that first evening, it was pleasure sufficient to be in her presence, to watch every word and glance.

The next morning, Anseth was busy, as it was her day for regulating accounts with all the men on the farm and in the mills. In the afternoon, she and Ogden went out on horseback, as grandma did not care to drive. They had a pleasant ride, yet somehow their conversation drifted into very sober channels; and, in answer to a remark of his, she surprised him by a speech which did not sound in the least like her usual decision and cheerfulness.

"It is so hard sometimes to know what is right," she said: "so difficult to decide what is really for our own happiness and that of others."

Just then, the rector came riding down a side road and joined them; they went on together, and there was no further opportunity to pursue the conversation. After they reached home, Ogden, in his room, puzzled himself a little over that speech—he must ask her what it meant. But, very likely, it was only a chance general remark: it could have no special application to herself; he was too happy, too buoyed up by unwonted hope, for any trifle to affect his equanimity.

After supper, they were all seated in the verandah; the evening was so warm, that grandma scornfully rejected the idea of going indoors. There had been an accident on the railway—nobody hurt; but the train had been delayed, and Jem, the black boy, had gone down to the village to bring the belated letters.

He came back while they sat there, and Anseth took the package.

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"Three for you, Mr. Ogden," she said: "you have more than your share. Grandma, here is your precious newspaper."

"But you have a letter," said grandma, whose eyes were as keen as a girl's of twenty.

"Yes," Anseth said, as she moved toward the door.

"Is it from Jack?" demanded the old lady.

"Yes," Anseth replied again, and went into the house.

Mr. Ogden sat watching her; the old fairy's voice roused him.

"Anseth said I might tell you," she began. "That letter is from Jack. You've heard us speak of him."

"I remember—a relative, I believe," Ogden answered, untroubled by premonition of evil.

"Yes; a son of a first cousin of mine—almost like a boy of my own—he and Anseth were both here while children," said grandma. "He's as handsome as a picture—full of talent, too—but he's been a little wild."

Ogden comprehended that in some way he had been making them fresh trouble—needed help, probably—that was what Anseth's speech meant.

With her clear sense of justice, she was doubtful whether it could be right to give aid that would only be wasted.

"I don't think I ever heard his last name," he said.

"No? How odd. But, you see, this summer, everything has been wrong. But it's all right now. Jack—his name is Jack Halford—"

"Why, I used to know him," Ogden interrupted.

"How glad I am!" said grandma. "A splendid fellow, wasn't he?"

"Full of talent, and very impulsive and generous," Ogden replied, but did not add that he wasted his talents, and that his generous impulses usually degenerated into wanton extravagance.

Then grandma's voice broke his musings; there was a rush and whir in his ears as if her soft tones had been a trumpet of doom. What was she saying? Had he heard those words?

"Anseth and Jack were engaged," repeated grandma. "Well, he did try her patience—so often going wrong. Then he went off to Colorado. She did not exactly break the engagement, but I was terribly afraid she would. She promised that, if he remained steady for a year at his business, he should come back—and it's all right now. I have shown her gradually what was for the best. I have kept Jack up to the mark. Since you went away, it has been settled—Jack is coming back."

He sat dull and stunned; he could neither stir nor speak. That soft voice with its cheerful ring had indeed been the trump of doom, which shivered the world into ruins at his feet.

"Oh, please, ma'am, poor Mary Camp is in the kitchen, and she does so want to see you—her man's got into trouble again," said Clorinda's voice in the doorway.

"I expected it," grandma answered, and hurried away.

Ogden rose. To ascend the stairs was like climbing a mountain. He was in his room at last; the moon shining in; the honeysuckle-vine whispering softly in the stillness.

The sound of the clock roused him—it was nine; he had been there two hours. There—where? Not in his chamber, surely—down in some hell that had gaped to swallow him when the world broke asunder at his feet.

A knock at the door—Clorinda asking if he wanted anything. Somebody answered the inquiry—was that his voice? He wanted nothing—he was busy—she would please say good-night for him to the ladies.

"I suppose he had letters that must be answered at once," grandma observed, to Anseth. The two had been busy all the evening—grandma in comforting poor Mary Camp, Anseth with her accounts. "And Jack is coming back," said the old lady, joyfully, as Anseth accompanied her to her room. "My dear, I'm the happiest old woman alive."

The next morning, Robert Ogden came downstairs with a still white face, and this was what he said:

"My plans are all upset—I am called away. I have asked Jem to drive me to the station—I've just time to catch the train."

Grandma gave a little cry; Anseth hurried forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"It is bad news. I am so sorry," she said.

"Bad news," he echoed, "but I can't talk of it."

Grandma bustled about; forced him to drink a cup of coffee. She lamented a little, but his words had sealed her lips as well as those of Anseth. Neither could intrude with a single question.

"You've grown to be like one of my own," grandma said, as she kissed him good-bye. "Write—come back as soon as you can."

Anseth went with him into the verandah; their hands met in a parting clasp.

"If we could only help you," she sighed.

He smiled strangely. As her eyes met his for the first time, a perception of his secret struck her. In another instant, he was seated in

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the carriage and driving rapidly away down the road.

Ten days later, he was in a Western town where he had some business. The evening of his arrival, he came face to face with Jack Halford, who was overjoyed to meet him; had heard from grandma that he had been at the homestead; talked for two with his old volubility; was handsome, light-hearted as ever, with the same careless smile, the same untrustworthy light in his eyes, the same utter incapacity to take anything in life seriously.

"I had to stop overnight here," he said; "it was on my way, and Anseth had asked me to attend to some property she owns here; she'd never have forgiven me if I failed to do it—awfully strict, you know, about business, she is always."

"And it has taken you three days," Ogden said; "you must rather have grudged the time."

"Oh, no," returned Jack, with his happy laugh, "I finished the business in a few hours; but, you see, there was a lot of people here I knew—the Roan Opera Troupe—met them in Denver—first-rate lot—and they wouldn't let me go; but they left for Chicago to-day—I'm off in the morning."

Ogden wanted to escape his companionship, but could not. The main portion of the hotel was full. They had been put in two chambers of a small wing, with a sitting-room between; and Jack kept him there till late, talking of a thousand things in his inconsequent manner—of Anseth, of their past, his experiences in Colorado, his general theories of life, and a man's privileges.

"I shall settle down now," he said; "at bottom, I'm fonder of Anseth than anybody else, but I've a weakness for women. By Jove, I believe, if grandma hadn't settled matters, I'd have married little Lucy Swan in Denver—there'll be heaps of money! I've saved some myself—you wouldn't believe me capable of it. Well, of course I don't mean to spend all my days on that old farm; we must have a year in Europe. I've a scheme sure to win—I could smash Monte Carlo—it can't fail where the game is honest. I'd have made a fortune by it in Frisco if they hadn't cheated. Let's have a glass of punch—it's dry work talking! Oh, yes, I'm all right now—Anseth will keep me straight; of course I love her. But, by Jove, Lucy was bewitching."

And this was the half-developed vacuous creature to whom Anseth Leaf had given her heart—a man of brilliant possibilities, not one of which would ever be realized! Life was a cheat—the world hell. Ogden could hardly keep the tiger in him down—he so longed to spring on the lithe handsome creature and choke his life out. And this was himself, Robert Ogden—upright, kind, always meaning so to live that he need not be ashamed of his own companionship! This was what he had come to—let him sit in judgment on no other man!

He rose abruptly and vowed that he must go to bed. In spite of Jack's persuasions, he went into his own room and shut the door. Presently, he heard Jack go into his, whistling the refrain from an opera-bouffe in a tone as rich and clear as a mocking-bird's.

It was midnight; the hotel stood at the edge of the town; the moon came up red and angry, and glared over the wide stretch of prairie; a sluggish stream muttered and complained lazily just beyond the road; the stillness about was oppressive; the fierce tempest again at its height in Robert Ogden's soul.

The round of dismal days, filled with ceaseless occupation, and the awful nights, as utterly sleepless to him as if slumber had deserted the universe, had told on Ogden's lately-acquired strength. Physical lassitude at last made itself felt—he was suddenly so weary that he had hardly strength to rise and prepare for bed.

As he moved from the window out of which he had been leaning, a powerful odor of smoke struck his nostrils; blue spirals were floating in under the crevices of the ill-fitting door—coming faster, gathering in volume, as he looked.

In an instant, he knew what it was: the wing in which they were had not been used for some time; Jack had complained of cold and insisted on a fire; it had been necessary to kindle the furnace; the porter objected, saying that it had not been cleaned since last year; but Jack had his way—he always had it. This was what had happened: there had been something wrong with one of the flues; the open registers in the sitting-room and Jack's bed-chamber were giving free admission to the clouds of smoke—the deadly vapors which meant death to any sleeper, if not roused before their poisonous gas dulled his senses.

And Jack was sleeping soundly; he had not been tipsy—just enough affected by the punch to sleep heavily when the slight excitement of the alcohol wore off. And he was asleep; if awake, he would sometime since have given the alarm; and, if still asleep, he would never wake in this world unless roused by extraneous aid.

This handsome unstable creature, with so much germ of good in him, yet, from indolence, indulgence, selfishness, so much worse than many a worse man! Certain to wreck the life of the

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woman he married, to waste her fortune—gamble, keep race-horses, make love to other women, reform, give fresh promises, only each time to fall back into a deeper gulf till he reached the depth from whence any coming forth would be impossible.

And the woman whose life he was to wreck, whose heart he was to break, was Anseth Leaf—Anseth Leaf, of all women the queen and cynosure! And she must live to rue her girlish folly—to know her feeling had never been love, only affection: a belief that she alone could aid this weak nature to struggle up to the light—to grow firm and fixed—holding it her duty.

And the deadly smoke was gathering thicker. Was not the sleeper in the hands of fate? Only a minute while these terrible thoughts surged through Ogden's brain: but let no man judge, who has never learned the eternity of agony which sixty seconds can hold!

Then Ogden was in the sitting-room, the smoke so dense it choked and half blinded him. The gas was still burning faintly through the awful haze; he reached Jack's door; it resisted his efforts; he dashed his full weight against it; the bolt yielded—he was in the chamber. Here the gas burned too; the smoke was a whirlwind owing to the draft made by his throwing open the window.

Ogden gained the bed. There Jack lay, his handsome face upturned, his breath heavy and sluggish—he was suffocating!

Ogden shook him, lifted his head; it fell back; the eyes partly opened, then closed. Ogden seized a ewer and dashed the cold water over the sleeper—another, and then the contents of a bucket which fortunately caught his eye.

Jack sprang up with an inarticulate cry; Ogden caught him, opened the hall-door, and dragged him out. Still stupefied and blind, Jack struggled loose, tried to walk, but fell heavily, striking his shoulder against an iron pedestal that supported candelabra, and was still senseless when the alarm-bell which Ogden rang with all his might brought the frightened household to the spot.

The next morning, Anseth Leaf received a telegram which told her of the accident. Jack was out of danger, but it would be several days before he could travel.

"What a Providence that Mr. Ogden was there," grandma said.

Anseth wondered why, in order to be kind to the one man, Providence must needs have been so cruel to the other; but she made no comment.

Grandma had recently sprained her ankle and could not undertake the journey, but Anseth must start by the first train. Mrs. Murray, the schoolmistress, had her vacation—she could go with her.

So it came about that, thirtysix hours later, while Ogden was trying to amuse Jack, who sat in the great armchair to which the doctor doomed him for another day or two, the news came that Miss Leaf had arrived, and, before Ogden could escape, she was in the room.

A changed pale Anseth, how anxiety had told on her—how she loved that soulless butterfly yonder! And Jack's greeting was as gay and easy as possible; then her hand was in Ogden's, and Jack saying:

"It was worth the hurt to have you both here together! So old Murray is with you—what fun I shall have! And, Anseth, you must make Ogden go back with us; never mind if he has business. Why, I can't get on without him, you know."

Without being absolutely brutal, Ogden could not get away; but he bore his martyrdom with a patience few men could have shown, and Anseth made no sign.

Three whole days—oh, three centuries. Then Jack was up and walking about, and Ogden could start that evening on his way toward the far West; the next morning, the others would turn eastward.

It was twilight; Jack had lain down to take a nap; Anseth had not come in from a walk; Ogden stretched himself on the sofa in the sitting-room and fell asleep. Suddenly he heard voices; he knew that he was dreaming, but he would not stir lest he should wake—for one was the voice of Anseth Leaf.

"It is useless, Jack," Anseth was saying; "I have thought and thought—oh, you know, more for you than myself; but I am convinced that I cannot help you, and should only wreck my own future."

"You're very hard on me, Anseth," Jack replied. "You see, I have always loved you at bottom."

"Jack, Jack, you don't know what love means, dear old boy! Why, you have loved twenty others in between—"

"Oh, if you're jealous of a fellow's flirtations—I thought you were above that sort of thing!"

"Stop! This is unworthy even of your childishness," she rejoined. "Jack, I tried my best to believe it right to renew our engagement. I tried to believe we could be happy—"

"And of course we can!"

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"Hush, Jack," she said. "Only the day before I got the news of your accident, I received a letter from Effie Lee. She said that six months ago you were actually engaged to her—"

"Oh, by Jove, it wasn't so bad as that."

"And before this I had learned about Lucy Swan. And oh, Jack, in reality, you have been no more steady than formerly! I can't do it—I'm as fond of you as if you were my brother, Jack, but I don't love you—I know now that I never did."

"This is a way to treat a fellow!" cried Jack. "And grandma—"

"If we don't marry, grandma will give you a fair share of her fortune, Jack—that is only just," Anseth said.

And what Jack seemed saying in this dream was so natural that Ogden actually laughed in his sleep.

"Well, of course, that does seem right, but you'll come round, Anseth; you'll not throw me over."

Then Ogden, fully wakened by his own mirth, knew that there were really voices talking in the next room. He rose and went softly downstairs, out into the garden where the late flowers were still in blossom. The voices had been real, but had he not first heard them in sleep and imagined those words which once more opened heaven to his gaze?

For some time he strolled about the neglected spot; a step struck his ear; he looked up, and saw Anseth walking slowly along the path. She did not see him, but there was a wonderful change in her appearance. The pallor and trouble were gone from her face; her beautiful eyes, raised to watch a bird swinging on a wild plum-tree, were full of peace and rest.

"Anseth!" he cried, starting forward.

She turned quickly toward him—heaven had opened! They stood there with clasped hands in a silence of which both were unconscious, and presently they heard Jack Halford's clear mocking-bird whistle ring down from the piazza, as free from care, as full of material content, as the joyous notes of the songster he imitated so perfectly.

WAITING.

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

In the gloaming, sweet and silent,
  In the porch where roses blow—
Where you parted from me, darling,
  Left me, two short months ago—
I am waiting, sweetheart, for you
  'Mid the shadows dim and gray,
Dreaming o'er those happy hours
  And of summer passed away!

Gone forever is the glory
  Of those golden summer hours,
When we two, dear, were together
  'Neath the spell of love's sweet power;
Dead and vanished are the roses,
  That once bloomed so fresh and gay;
They seem mourning for you, sweetheart,
  For the brightness fled away.

Once, the summer skies were cloudless—
  All a tender melting blue,
With soft breezes, idly straying,
  Nodding roses sweet to woo.
Once, my heart was filled with gladness—
  Life then seemed one grand glad song—
Now I waste my life in waiting.
  Must the waiting, love, be long?

Ah, return—come to me, sweetheart!
  I am waiting in the hush,
Listening for your welcome footsteps
  Through the tender purple dusk.
Then, when on your heart again, love,
  I may rest my tired head,
With what heartfelt love and gladness
  Shall your welcome back be said.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN.

Deep-blue, beneath the shade of bush or brake,
  Close by the wall or on the brook's green brink,
  The gentian grows, and modestly doth shrink
From the sun's light, as if to hide the ache
That it can tell to none; for it must make
  With lips forever closed its moan, and drink,
  And drink again, its sorrow, though it sink
Into its very being. For the sake
  Of love, a maiden pale hath wept alone—
Hath closed her burning lips and kept concealed
  The wealth of her soul's passion: for, were't known,
His happiness were gone, his doom were sealed,
  For whom alone she lives. What if she groan,
If her dread secret never is revealed?

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HOW JOHN'S WIFE MANAGED.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"And so you've been up to the city, to see John and his new wife, Mrs. Morris?" said Miss Emmett, as she leaned back in the comfortable chair Mother Morris brought her and fanned herself with a palm-leaf fan.

"Yes, I have, Susan," returned her hostess, with emphasis. "And I'm very glad to see you. I've been dying for somebody I could talk freely to ever since I came home. Take off your bonnet and stay to tea—I've scarcely seen you for a fortnight, and I have oceans of things I want to talk to you about."

"Well, if you won't go to the least trouble, I don't care if I do stay," said Miss Emmett. "But I didn't bring any work. You'll have to give me something to do."

"Oh, you can sit idle one afternoon—it won't hurt you, Susan: you're always busy at something from morning till night."

"Well, I don't suppose I'm specially lazy," Miss Emmett replied, complacently. "If I'd ever a-married—which, thanks to goodness, I never did, and am not likely to now—I flatter myself I should have made a fair housekeeper. But, Sarah, how is it about John's wife—don't you like her?"

"Why, Susan—I can't say I don't like her. She's a pleasant enough little soul—very pretty and obliging. It seemed as if she couldn't do enough for me because I was John's mother. But I'm afraid she's going to prove dreadfully extravagant."

"You don't say!" remarked Susan, as the terrible truth came out with a doleful shake of Mother Morris's head.

"Yes, I do say, Susan. Why, you ought to see that house. All the little fancy knicknacks and what-nots you ever saw or heard of, she's got there. And, upon my word, I never dreamed of so many different ways of making dresses in my life. And as for bonnets! Law! Susey Emmett—I was there one week, and I saw that girl wear six different bonnets."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Susan. "Six! And I haven't had but one in two years. Poor John."

"You may well say it, Susan. Six bonnets. One for almost every dress. And a long cloak and a short—visite, I believe she called it. And—well, other things to match. And more traps than you could name in a day, in her house, with not an earthly use for them except to look pretty."

"Poor John's clothes don't get so much attention, I suppose," remarked Susan, in a tone of commiseration.

"No—I can't say that. He looks as trim and dainty as ever. I think she takes good care of his things. I didn't see a button off or hear him grumble while I was there. And, if John Morris hasn't changed mightily, he would growl if his clothes weren't all in order when he wanted to put them on."

"But she must spend all he makes for those folderols," Susan exclaimed, in a tone nicely modulated between assertion and inquiry.

"I'm afraid she does—a good deal of it. I can't see how it can be any other way. It'll break him up, I expect. And he just getting such a nice start for a young man—it does seem a pity."

Susan agreed to that, and the two ladies got at least an afternoon's entertainment out of the shortcomings of John's extravagant wife.

The city where John Morris lived was only ten miles distant. The Glendale people went there to do their shopping, and before long Miss Susan took an opportunity to go up. She spent a day at the house of the newly married pair, whom she called cousins on the strength of a very distant relationship to Mrs. Morris, and, when she came home, had wonderful stories to tell of what she had seen Nettie have and wear.

Other good gossips among John's relatives heard the stories, and then they too must visit his house and return with equally wonderful tales.

They always forgot to add that Nettie never was lacking in hospitality to her husband's family and friends, no matter how unexpectedly they descended in on her.

After a while, John and Nettie came down to Glendale to pay a visit. In some way, John got hold of the talk, and went back a very indignant man, vowing he never would go to Glendale again. Nettie, however, was equal to the occasion—she saw where the trouble lay.

"I'll tell you what to do, John, dear," said she, "just ask the relations up here, all together, and we'll explain matters."

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After a few consultations, John thought Nettie's plan a good one. So it happened that, on a certain day, about a dozen of the Glendale connections received invitations to come to town and take dinner at John's.

They came; not one missed that opportunity, I assure you. Nettie was very nicely dressed, and her pretty rooms looking their very prettiest to receive her guests, while her dinner was most excellent, though she had prepared it without other help than that which a small colored girl could give.

After dinner, when they were all gathered in the parlor, John said, while Nettie stood blushing beside him:

"My friends, there has been a mistake made at Glendale, about my little girl here. And I've asked you up, to-day, to set it right. You seem to think she is very extravagant. Now I think her the most economical of women, and I have a tolerably good chance to know. Please give me your grounds for your belief, and I'll give you those for mine—that's fair, I'm sure."

"Well, now, John," began his mother, "I love Nettie—she's a dear good girl; but just look about this room. All these pretty ornaments cost money."

"And so do her six bonnets," added Susan Emmett.

"And her mantles and dresses," chimed in another cousin.

"Oh! Is that the head and front of her offending?" asked John, laughing.

"Yes, it is! All the nice things she has and wears must cost a great deal, John," his mother replied, seeing that the others expected her to speak.

"So they do." John rose, walked to a table, and picked up the last copy of "Peterson," and held it up to view. "Here, I think, is what you must quarrel with," said he. "My Nettie is very quick and skillful with her fingers. She takes this magazine, and the patterns in it enable her to make the pretty things you object to, at a cost so small you would hardly think possible."

"Now, John, do you expect us to believe that?" asked his mother.

"I do, because it is literally true. Nettie, speak up in your own defense: Where did you get the six bonnets, for instance?"

"Made them out of scraps of my dresses," responded Nettie. "I save all the pieces and trimmings, and buy only the frames. So, by following the styles given every month in my magazine, I have a bonnet for each dress, and the six cost less than many ladies pay for one. They take very little time or trouble either, and not much practice to manage with ease and skill."

"And how about the dresses?" asked John. "Don't forget the dresses."

"I nearly always cut and make them myself, from the folded paper pattern which comes in each month's magazine. I made my visite from one of them. And, last month, from a child's pattern, I cut and made, out of an old gown of my own, two frocks for my poor washerwoman's little girl."

No one felt inclined to break the silence as Nettie paused an instant—not many of her visitors spent any time making warm dresses for poor children.

After waiting a little, Nettie continued, in the same kindly tone:

"For my tidies and pillow-shams, crazy cushions, lambrequins, and, in short, all the pretty trifles in my house, I get the patterns from the same source—my 'Peterson.' And I have made, for other people, fancy articles more than enough to buy all the materials for my own. I have been so well paid for extra fancy-work, that I have already laid aside ten dollars, earned by my own fingers, toward buying a Christmas gift for John, because I don't believe in giving people presents bought with their own money. I pay two dollars for my magazine, and it pays me more than twenty, every year, in what I save and earn by its help. Is that extravagant?"

The group of relations glanced at one another in a shame-faced, fairly conscience-stricken manner. Each appeared to expect her neighbor to speak first; but nobody seemed able to take the initiative, ready of speech as the whole set were noted for being on ordinary occasions.

"Now, is that extravagant, I ask?" Nellie persisted, smiling still, but with a firm ring in her voice which showed that she was fully determined to obtain a response from somebody.

The cousins turned toward Mother Morris; but the old lady only moved restlessly in her chair and pulled the folds of her dress-skirt in a nervous fashion very different from her usual decided manner. Finally, she looked at Susan Emmett in a reproachful sort of way, as if wondering why she did not find her voice. Then all the cousins looked fixedly at Susan, and there was reproach in their eyes too; but, for the first time in her life, Miss Susan was not prepared to come to the front when expected so to do.

Nellie waited composedly, not looking at anybody in particular; though, sweet and calm as was the expression of her face, it showed the firm determination to be answered which her soft tones had a moment before.

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John glanced at each of the relations in turn without the slightest effort to hide his amusement at their discomfiture, too full of pride in Nellie's triumph to feel any anger toward the clan for the censorious family-gossip which had brought it about.

"Come now," he cried, at last, with a merry laugh: "it is only fair that you should answer my wife's question. She has explained to you her way of managing. Do you still disapprove and feel afraid she will ruin me?"

It is easy enough to be amiable and forgiving when one has gained a complete victory, and Nellie was gentle and kind by nature. She joined in John's laughter, saying gayly:

"Now, I'm not a bit vexed—nobody must be annoyed. No wonder you all thought I was extravagant—if you supposed I paid for making so many bonnets and fancy articles. But you see how it is—I've shown you the way to have all the pretty things you want, and yet be economical."

"I haven't a word to say," said Susan Emmett, rising, "except this—I'm going to subscribe to 'Peterson' before I sleep to-night!"

"And Susan's example will be a very good one for all you ladies to follow," said John Morris, laughing.

They all agreed that it would, and Nettie seized the opportunity then and there to begin her club for the next volume.

Mother Morris stood silent for a minute or two, then she walked up to her daughter-in-law, kissed her on her red cheek, and said:

"Nettie, I beg your pardon! We ought, every one, to be ashamed of ourselves. I promise you, John, you'll hear no more of your wife's extravagance from Glendale people!"

THE DEMON OF UNREST.

BY M. E. P.

Her smile is sweet, her laughter gay,
And she is happy—so they say;
And yet her eyes, that try so hard—
Those violet eyes—to be on guard,
Can never from my gaze conceal
The sadness that their depths reveal;
I know some demon of unrest
Must reign supreme within her breast.

He drives her on with lash and goad—
She dares not falter on the road.
Whate'er she fain would solace make,
He bids her instantly forsake.
Her hands may fold, her eyelids close,
But sleep is all the rest she knows—
For in her breast she bears, oppressed,
That mocking demon of unrest.

Ah, Isabel, with eyes divine,
I bow no longer at thy shrine!
Others may love, adore thee—yes;
But only I thy secret guess.

Thy smile is sweet, thy laughter gay,
And thou art happy—so they say;
But well I know thou art possessed
By that fierce demon of unrest.

In pity, I would gladly tell
Some magic charm that might dispel
The power that reigns within thy breast
And spurs thee, fainting and oppressed,
To fresh endeavors; but 'tis not
For me to free thee from thy lot—
The knight who claimed to love thee best
Should slay the demon of unrest.

Gladly would I have watched thy face
And guarded it from such a trace
Of sadness, lurking in each line.
Nay, I could never, wert thou mine—
My wife—endure to see thee wear
That hopeless haunting look of care.
Wouldst thou, e'en then, have been possessed
By this fell demon of unrest?

SOME OTHER DAY.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Some other day, some other day,
The sun will shine again,
And all the clouds so gloomy now
Will vanish with the rain—
The heavy heart, the sighs and tears,
Will yield to smiles of joy,
The golden light of happiness
Be ours without alloy.

Then let us hope for brighter days
And struggle toward the goal
Where we may hear the plaudit won
By every constant soul:
"Well done, thou good and faithful one;
Inherit joys divine,"
Reserved for those who love the Lord,
Who soar to heights sublime.

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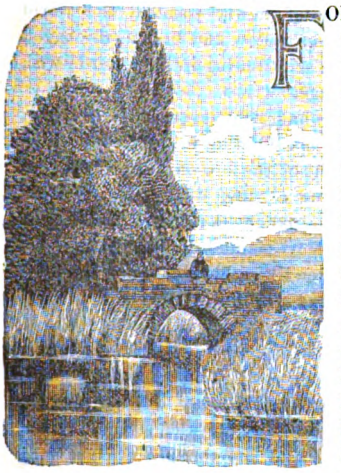
ESCULAPIUS IN ACADIA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 342.

CHAPTER VII.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.



FOR ten days the storm lasted—so completely isolating the little home, that Grafberg found himself thinking of the ark and the flood. All the world for him might indeed have been dead. Sometimes father and son would dash wildly across the prairie, to cast careful eyes over herds and flocks, bringing back to the cozy room whiffs of rain-washed air. Sometimes Grafberg, in the chill moisture, would stride to his boat, seeking papers and books. Madame Alcée had given him a table by the corner of the hearth near the window, which opened toward the garden, and here he would sit writing, the music of the wheels spinning busily singing with his thoughts.

He had got over those first disagreeable associations. He did not now think of Faust. The ticking of the old clock, the crackle of the fire, the whir of the wheels, the crooning of Madame Lucien, the fall of the rain, and the sweep of the wind—these all mingled together in soothing song, sending his fancies calmly among the mysteries where he labored.

Especially diverting, too, was the time given Aurore. Her progress was marvelous. Always grave, always attentive, yet always shy, she was herself a mystery.

One evening, the heavens were hung with heavy cloud-curtains, caught now and then by fiery cords of lightning. Thunder rolled. Grafberg, coming from his boat, stood a moment and contemplated the prairie.

There was no rain falling. The vast plain seemed a desert of far-stretching darkness, over which the lightning played in ghastly flashes. As he drew near the gray house, the lightning revealed a figure leaning against the end post of the gallery. He recognized Aurore. The girl's head was turned toward the prairie. She did not move as he came nearer, perhaps thinking she had not been seen, and he passed on, laying his hand against the latch to open the door. Another flash of lightning again revealed Aurore, and he saw that her head was raised—saw that she was seriously regarding the heavens; he wondered of what she thought—wondered how her untutored reflections would compare with his—wondered whether he could make her speak. He took his hand from the latch and walked toward her. She stirred, hearing him come, and moved as if to go within.

"Mademoiselle, wait one moment. It is not yet time for our lesson. Are you looking at the prairie or the sky?"

"Le prairie et le ziel" ("le ciel"), answered Aurore, resuming her position.

"And what do you think of them?"

"Me? Ah, m'sieu, I dunno. I tink me—I tink—'ow you tek dat ailaictraicitie? 'Ow you put dat ailaictraicitie een Angel? 'Ow you do dat, M'sieu Haisculaipius?"

So, she was beginning to think. The words came rapidly and earnestly, and, in the gray gloom, Grafberg could see the graceful head turned expectant toward him. Had the few evenings of teaching stirred the seeds? Were they struggling to break through the darkness of the soul, where only scant rays from the sun of knowledge had fallen athwart the fallow land?

Just then, a lightning-flash disclosed Aurore's dark eyes uplifted. Somehow, the eager questioning glance seemed the voice of a soul—the voice of one crying in darkness.

"Mademoiselle," he said, and his words came slowly, "your question shall be answered some day. I cannot explain now—you would not understand. When you read well, I will get you a book, and I myself will show you many things. Electricity is not only in the heavens.

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It is all about on the earth. I suppose you will laugh—you will not believe, when I say that you can make lightning on the back of your cat?"

"Ah, non, m'sieu."

"Yes, mademoiselle: some night, when it is cold, sit in the dark with your cat, rub the fur, and you will see bright sparks. Those sparks are just small lightnings—just what you see in the sky. Listen: you will hear little noises, and those little noises are thunders; yes, that very thunder rolling now in those dark heavens. It is hard to believe; but, until you can read, you must believe, because I say so."

Just then, another flash gleamed. As it played over Aurore, Grafberg saw that she stood straight, with hands loosely clasped, facing again the darkness of the prairie, the whole attitude expressing attentive thought.

"There are many things quite as wonderful," continued Grafberg, as the light vanished. "When a flower dies, can you give it life? When a man dies, can you make him live again? So, mademoiselle, no one can put life into what is dead; and life is a great mystery, and the mystery is as great in a bird, and in a flower, as in man. Just so, electricity on the back of a cat is as wonderful as electricity in those great black clouds above."

"W'at faw you spick zo, m'sieu?" cried Aurore. "W'y you spick—"

Here her voice ceased suddenly, and Grafberg, by the gleam of another lightning-flash, saw that her head was turned, as if looking intently over her shoulder in fear.

"Speak how? What do you mean, mademoiselle?" he asked, surprised at the agitation betrayed in word and manner.

"Ah, bout de daide—yasse," she answered, so low that he could scarcely catch the faint words.

And indeed, before he had quite caught them, she had passed through the door, leaving him bewildered.

He tried to remember exactly what he had said. Surely nothing to alarm this wild Acadian. He had seen her face fierce cattle, fearlessly waving her little hands; he had seen her mount a wild horse, without either saddle or bridle, and go to the rescue of sheep caught in the coulées. Fear seemed, indeed, no part of her nature, despite shyness and silence.

"Women are incomprehensible creatures," thought Grafberg, and then he smiled, taking his seat for the evening lesson; smiled as he looked on the now calm Aurore, thinking there were other mysteries beside those of life and electricity, wrapped in insignificance; thinking that the same woman's-nature, which had so puzzled the world with contradictions in great Queen Bess, existed, quite as curiously contradictory, in the nature of this simple Acadian girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAOUL'S COURTSHIP.

At last, one night, the clouds broke—stars shone in deep-blue heavens, the gray dawn came, and the early sun laid a red light over prairie and marsh. Some soft mists floated hither and thither; but, as if newly painted, the world shone—the grasses yellow and brown, the bayou blue, the coulées scintillating in light, birds with freshened plumage.

And Aurore—had she ever looked fairer, brighter, than when standing in the cool morning air, the rosy light of the sun on her face?

She was lifting a vine, lifting also the old fence, both having fallen—a thick rich rose-vine, set with green leaves and bristling thorns, and all woven together like a hedge. She was bareheaded. The wind was blowing her hair in little curls about her brown forehead, and her brown cheeks glowed. She heard far off the sound of horse's hoofs; but she did not heed, for father and brother were already away, driving together cattle scattered in those days of storm. It was not, indeed, of Raoul she thought when a pony halted without the fence; and she started, lifting her shy eyes, then letting them fall again, as Raoul's voice called in loud greeting.

"Art thou not surprised to see me?" he asked, in his soft "Cajan" French.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and carefully twisted a straggling tendril.

"I don't believe thou wouldst care if I died, Aurore."

His voice was low now—yet, trembling with emotion, it reached her ears distinctly.

"Ah, yes—I would care, Raoul. But one does not want to talk of sadness, such a day as this. See then—how bright the sun. Those days of storm blew this vine down. Now, I must go to the house. Thou wilt come, Raoul? Why didst thou go off, that stormy morning, like—like the wind?"

All this time, she was endeavoring to detach her dress from the thorns of the vine; but, as one was withdrawn, another caught. She did not watch Raoul—did not see him prepare for a leap—and she gave a cry of surprise as the pony vaulted over. Raoul, dismounting, stood beside her.

"Thou hast frightened me," she exclaimed; and there was a little frown on the smooth brown forehead. "Some day, thou and thy pony will fly through the air, like birds."

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She spoke hurriedly, and as hurriedly her hands worked at the vines, striving to tear them from her clothing.

"Let me assist thee, Aurore," said Raoul, tugging at one vine while dextrously winding another about her straight lissome figure. "There—behold, thou art rid of that one. Ah, but it is no wonder they love thee, Aurore. It is not a wonder they cling to thee."

"I don't want their love," said Aurore, quietly. The frown was deepening on her forehead, the brown slender hands becoming tense in their earnestness. "If I had a knife, I would cut them," she went on.

"Just as thou wouldst cut hearts—just as thou wouldst cut my heart, Aurore."

She looked about helplessly. She was like a bird caught in a net, for he had wound the vines so that she could move only her arms; she was like a wild rose, blooming there in the midst of the green.

"Canst thou not get these vines away from me, Raoul? The voudou is in them, I think. A black buzzard came on our gallery, last night."

"And many more black buzzards will come, I think," said the young man, gloomily; "and thou so innocent."

"Innocent? What dost thou mean, Raoul?" She did not wrestle with vines now—her hands lay quite still among the green leaves. "Why should the carrion crows come to our house?"

"What good to tell? Thou wouldst not believe. Perhaps they come laughing, because thou hast deprived them of a feast. But thou wouldst not believe."

"Raoul, I do not understand thee. Hush—speak not of that!" She shuddered slightly and continued in even lower voice: "What is it that I would not believe?"

"Wilt thou believe that I love thee? Wilt thou believe that I would die for thee, Aurore?"

"And I would do much for thee, Raoul. Thou art my dear cousin."

She was not looking at him now—she was industriously tugging again at those troublesome vines.

"I am more than thy cousin, Aurore. I love thee as no other cousin can. I want thee for all my life, Aurore. Thy father knows that I love thee—have I not since we were little ones? All our life long, have we not been together—thou and I? And yet, now thou dost scarce look when I come. I found the first lily, Aurore. It came out in white, amid the yellow grass of winter. And I took it for a sign, and I stooped and gathered it, and waved it for thee to see. And I said: 'It shall tell her—it shall tell her of my love. It shall say to her what it says to me: "There will be, for the one who finds, a wedding before the year is old."' But thou didst not see, Aurore; thou didst not lift thy head nor look when it spoke from my hand. But I found the lily, Aurore. And thou wilt make true what it promises—thou wilt, beloved?"

She had not once interrupted; she had not once lifted her head, nor ceased untangling the prickly vines. There was just the color of the winter wind in her face, and nothing more. She was so tempting in her wild beauty, he could have put his arms about her then and there; he could have torn her from those clinging vines, and thrown her on his pony, and mounted and ridden—ridden over the prairie, far, far away from all the world—happy, happy, just to know that his arms were about her; that he was to shield and to guard and to love through life, through eternity. The girl felt his gaze, for she suddenly lifted her head as if to answer, and as suddenly let it droop again, something more than the color of the wintry wind burning over cheek and throat and ears.

Raoul's glance had followed hers, and now across his face, all earnest with pleading, tender with love, a scowl gathered black, as a heavy cloud hiding the gentle light of the moon.

"Thou dost not answer, Aurore."

The softness was all gone from his voice.

"I do not want to marry, Raoul. I will not marry anyone. Do thou take this—here—hold it—let me away—let me depart."

"And thou so innocent," he exclaimed.

"Twice thou hast said the same words. What dost thou mean? Tell me, Raoul," she cried, again becoming still.

"I mean, that worse than a black buzzard stands now on the gallery of thy father's house; I mean that he, the stranger who dwells under thy roof, the Haisculaipius who works his charms of the devil, with the machine of the devil, on thy Angel, I mean that he comes for black deeds; I mean that he comes to bring ruin and disgrace and misery on thy family and thee; I mean that he is a spy; I mean that—"

"Stop, stop then," cried Aurore, putting both little hands over her ears, her face very red now, and the shy eyes lifted full of wrath. "I will not hear. He is good, he is kind, he makes Angel well, he teaches me to read, he shows me books with pictures, he knows about the flowers and trees—more, more than thou, who hast lived here always; he can shoot—no one can shoot like him. If he wants a bird, he aims at it, and down it falls. Thou must not call it a

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charm—the electricity. He has told me how I can make it—I, on the back of my cat, and, after awhile, he will tell me all that he knows. Dost thou hear, Raoul? He is kind, he is good, and thou shalt not call him 'a black buzzard.' It is thou who art more like one, with thy great black eyes and thy black hair; and especially art thou like one, swooping about on thy pony—flying almost, it seems."

Such an avalanche! Raoul was silent in sheer amaze, then a groan broke from his lips, and then he ground his teeth.

"Thou art my dear cousin, Raoul," continued Aurore, who had long since taken her hands from her ears; "but thou must not talk against the stranger in our house—the Haisculaipius—who has made the dead arm of our little Angel live again."

"Aurore," exclaimed Raoul, seizing her hand, "I swear to thee that what I say is true! I swear to thee that—"

But suddenly she snatched her hand away, broke recklessly through the clinging rose-vine, and, heedless of her skirt, torn by thorns, clambered across the fence and hurried to the house.

Grafberg, walking the gallery, had thought the girl and her cousin made a pretty picture. He half suspected the romance passing above the vines; but Aurore was such a child. He did not imagine the dark Acadian had asked the pretty one to be his betrothed—did not think the brown hand seen in his musings over her future had been held forth to lead her to the cypress home—the home enclosed by marsh and prairie and bayou.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVEN TREE.

But as the weather cleared without, so clouds gathered within. At night, Monsieur Leblanc yet worked over his great net, Madame Lucien yet knotted her fringe, while Raoul cleaned his gun or lounged, gazing moodily into the fire. Sometimes the gray eyes of Madame Lucien, sometimes the black eyes of Raoul, would both at once rest on the stranger seated there teaching Aurore—the stranger who had come among them, why and wherefore none were quite sure; only the eyes of these two were armed with suspicion, the hearts of these two filled with wrath.

Queen of the little home kingdom, narrowed down to the tisanes and simple medical treatments of her people—suspicious of all innovations, superstitious where her ignorance met knowledge—Madame Lucien had deeply resented the interference of the stranger. Feeling herself deposed, she looked on this "Haisculaipius" as a usurper of the throne where, for fifty years, she had held sway undisputed. Compelled for the first time to yield to her son's will, she took revenge by holding her old figure straighter than in the days of youth, by continually making over her bosom the sign of the cross as if exorcising the spirit of magic, and by keeping a most unusual silence, broken only when necessity compelled.

After awhile, as the days again grew warmer, it was on gallery or bayou bank the lessons were given, Madame Lucien or Madame Alcée drawing near, or Raoul, on the bank yonder, fishing—or, mayhap, striking down a duck on its way to the nightly rest.

Once, when Aurore laughed—just a soft, sweet, shy zephyr of a laugh—a flash gleamed, and a loud report from Raoul's gun rang far over prairie distance. As it happened, there was not a bird in sight—only this teacher and pupil did not know: their eyes were fixed on Aurore's name, traced for the first time by her own hand. It was the prettiest work she had ever done—it was a fair crown resting upon the eighteen years of her short life.

In this beautiful Southern land, nature had opened a book, which Grafberg read with keen interest. Seizing types of nature here and there, catching darting fish, comparing the strength of nerve which sent one swimming through velvet air, the other swimming through velvet waters, touching into life the dead limbs of Angel, quickening into life the clear mind of Aurore: so rolled the weeks of that soft January, and the first day of the last winter month had come, a lovely gracious February—cool mornings melting into warm sun-steeped noontides, and these in turn dying on beds of gorgeous color.

It was during one of these noontides, all sun-steeped, that Grafberg tramped over the prairie, lying yellow like the field of the cloth of gold.

Five hundred yards from the home of Leblanc stood a great oak. Rising from the bosom of the prairie, it could be seen looming against the sky like a broad tower. Particularly grand it seemed this brilliant yellow day, standing all draped with sunlight, and silhouetted against the blue sky; and Grafberg, leaning on his gun, paused to regard it, curiously studying the great arched branches above.

What was its history? Perhaps a bird, centuries ago, had dropped an acorn in its flight—perhaps a child of the Attakapas, passing, had let the seed fall from a red hand or from plaited basket. The prairie, in strange freak, had opened its fertile bosom—had nourished the foster-child.

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How many winters, how many summers, had the old oak known? How often had the coulées and bayous changed shape and course since the tiny leaves first opened among those prairie grasses? Yes—and how many generations of red men had passed away—how many generations of Acadians had driven cattle on the broad prairie, riding homeward, just as those three whom he saw now, like great blackbirds flying low over the sunlit grass?

Suddenly, he stepped within the shadow of the tree, looked above, looked below, and, bending, scanned the rough knotted trunk; then, passing forth again into the sunlight, and again leaning thoughtfully on his gun, stood, as at first, tracing with uplifted eyes the tower-like form, and so stood when those three riders drew near.

"Adjieu, m'sieu. You ricard dat tree—ain't eet?" cried Monsieur Leblanc, pulling rein.

"A wonderful tree," said Grafberg, shouldering his gun and preparing to tramp onward.

"Dass zo," assented Leblanc, moving off to join the others.

"Bien! didst thou tell him to go?" asked Raoul, lifting heavy brows.

"Non, Raoul, I have told thee—I have not the intention to send him away."

The red blood surged up under the dark skin of the nephew. He dug spurs into his horse, darted on ahead, then pulled bridle, so that the animal stood erect. He was like a young Centaur, and uncle and cousin regarded him with glances of wondering admiration.

"Raoul," said the uncle, a half-hour later, when all three were gathered in the log stable, "Raoul, it is an astonishment, that pony of thine." And he stroked the mane and looked in the fiery eyes of the animal.

Raoul shrugged his shoulders.

"She was three years on the prairie—she was one of thirty," he answered. "She grew up wild. I went out one day; I threw my arriette, I caught her; but it was a long chase. Then I tamed her; now she knows—she knows," he added, nodding his head.

"'Tis a mystery—a mystery," muttered the uncle, stooping to pass his hand down the shapely fore limbs. "A mystery, too, Raoul, the spirit of fire which burns in thee," added the old man, suddenly lifting his head and fixing his keen blue eyes on the dark moody face of his nephew

"I am as God made me," replied Raoul, again shrugging his shoulders, and stooping to pick up the saddle, which lay at his feet.

But Raoul was gloomy all that evening, next day he did not dash like a winged bird over coulée and bayou. He lingered beside the others, pondering that vexed question, how best to rid the land of the stranger within his uncle's gates.

Soberly he rode forth with the others; soberly he came home with them through the yellow sunlight, at quiet pace, the uncle talking of work to be commenced in those bare cotton-fields, his voice ringing soft in the clear air.

It was very hushed out there on the prairie—almost as if all nature swooned, steeped in sunlight. There were a few light clouds in the blue sky, some birds were flying lazily, floating, it seemed, in golden ether.

And now a strange event occurred.

Into the quiet, dreamy, sunlit scene a bolt fell from heaven—fell with loud, deafening, crashing roar, striking the great oak, so that a blaze of fire gleamed in the sunlight, then darted into the deep earth, tearing the oaken roots and the earth around, sending great cracks far out over the bosom of the prairie, and a trembling which reached the distant waters, shaking them as if with the ague of death.

One instant, silence followed; then arose the clamor of fear. Birds shricked, the insects of the grasses found each its voice, and the three horses, all for an instant stilled, broke suddenly into mad gallops and sped homeward as if pursued by fiends.

Gradually the riders gained control of their beasts, and the mad gallop changed to a gentler pace. After a while the three drew together and stood quite still, though yet trembling with terror.

"It is the hand of God," muttered Leblanc, crossing himself and looking back toward the riven tree.

"The hand of God," assented Alcée, also crossing himself.

"The hand of God," cried Raoul, lifting blazing eyes of victory, and pointing his dark finger with wild gesture toward the tree, then toward heaven, then toward the little home. "He says: 'Thou hast taken from my heaven—thou hast allowed that a stranger shall steal from my land above, and use for earth. Good; since thou hast taken, I will also give.' And now," lifting his arm aloft, "now," continued Raoul, "wilt thou send this stranger away? Wilt thou hear the voice of thy mother? Dost recall that but yesterday his eyes of evil cast their spells yonder on trunk and branch?"

Leblanc did not answer. He sat looking forward, a dazed expression on the rugged face. He had known it all his life—all his life. He turned again, and in silence rode home.

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The others talked, soothing their trembling horses; but he did not heed. Something grand and beautiful had passed from his life, the tree of many memories, the tree in whose branches he had shot his first bird, the tree under whose shelter he had taken the first kiss from the lips of his bride, the tree where she had met him in those early days when he came from the long prairie rides, and under whose shadow he could see, when yet far off, her slender lithe figure waiting for him.

Gradually the dazed look passed. Dogged determination sat within the stern eyes and over the stern mouth. A stranger—a stranger, taken under the shelter of his roof, had robbed him, had drawn on an old friend the curse of heaven, so that it stood torn and stricken and wounded unto death.

He did not stable his horse. He threw the rein over a fence-rail, and entered his home.

The household were on their knees—Madame Lucien, Madame Alcée, Aurore, and about the cradle they were grouped, praying. Within the cradle slept Angel, the soft face pillowed on the little hand, in whose rosy palm warm life now bloomed.

As Leblanc entered, the women arose. Madame Lucien pointed above. Her stern gray eyes met the stern eyes of her son.

"Did I not tell thee?" she cried. "Did I not tell thee? Now art thou content? Now wilt thou again steal from thy God? Has not his curse fallen while the sun smiled? Misery! Misery! Misery!"

Leblanc looked around, looked forth toward the bayou, looked around again as one seeking, and then asked in hard voice: "Where is he?"

Madame Lucien shook her head, sank into a chair, and sat with crossed hands, as if communing.

"Where is he?" again demanded Leblanc, this time looking on Madame Alcée.

She pointed up the bayou.

Five minutes later, Aurore, looking from the window, saw father, brother, and cousin riding off along the bank of the bayou, and, a half-hour later, Grafberg, hearing the sound of coming horses, lifted his head to see three stern faces, under three great straw hats, and three pairs of hostile eyes, regarding him with aversion.

He was comparing the formation of a certain bird and a certain fish. The two subjects were opened, and lying red on a cypress shingle laid beneath a willow. His hands were gory with blood. He had been startled by the reverberating crash of the striking bolt, and had paused a moment to study the cause; but the matter under consideration was a surgical operation, a surgical problem, the subjects to be compared—rare specimens; with the denial of a student, he had set aside curiosity and had calmly pursued his labors. These men coming now—what did it mean? He looked with inquiring eyes, standing quite still after rising from his kneeling position beside the bleeding bird and fish. The three riders, regarding these, exchanged glances silently, then as silently drew rein.

"Mageek," muttered Raoul.

"Mageek," echoed Alcée.

Leblanc, touching his pony, rode a bit forward; then, with a deep blaze in his blue eyes, exclaimed:

"You go waighe; yasse, you don com my 'ouse no maw."

"What?" exclaimed Grafberg, drawing himself upright and looking as if he did not understand the words of Leblanc.

"You go waighe. You don com my 'ouse no maw."

"Do you mean that I am to go away—that you wish me to go away?"

"Dass zo," responded Leblanc, nodding his head.

"And why?"

The three men exchanged glances; then Leblanc spoke:

"You haske wy. Bon, M'sieu Haisculaipius, I taile you. You kno dat tree wat grow beeg—dat broke; wat you zee yistiddy on de prairie?"

"Yes."

"Waile, dat tree halle tore—dat tree halle daide. You wan kno wat meck dat tree daide? Ailaictraicitie."

He pointed his finger at Grafberg, as emphasizing the word.

"Do you mean that the tree was struck by lightning? Was that the crash I heard?"

"Jis zo," assented Leblanc.

"But what has that to do," commenced Grafberg, regarding the three stern faces, "what has that to do with my going away?"

"Sacré bleu," cried Leblanc, in a white rage, "you don zee? Waile, you com my ouse weed yo mageek, you com weed dat deb machin, you meck de ailaictraicitie; you com—dass halle—you zee den—you kno den—I tich you, me—zee—I tich zo."

He drew a long knife from his belt and waved it aloft, letting sun-rays play on the bright steel, and repeating "I tich zo." He was terrible to look upon, yet so grand in his wrath that Grafberg, struck into admiration, stood for an instant quietly regarding him. The silence stung Leblanc into deeper fury. His blue eyes flashed,

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his gray hair and white beard seemed, like the knife, to scintillate in the sunlight.

"You don b'liv—you don b'liv," he cried. "You weed de deb now. Gar ya" ("Look there"), pointing here the flashing knife to Grafberg's red hands.

"Very innocent blood, at least," said the other, lifting his hands and holding them forth in the sunlight. "Not the blood of a human being—not the blood of a man—"

"Ah, ah, Raoul, Alcée—yo knaifes."

Instantly two more knives gleamed aloft.

"Do you wish to kill me?" asked Grafberg, standing quite still and looking dauntlessly into the flashing eyes of Leblanc. "Because I warn you that others know where I am, and will kill those who kill me."

"Keel you?" repeated Leblanc, almost awed by the calm serious manner. "Non, I jis wan you zay 'I go waighe—I liv dees laine.'"

"I will leave your house, Monsieur Leblanc, I will not of my own will set foot on your land; but go away from the bayou, go away from this country—monsieur, the country is for all. It is a free land, and I will not go," replied Grafberg, with slow determination.

"Jis you kip out my ouse—jis you kip awf my laine—jis you meck promesse."

"I staid because I was asked," said Grafberg. "I have almost cured your sick grandchild. What I did for the child was not the cause of the lightning. Let me at least finish—"

"Sacré bleu," interrupted Leblanc, again flourishing his knife, "you breeng dat deb machin my ouse."

"Ah, well," interposed Grafberg, "it is useless, I see, to talk. For the sake of your little grandaughter, I am sorry. Will you allow me to enter your house and gather up my books and papers?"

Leblanc shook his head. "Maman, she no wan zee you. I zainde dem—I breeng dem een yo bote. You go now, M'sieu Haisculaipius—rite awf—ain't eet?"

"No," said Grafberg, "not till I have finished this work," pointing here to the bleeding bird and fish. "I will meet you this evening about five; rather, there's no necessity for a meeting: just place my things on the bayou bank—I'll gather them up myself. Monsieur Leblanc, it is a pity you don't see further. It is a pity you don't see that God lets us use all things for our good."

"I tink de deb got eem—ain't eet?" interrupted Leblanc, looking at his two companions, and fairly amazed to see that the stranger upheld his magic and did not quail before the three knives. "You liv dees laine—you liv dees laine," he repeated, in an accent of fury. "You tink you do wat you wan, eh? Wat you wan ainey waighe—eh? Raoul zay you deeg. Raoul zay dat now—dees daiye. He zee you. Wat faw you deeg dees zide? Wat faw you deeg dat zide? Wat faw you deeg—eh? Mageek—eh? You tink no won kno—eh? Raoul ave zee you. Now you go. Dass halle wat I zay—you go—you betteh go."

"Stop," cried Grafberg, folding his arms, standing very calm before them, and regarding all three with unflinching gaze. "You have no right to order me out of the country. Understand, I shall stay as long as I wish. I may leave to-morrow—I may leave in six weeks. If any evil happen to me, punishment will fall on those who do that evil. I want you to understand that, if you take my life, the law will take yours. I do not dig for magic. I know nothing of magic. Electricity is not magic. As I have said before, monsieur, it is a pity you do not see more clearly. You let the sun in heaven ripen your cotton—why not let the lightning of heaven cure your grandchild? Why not—"

"De deb got eem—ain't eet?" interrupted Leblanc, again looking at his companions, and oblivious to all except the stranger's intrepidity. Then, breathing hard, he gazed with his blue blazing eyes full into Grafberg's serious face, and, with a voice like the roar of fire, repeated: "Jis you com my laine—jis you com—"

Another wave of the flashing knife, and he was gone. The others followed.

Grafberg stood watching till they had dashed out of sight. As he returned to his labors, he sighed once or twice. Somehow the little warm hand of Angel pointed to her waxen feet, and they seemed the little feet of his dead daughter, lying stilled in her grave.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SUCCESS.

So few in any age can win success
While that means worldly station, gold, or fame;
Let only truth and goodness be the test—
The humblest life might earn the highest name.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FAIR COMPLEXION WITHOUT DANGER OF INJURY.

BY T. WALLACE SIMON, M.D.

SKIN OF THE FACE AND HANDS.—Eruptions and blemishes properly come under the head of diseases of the skin, and should be treated by a physician or a dermatologist.

PIMPLES AND LIVER-MARKS OR BLOTCHES.—When the pimples, like minute boils—which is practically what they are—are isolated somewhat, and not in too large a number or too closely congregated together, they may be subjected to the following simple but effective treatment:

Cut a round piece of fine silk court-plaster—flesh-color or white is preferable to black—the size of a penny. In the centre of this, cut a hole with the penknife, just the size of the head of the pimple; apply this around the pimple, allowing the latter to protrude through the opening; and then—over the opening—apply another, but smaller, piece of court-plaster, cut circular so as to fit over and conceal the pimple. But, before applying the latter piece, lay a minute portion of cosmoline or vaseline upon the pimple with the head of a needle.

This may be applied at night, and left on as long as possible the next day. In removing, it should be soaked off carefully with tepid water. If the pimple has drawn to a head, it may be pricked thoroughly and the contents pressed out, with some drops of blood following, to relieve the surrounding congestion. Then apply the following as directed—it can be put up at any drug-store:

℞ Sulphate of cadmium . . . . . gr. i
Sulphate of zinc . . . . . grs. ii
Rose-water . . . . . oz. i
Mix.

Directions: Apply with a small camel's-hair brush to pimples or boils, as directed.

Apply this liquid to the pimple, regularly night and morning and several times during the day, painting it carefully on and a little around it. If it shows a disposition to gather pus again, once more apply the plaster and proceed with the liquid as before. Where the pimples crowd together in numbers and are simply indolent and red, apply the above liquid carefully with the brush. If there should be much smarting, simply dilute the liquid one-half or one-third with water.

In the case of WINE-MARKS, so called—which are localized patches of congestion, the small capillary vessels showing through the skin—the above liquid will be found of great value, applied in the same manner over the entire patch at night and in the morning after washing.

FRECKLES.—These are slight collections of pigmentary matter from the blood, collected in the true skin or "derma vera," which lies just below the scarf or outer scaly part of the skin. They are really an indication of a soft, fine, and healthy skin, and are only met with in persons of light complexion and sanguine temperament. A few of them on an otherwise fair skin are by many considered rather as marks of beauty than of disfigurement. An old, simple, and very good remedy is the juice of limes or lemons, laid on with a brush or pad and allowed to dry. The principle in these juices which effects their removal is the acetic acid which they contain. A more certain and efficacious method, therefore, would be to obtain of the druggist one-half ounce of pure dilute acetic acid and apply carefully with a small camel's-hair brush to each separate freckle, allowing the same to dry in the skin. If too strong, weaken the acid a little with pure water. It acts by dissolving the pigmentary matter of the freckle and slightly thickening the skin at that point.

LIVER-MARKS, so called, are blotches of discoloration under the skin caused by the deposition of bile under the true skin, and for this reason they are at times more marked than at others, owing to the condition of the digestive organs and the liver. They cannot be affected, therefore, by applications to the skin, but by a proper regulation of the system, as previously described.

An unblemished skin having now been acquired, how it shall be retained and kept fair and soft will be an important question. In the first place, keeping the health perfect and the blood pure by a close observance of the laws and rules suggested in the first part of this article will be of first importance. In the second place, there must be a positive rejection and avoidance of all patent nostrums—such as pastes, washes, creams, and "blooms of youth," etc.—for their name is legion and their effects

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nearly always deleterious—or else worthless. Masks that are sold as patents and lined with secret medicaments are also harmful, and very apt to cause severe chronic neuralgia of the face and head.

The furnishing of the toilet is a matter of importance, and all washes, toilet-waters, bay-rums, and colognes that are "cheap" may be set down as worthless and harmful. The writer is sufficiently well acquainted with the drug-business to know this to be a fact, and that, when these articles are cheap, they are invariably made from artificial extracts, and not from the original article or materials bearing their name, and may therefore prove very injurious to a delicate skin.

There are, however, harmless and effective means by which the skin may be made more fair and soft, and of these we will give the following as free from all danger to the skin of the face or hands:

If the skin is hard and rough or scaly in places or patches, the thorough and continued application of vaseline or cosmoline, after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed and rubbed into activity, will relieve it. It should be applied thickly and allowed to remain on for several hours at each application. The juice of the cucumber—which is mashed to a pulp and strained of its juice—has been recommended; and, though it is not very effective with many, it will do no harm. It should be made fresh every other day, when used constantly.

Of applications of this kind, however, after vaseline, none is so effective and yet harmless as coarse oatmeal. It may be put in a gauze bag of close mesh or texture, and the bag placed in the basin of water or the bath-tub. Or, again, it may be kept in a box on the wash-stand or toilet and rubbed over the face and hands thoroughly, just before using the towel.

An excellent toilet-water, it may be called, for the above purpose, which will be found very efficacious and free from every injurious quality, is the following—the explicit directions given will enable anyone of intelligence to prepare it properly:

Take of
True bay-leaves
" geranium-leaves (spotted geranium)
" orange-flowers
" violet-flowers
of each half an ounce.
Alcohol . . (true 90 per cent.) 4 ounces
Distilled water . . . . . 1½ pints
Sulphate of zinc . 20 grains (by weight of druggist)
Dissolved in
Distilled water . . . . . 8 ounces
Refined glycerine . . . . . 4 ounces

Directions: Break up fine and mash into a mass, in a mortar or other vessel, the leaves and flowers together. Put this mass into a large wide-mouthed bottle or jar, and pour upon it all the alcohol and about two-thirds of the water. Allow this to remain twentyfour hours, shaking it frequently and keeping well closed.

Then prepare a percolator—which may be made from an ordinary tin or glass funnel—by packing absorbent cotton or cotton batting into the hole inside, so closely that water will only pass slowly. Then pack down upon this the mass of the leaves and flowers in the jar: and, after this is so prepared and the funnel placed in the mouth of a second bottle or jar, pour upon the mass the liquid in the first jar in which the compound has been macerated.

In a few hours, when the liquid has passed through the percolator and the top of the mass begins to dry, pour on it the remaining one-third of the distilled water and allow this to pass through also.

Then obtain of the druggist the twenty grains of sulphate of zinc, accurately weighed, and dissolve it in the three ounces of distilled water and the four ounces of glycerine, mixed. This done, mix the latter liquid with that in the jar and again filter through a new filter prepared with fresh cotton, the former mass having been thrown away.

This excellent toilet-water is then ready for use. It should be used diluted with one-half of water in ordinary use at the wash-stand; or, by pouring a little in the water of the basin, it is very refreshing. By applying it full strength with a sponge to the face and hands, at night before retiring, and allowing it to dry into the skin, it will be found very beneficial to the complexion.

In regard to the Care of the Hands, the same rules hold good as for the skin of the face. Where a lady is obliged at times to take a part in household duties, care should be taken not to put the hands suddenly into water of different temperatures, as it will redden and harden the skin, injure the nails, and frequently cause swelling and neuralgia of the nerves of the hand.

There is nothing to be said on the subject of Superfluous Hair on the Face, except to warn against the use of all caustic depilatory preparations, and also the new method of extraction by electrical puncture of the hair-bulb, as the latter often causes painful diseases of the nerves of the face, and the former unsightly scars and blotches which are ineradicable.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking or traveling costume, of lady's-cloth, camel's-hair, or serge, in any dark self-color. Our model is of myrtle-green cloth.

No. 1.

The skirt, which is plain, is edged above the hem by four rows of narrow black worsted braid. The tunic forms a long point in front, looped high on the sides and slightly over the tournure. It is likewise edged with the narrow braid. The corsage opens in front over a vest, which is finished by a high standing band, with a turnover collar. The revers of the corsage, the deep cuffs, and the edge of the basque are all trimmed with three rows of braid. The sleeves are full, from shoulder to elbow; small tucks are run

No. 2.

lengthwise to hold in the fullness. This sleeve is quite new and very becoming. The corsage and cuffs are finished by small metal buttons.

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Small capote of velvet to match, ornamented by ostrich-tips and a steel pin, with additional loops of velvet ribbon. Eight to ten yards of double-fold material will be required, and three pieces of twelve yards of braid.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of plain and striped woolens. The stripe is used crosswise for the underskirt, and is without trimming. The long and full tunic is of the plain material. The pointed basque opens and crosses on the left side over a vest made of the stripe, cut on the bias and laid in folds. Revers of the same as

No. 3.

the bodice form the finish to the vest. Cuffs of the stripe. Hat of felt, faced with velvet to match the prevailing color of the costume, trimmed with a gray and white sea-gull and loops of velvet. Six yards of plain double-fold material fortysix inches wide, and four yards of stripe for skirt and vest, will be required.

No. 3—Is a new and pretty model for a home or walking dress for a little girl of four to six years. The material is figured challis or plain cashmere, in any pretty self-color. The skirt is laid in large box-plaits. The waist is gathered into a

No. 4.

No. 5.

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No. 6.

No. 7.

round yoke, which is made of a fancy plaid velvet. The pointed belt is of the same. The tight coat-sleeves have epaulettes of the material. This little dress can be made to wear over a muslin giump, if preferred. The pretty turban is of velvet, trimmed high in front with loops of narrow ribbon.

No. 4.—For a boy of six to eight years, we have knickerbocker pants, with a short Norfolk jacket, belted at the waist. Rows of narrow worsted braid ornament the front plaits of the jacket. Scotch cap, of cloth to match.

No. 5—Is a Canadian blanket dressing-gown. This is the cheapest and best of dressing-gowns for the winter season, and the easiest to make when the cutting-out is once managed, which takes some little thought in arranging the pattern to have the stripes of the blanket all around the edge of the gown. There must be a seam up the back, and the four pieces—two back and two front—are arranged to have the stripes at the bottom. The size of the blanket is two and one-half yards by two yards. Either white and scarlet or gray and scarlet may be chosen. The cord and tassel should match. There are small straps through which the cord passes. Collar, cuffs, and pockets like the border of the blanket.

No. 6.—We give here the back and front of a walking-costume for either boy or girl of four years. The skirt, collar, revers, and cuffs are of plaid velvet or woolens, and the overcoat of cloth.

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The vest is of surah, either cream-white or of the same color as the cloth. Shades of brown, navy-blue, or myrtle-green are the most fashionable colors.

No. 7—Is a walking-costume for a young girl, of velveteen and cloth combined; seal-brown for the velveteen, and a lighter shade of brown in cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain. The tunic is long and full, both back and front. The edges are pinked out, and two rows of narrow braid are added above the pinking. The short jacket opens over a vest of the velveteen; the edges of the jacket match the tunic. Plain coat-sleeves, with cuffs of velveteen. Hat of light-brown felt, faced with dark-brown velvet and trimmed with a shade lighter ostrich-tips and some loops of ribbon. Eight yards of velveteen and four yards of cloth will be required.

THE "CLAIRETTE" WRAP: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the entire half of the latest-style wrap. It is made of striped or plain tweed, or cheviot cloth, and trimmed with narrow worsted braid. The pattern consists of four pieces: half of front, half of back, one sleeve, and half of collar. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The dotted line down the front shows the space on which to arrange the braid. The dart for the front is also marked by a dotted line, and on the back part of the front, the dotted line shows where the pattern turns over, being too large for the paper. It is always safest to cut the pattern entire out of muslin and fit it carefully before cutting into the cloth. In black cloth trimmed with braid it makes a pretty showy wrap.

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CHAMBER-SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As a Christmas gift to an elderly lady. This shoe is worked in three-thread wool, any color. As sizes of feet vary, it is best to cut a pattern from a shoe, and then cut it in brown paper a size larger. The shoe is crocheted.

First row: Make a chain of sixteen stitches, turn back one long into fourth chain from that on hook, five long in successive loops, three long in next loop, five long in successive loops, four chain. Turn on reverse side.

Second row: One long in first stitch, six long in successive stitches, three long in the centre loop of the three stitches that were worked into one loop, six long in successive stitches, four chain on reverse side.

All the rows are done in similar manner until ten rows are worked.

For the sides and back, work only ten stitches, without increase, forward and back, turning the work at end of each row till ten or more rows are worked; then join it on to the front of the slipper as on the opposite side. The pointed part of the front turns over, as seen in the engraving. For a finish, work a row of crochet all around. Get cork soles, and sew on the outside a piece of strong cloth; bind round with skirt-braid or a bit of leather. Sew the crocheted upper on to the cork sole, and this slipper is complete. This is a most comfortable and useful shoe.

TRAVELING-CASE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the book, we give a design for a most useful article which will also make a nice Christmas present. It is a traveling-case, crocheted of white ball cotton. Begin with two stitches, single crochet, taking up the back of each stitch to give it a ribbed appearance, and widen one stitch on each end until you have eighty stitches, or the width the same as the length of your brush; then crochet without widening, sixteen inches long. Turn up the square end to the depth of five inches and sew the sides together. One inch above this, fasten a crocheted strip deep enough to form a pocket for the comb, and, the same distance above this, another for the tooth-brush. Crochet a border of shells all around and across the top of the pockets. Make a cord and tassels of the same, to tie around it when rolled up.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE-STITCH, FOR A SHOE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design of slippers, to be done in outline-stitch, for a shoe-bag. The bag can be made of gray linen or brown holland, and the outlining can be done in black silk or in washing-cotton of any color preferred. These bags can be made small enough for traveling, to carry but one pair of shoes, or can be used for a larger bag to hang in a bed-room.

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CUSHION FOR BACK OF CHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As the Xmas time approaches, useful as well as pretty Xmas gifts are much sought after, and this month we give several most useful as well as ornamental designs, which can readily be made, and will prove most acceptable presents to those we love to work for. This cushion for the back of an easychair makes a comfortable rest for an after-dinner nap. The band in the centre is of terra-cotta satin, and is worked in a simple pattern, with olive, terra-cotta, and bronze-colored filoselle. This band is joined to the two capes or ends of terra-cotta plush, the seams being covered with rep ribbon of the same color. A similar ribbon is used for the handle and bows. The cushion is stuffed with down. It will look well to match the colors of the room.

PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For our colored design, we give something quite new for a photograph-frame, and our model can easily be carried out by any lady. It only requires neat work to make it a success. We give the exact size. Cut two circles out of stiff cardboard—one solid, the other one with the centre cut out of the size designated by the photo. Cover both these circles with a piece of printed China silk; yellow, like our design, makes the most effective frame; but we have seen others in Gobelin-blue and terra-cotta very pretty. The silk should be all of one color, though several tones or shades may be in combination. Ten inches of silk will be sufficient to cover both circles, as China silk is nearly one yard wide. Baste the silk neatly around the edges, and afterward gum the edges on to the cardboard on the under side. After the pieces are so prepared, put them together and sew neatly with silk to match in an overhand seam, leaving enough space at the top open for the photo—which must be of cabinet size—to slip in. Add an inch and a quarter satin ribbon on each side of the opening; this is to be tied into a bow with ends, by which the frame is suspended. Also, this frame can be made of plain terra-cotta or robin's-egg blue felt paper, such as is used for wall-papering, and furthermore decorated in some simple design with lustral paints. Care must be taken not to have the color or design, either in silk or paper, too pronounced; a dull effect is rather to be desired.

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CASE FOR UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND STICKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give the case open and closed. It will be an extremely useful article to take on a traveling-expedition. A piece of cloth thirtytwo inches long and twentynine inches wide, and silk to line it. After lining the cloth with silk doubled or linen, fold the piece down the centre, slope it on each side from the top to the base, narrowing the latter half a yard, stitch each side, bind the top all around, stitch from top to base, three lines of stitching as seen in the engraving, and add strings. The umbrellas, etc., can now be put in and withdrawn easily without injury. If linen is used for the lining, it should be gray or unbleached.

OUTLINE EMBROIDERY FOR A SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a beautiful design of clover-blossoms, for a sofa-cushion, chair-seat, or footstool. The work is done in outline, in washing-silks, if it is on any article which may require washing; or in the ordinary silk, if done on satin, cashmere, etc. The colors should be of the natural colors of green for the leaves, and of light faded-looking pink if the flowers are fancied light, or of a purplish pink if a darker color is wanted.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR CORNER OF TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a pretty design for the corner of a table-cloth or for the end or centre of a tea-tray. It is done in outline-stitch in black silk.

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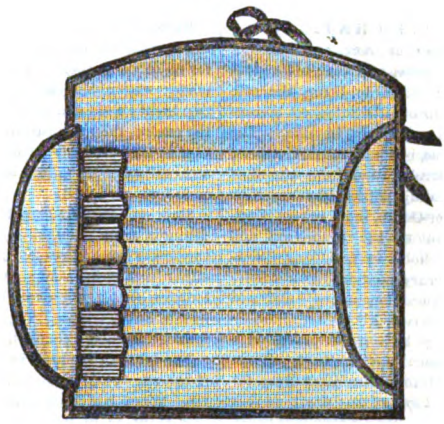
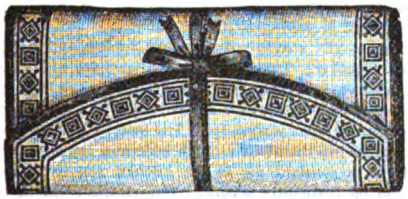
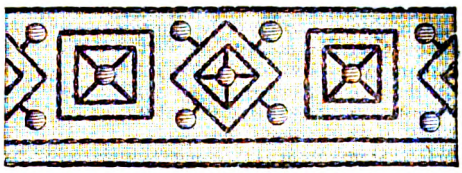
CASE FOR KNITTING-NEEDLES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.







We give the arrangement of the inside of this case, which is made of linen, while the outside cover is of sail-cloth, both layers being joined by a binding of red worsted braid. The embroidered border is to be worked from the design of which we give a bit in detail. It is worked with red and white cotton in satin and stem stitch.

RAINBOW FAN.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

Among the various designs which we present to our readers—useful and ornamental, to be used in making Christmas-gifts—none is more effective than the rainbow fan in front of the number. A palm-leaf fan of this shape should be selected for the foundation of the pocket.

First, cut a piece of pasteboard to correspond with the shape of the fan, cover it on one side with flame or fire colored sateen, and fasten it on the fan by overcasting the edges together. Now gild the fan on the other side, making each ray a different color or every third of four one so with different shades of gilding; the blue, silver, pink, gold, and fire form a gorgeous combination. (The dry colors used for such purposes can be bought for ten cents a bottle, and mixed with the sizing when needed; this can be found at a paint or drug store. After once having a little stock on hand, they will answer for dozens of fans or fancy articles; the idea of combining several colors gives a most pleasing effect.) After the fan is dry, fit a pocket of pasteboard on the bottom, allowing the top to project about three inches. Cover this on one side with flame-colored plush, and on the other with the sateen; sew it on and finish the edges with a cord. The lilies are painted on with gold and silver. A bow of satin ribbon is tied around the handle. It is intended to be used for letters or photographs.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1889—LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION COMBINED.—The verdict of the press and the public gives us the right to dwell on our claim to being the sole periodical which unites this trio of attributes, so becoming in reality three first-class magazines in one. The assertion did not originate with us, but with the newspapers, and speedily received ample corroboration from our host of subscribers. Even great leading dailies like the New York World, the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and others East, West, and South call attention to the prominent and unique place which "Peterson" holds in periodical literature. They pronounce its "literary contents, as a whole, equal to those of the highest-priced magazines," and add that, as "a fashion-guide, it is unrivaled."

Of course, this ever-increasing torrent of praise only spurs us on to new effort, since our motto is always "excelsior." We are convinced that our attractions for 1889 will prove even superior to those of any previous year in our long and prosperous course. Besides excellent wood-illustrations, each number will contain an exquisite steel-plate of some famous painting—no other magazine gives these costliest and most beautiful of engravings. Of our fashion-department, we need only say that it will be, in novelty, beauty, and variety, fully equal to its usual standard of excellence, and this the newspapers and the ladies have decided to be far ahead of any other magazine. Our list of contributors will continue to hold the names of some of the most popular authors of the period. A number of writers who have lately sprung into prominence will be added to the corps, besides several new aspirants for whom it is safe to predict a speedy and brilliant success.

Our offers to clubs are as varied as they are numerous. The gift-book, "Buds and Blossoms," differs essentially from any we have ever issued; some of its poems are original, and the wood-drawings, given in addition to the steel-engravings, are from the pencil of one of the most famous draughtsmen America has produced.

It is time to begin to get up clubs. One only needs to be early in the field to secure a large club. In these days everybody wants the cheapest and best of everything, and this is what "Peterson" offers in all its numerous departments.

TIGHT LACING.—"Any woman is too tightly dressed who cannot raise her arms straight above her head and clasp her hands; who cannot stoop to tie her shoe or pick up a pin, without heightened color. Tight lacing, unrelentingly indulged, like a painless poison, saps the beauty, the grace, the brains, the life, from its unfortunate victims. Tight lacing is not only a hideous stupidity, it is a crime—a crime that casts a heavy burden upon the next generation, and renders the present one incapable of its duties. It makes all the movements of the body angular and stiff. It ruins the digestion and the circulation, and consequently the complexion, which is one of the greatest of feminine charms. It injures the sight and the expression of the eye."

TO EARN A FREE COPY.—In addition to the clubs for which a free copy is given—see prospectus on last page of cover—we will send a free copy for a club of two at $2.00 each ($4 00 in all), or for a club of three at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all). This offer is to those who desire the magazine as a premium, yet cannot get up a large club.

RUGS.—This is a good time of year to work up into rugs the various woolen garments about a house that are good for no other purpose. Rugs of knitted goods may be thus made: Cut woolen articles lengthwise of the work in strips two inches wide and ravel all but three or four stitches in the centre, then sew through the centre to a strong foundation of the size and form desired. Rugs thus made have a chenille effect. Colors may be blended and contrasted so as to look very well.

Stair or Venetian carpet should be cut crosswise, as the filling is hemp; and, raveling that out, it leaves for fringe the heavy wool threads. Ingrain carpet has a fine warp, either cotton or wool; but the filling is heavy. Cut it lengthwise, leaving enough warp to hold it well, and you have a heavy fringe. These raveled strips, sewed to a good foundation, make comfortable and handsome rugs.

The labor of sewing a braided rug will be greatly lessened if the rug is laid upon a table, instead of being held in the lap. When laid upon a table, one can easily have the braid just right as to tension, so the rug will not "hoop" or 'draw." A kid-glove on the hand that holds the needle will save the fingers from being cut by the thread. The tips of the glove-fingers can be cut off.

Rugs may be knit in strips on bone needles, and the strips sewed together. Twelve or fifteen stitches are wide enough and easier to knit than the whole width of the rug. There are several reliable dyes which enable one to dye white flannel or cloth any color wished for. The materials should be cut in lengths less than half an inch wide and sewed together.

Rugs in constant use in the kitchen and living-rooms should be frequently washed. One strong point in their favor is that they imprison dirt that would otherwise find its way to the best carpets in the house. Rugs in a kitchen are much to be preferred to even a rag carpet; for they can be taken up easily, so that the entire floor can be swept and all the accumulated dust got rid of.

OUR SERIALS FOR 1889 cannot be surpassed—it is only necessary to read the names of the writers to be convinced of this. We shall give, as we did this year, eight novelets, and these will offer a variety to suit every taste. It would be difficult to get together a collection of tales more unlike in plot and treatment, yet each possesses such interest and brilliancy that to accord the palm of superiority to any one among the list would seem an almost hopeless task. We have on hand so large a number of admirable short stories that we could wish for double the space our pages offer, in order to publish them the faster. They are all so good that, as we begin to make our selections for the different months, we hardly know which to keep waiting. Our new department, "Things Worth Knowing," has proved so successful that we shall continue it, adding fresh features of interest. Mrs. Emily H. May and Mrs. Jane Weaver will give us their valuable services in the fashion and fancy-work departments, and our inimitable Paris letter will keep ladies informed of the latest Parisian gossip about dress.

"THE CHEAPEST AND BEST" is the universal verdict in regard to "Peterson," which makes getting up clubs for it an easy matter. Then, too, anybody can canvass with a good heart when such beautiful premiums as ours are in question.

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Our Premiums for 1889 are announced on the second page of the cover. "Buds and Blossoms" will be found the most beautiful gift-book this or any other magazine has ever offered as a premium. It is a volume of original and selected poems, profusely illustrated, and handsomely bound, full gilt, in similar style to premiums offered in previous years.

The large engraving, "The Morning Greeting," is really one of the most perfect pictures we have ever offered, and is in an entirely different style from any heretofore given by us. The best connoisseurs pronounce it a gem.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Our offer, a year ago, of special book-premiums, in place of our regular premiums, proved so popular, we have arranged to offer for 1889 copies of Charles Dickens's and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's popular books, also a select list of books by different authors.

Instead of our premium, "Buds and Blossoms," we will send any one of the $1.00 books named on page 475. For a club of eight with $12.00, or a club of fifteen with $21.00, we will send, as premiums, the magazine for one year, and, instead of "Buds and Blossoms" and the engraving, any one of the works of Charles Dickens or Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, neatly bound in cloth, retail price $1.50, or either of the following cook-books, Mrs. Hale's or Miss Leslie's, bound in cloth, price $1.50 each, or, if preferred, any one of Mrs. Southworth's books, bound in cloth, price $1.50 each. See list on page 475.

We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers by which we are enabled to offer a $45.00 sewing-machine as premium for a club of fifty subscribers. This is a rare opportunity to get a good machine by a little effort. Our premium-offers, as found on the second page of cover, have never been so tempting, and they ought to add many thousands to our present large list of subscribers.

Begin at once to get up your clubs for next year. Do not let canvassers for other publications crowd you out.

Drinks for the Voice.—Tea, coffee, and cocoa are three admissible drinks for the voice, but none in excess. For the voice, cocoa is the most beneficial. It should never be made too strong, and those cocoas are the best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has drawn too long, for tea then becomes acid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane that lines the throat. There is always a dry sensation after taking a cup of tea that has been allowed to draw too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea, and only take milk with it.

Dresses are becoming daily more picturesque and making very great strides in the direction of short waists and scanty skirts. Large turn-down lace collars are beginning to be worn, especially with Empire dresses; but public taste is so accustomed to, and approves so highly, the broad standing collars, that it is only a few who adopt them. The tournure is decidedly smaller, as, with the hanging folds that form our skirts, it is ugly and out of place.

Begin at the Right Time.—Every year brings us letters of regret from subscribers that they did not begin earlier to get up clubs. Many say they could have sent a club as large again if they had only commenced in season. Nobody need have that regret next year; it is only necessary to commence work at the right time—that is now.

A Proof of Gratitude.—The only way we can show gratitude to our great Creator and Benefactor, for all He has given us, is to be as useful as we can to His creatures, and to love our neighbor as ourselves.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

What Leading Papers Say.—Long years of success have accustomed us to highly eulogistic notices from all quarters, but never has the praise been so universal as this autumn. Even the great leading city dailies, which so seldom notice periodical literature, have surprised us by making the most appreciative mention of "Peterson." We have quoted elsewhere from the "New York World," "Chicago Inter-Ocean," etc., and we have only space to give a few extracts from papers of the first rank in other sections of the country. The Philadelphia (Pa.) Press says: "No purely literary periodical offers better stories, and, as a guide to dress, no fashion-magazine can equal it." The New Haven (Conn.) Evening Register says: "'Peterson's' engravings, stories, and literary matter generally cannot be excelled. The fashion, needlework, and household departments are strong features of this ever-welcome magazine." The Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye says: "'Peterson's Magazine' can claim rank among the best literary periodicals. Its fashion department is far beyond that of any other magazine." The Augusta (Me.) Chronicle says: "As a guide to fashion, this old-established favorite stands at the head of the lady's-magazines." The Springfield (Ill.) Daily State Journal says: "'Peterson's Magazine' stands at the head of high-class literature for ladies." The New York Morning Journal says: "'Peterson' for October fully sustains its reputation as a first-class literary and artistic, as well as fashion, periodical. It is undoubtedly the best and cheapest of the lady's-magazines."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Owl's Nest. Translated from the German of E. Marlett by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—As long as this voluminous author has the good luck to have her novels translated by Mrs. Wistar's skillful pen, she is certain to be presented to a foreign public at her very best. The present tale is a vivid representation of German life among divers classes, from grand dukes down. It is marked by the power and naturalness which are among the chief characteristics of Miss Marlett's writings, and will bear favorable comparison with earlier novels, such as "The Old Mam'selle's Secret" and "Gold Elsie," which gained so enviable a popularity. That the translation is as faithful as it is spirited need hardly be said.

Queer People with Paws and Claws. By Palmer Cox. Philadelphia: Hubbard Brothers.—Children in these days have become surfeited with books got up for their benefit; but here is one that cannot fail to delight the most fastidious child. The poems are worthy of the illustrations, and these are in turn worthy of the poems—one could not say more for either. The book is simply delightful from the first page to the last. A few of the verses and illustrations have been published in "St. Nicholas" and other periodicals for young folks, but only just enough to whet the children's appetites. Indeed, it was the great popularity of the bits there given which induced the writer to produce this volume. "The Brownies" was about as popular with the juveniles as a book could be, but this will appeal quite as warmly to their sympathies.

Run Down. By George D. Cox. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The writer's name is well known in literature and journalism, and this work cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation. The story turns on a psychological mystery, of the sort which so greatly interests the modern mind. The hero is afflicted with a double identity, which brings much suffering and trouble on himself and those with whom he is thrown in contact. There are numerous highly dramatic scenes, and the descriptive portions of the tale are well done.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Oyster Soup.—Put into a pan, to heat, two quarts of oysters, with their liquor; only let them heat through, and then take them out and add one pint of water, two quarts of milk, one-half pound of butter, and one-half teaspoonful of black pepper and same of allspice. When the soup is well boiled, put in the oysters, having kept them warm in a covered dish. When the oysters are done, serve the soup; put in the salt last, as it is likely to curdle the soup.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up a chicken into small pieces; put bones and all into a small pot of water. Three carrots cut up, one pint of tomatoes, one teacupful of lima beans, and salt to taste, a little cayenne pepper. One hour before serving, add a pint of rich milk; thicken with flour; cook for four hours.

MEATS.

Pork Chops or Steaks.—If pork chops are to be broiled, they should be cut very thin, salted and peppered, wrapped in greased paper, and broiled until thoroughly cooked—from ten to fifteen minutes. To fry or sauté them, cook them in a hot frying-pan in a little hot lard or salt pork fat. Cook slowly after they are brown, and be careful not to burn them. If a gravy be desired, pour off nearly all the fat left in the frying-pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and, when brown, add hot water until of the desired consistency. Season with salt, pepper, vinegar, and chopped pickles.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Potatoes.—Select potatoes of uniform size; wash and scrub with a brush; pare and soak in cold water; put them in boiling salted water—one quart of water and one tablespoonful of salt for six large potatoes. Cook half an hour, or until soft, but not until broken. Drain off every drop of the water; place the kettle, uncovered, on the back of the stove, to let the steam escape. Keep hot until ready to serve.

Pumpkin, Dried.—Cooked in the winter as vegetable marrow. Cut into quarter-pound pieces about two pounds of a dried pumpkin; cut off the rind, throw the pumpkin into fast-boiling water, with salt, and boil fast for twenty minutes; take it up, drain it, and press all the water from it, and chop it well; add one ounce of butter; pepper and salt, and serve on buttered sippets of toast.

DESSERTS.

Hominy Pudding.—Two ounces of hominy, boiled in half a pint of water for half an hour and strained; mix with this a pint of milk, two ounces of sugar, and four drops of almond flavoring; add half an ounce of corn-flour, mixed in a little cold milk, one ounce of butter; stir it well together, and bake for half an hour in a quick but not fierce oven.

Iced Coffee.—Make some strong coffee, and strain it; add milk and sugar, and ice in a refrigerator. If there is no refrigerator procurable, make the coffee stronger still, add milk and sugar, and, when cold, add plenty of pounded ice. This will, of course, make the coffee weaker when it is melted, so allowance must be made for it.

BREAKFAST CAKES.

Rice-Cakes.—Three-fourths pound of flour, one ounce of melted butter, one pint of milk, one-half pint of boiled rice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the rice, salt, half of the milk, the butter, and the flour; beat all thoroughly together, stir in the rest of the milk, whisk the whites till stiff, add them to the batter with a long slow beat; bake on a griddle; pile one on the other, and serve at once; to be spread with butter and sugar.

Virginia Corn-Cakes.—One quart of corn-meal, one quart and one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, four eggs, one gill of melted butter. Put the meal in a three-quart basin with the salt and half the milk; beat well, add the butter and eggs, well beaten, then the rest of the milk; bake of uniform size on a well-greased hot griddle; serve piled one on top of another; to be eaten with butter and syrup.

Muffins.—One quart of flour, one pint of warmed milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half gill of yeast. Mix at night, and beat until light; in the morning, drop the dough into buttered cups; let them stand twenty minutes, then bake and serve; to be eaten with butter and sugar, with a little cinnamon, the proportion of a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon to six of powdered sugar.

Buckwheat-Cakes.—One quart of buckwheat-flour, one gill of wheat-flour, one quart and one gill of warm water, one gill of yeast, two teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix the batter at night, in order to have the cakes for breakfast. Bake the cakes on a smooth greased griddle, and send to table the moment they are baked, piled regularly in the centre of the plate, and every one right side up.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH. The skirt opens over a front of cloth, of a shade lighter than the dress. The cloth is pinked out, and one layer falls over the other. Braided panels are inserted in the skirt, which is without drapery. The jacket bodice opens over a vest of pinked cloth, is fastened crosswise, is braided like the panels at the lower part, and has revers of the lighter shade of cloth. Hat of dark-gray felt, trimmed with bows of ribbon and feathers of a lighter shade.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The plaited skirt is of silk of the same shade. The cloth dress, which is looped, is pinked in sharp scallops. The bodice fastens on the left side, has a broad deep point in front, and is ornamented with a scalloped trimming of poppy-red and white cloth. The hat is of dark-green velvet, trimmed with a full crushed silk of poppy-red color and a bird.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-LILAC SILK. The skirt opens over a rich silk-and-velvet striped brocaded material. It is drawn back to show the front, and is made with some little fullness around the waist, just sufficient to allow the skirt to fall with ease. The bodice is round at the waist, opens over a chemisette of silk mull, and has revers and collar of the brocaded material. The half-sleeves have cuffs of the same. Hat of the same silk as the dress, with a coronet of velvet and pansies of white velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH. The robe is of the Princess shape, fastens diagonally from the left shoulder to the right side, and opens over a plain simulated underskirt, which is trimmed with bands of seal-colored velvet. The dress is trimmed with a band of seal fur.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN COMBINED WITH RED SATIN. The underskirt is of red satin, ornamented with black gimp trimming. The black satin overskirt is very long and opens at the sides over the ornamented red satin skirt. The bodice, of black satin, has sleeves and a vest of the red satin, which are ornamented with the black gimp trimming. The edge of the black basque has a red satin basque trimmed with gimp below it.

FIG. VI.—TRAVELING-CLOAK, OF PLAID WOOLEN. Close-fitting in front, the bodice part close-fitting at the back, but the skirt quite full. It has two capes, one or both of which can be removed at pleasure. Collar and cuffs of brown velvet.

FIG. VII.—TOQUE, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, made full and irregular. The band is of beaver. Stiff brown feathers.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS, showing the hair arranged high

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on the top of the head and fastened by a large tortoise-shell comb. Curls in front.

FIG. IX.—HEAD-DRESS, OF THE GRECIAN STYLE, with the knot of hair arranged low on the neck and short frizette in front.

FIG. X.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt is plain and is partially covered by the overdrapery, which extends from the right shoulder, beneath the belt, falls without looping, and continues to the left side. A trimming of Russian embroidery ornaments the left side of the bodice, forms the belt, and decorates the bottom of the skirt. A row of black-fox fur forms the collar, extends diagonally down the left side of the skirt and around the bottom. Hat of green cloth, trimmed with the fur.

FIG. XI.—DIRECTOIRE HAT, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with black satin ribbon and black feathers.

FIG. XII.—MUFF, OF CLOTH OR FELT, of any color to match the costume. The edges may be pinked out or buttonholed. It is carelessly arranged, and has a bow of ribbon at the side.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED WOOLEN FIGURED WITH A DARKER SHADE OF BROWN. The skirt has a bias band of plain brown diagonal cloth near the bottom. The overskirt is untrimmed and looped on the hips. The bodice has three bands of the diagonal cloth, which extend to the waist at the back. Waistband and collar of the same cloth. Turban hat, of brown felt, bordered with brown velvet and trimmed with a gay plaid scarf.

FIG. XIV.—JACKET, OF BROWN CASHMERE, with dull-gold threads running through it, braided in black.

FIG. XV.—BOA, OF SEAL FUR, trimmed with seal tassels, and having a brown cord to fasten it around the neck.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE KYRLE CLOTH. The skirt is long and plain, with deep square pocket-flaps on the hips. The bodice opens over a waistcoat of fawn-colored cloth and has revers and cuffs of beaver fur. The girdle is of watered ribbon, finished with tassels. Bonnet of dark-blue velvet, with fawn-colored feathers.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE FOR THE HOUSE, OF BLACK SURAH, finely plaited both back and front. The sleeves and skirt of the waist are also plaited. The lower part of the sleeves are gathered into cuffs of black velvet. Collar and pointed waistband of black velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—TURBAN HAT. The brim is of gathered velvet, and the crown is of corded silk arranged in unstudied folds. In front, there is a bird perched in some full silk loops.

FIG. XIX.—NEW STYLE OF FUR TRIMMINGS. Many sets of fur, real or imitation, are prepared in the shape of either boa, capelet, or flat collar, with cuffs and bands to adorn the muff and to edge the bonnet. Our illustration is a good example of this style. Feather trimming is also used for the purpose. The hat and muff are deftly draped with felt, velvet, or silk, mostly shot or watered; and, beside the fur, there is always a fair addition of small birds, bows, or wings in every imaginable combination of hues and phosphorescent effects. The muff is lined with satin harmonizing in color with the costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Solid colors are worn more than plaids or stripes, though many of the latter are seen. Many dress-goods with borders are imported; these borders are used for the overdress or the bottom of the skirt, revers, collar, etc., etc.

Glossy fabrics are worn more generally than has been the case for a few years past, as many women have tired of the rough surface of woolen goods.

Tailor-made dresses and the Directoire dresses contend for the fashion, and, when the former are worn, they are modified by the newer Directory dress, inasmuch as they are made shorter in the waist, have revers in some shape, and the skirts hang with much less looping than formerly. This latter is a great boon, as the vast amount of material in the draped dresses made them absolutely unhealthy to wear.

Dress-skirts are often put on to a small yoke or circular band, instead of being gathered to a belt, as formerly.

The tournure or "bustle" has not been entirely discarded, but is worn smaller than formerly.

Small waists are not to be fashionable with our new fashions: this looks odd, after the whaleboned tailor-made bodices; but we will soon be accustomed to the comfort. Nearly all bodices, whether open or closed to the neck, and whether straight or crossed over the bust, are made full and shorter-waisted. The greatest advocate for long waists frequently wears a sash or a belt-and-buckle, which has a tendency to make a long waist look shorter. But stout persons are advised to wear the waist as long as possible, and with as little trimming as can be used, as the full short bodice is very unbecoming to such persons.

Sashes are used on most dressy dresses. Sometimes it is only a wide ribbon coiled around the waist and tied on one side; at other times, it is a wide band bound in front, at the sides and back, like a bodice, and covered with plaited or gathered silk.

Revers are a boon to hollow-chested women, as they fill up that undesirable space in an artistic manner. These are made of the material, covered with braiding of velvet or moiré, whichever may form the trimming or match the contrasting fabric. They may start from the collar near to the centre of the front or quite a distance back, tapering to a point at the end of the basque, the centre of the waist-line, or come together over the chest. The larger and sharper the point, the more slender the effect. If very wide at the top and short, they are styled "Directoire," or they may be cut in wide vandykes on the outer edge.

Figured materials, whether of silk or wool, are most popular for parts of dresses; but entire costumes are seldom made of it. In this way, an old figured dress can be combined with an old plain one, and an entire new one made of it.

Sleeves have undergone a decided change, and much for the better, as the old extremely tight sleeves of the tailor-made dresses were not only exceedingly uncomfortable, but very ugly, giving the figure a stiff unnatural appearance.

Skirts for walking escape the ground, but are not made very short, while those for house-wear alone are made with very small trains, except for some state occasions. The drapery of skirts is much more simple than formerly; but the long pointed apron-front is very popular, though it is not made with so many gathers about the waist as was the case last year.

Dark colors for gowns are worn again as the cold weather approaches, and it can scarcely be said that one color is more popular than another; dark-green, blue, very dark red, gray, brown, and chestnut colors are all seen.

Long pelisses are likely to be much worn during the winter, they are so comfortable and often so useful to wear over an old dress.

Mantles and jackets have by no means been discarded; but the latter have usually long ends in front, and the latter are often made with revers.

Bonnets and hats have undergone a change with the rest of the toilette; for bonnets threaten to be larger in front, though the small close-fitting capote has not been abandoned, and hats have wider brims and rather lower crowns than those of last winter; yet the trimming remains high on both bonnets and hats.

Hair-dressing alters but little in style, each woman wearing her hair as is most becoming to her face; though one fashion is universal: it is dressed close to the head, whether worn high on the top or low in the neck at the back. The hair is still worn low on the forehead usually; but an effort is being made to expose more of the brow than

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has been done for some years. The little fluffy curls on the forehead are becoming to most faces. Hair-dressers, however, are making strenuous efforts to introduce some fashion that will make more false hair a necessity. We hope they will not succeed, both for the sake of beauty and economy.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The bonnets for the coming winter present but little variety of shape. The capote still remains in favor, and there is a general tendency toward lowering the height of the pointed bows and sprays of flowers that formed the favorite trimmings last spring. Flowers, in fact, will be but little worn during the present season, a natural reaction from the style that made every lady's head look like an overloaded flower-basket. The newest trimmings are composed of bands and flat cockades and fantastic birds or butterflies formed of minute brilliant feathers mounted on gauze. These ornaments are called "fantaisie," and are very widely employed. Then there are inch-wide ribbons in lustreless gold gauze, and heavy ribbons in solid colors in brocaded satin, also novelties of the season. Long ostrich-plumes of the finest quality are also extensively employed on very dressy bonnets, and white pen-feathers decorated by hand with delicate designs in gold, and the long rich tail-feathers of the Argus pheasant, which last are very costly and also very elegant. The Directoire bonnet is less exaggerated in form than it was last spring, a change of form probably necessitated by the extra weight of the material employed, as it is now made of velvet. Velvet is, in fact, the most fashionable material this autumn. The popular colors are various shades of brown, dark water-blue, and a very subdued shade of heliotrope. Hats are shown either in felt or in velvet. In the former material, the newest shape has a very low-set crown and an immensely wide flat brim, the latter entirely covered on the exterior with ostrich-feathers put on flat, and lined on the interior with velvet. Gray or black is the color preferred. The toque and turban shapes continue in vogue for traveling or everyday wear. Bonnets in gold lace, worked with jet beads and trimmed with black ostrich-tips, are amongst the novelties for evening-wear. Strings are almost universally used on the small capote bonnets. They are either in corded silk ribbon or in velvet or the new brocaded ribbons. Contrasts of color are in vogue on the handsomer bonnets, one in peach-kernel brown, for instance, being trimmed with pale-pink and pale-green brocaded ribbon, and with the beige-colored plumes of the Argus pheasant. Another, in heliotrope velvet, was trimmed with gold ribbon and adorned with a large pale-yellow bird. Passementerie in a lace pattern, either in steel or gold, is put on velvet bonnets in a very picturesque way to form a diadem; passing, that is to say, under the trim of the bonnet and continued around the sides to the crown.

The winter wraps comprise every variety of shape and style. A fashionable lady may wear a short dolman just to her waist, or a tight-fitting jacket coming a little below it, or a redingote or Incroyable coat reaching to her heels, and she will in either case be in the height of the fashion. The short wraps, being for carriage-wear, are generally made of rich brocade in subdued iridescent colors, trimmed with wide fringes to correspond, or else in velvet and lace ornamented with strings of large beads and fringes to match. The long wraps fit closely to the waist, the skirts being very full and unconfined. The more dressy ones are in velvet combined with some other material, such as very heavy brocade, matelassé (which has been revived in new patterns), and a new and very handsome changeable cloth in silk and wool. These cloaks come in black, or in brown, or in black velvet combined with gold and brown changeable brocade, or with red and black changeable cloth. Some have side panels of velvet with a pointed piece of velvet set up the back. Others are made with the corsage part in the dolman shape of velvet, with deep pointed sleeves in the same material, and the skirt in soft changeable cloth in red and black. Very handsome ornaments in passementerie are employed on these elegant cloaks, and they are lined throughout with dark silk.

Then, for everyday wear, are ample cloaks in soft twilled cloth in beige or brown, each made with a close-fitting corsage, to the edge of which the skirt is gathered and falls in full folds. The corsage is double-breasted, and the wrap is provided with a cape which can be laid aside in mild weather. Fur or wide bands of silk moss-trimming are used to trim these cloaks. Short tight-fitting cloth jackets, also in different shades of brown, are shown for young girls. Capes are very much in vogue, especially on the long redingotes or on cashmere jackets or polonaises for fall wear. I have seen a costume in black cashmere for mourning wear, trimmed with crape and provided with a cape in plaited crape, which had a very stylish effect. The fur boas of last season retain their popularity, and are in some instances attached to the wrap with which they are to be worn, being sewed at the back and sides of the neck, the long ends falling loose in front.

The newest dress-goods are soft-finished cloths in subdued colors, such as brown, dark-gray, serpent-green, or terra-cotta, embroidered by hand with shaded sewing-silks matching the material and forming a set design, such as a wide border in flowers and leaves at the edge of the skirt, and bands of the same embroidery to trim the corsage and sleeves. Steel embroidery on black satin is the latest novelty for dinner-dresses. Very pretty house-dresses are made with a polonaise in cashmere or soft-finished cloth, opening in front over a plaited skirt in velvet, which may either match the polonaise in color or be of some contrasting hue. A tasteful effect is produced by having the polonaise a few shades lighter than the velvet skirt, but in the same color. All soft-finished goods that drape gracefully, such as bengaline, sicilienne, and the softer corded silks, will be much worn this winter. The new colors are a pale shade of terra-cotta, a light shade of sage-green, and a new dark-blue of a grayish cast called water-blue. Gray and green will be less worn this season than they were last spring, brown in all its variety of shades promising to be the most fashionable tint, whether in beige, a bright light Havana, or the subdued seal-brown. A new and exquisite shade of blue has been christened Lætitia, after the young Bonaparte princess who is the newly married Duchess of Aosta.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are rather full at the knees. The long plain coat is double-breasted and trimmed with large wooden buttons. Cap of brown cloth.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF WOOLEN, in rich but subdued colors. The skirt is loose in front; at the back, it is laid in full plaits. The cape is draped on the shoulders and ornamented with a fancy gimp trimming. Sleeves slightly full. Black Astrakhan cuffs and collar. White felt hat, trimmed with white satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF GRAY CLOTH. It is double-breasted, with one revers of black Astrakhan. Collar and cuffs of the same. Gray felt hat, trimmed with gray satin ribbon and a bright wing.

FIG. IV.—RUSSIAN TOQUE. The band is of gray Astrakhan and the full top of dark-red cloth.

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A CRUEL EAST WIND.

SEE THE STORY "THE REST OF REASONS"

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—DECEMBER,

BRANCH OF LILACS: FOR SCREEN, PIANO-FRONT, OR

PRESENTED TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AS A CHRISTMAS GI

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HIDE AND SEEK.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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VISITING OR WALKING DRESS.

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VISITING-DRESS. EVENING-DRESS.

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BONNET. HOUSE-JACKET. HAT. MUFF.

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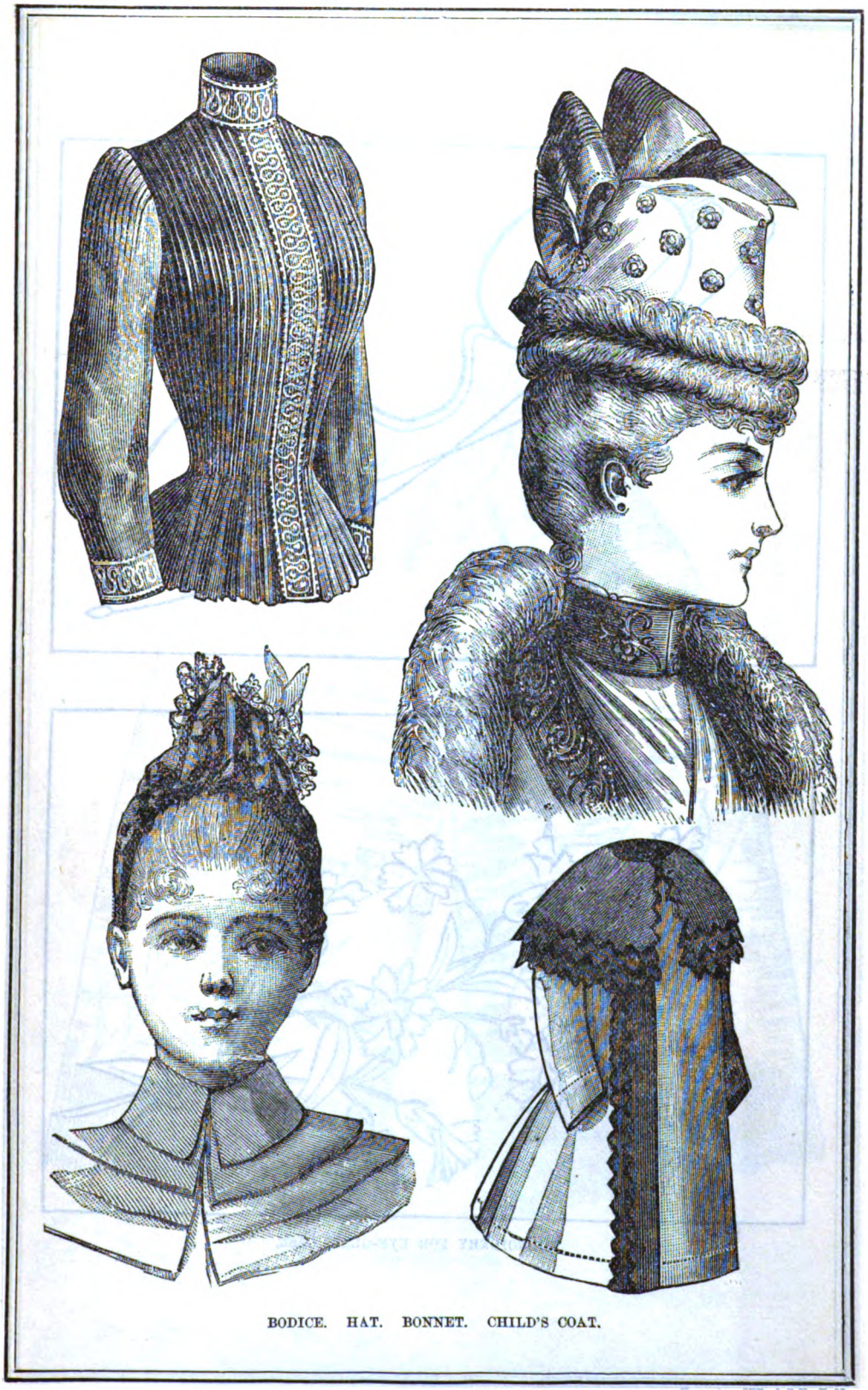

BODICE. HAT. BONNET. CHILD'S COAT.

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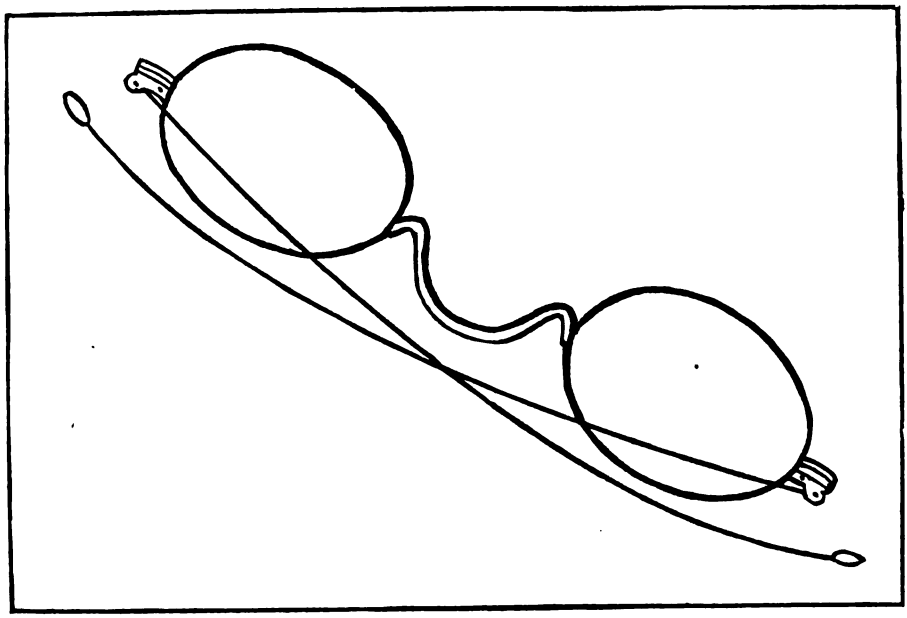

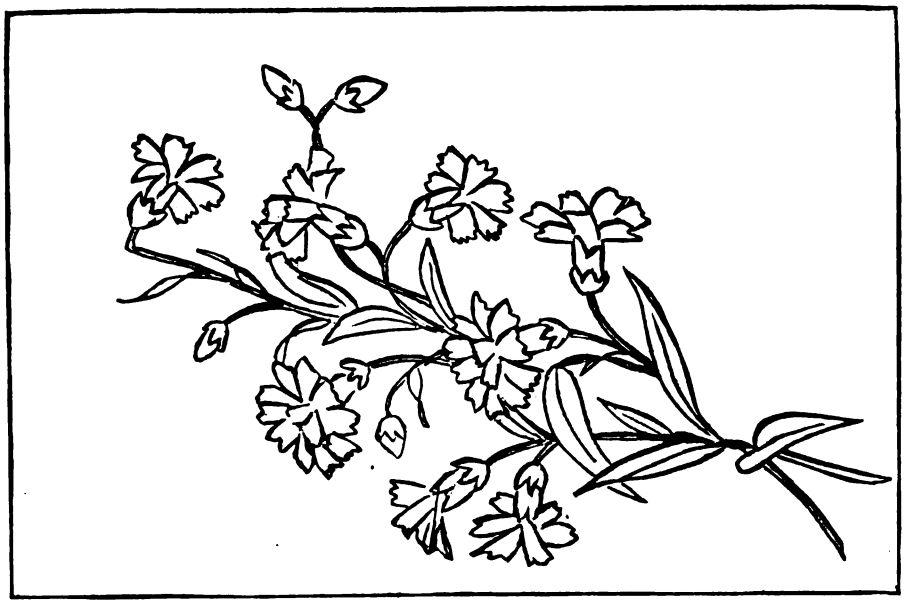

EMBROIDERY FOR EYE-GLASS CASE.

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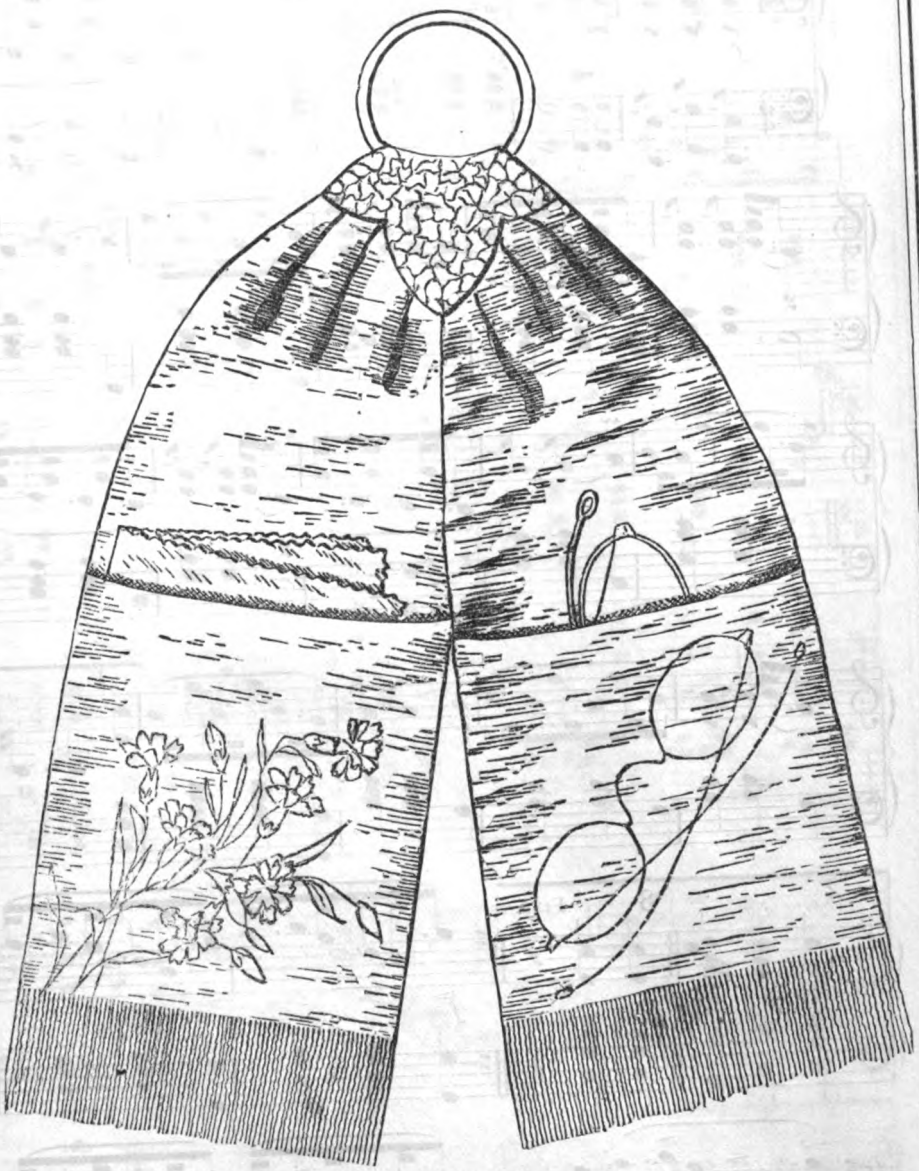

EYE-GLASS CASE.

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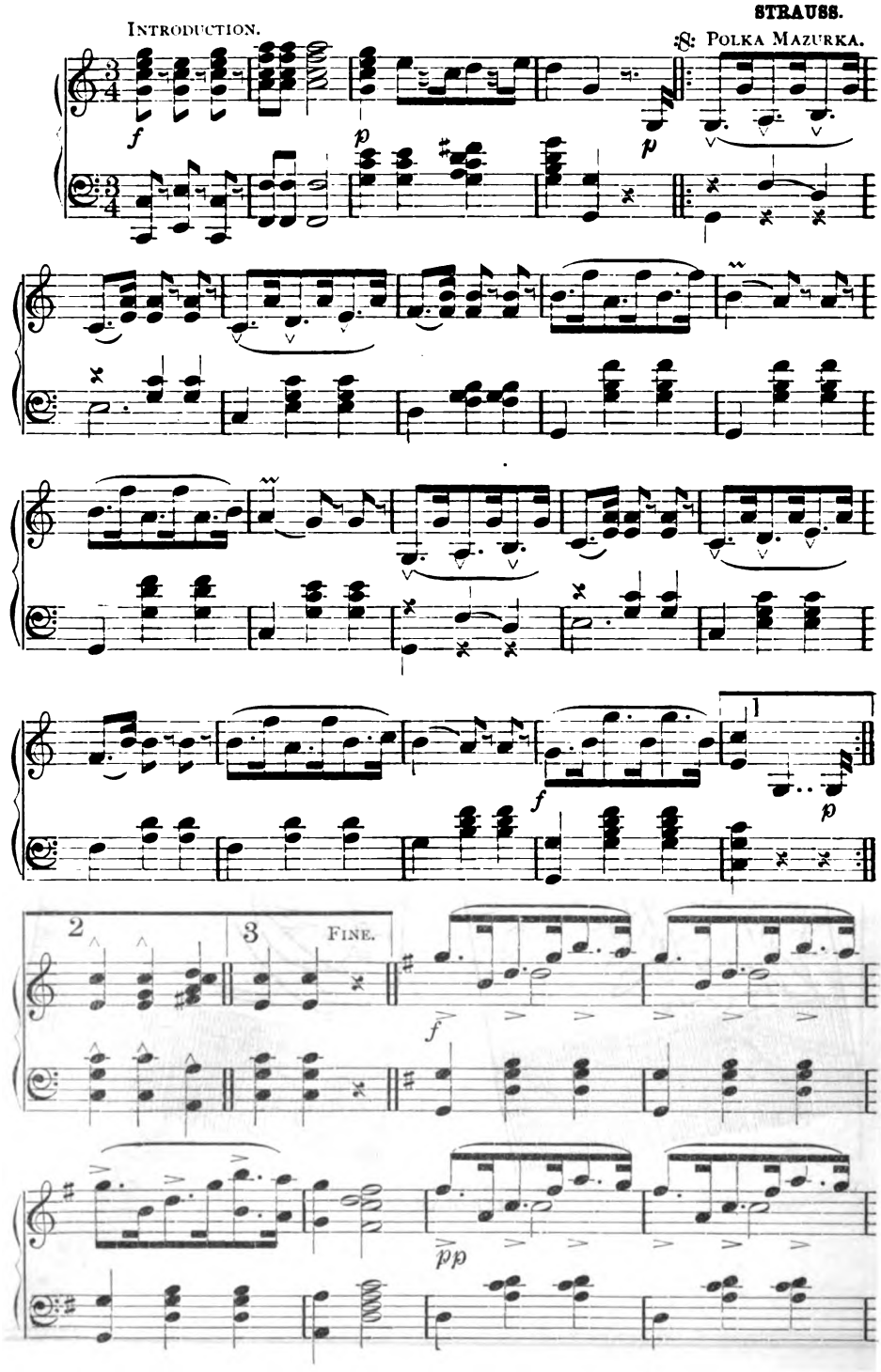

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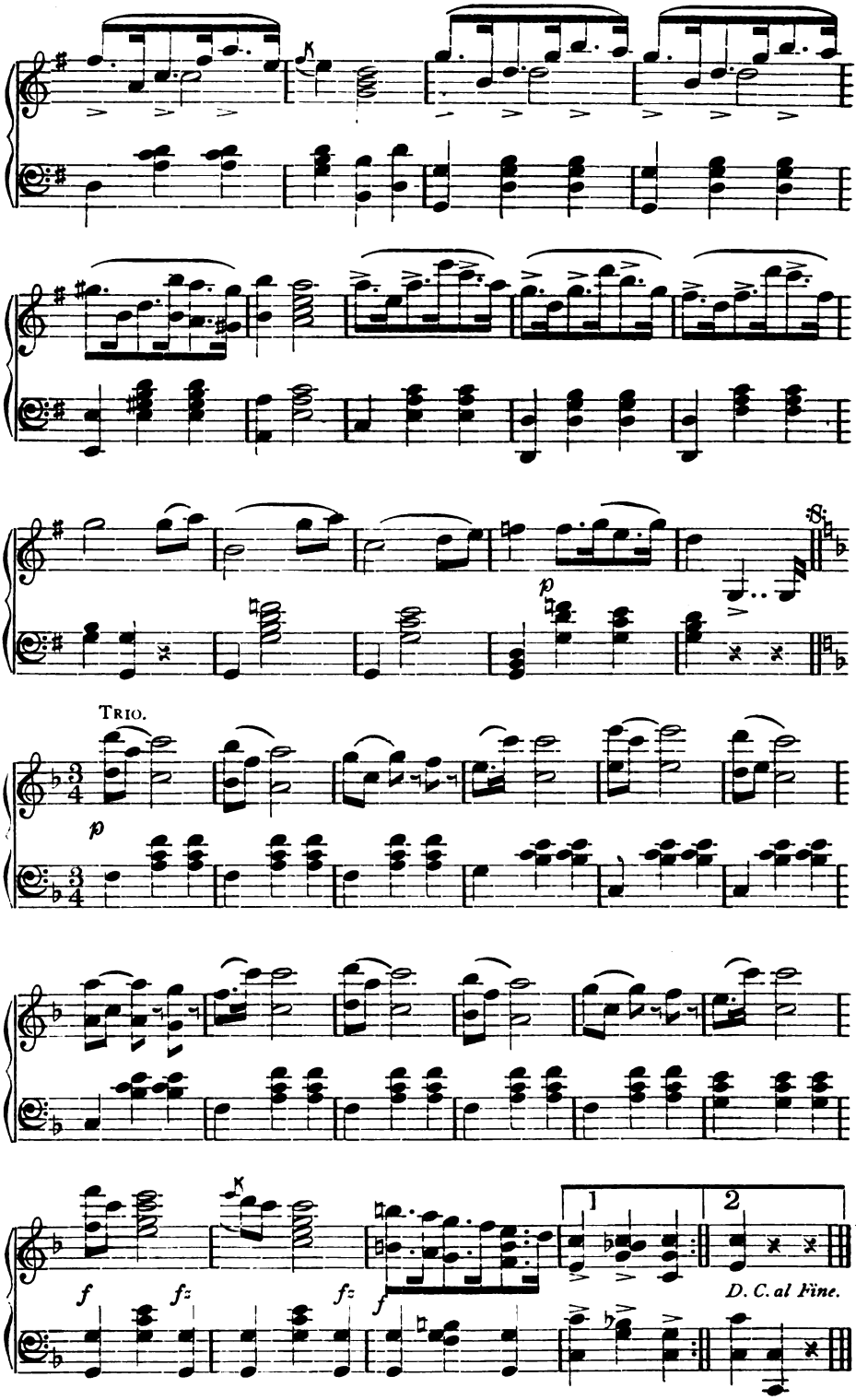

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WINTER JACKET.

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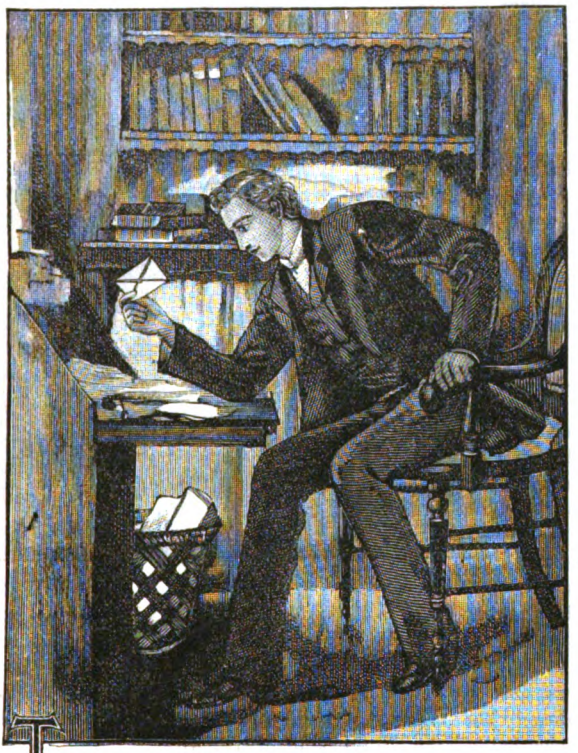
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1888. No. 6.

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.



THE few rays of November sunlight that struggled through the narrow windows into Arthur Bronson's dingy office fell on a letter which he had just eagerly seized from the hands of the special messenger, and which he was now examining.

The superscription, in a woman's hand, was perfectly familiar to him—it was written by one who was dearer to him than all the world besides. Perhaps that was why he looked at it so lovingly, lingering a moment before opening it, though he knew the boy was waiting outside for an answer.

Everything around was suggestive of the prosaic and practical—dusty musty law-books on the shelves, the desk on which he leaned covered with papers; but his letter had made the young man oblivious of all this. For youth and love bring romance everywhere.

Opening the missive, Arthur read a request from Cora Dayton to be at Mrs. Stanton's reception that evening, as she fully expected to be there. "We have so few opportunities of seeing each other as we would like," she gently urged, as if he needed to be reminded of that! It was only a half-dozen lines, hastily written, not on the delicately-tinted, daintily-perfumed sheets which she generally used, but on common note-paper, such as strewed his desk.

Just as Arthur finished the tender reply, which was necessarily briefer than usual, there came a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," he cried, glancing at the clock.

It was time for the arrival of his chief client, with whom he had made an appointment; and sure enough, in answer to the summons, the expected gentleman entered.

Arthur rose, greeted the newcomer with the cordiality due to such an important personage, and offered him the best of the large uncomfortable arm-chairs which usually adorn such apartments.

Then, "excuse me a moment," he said, and, turning hastily to his desk again, he thrust his answer into the envelope, sealed, directed, and handed it to the messenger with strict injunctions to deliver it carefully and promptly. And now he was ready to devote his whole soul to

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the case which was to bring him name and fortune and—Cora.

Arthur Bronson and Cora Dayton had loved each other since they were children, but the engagement which they had formed lately was not sanctioned by Cora's family, for he was only a rising young lawyer, not quite briefless, but with his fortune still to carve out, and she was an heiress, and the orphaned niece of very wealthy people. The young lovers had sworn eternal fealty; but Cora did not wish to marry Arthur without her uncle's consent, as he and his wife had been like parents to her. So they waited patiently, seeing each other whenever they could.

A little later the same afternoon, a lovely girl, clad in a pretty morning-gown, preparatory to dressing for dinner, sat in the cozy sitting-room adjoining her bed-room. A clear fire burned in the grate. Indeed, everything about the room suggested comfort and elegance. But its occupant was gazing eagerly out of the window, looking with impatience for the arrival of the answer to the request she had sent that day. At last her waiting was rewarded, and Mercury appeared in sight. Quickly rising, she hurried to the hall door, anticipating the servant's staid approach.

Taking the longed-for letter, Cora Dayton hastily broke its seal. She was standing by the mantel, the glow of the fire lighting up her happy face, when she drew out the sheet which it contained, and looked at it—looked at it a second time. Slowly her expression changed from expectant joy, first to amazement and bewilderment, then to horror, last of all to anger. The envelope and its unexpected contents dropped to the floor, and she sank into the nearest chair.

The young girl must have sat there a long time before the dressing-bell rang. Roused by the sound, she rose suddenly, her manner completely changed. Picking up the letter mechanically, she looked at it again, hardly able to believe the evidence of her senses. Then she made a sudden movement to tear the obnoxious sheet in two, restrained herself with an effort, and, going to a little escritoire standing by the window, she unlocked a private drawer, placed therein the fatal missive with trembling fingers, and, locking it securely, hurried to her dressing-room.

Three hours later, the same young lady, beautiful and brilliant in satin and velvet, and accompanied by her aunt, was whirling toward the Courtney mansion, in her carriage. A splendid reception was in progress there, and Miss Dayton was the belle of the evening. Never had she sparkled with such animation and gayety. Never had she been more courted and admired. Her beauty and wit were the theme of every tongue, and thoroughly did

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she appear to enjoy her triumph. No shadow seemed to mar its brightness.

It was late when she reached home. Her cousin Laura was sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for her, having been detained from the reception by a visitor from a distance. Several years older than Cora, Laura made a great pet of her cousin, and, in return, the younger girl generally confided everything to the elder.

"Well, Cora," was her cheery greeting, "did you have a pleasant evening? Tell me all about it." As she spoke, she looked up, almost bewildered by the vision of radiant loveliness that entered. Cora's eyes were brilliant as

diamonds, and a bright spot of color burned in either cheek.

"Oh, delightful!" was the ready response. As she spoke, Miss Dayton divested herself of her wraps.

"And was Arthur there?" was Laura's next question, in all innocence.

The expression on the beautiful face before her changed instantly.

"No," she replied, in a hard voice.

"Why—" began Laura, then stopped in amazement.

The long tension had been too much for Cora's nerves. For hours, she had been perfectly composed, had kept up bravely; but now the gentle tone of her sympathetic cousin had been more than she could bear, and suddenly her control gave way. Throwing herself at Laura's feet, she buried her head in her lap and burst into a passion of tears.

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In silent astonishment, Laura sat, one hand resting gently on Cora's, the other clasped tenderly about the neck of the sobbing girl, waiting patiently until the storm should exhaust itself and some explanation be given.

Gradually her sobs grew less and less, and at length Cora raised from its resting-place a countenance sadly changed from the bright one of a moment ago. There were anger and grief both showing there.

"Tell me, dear, what is the matter?" asked Laura, softly, looking anxiously into the beautiful, flushed, tear-stained face near her.

Cora sprang hastily up.

"Oh, I cannot tell you!" she cried. "It is too terrible; but everything is over between us. I shall never see him again," and she buried her face in her hands as she spoke.

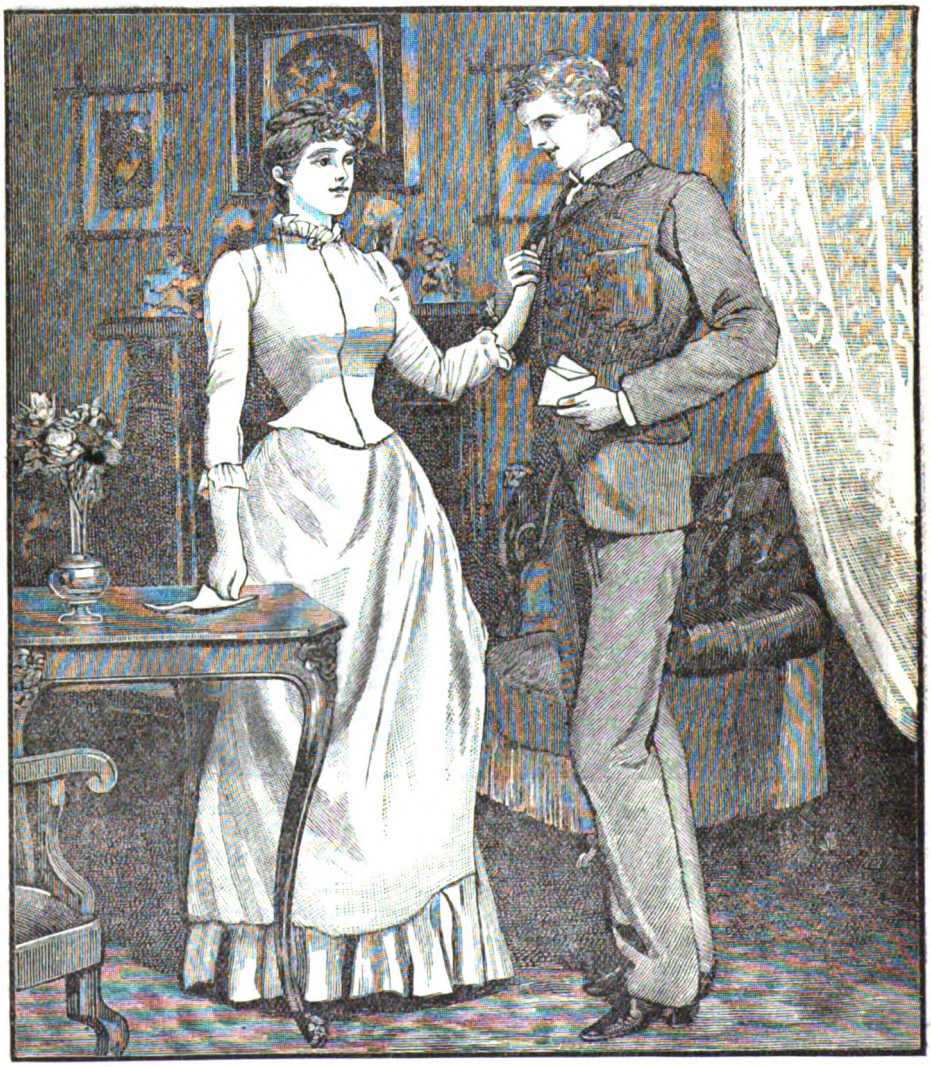
"What do you mean?" cried Laura, in bewilderment. "Are you speaking of Arthur?"

"Certainly I am. He has—oh, I cannot tell you what he has done. I would not have believed it—he has insulted me so."

"It is not possible," gasped the other.

"I could have forgiven his ceasing to love me. I suppose that is natural enough—for men. They are all alike; but to tell me so in that way—I wouldn't have believed it of him!" went on Cora.

"It cannot be true!" interrupted her cousin. "Arthur false? Never! Arthur cease to love you? It cannot be; there must be some strange terrible misunderstanding. Tell me, dear."



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"I cannot—there is no use talking about it any more; but I shall never see him again."

As she spoke, Cora hurriedly kissed her cousin and fled to her own rooms, there to convince herself again of her lover's unworthiness, by taking from its hiding-place the letter she had received that afternoon.

In the meantime, Arthur Bronson, after the departure of his client, thrust the papers lying on the desk into the drawer underneath, which closed with a spring, and, seeing how late it was, hurried to his lodgings to dress for the evening. Arriving a little late at Mrs. Stanton's reception, he found her drawing-rooms full of people. Looking about for the expected face, he did not see it. Making the tour of the rooms, his search was still fruitless; but it was early yet, so he waited impatiently.

Half an hour later, an acquaintance sauntered up to him and remarked:

"You should have been at the Courtlands' reception, from which I have just come. I dropped in there on my way here."

"Ah, indeed!" was the indifferent reply.

"You should have seen Miss Dayton."

"Miss Dayton?" repeated Arthur, in astonishment.

"Yes, she was there, looking more beautiful than I ever saw her before, surrounded with admirers; but Dick Leslie seems to be the favored one."

A faint feeling of jealousy, where Leslie was concerned, had always lurked in Arthur's heart, and, at these words, the smoldering spark leaped into sudden flame.

To break an appointment with him in order to smile on his rival! Could it be possible? He would wait and see. He would give her a chance; so he waited until a late hour, but she did not come. He went home so thoroughly convinced of her falsity, that, the next morning, when a packet arrived containing his letters and gifts, he felt no amazement. He was prepared for it, and he was too proud to ask for explanations.

Neither was Cora surprised when Arthur made no sign, but returned her letters in silence, as she had done his.

Laura was much troubled by this estrangement between two people who she felt sure loved each other still. After hesitating some time, she had about made up her mind to interfere and see whether she could not mend matters, when they heard that Arthur had suddenly given up his office and gone West. Cora felt no astonishment. She knew that Arthur had been offered a good opening there, but had hesitated on her account. Now that he had ceased to care for her, it seemed natural that he should accept it.

Laura could see that her cousin suffered, but she dared not break the silence on the subject; and from that time his name was never mentioned between them.

Three years passed. Cora had numerous admirers and offers, but she had never forgotten, and she remained obdurate to them all. Laura, more fortunate, married a lawyer who came to the town after the departure of her cousin's lover.

One day, Mr. Mason told them that he had rented another office, and invited them down to see it. Unsuspectingly, they went; but no sooner did Cora enter the street than she recognized the place where, three years ago, had hung the sign: "Arthur Bronson, Attorney-at-Law."

Laura hesitated on the threshold, glancing at her cousin; but Cora passed in, and she had no other alternative than to follow her.

It looked exactly as it did three years ago, for no change had been made in anything. Cora saw the old desk, on which Arthur had written so many love-letters to her, in its accustomed place. A rush of feeling almost overcame her.

The drawer was pushed out a little, and she drew it still further, glancing into it with mingled feelings. It was empty, and she was about to close it, when a gleam of something white attracted her attention. She lifted the drawer almost out, and drew from the crevice, where it had been caught, a dusty sheet of note-paper. As she did so, Laura and her husband turned.

"What's that?"

"Only an old piece of paper in the crack," replied Cora. As she spoke, she thrust it into her pocket, not supposing it to be of any value, except as a reminder of him whom she could not forget.

On their return home in the afternoon, Cora removed her walking-suit, and, as she did so, she took the paper from her pocket. Opening it, she stood transfixed.

At the beginning, in the hand once so familiar, was the date of November, three years ago, the very day that had parted them so cruelly; and below were the following words:

"My Darling:

"The man who is going to make my fortune will be here in a moment, so I have but a few lines in which to tell you how I love you, and that I shall be early at the reception. Till then, keep in your heart, as he would have you,

"Your devoted

"Arthur."

It was brief, but loving as she could have

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desired. What could it mean? She hurried to her escritoire, and took out the letter he had actually sent. Had it all been a mistake?

Half an hour later, she was in her cousin's room, pouring out the whole story as she had not done three years ago.

Some weeks after this, just as Cora was beginning to be resigned to the cruel result of her fatal mistake, she sat alone in the drawing-room. She was looking dreamily out of the window, thinking of many things, as she had almost incessantly since the discovery of his letter, of Arthur, and what she felt sure had been only a terrible blunder. But it was useless to think about that now—it was too late to repair her mistake—if such it really had been. It was idle to think about it. So she tried to turn her thoughts to other things, and she fell, among them, to revolving in her mind Laura's conduct of late; it had been peculiar—mysterious, she had noticed, as if her cousin had a secret.

She was startled from her reflections by a slight sound in the room. Looking up, she saw in the doorway a well-known figure, with the love-light shining in his eyes.

"Cora!" he cried.

She did not stop to wonder how he came there, or what it all meant; but, rising to her feet, the one word "Arthur!" sprang to her lips, and, a moment afterward, she was in his arms.

"Laura wrote to me," he whispered, as she gently disengaged herself from his clasp, "telling me what you thought I had done, and asking me if I still cared to explain. I hastened on, with but one hope—to see you. Dearest, let me look at those letters."

A moment later, he held in his hand the reply Cora had received to her request; it was her own letter—returned, as she thought.

"Did you think I could do such a thing?" he asked, reproachfully, taking possession of the willing hand, while she leaned on the table, her other holding tightly to the real reply, so precious now.

"I must, in my haste, have put your letter into my envelope," he went on, "and mine must have fallen into that unlucky crevice, where it lay until you found it, when I put the papers into the drawer before I hurried off to fulfill your behest. The two sheets were alike, and I remember now my search for your dear letter; but I could not find it, so I concluded it must have gotten into the waste-basket, in my hurry and confusion. Afterward, I told myself bitterly that it didn't matter, since I could not have kept it."

"But why did you never try to explain? Why did you accept my decision so readily?" she asked, softly.

"Because—I heard you were at the Courtneys' with Dick Leslie, and I thought you had broken your appointment with me to see him." It was his turn to confess. Then he continued, tenderly: "Although it was a letter that separated us, it was another that brought us together."

"Never to part," added Cora, as he drew her to him, sealing their reunion on her trembling lips. After awhile, however, the happy girl thought of her kind cousin, and said:

"Now we must go and find Laura; we owe all our happiness to her. I thought the past lost forever. She will be so glad!"

"But hardly surprised," suggested Arthur. "My coming this time will not be an altogether UNEXPECTED REPLY."

VOICES.

BY C. E. BOLLES.

I WONDER what the pines were telling—
  Whispering across the snow,
With a hushed mysterious murmur,
  Very sweet and soft and low.

All the earth lay wrapped in ermine,
  Sheets on sheets of purest white—
Folded down by unseen fingers,
  Through the dim and frosty night.

All the rocks wore dazzling helmets,
  Pearl and crystal, spotless fair,
Throwing back the sun's bright lances,
  Quiv'ring through the clear cold air.

Fairy cymbals faintly tinkled,
  Shaken by some passing breeze,
Playing strains of fitful music
  In and out among the trees.

Ah, these voices! talking, talking
  In an unknown tongue to me,
While I listened to their accents,
  Wond'ring what their theme could be.

Then I thought: They've looked beyond me—
  Seen the glory of the spring,
Read the type of resurrection
  In the death of everything.

Surely I, with clearer vision,
  Might with patience look away
Where, behind the ice-crowned mountains,
  Wait the blossoms of the May.

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LOVE THE LEVELER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 438.

CHAPTER III.

THE wedding of the Countess Natalia and Prince Zavalensky was long the talk of St. Petersburg. It took place in the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and the long list of guests comprised the names of the greatest personages of Russia, headed by those of the Emperor and Empress themselves. The beauty of the bride and the magnificence of her attire were the theme of universal praise. Yet it was noted with surprise that, instead of wearing the toilette of white silk and point lace that had been ordered from Paris, the early effort of a great artist in dress then just coming into notice (a young Englishman named Worth), she had chosen to array herself in the costume prescribed by ancient usage for noble Russian brides. The high diadem-shaped head-dress, entirely covered with diamonds, and confining the veil of silver gauze, the dress of white and silver brocade, the long mantle in cloth-of-silver, all differed as widely as possible from the aerial lightness of her Parisian bridal laces. It was considered strange that she should have chosen so to accentuate her nationality when brought face to face with her Polish bridegroom. It was noticed, too, that, amongst all her gorgeous ornaments, she did not wear a single trinket appertaining to the Zavalensky jewels—they were all selected from amongst the hereditary gems of the Vasaloff family. People, too, remarked on the marble pallor of the bride and the evident lack of ease on the part of the bridegroom.

The pageant was as superb as noble actors and rich dresses and gorgeous jewels and an elaborate ceremonial could make it, and any little peculiarities in the expression or attitude of the newly-wedded pair were overlooked in the pervading magnificence of their surroundings.

The Prince and Princess Zavalensky took up their residence in the Vasaloff Palace, as had been agreed upon at the time of their betrothal. The home of the bridegroom's race was in Warsaw, and his bachelor quarters, though very elegant and wholly Parisian in their fittings and appointments, were of too restricted dimensions in which to establish the vast household which was considered necessary in view of the wealth and social position of the newly-wedded pair. The princess retained her suite of rooms, which occupied the whole of the upper floor of one wing of the stately edifice, virtually abandoning the rest of the palace to her husband's uses. Thus, when the great doors of the west wing were closed and bolted, the residences of the husband and wife were as entirely separate as though one of them were living in Moscow. Before the world, they were a perfectly united pair. They were present together at all the grand entertainments of the season. They gave magnificent balls in the vast reception-rooms of the palace, and sumptuous dinners, at which the princess presided, the most gracious and graceful of hostesses, if also one of the most languid. The prince had the good sense and tact to accept the situation. He was courtesy itself to his wife, never failing to compliment her on the elegance and becomingness of her toilettes, consulting her on all questions relative to their social duties, and paying her in public all the attention that the most exacting spouse might have required. Natalia accepted all his civilities as she might have done those of a perfect stranger, limiting her conversation with him to the merest banalities of social intercourse. Only once did Prince Stephen essay to break down the barrier of ice

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that had risen between his wife and himself. It was on the New Year's day following their wedding. After paying her the usual compliments of the season, he laid before her a bracelet, a band of dead gold, set with three antique cameos, worthy of the museums of Naples or of the Louvre. "I have offered you no gift since our marriage, princess," he said, in the softest and most suave tones of which the human voice is capable; "will you not make me happy by accepting and wearing this ornament, unique in its way, and the like of which is not to be found even in the imperial treasury?" Natalia did not even glance toward the bracelet.

"Before our union, prince," she said, in calm cold accents, "you bestowed upon me two pictures—one of the salt-mines of Galicia, and the other that of the Statue of Ice. Those gifts suffice. From you, I will accept nothing more."

Slight as was this incident, it served to mark and to accentuate the utter loneliness of Natalia's life. Behind the glittering screen of her vast wealth and lofty social position, her existence was one of absolute dreariness. She was the last survivor of her race. She was not one of those who lightly form intimate friendships. Her deep but undemonstrative nature had never been seriously touched, save by her love for Ivan. It seemed as though she had bestowed on him not only the love that a woman lavishes on the man to whom she gives a wife's life-long devotion, but the fervent affection that she would have dedicated to her mother, had she not been robbed of that mother's tenderness by her early death, or on her brother, had he proved affectionate and congenial. Her devotion to the Emperor and Empress was indeed boundless, but it resembled in no respect the love or the friendship that one bestows upon an equal. Linked to a husband that she loathed by reason of the selfish cruelty of his nature, so ruthlessly laid bare to her in the interview prior to their marriage, she dwelt alone with her thoughts and her memories. She was surrounded by spies, both within her home and outside of it, a fact of which she was well aware, so she never even attempted to send so much as a line to Ivan or to receive a message from him. Through outside channels she learned that he was devoting himself to his art in Paris, but otherwise their lives were as totally separated as though they dwelt upon different planets.

"I am like Olga Vasaloff, that woman of my race who loved the great Czar Peter," Natalia sometimes thought, wearily. "I can dedicate to the man I love only my prayers."

With the approach of spring in the second year of their marriage, Prince Stephen planned a journey to Paris. "You need change of air, princess," he remarked. "You are growing pale, and your eyes have lost their sparkle. Moreover, it will be well for us to see something of the imperial court of France and of its beautiful young empress. Your friend, the Duchess de Morny, will be glad to welcome you to Paris, doubtless, and to bring one of the fairest of her countrywomen into competition with the beauties of the new court."

Natalia turned upon her husband her usual cold and steadfast gaze. "Do you know, prince, that Ivan Petrovich is in Paris?" she asked.

"Of course I know it. I am ignorant of nothing that it behooves my peace of mind to know, and the whereabout of my lost serf is certainly a fact of which I ought to keep myself informed."

"And, knowing that fact, you wish me to go with you to Paris?"

"It is my request—it is my desire—and, were you a less obedient wife, I should say it was my command."

"Very good; appoint the day of our departure, and you will find me ready."

A week later saw the Prince and Princess Zavalensky installed in the finest suite of apartments in the Grand Hotel. These quarters were, however, speedily exchanged for a private house near the Bois de Boulogne, Prince Stephen declaring that he disliked the noise and publicity of a hotel, and desired a more secluded place of residence. The quick suspicions of his watchful wife were at once aroused by this change of abode. She had never placed any faith in her husband's professions of loyalty to the Czar, and to her keen perceptions it speedily became evident that something secret and strange was going on. Mysterious visitors came to the house at undue hours, and her husband was wont to disappear sometimes for the greater part of a day. She never questioned him, and he never volunteered any confidences. But, one evening, at a dinner-party at the Duchess de Morny's, the Russian ambassador led her aside into the conservatory. He had been one of her deceased uncle's most intimate friends, and had known Natalia all her life. So, with an almost paternal interest, he murmured in her ear:

"Dear princess, your husband has embarked, I fear, on some perilous enterprise. He receives certain of his countrymen with whom he should hold no intercourse, as they are noted conspirators against the Czar. For instance, Count Wratislav has been seen entering his house. I utter this warning for your sake. Tell Prince Stephen what I have said."

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The name of Wratislav was indeed a revelation to Natalia. She knew him to be one of the most virulent and unreconciled of the Polish nobility, long since outlawed by the Russian government. And it was with this man that her husband was then in constant secret communication. All her fervent loyalty to her country and her Czar rose in full force. She would watch and work for Russia. But she did not fail to deliver to Prince Stephen the message of the ambassador. He met it with a scornful laugh and some light words of denial. But, in his paling lip and in the quick furtive glance that he cast upon her, she read the truth of her suspicions.

For herself, the sojourn in Paris was marked with no especial incidents. She was still the object of a continued and unceasing espionage. Her own servants, including her old and attached attendants, Demetrius and Anfisa, had been left at home and had been replaced by Parisians selected under the supervision of Prince Stephen. The nefarious system of private detectives was then in full force, as it still is, in the French capital. She knew that she was its object by the orders of her husband, and that every precaution had been taken to prevent her from holding even the slightest communication with Ivan Petrovich. But she had never had any intention of trying to speak with him or even to write to him. Her marriage had opened between them a vast gulf, which, to a woman of her lofty and rigid principles, was impossible to overleap. She had sent him a few words of warning by the Baroness Bernieff, a charming American lady married to a Russian, and who had become in a few weeks' time her fast friend. "Let nothing, nothing on earth, tempt Ivan Petrovich to return to Russia," ran her message. The answer returned by the same channel was: "I hear, and I will obey."

But, in all respects, the life led by the Princess Zavalensky, in Paris. was gay and brilliant. She was present with her husband at all the court balls and at the superb festivities for which the Paris of the Second Empire was then famous. Her beauty, her jewels, and her charm of manner were the theme of universal admiration. She was courted, admired, fêted, and the fashion.

Amongst the diversions of their Parisian sojourn was to be numbered a private view of the Salon.

The Prince and Princess Zavalensky enjoyed this privilege through the influence and under the guidance of the Duke de Morny and his Russian wife.

In one of the rooms, they met a famous painter. well known to all the party. After an exchange of salutations, he remarked to the Duke de Morny:

"I hope you have discovered the great success of the Salon of this year. It is the work of a newcomer—a foreigner who has studied for some time past under the tuition of my own old master. His picture, which represents Moonlight, has already been bought by the Emperor, and he will undoubtedly carry off one of the first medals." The artist led the way into one of the side rooms. He paused before a large picture filling the central space upon one of the side walls.

The painting represented a female figure draped in a long white robe, and floating in the air against a background of the dark starry azure of a cloudless summer night. The head, enveloped in a transparent veil, was bowed. One hand drew lightly together the aerial draperies above her breast, while in the other she held an alabaster vase, from which she was in the act of shedding the soft dews of night upon the sleeping world. The figure was not illuminated, but was itself the centre of a silvery radiance that lighted all the rest of the picture, and through whose transparent lustre faintly gleamed the far-off stars. It was a poet's dream of a moonlit night, transferred to canvas by the hand of a gifted artist. And it was something more. Love itself had guided the painter's brush, and there was not one of the party but recognized the lineaments of the Princess Natalia Zavalensky. Neither she nor her husband needed to look at the signature to know that the painter was Ivan Petrovich.

Natalia felt the unwonted tears rise into her eyes. "So it is in this guise that I dwell in his memory," she thought. No one spoke for some instants. Then Prince Stephen remarked in a gay off-hand manner: "Really, I regret very much that the Emperor should have purchased this picture. I should have liked to own it, because the name shows it to be the work of a Russian, and because the features bear some resemblance to my wife's. Do you not see the likeness, my dear duke?"

De Morny settled his eyeglass and took a long look at the Moonlight. "There is certainly resemblance," he replied. Then, bowing to Natalia, he added: "Princess, it will give me great pleasure to see your fair face smiling from the walls whenever I visit the picture-gallery at the Tuilleries. We Parisians are to be congratulated on retaining in our midst a reproduction, however feeble, of the bloom of so bright a Northern flower." And, with faultless tact,

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avoiding any allusion whatever to the painter of the picture, he called the attention of his companions to a battle-scene by Horace Vernet, and nothing more was said respecting the "Moonlight." But, when Natalia and her husband were seated in their carriage on their way home, Prince Stephen observed quietly:

"We start to-morrow for St. Petersburg."

His wife answered by a gesture of acquiescence, and nothing more was said till they had nearly reached the house. The prince, turning suddenly toward her, then asked:

"Have you met the serf Ivan since your arrival in Paris?"

"Ask your spies—the detectives that you set to watch my movements—not me," she answered, quickly and indignantly. "Those who bestow no confidence have no right to seek for candor."

"Reply—I insist upon it. Have you held any communication with your former adorer?"

"I have not looked upon his face nor heard the sound of his voice. But I sent him a message, which he received and comprehended."

"And that message was—"

"Never, under any temptation, to set foot again on Russian soil. I have no faith in the generosity of your nature, Prince Stephen—I have an unbounded fear of your machinations. As your wife, I obey you without hesitation and without dispute. But I remain none the less in dread of your unscrupulous cruel nature, and I only live to guard two interests against your wiles."

"And those interests are—"

"Those of the man I love—those of the Fatherland that I adore. Now, if there is to be peace between us, let there be henceforward silence. You have asked and I have answered. To-morrow we return to St. Petersburg, where the proximity of Ivan Petrovich will trouble you no longer. Never let his name be again mentioned between us."

CHAPTER IV.

THE return of the Prince and Princess Zavalensky to St. Petersburg was marked by no special incidents. Their position of armed neutrality was possibly accentuated by the events of their Parisian sojourn; but, in the eyes of the world, they remained, as ever, a model couple, not passionately devoted, but always on the best possible terms. They spent the summer on Prince Stephen's northern estates, Natalia having firmly declined a proposition made by her husband that they should go to Somarevna. On that domain she was resolved never again to set foot, at least so long as her loveless marriage should endure.

Time passed on, and no especial event came to break the calm tenor of their daily lives. Society and its thousand claims absorbed a goodly portion of Natalia's time, and her leisure hours were devoted, as usual, to her studies or her pencil. She became more than ever absorbed in her painting, from a vague idea that to pursue the same occupation as Ivan was to establish a new link of communication between their minds. Rumors occasionally reached her from Paris of the rapidly-rising renown of the young Russian artist. "He has been summoned to the Tuileries, to paint the portrait of the empress," wrote to Natalia her friend, the Duchess de Morny. "Our ambassador has ordered from him an 'Aurora,' to match the 'Moonlight,' and he is to paint the ceilings of the drawing-rooms of the Duchess de St. Etienne's new hotel on the Rue de Varennes. What a pity it is that he is a fugitive serf! Otherwise, he would have been welcomed with open arms at St. Petersburg. He is rapidly winning fortune, no less than fame; but, in spite of his genius and his good looks, he is the shyest and most unsociable creature in the world, a veritable hermit, who exists only for his art."

Prince Stephen did not interfere in any way with his wife's artistic pursuits. He had become himself possessed by one of the most absorbing occupations that can claim a man's thoughts and time, and that is building. He had conceived the idea of causing an addition to be built to the Vasaloff Palace, in the shape of a grand gallery, to be used for the display of his fine collection of arms and armor, which was rusting, unseen and unappreciated, in his closed-up palace in Warsaw. Under the impulse of his influence and his ardor, the building progressed with great rapidity. It was a long and lofty and nobly proportioned room, lighted by a series of small windows high up near the ceiling. It communicated with the rest of the palace by a single door. No hangings draped the walls; these were to be added later, the prince said; as soon, in fact, as he should find a set of old tapestries of sufficient beauty and of well-authenticated antiquity. The suits of armor transmitted from Poland were placed on pedestals at regular intervals, the place of honor—that at the end of the apartment—being reserved for the most curious piece of the collection. It was a light and beautiful suit of armor, made for a female wearer, one of the Sobieski family, who, long centuries ago, had married a Prince Zavalensky, and had fought bravely in battle at his side. With closed vizor, and with a lance in one gauntleted hand, and with a short skirt of chain mail falling from beneath the gold inlaid corselet, the image of the

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Polish heroine stood erect and stately upon its pedestal, gaining more admiration than did all the other remarkable specimens, of which Prince Stephen possessed a goodly number. These comprised English, French, and Italian, as well as Russian and Polish arms; a dagger, once owned by Cæsar Borgia; one of the helmets of Edward, the Black Prince; a pair of gauntlets that had been worn by Henri IV, of France, and that still kept the mold of his puissant hand, were amongst the most famous of these treasures. Natalia evinced a deep interest in the contents of the armory.

At her request, the armor of Anna Sobieski was transferred to her studio for some days, so that she might make a sketch of it, and she succeeded admirably in her task.

The armory became Prince Stephen's favorite apartment wherein to entertain his friends and guests of his own sex. He used it as his smoking and card room. Rich carpets covered the floors, and a large round table in carved oak, and a few comfortable arm-chairs, covered with antique tapestry, furnished the centre of the gallery without destroying its distinctive character. Its great advantage over every other room in the palace was its perfect seclusion. Once the door had been closed behind the retreating servant, the inmates of the armory were as shut off from all communication with the rest of the world as they might have been in the depths of a cavern. Gradually Prince Stephen ceased to urge upon his wife the necessity of their giving large and elaborate entertainments as in the past. He fell into the habit of having men's parties only. At first, these were splendid affairs, grand dinners or suppers; but, after a series of these, he took to inviting only a few friends at a time, to play chess or whist. These reunions always took place in the armory.

One stormy evening in December, Prince Stephen and a group of his intimate friends were gathered in the armory. These last, six in number, were men who had of late been frequently invited to the Vasaloff Palace. All probably were designated as "suspected" by the detective police of the Third Section, but the well-known and passionate loyalty of the princess rendered their presence under the roof of Prince Zavalensky an unnoted proceeding. One of them, Count Krazenski, was a noble-looking old man of Polish origin, nearly seventy years of age; the youngest, Colonel Lenzkoff, was a dissipated young Russian officer whose excesses had called down upon him more than once the censure of the Minister of War. Of the rest, one was a fervent advocate of the rights of the people, a precursor of the Nihilists; another was a devotee to the ways and rule of Old Russia, who strongly disapproved of the reforms planned by Alexander II. The door had shut in the party for some moments, but no words had as yet been exchanged, the cigars and the silver-topped crystal flasks of kümmel and kirsch and old brandy having seemingly absorbed the thoughts and the attention of everybody. Outside, the snow was falling fast, and every now and then a sleety shower, driven by the furious blast, dashed against the painted windows. The silence was finally broken by Colonel Lenzkoff, who, tossing off a glass of kümmel, said with a forced laugh: "It is a wild night without; so much the better for the business we are about to transact within."

"And which must be settled to-night," remarked Jankow, the Nihilist.

"Yes," replied Prince Stephen, gravely, "the last and most important detail of our plan is now to be arranged."

"And what is that?" asked Count Krazenski.

"When, where, and by whom the assassination of the Emperor is to take place."

The old man rose. "Is this the culminating point of your design, Prince Stephen?" he asked.

"It is."

"You are, then, a band of midnight murderers—the plotters of an assassination?"

"If you choose to call it so, count, we are."

"Then I withdraw at once and wholly from any association with you or your doings." He extended his right hand as he spoke, strong and untremulous despite his age. "This hand has wielded too long the sword of a soldier to be capable of grasping the dagger of an assassin. I am willing to suffer and to die—aye, and to plot and plan—for Poland, but not to kill a young and generous unsuspecting prince in the first bright days of his reign. Look you, gentlemen: I have known Alexander when he was but a boy. His tutor was my dear and intimate friend, and I remember too well the gallant royal child, even then full of dreams respecting the regeneration of his country, to be willing to lift my hand against his life. I leave you to your projects. As for me, I go to pray for Poland in my lonely home."

He directed his steps toward the door, with a gesture of farewell to his host.

"Stay!" cried Jankow, hurrying toward him. "This must not be, Zavalensky! What guarantee have we that this hot-headed traitor is not going out to denounce us all?"

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The old soldier turned and drew his athletic and lofty form up to its fullest height.

"Stop me, at your peril!" he thundered. "I leave this house at once, or I remain here a corpse. Prince Stephen can best judge," he continued, sinking his voice to a tone of bitter sarcasm, "if he is willing to have the attention of the police called to his present proceedings by a murder or a suicide in his armory. As to my betraying you, such talk is sheerest folly. I have taken the same oath as yourselves: and, with me, an oath is sacred. Farewell. Of all your projects, I remember nothing."

"Let him go, Jankow," murmured Prince Stephen, white to his very lips. "He is to be trusted; and, at all events—"

The great door clanged heavily behind the retreating man. The other conspirators drew together and looked at each other with paling faces. The defection of the fiery old count had cast a chilling shadow over the spirits of all present. Colonel Lenzkoff was the first to speak.

"We take our lives in our hands by the next words we utter," he said, glancing uneasily around him. "You are sure, Zavalensky, that there is no possibility of our being overheard?"

"Look for yourself," responded Prince Stephen, holding aloft the lamp: "I caused this apartment to be constructed expressly for our meetings. No sound from it can be heard without. No human being can reach those lofty windows."

"Br-r-r!" shuddered the colonel, as he turned to the table and filled for himself a glass of brandy, "I am chilly, or else upset by that old fool's departure. Positively, those suits of armor give me the horrors; they look like so many witnesses glaring at our actions and listening to our words."

He glanced around as he spoke, and then cried with a start:

"I could have sworn, Zavalensky, that I saw the gleam of a human glance in the eye-holes of the helmet of that suit of female armor at the other end of the room. Here—let me send a pistol-shot through it, just to make sure."

"What absurdity! You are beside yourself to-night, colonel, I think. Look!" And he walked up to the dusky armor and held aloft the lamp. "All dark and silent and lifeless, as you see. But, were I indeed to discover that a spy had watched our conferences," he continued, returning to the table and setting down the lamp, "I should at once do justice myself upon the traitor—were it my own wife. Now let us proceed to the object of our meeting. I have decided—subject, of course, to your approval—upon imitating the denouement of the conspiracy of Ankarstrom, of Sweden: who, with his confederates, slew King Gustavus at a masked ball. You have all heard of that incident; two operas have been founded upon it—"

"I remember," interrupted Jankow: "'Gustavus the Third,' by Auber, and 'The Masked Ball,' by Verdi."

"Precisely," responded Zavalensky. "Now, a masquerade affords opportunities for such a deed. Our fancy dresses will give us a pretext for wearing weapons, the disguise of the mask and domino will further our flight from the spot, and the gayety and mystifications of the hour will permit us to approach unsuspected the person of the Czar."

"And where, when, and by whom is this ball to be given? And who will guarantee the Czar's presence at it?" asked Lenzkow.

"It will take place here, in about a month. It will be given in honor of the Emperor and Empress by the Princess. You will receive cards of invitation in due course of time. You, Lenzkow, will wear the costume of an Albanian chief, and see that the pistols in your sash are carefully loaded. You, Jankow, must be attired as an Italian brigand, and I make to you the same recommendation respecting your weapons. You, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the other conspirators, "will have charge of a band, one at the arsenal, and the other at the Imperial Palace. We will settle all that later. A rocket, fired from the roof of this house, will be the signal that the deed is accomplished. Now let us retire; it is growing late, and I am anxious not to arouse the suspicions of my Russian wife or her attendants. Is my design approved?"

"It is! It is!" was the unanimous verdict of his companions.

After some desultory conversation, the party withdrew. A servant entered and bore away the lamp. There was a long interval of total silence. The storm had ceased, and through the high painted windows gleamed fitfully the pallid rays of the moon in the spaces between the flying clouds, driven across the firmament by the still furious wind. Then, in that dim light, might have been witnessed a strange spectacle in the deserted armory: The long sloping lance in the grasp of the gauntlet of Anna Sobieski's armor fell to the ground. The hand thus disengaged unclosed the vizer of the helmet, revealing the white set features of the Princess Natalia. And a whisper—hoarse, low, and thrilling with intense emotion—was audible as the mailed figure descended from its pedestal: "At last!"

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CHAPTER V.

THE grand masked ball to be given by the Prince and Princess Zavalensky formed, that winter, the leading topic discussed in the aristocratic circles of Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg. That the Emperor and Empress had signified their intention to be present constituted but one element in the promised attractions. The invitations, strictly limited in number to fifteen hundred, were sought after with an eagerness seldom aroused by the entertainments of royalty.

At last, the long-anticipated night arrived. The Vasaloff Palace, blazing with light at all its myriad windows, stood out in splendor against the dusky background of a moonless but unclouded night. The centre of the radiance was the great ball-room, its walls paneled with silver brocade and hung with countless mirrors, whose frames disappeared under a bordering of close-set pale-pink camelias. Clusters of the same exquisite flowers were set here and there amidst the sparkling pendants of the lustres of antique crystal. At one end of the room, rose from a wide bordering of flowers the dais on which were placed the thrones of the Emperor and Empress, under a canopy of white and pink roses. The railing of the gallery for the musicians, at the opposite end, was hidden behind a vast tremulous fringe composed of ferns and many-hued fuchsias. The rooms were filling fast, though dancing was not to commence till after the arrival of the Imperial guests. Through the portals had already passed a varied and brilliant throng: Mary, Queen of Scots, attended by her three Maries and by Rizzio, bearing his lute; a group from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with a Titania whose wings were of diamonds and who wore a wreath of ruby rosebuds with emerald leaves; Lohengrin, in his silver armor, his helmet and shield set with diamond swans; Othello, in gorgeous Venetian robes, with Desdemona, all in white and pearls, clinging to his arm; three lovely American sisters, personating Morning, Noon, and Night; an Italian duchess, representing Fire, with her celebrated ancestral rubies sparkling amidst the satin flames and gauze smoke-wreaths of her costume. The spectacle was a dazzling one, and the flash of the gems below responded like an echo to the radiance of the lustres overhead.

At the foot of the grand staircase stood the host and hostess, awaiting, according to etiquette, the arrival of the Czar and Czarina. Prince Stephen wore an antique Polish dress of gold brocade, bordered with sables, and the wide-sleeved flowing pelisse, something like an oriental robe in form, was drawn together so as partially to conceal the wide sash encircling his waist and thickly set with curious and artistic antique weapons. A close observer might have detected the fact that the ancient character of the pistols lay wholly in their external workmanship and ornamentation, the pistols themselves being undeniably modern. Separated from him by the width of the vast staircase stood Natalia, draped in her silver-embroidered domino, with a few great diamonds set here and there amidst the shining masses of her hair.

"Why have you not put on your sapphire diadem?" Prince Stephen had asked of her, when he first saw her emerging from her dressing-room.

"Because it would not suit the character that I shall assume later in the evening," she answered, with a faint smile.

"Ah, by the way, what personage do you mean to represent?" he inquired. "You have never yet condescended to give me any details respecting your costume."

"Wait till I throw aside my domino, Prince Stephen, and you will then be satisfied," she responded.

"As you please," he remarked, shrugging his shoulders and marveling that his grave wife should have suffered herself to be tempted into indulging in one of the trivial mystifications appropriate to the frivolities of a masked ball. In fact, his thoughts were too full of the ghastly tragedy then in preparation behind the splendors of the festival, to dwell long on any other topic.

There they stood, the host and hostess, with a lackey in the Zavalensky livery, silent and motionless as a statue, on either end of each step of the wide lofty staircase. The great clock on the first landing, a pedestal in oriental alabaster, surmounted by a figure of Fate in solid silver, holding a swaying pendulum, struck twelve slow musical strokes. Before the last note had died away, the clash of arms and a tramp of feet were audible at the door.

"The Czar is polite with that politeness of sovereigns — punctuality," remarked Prince Stephen to his wife, in English.

The vast portals swung slowly open, and there entered a detachment of the Imperial Guard with drawn sabres, followed by no Imperial guests, while at the head of the staircase appeared in their dusky uniforms a group of the dreaded police of the Third Section. And a shrill wild voice shrieked from some distant room:

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"All is discovered! Save yourself, Stephen!" It was the voice of Jankow that shrieked too late this frenzied warning.

Pausing between the serried ranks of the soldiers and the police, Prince Stephen, realizing that all was lost, turned to look at his wife. Her face was dark with the set inexorableness of an antique Fate. Unclasping her domino, she threw it back, holding it wide-spread in her extended hands. Against the pale rosiness of that silken background appeared her form, clad from throat to feet in the glittering armor of Anna Sobieski.

"Do you recognize now the character that I personate, Prince Stephen?" she cried. "I am Nemesis—the goddess of vengeance, that follows swift after crime."

He saw and realized at once the hand that had baffled his plots and had saved his intended victim. Snatching a pistol from his belt, he leveled it full at Natalia's head and fired. But his arm was struck up by a tall noble-looking man, masked and wearing a domino of black satin with a knot of pink ribbon fastened by a silver hyacinth to one shoulder, and the shot only shattered the lustre of cut crystal overhead, strewing the ground with sparkling fragments and fading roses. Then, quick as light, Zavalensky turned the muzzle of his revolver against his own forehead, fired, and fell a corpse at the feet of the men who had come to arrest him.

Then the long-overtaxed nerves of Natalia gave way, and a swoon, merciful in its depth and duration, deprived her of all semblance of life. It lasted long—so long that those who tended her and watched for her return to consciousness trembled at times lest this seeming death should become a reality. At last, in the pale cold dawn of the winter morning, she unclosed her eyes. She was lying on a couch in her own boudoir, with her Russian women applying restoratives under the direction of the same heroic-looking personage who had already saved her life by striking aside her husband's pistol. Her first glance fell upon him, and she uttered a cry of terror.

"Ivan! You—you here?" she gasped, with difficulty. "Oh, go—hasten to escape—to save yourself!"

He knelt beside the couch and folded her tenderly in his arms.

"Fear nothing for me, my beloved," he whispered. "My enemy is dead. Moreover, I am a free man. The Emperor has signed the decree abolishing serfdom throughout his dominions forever more."

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, the visitors to the Russian Department often noted with interest the presence of an elderly yet superbly handsome couple, with their two noble boys, Alexander and Ivan.

"Ah, yes—the Count and Countess Vasaloff," was the answer made by one of the Russian Commissioners to an inquiring friend. "The lady, who was formerly the Princess Zavalensky, saved the life of the Czar a good many years ago. When, at the close of her year of widowhood, he sent for her and asked her what boon he could bestow upon her to prove his gratitude, she only asked for his consent to her marriage with the great Russian painter, Ivan Petrovich, who had formerly been a serf. But Alexander did more. He bestowed upon the artist the then extinct title of Count Vasaloff, with the right to assume the name and arms of the lady's family."

"So the Princess Zavalensky is once more the Countess Vasaloff?"

"Yes, she has gone down one step in the peerage, thanks to LOVE THE LEVELER."

THE NEW MOON.

BY NELLIE T. GRANT.

OUTLINED against the darkling blue,
The little silver crescent hung;
Upon the serene summer air
The flowers their fragrance flung.

"Now make a wish," said Lilian.
"For know you not, whatever boon
That of the new moon you may ask,
It will be granted soon?

"O'er my right shoulder, I can see
The silver gleam: good-luck be mine,
My wish I'll make quite secretly,
That you may not divine."

He smiled upon her, as they stood
Beside the casement opened wide.
"I've made my wish," said he: "it is
That you may be my bride."

Lifting up her fair sweet face,
She looked at him with mock surprise.
"Why, that is what I wished!" she said,
The love-light in her eyes.

Ah, little moon—'twas thus you brought
Together loving hearts and true.
They might have drifted far apart,
Had it not been for you.

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A CHRISTMAS GHOST.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

IT was just two nights before Christmas. Bedtime had come at Locust Grove. The fires were all safely covered up, the lights all out, and the doors all locked downstairs. Suddenly the young ladies, cozily gossiping on their hearth-rug before a still glowing blaze, were startled by a shriek and a shuffling of feet on the stairway without. "Robbers! Let's hide in the closet," cried one. "Let's cover our heads up," said another. "Call papa," screamed a third. "Mercy!" ejaculated a fourth. "Sophy, don't open the door." "But I will open the door," answered Sophy, the boldest of the family; and, sure enough, she did.

There, with a comical expression of terror on his black face, with eyes staring and mouth open, stood Uncle Samson.

"Ah, it's you, Uncle Samson," said Sophy. "Where have you been so late? I'm afraid, on a visit to the pantry, and the decanter there," severely.

"De laws gracious, young chil'n!" he gasped out. "I'se been to no pantry. No, but w'at you t'ink I see jis' now? Ah—ah—my bref's clean gone! Yo' ole Gran'par hisse'f, come back dis night."

"Nonsense," cried practical Sophy.

"Well, well," he replied, shaking his head sagely, "you see, I wuz jis' er creepin' roun', so stiff an' trimbly, ter see dat parler fire all safe, w'en heah he come down de passige—never er bit of noise like human foot boun' ter make—right straight t'wards me he come; an' I see him by de moonshine cla' ez day—his blue eyes an' his white hair an' his berry clo'es de same. Lawd, chil'n, I so skeered, I give 'im one look, den dodged an' kivered my head; an', when I raise up agin, he wuz gone—de law, de law! 'Tain't de fus' time I done seen ghos'es at dis ole place—but ole Marse come back! Who'd ha' thought it?"

Such was the outline of his tale, to which Uncle Samson adhered in spite of the young ladies' smiles and mischievous cross-questioning, and which he told, with various additions, many a time afterward to a kitchenful of awe-struck listeners.

"I see tha. Uncle Samson would fain uphold the honor of our house," said Sue, with mock earnestness. "Hasn't every 'old family' a ghost?—or I'm sure it ought to have. And this house is a fine place for them, with plenty of hiding-corners outside and in. And, though they never appear to us degenerate faithless ones, why should they not to a stanch aristocrat like he is? Uncle Samson, we thank you for this vindication of our dignity."

"Oh, hush!" said Sophy, quite gravely—Sophy, most sensible of all, yet with a heart big and tender enough to take in everyone's troubles, real or imaginary. "Why should we laugh at such things? Who knows? But come, Uncle Samson, I'll light you safely to your door. Come softly, now; my father must not be disturbed."

She went out into the dim corridor, lamp in hand, as she spoke; and the old man, as he followed, muttered blessings on her gracious young heart.

There were no idle hands or heads at Locust Grove next day. There was a great slaughter of turkeys, ducks, and hens for the coming feast; a steady scolding from Aunt Miranda, queen of the kitchen, as she scurried importantly to and fro; and wild excitement among the numerous dusky "small fry," the usual errand-runners and hangers-on of a Virginia establishment. What a fire blazed and roared in the kitchen fireplace! And what a fireplace it was, to be sure! What roasting and boiling were going on there to-day! What baking and stewing of daintier dishes! Nor were the young ladies themselves less busily occupied. There were Christmas greens to be put up. There were dresses to be arranged for the dinner-party next day, and for a dance later on during the holidays. Besides, each girl had some mysterious surprise of her own to carry out. Happiest, merriest of all was Sophy. For was not her own particular "Somebody" coming this evening, to stay all through the holidays? And were there not probabilities of all sorts of delightful times in store?

The short, busy, active day came to an end at last. The red lingering sunset faded, and a white moon shone clearly down on the white

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earth, the scintillating frost-crystals of a traditionally appropriate Christmas Eve. About ten o'clock, a man might have been seen, under cover of the shade-trees on the lawn, approaching the house. He started perceptibly and paused a moment when he saw a light still shining from one of the lower windows. "Not such early hours now as they used to keep," he muttered. Then, cautiously drawing near, he looked in. A mass of drooping vines sheltered him overhead; inside, a projecting curtain shielded his face from observation. He bent eagerly as he gazed at the scene before him.

A blazing crackling fire ruddied the walls of the great square room, and lit up the faces of its inmates. All the girls were there. Pretty Sophy and saucy-looking Sue; Kate, the hoyden, deft-fingered and gay; slow painstaking Alice; Annie and Cecilia, still in short dresses and undecided in face and figure; and another lady, tall and beautiful, yet somewhat sad of countenance, and with hair fast turning gray.

"I would have known her in a thousand," he whispered. "Always the same—the same."

For a moment, his eyes were misty and blinded with tears.

"We must have one chant—just one—before we retire," said Sue, in her clear voice. "Come, girls. Play for us, please, mamma."

"Ah!" breathed the listener, between his clenched teeth. "'Mamma'! And so he must have her too, in addition to all the rest? A crowning joy of possession!"

He panted, as he spoke, as in a dumb impotence of passion, an ugly light in his eyes.

The tall lady shook her head and pointed to the clock. But, when the rest all joined with Sue, she yielded with a laugh, opened the piano, and began to play.

In a moment, they all gathered around her—six joyful though subdued young voices bursting into the Christmas hymn.

"Glory be to God on high," they sang, "and on earth peace, good-will toward men! We praise Thee! we bless Thee! we worship Thee! we glorify Thee! we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory!" What a magnificent old anthem it is—the noblest-worded embodiment of supplication and praise. "Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us! Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer!" went on the clear sweet tones.

Perhaps the man outside had some sad memories connected with those words. He hid his face with a groan.

"I have been thinking," said Sophy, when the last "amen" had been uttered, the last note had died away, "what a mockery for us to be singing so—'peace and good-will'—when everyone knows what a shadow of strife and ill-will has hung over this house all our lives."

Sophy was tired and a little cross, perhaps because Somebody had failed to come, as she had expected; and she spoke with some bitterness and an impatient gesture of the head.

"Why, Soph! How can you talk so?" cried Kate, the excitable one. "As if it were papa's fault, when you know it was not he who began that dreadful quarrel. It takes two to make a reconciliation as well as a quarrel, remember. For my part, I think a good honest hatred is better than a make-believe show of peace: for the man who's so quick to forgive his enemies is quick to forget his friends. There!"

"Silly child, little you know of the real misery of such things as family quarrels," said the tall grave lady, with a pained look into the fire; while Sophy added somewhat doggedly:

"But I shall always think that Uncle Frank was hardly used. No wonder he was bitter and resentful—no wonder. But come—we must be merry on Christmas Eve, and I have stumbled on the saddest subject of all. Don't mind what I said just now, girls; and—and—let's talk of something else."

In a little while, the lights were all out and the room deserted, and Sophy, beginning to undress, discovered that one of her favorite earrings was missing. Anxious to regain her treasure, she stole out of her room, candle in hand, to look for it in the parlor. On the stairway, a sudden draught put out her light. But, knowing where some matches were to be found, she hurried on, guided by the moonshine which streamed through the great hall-window.

Suddenly, coming down the corridor in front of her, appeared a strange shadowy figure. For a moment, her heart gave a sick throb of fear and stood still. With all her strong practical sense, she had always cherished, at night especially, a wholesome terror of ghosts—a feeling which may have been originally caused by too much listening to the grisly tales that negroes love to tell children. Now Uncle Samson's story, told the previous night, came to her mind. With the conviction that there was indeed a ghost in front of her—the white clothes, the light gleaming eyes, the gray hair and beard, the swift noiseless tread, all answering the old man's description—a sudden terror fell upon her. She shrank back against the wall, and, closing her eyes, tried to scream. But no sound came from her parched lips.

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"Hush!" said a voice, as a hand, unmistakably of flesh and blood, was laid on her shoulder. She looked up. "Child," went on the low strained voice, "I would not hurt a hair of your head. Come in here and let us speak together. What! afraid? I will not hurt you, dear. Come—come."

He drew her into the parlor and shut the door. Then he struck a match, proceeded to light one of the lamps, and, suddenly turning to her, demanded:

"Have you ever seen my face before?"

Sophy started. It was a sallow haggard face, with a look of premature age. Yet it looked exactly like the portrait of her grandfather, in the parlor. She knew, however, it could not be he; for, by this time, her proverbial common-sense had come to her aid.

"It must be—Uncle Francis," she stammered, at last.

"Yes," he replied "it is; and you must have a good memory, to know me now, after all these years—changed as I am, and for the worse. What! you welcome me?" For she had flung her arms around his neck. "Dear child—dear child!"

He seemed quite touched and broken by her kindness, and, turning away with something like a sob, began to pace the floor. Presently, he paused and came up to her, holding out with shaking hand a folded yellow paper.

"See this," he said, in an agitated whisper. "Do you know what it is? My father's last will and testament. Written a month before he died, and leaving me, his oldest son, my lawful inheritance. His will! Found where he left it, in a book: there, on that upper shelf of the book-case. You are none of you great readers, niece—though 'Hudibras' is a book, I fancy, nobody would read, free of compulsion. I owe the writer thanks for his dullness—do I not? Will you read this document?"

Sophy took it from him, recognizing at once her grandfather's handwriting, and read it through. It was concise and plain enough, carefully dated, and signed by the testator and by one witness, whose name, in her hurry and nervousness, she could not decipher.

"It's a long story how I learned this fact," said her uncle, when she had done. "But I came here to prove its truth. And," hesitating, "to turn you all out-of-doors. Aye! and I could have done it, an hour ago. But not now—not now. Do you know, I was watching, listening, out there, to-night? I've no heart now to play the hawk, in a nest of such sweet birds. I'll go away unknown—as I came."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "It is only your right. And why should you give up so much for us? Oh, sir, don't—"

He had lighted the paper at the lamp, meantime; and, in spite of her exclamation and her effort to snatch it away, now held it so till it was all consumed.

"Oh, sir!" sobbed Sophy, excitedly, "you ought not! It is generous, noble—but it is not fair to yourself. I, for one, will not accept the sacrifice."

He smiled a little.

"Is it such a sacrifice, after all?" he said. "Somehow, revenge on my brother has lost its pleasant savor. What would I want with his house and lands, knowing as I do now that the only woman I ever cared for is his wife? Yes, his wife," he added, "and bound to suffer in his poverty and distress. No, no—keep our secret, Sophy. It was a foolish thing to tell you; and let me go as I came."

Sophy looked bewildered for a moment.

"The only woman you ever cared for?" she cried then. "My father's wife? Surely, you know that my mother is dead, and that my father has never married again. Ah—now I see," springing up eagerly, with flushing cheeks. "It is Cousin Hester. You heard us call her—as we always do—mamma. Why, I might have guessed it before!"

"Sophy," he said, earnestly, "no childish nonsense now. You think this still possible for me—me? Such a hardened reckless fellow as I have been?"

The sweet face was raised to his, the face like an angel's just then, and the kind, warm, impulsive arms were about his neck. "Possible?" she cried. "It is certain. Oh, Uncle Francis, only come back."

They had a long talk together; each had much to tell; and twelve o'clock had struck before they said "good-night." Then Mr. Francis Creswell left the house, by the side entrance through which he had come in, and went to his lodgings in the village near by, while Sophy crept, half guiltily, though with joyful heart, to bed.

What a clear beautiful Christmas morning followed! With a rose-red sunrise resolving into clearest blue; with golden radiance across the snow; with a play of rollicking western winds; with all the stirring influence of a perfect winter day—it came. And what a ringing of merry voices, through all the rooms at Locust Grove! What an exchanging of gifts and good wishes!

Sophy was not the least gay, though there were signs of forced mirth, a fitful excitement about

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her that Cousin Hester, noting, laid to the absence of that missing "Somebody."

After breakfast, when they had gathered around the fire, someone rallied Sophy on her absent-mindedness. The girl looked up with a start. "I? Oh, I was only thinking," she said, "thinking of a story I heard some time ago."

"The old, old story, that Eden's bowers first heard," quoted Kate, mischievously. "Tell us about it, Soph."

"If you really want to hear," said Sophy, tentatively. "Father, do you want to hear my story?"

"Ahem—well, I don't care, if it's not too long. Well, begin; but not more than ten minutes. I'm listening."

Mr. George Creswell was a man of few words; small, pale, cold, and rather unhappy-looking. He leaned against the mantel, watch in hand, as he spoke, while Sophy, nervously smoothing her dress, with faltering voice and downcast eyes, began her tale. She told it simply, as a child might have done.

"There were once two boys, brothers," she said, "who lived in a pleasant old home in the country, something like ours, maybe. Their mother was dead, and their father loved the oldest son best, though people wondered at this, for he was wild, reckless, wayward, and of a roving turn. After they grew up, the oldest being away so much and always discontented at home, the father's love—perhaps because it was so great at first—seemed turned to hate; and, finding it so, the son, when he came back once from a long absence, said to his brother: 'You have stolen our father's heart away from me.' So they had a bitter quarrel, and the oldest went away again, vowing it was forever. After some years, the father died, leaving all—the old home, the large estate—to his younger son."

Here Sophy faltered and paused.

"Go on," said Mr. Creswell, in a low curious tone.

"Well, after this," said Sophy, "the younger son wrote kindly to the other, but received an angry reply, saying: 'You have cheated me out of my lawful rights, and now make offers of kindness. I'm not the man to receive such kindness; I want nothing more from you or yours.' And so the bitter feud went on and on.

"About a year ago, in a South American town, that older brother met a man, a former friend of his father, who told him that, ten years before, he had spent a night at the old home in Virginia, and that the old gentleman had told him all his trouble with his sons, adding that he had written another will that very night, doing more than justice to the wandering child—in fact, leaving him nearly all. This will, which the man, Mr. Hardy, had signed as witness, the old gentleman laid away in a certain book in the book-case, saying he would make it all safe and sure. The next morning, this Mr. Hardy left, and, a month afterward, heard that his old friend was dead."

Sophy paused a moment, then went on again. Everyone was listening intently.

"Can't you guess," she said, "how the elder brother hurried back to look for the will, and—as he thought—to take revenge? He came back to the neighborhood, under another name, and so changed that no one knew him. He came to the house, one night; but had forgotten his matches, and so had no light to begin his search. But, the next night, he tried it again. He came, however, before the family had retired. The windows were still alight. Looking in, he saw them, the people he had wanted to drive away, all so happy and peaceful inside, and he felt his heart broken within him; and—and it was Christmas Eve."

Her voice shook here with a sob, and she glanced up. The girls looked frightened. Cousin Hester was pale as death. Her father was silent and unmoved, but very stern. "Go on," he said at last.

"Oh, sir," cried Sophy now, "he did a brave and noble thing. He stole in when they were all asleep—all but one; he found the will, and—burned it to ashes."

"Sophy, who told you this?" asked Mr. Creswell, starting forward.

"Uncle Samson's ghost," cried the girl, springing up, laughing and sobbing hysterically. "Yes, Uncle Samson's ghost—poor Uncle Frank." And she related, rather confusedly, I am afraid, the events of the previous night.

Half an hour later, the two brothers, side by side, came back together.

Even the thoughtless quick-seeing girls turned kindly from the greeting between Mr. Francis Creswell and Cousin Hester. It was a very silent one. "Frank," she whispered, with trembling lips, while he could say nothing at all. She was calm, self-repressed—it seemed, even hard and cold. But he read that in her face which gave promise of happier days for him.

As for Sophy, whose sweet mediation had been the direct cause of all this, we may be sure that she did not miss her recompense, of which the crowning point was reached when, in quite a flurry of blushing ardor, with many eager apologies for having missed his train and so failed to come the day before, who should arrive but her own dear Somebody?

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A WINTER PASTIME.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

SKATING is the mode of locomotion which gives one a sensation most akin to flying! I speak very dogmatically, but no mortal can contradict me, since no mortal can fly, and I am certain that every lover of the fascinating amusement will boldly and unflinchingly support my assertion.

A gallop on a spirited horse is an experience which gives to a woman a sense of power highly enjoyable, and the tricycle affords a feeling of independence which in unmixed bliss, but skating offers an indescribable charm that no other form of exercise can equal.

I hold a theory, which I know plenty of people will be ready to accept, that skates were somehow the foundation of the delightful myth about the winged shoes of Mercury. Doubtless the tale was originally connected with some Scandinavian deity, and the mischievous god, always a terrible thief, purloined it to invest himself with an added charm.

To the uninitiated, it is impossible to give any idea of the exhilaration, excitement, even ecstasy, which is to be found in this recreation.

Away one goes over a sheet of ice that is like a bridge of rainbows in sunlight or moonlight—away, away, with no sense of fatigue, scarcely a consciousness of physical effort, and if at one's side floats one's special Romeo—well, one comprehends what philosophers of a modern school mean when they talk about the possibility of sympathy between minds doing away with the necessity for speech.

In this century, skating has come in all northern climates to rank among the chief winter amusements for both sexes. At one time in America and England, there was great discussion among a class of persons to whom "old fogy" is the mildest title applicable, as to whether the recreation was not likely to prove prejudicial to the health of women.

Besides these cavilers on medical grounds, there was another sort for whom there is no name contemptuous enough—I mean those people who are always preaching that anything likely to give women active exercise under the guise of amusement must necessarily be unfeminine.

Of course, long since, the first set of objectors was silenced by satisfactory proofs—some dating back centuries—that skating, like other physical exercises, can only prove hurtful when overdone. As for the other specimens of male and female fault-finders, they really deserve no attention whatever. The women who join the ranks must be framed of the stuff of which slaves were made, and the men belong to that class of Adam's sons who hope still to retain the privilege usurped ages ago, of claiming the highroads of the world and pushing Eve's daughters into the thorny by-paths, while talking of their devotion to the sex.

The nonsensical objection that the amusement could be unsuited to women, either on the score of health or propriety, of course, never was heard of in Holland. Probably this was not due so much to consideration on the part of the stolid burghers for their womankind, as to the fact that during the winter months the country's countless canals make it an almost unbroken field of ice.

To-day, as in past centuries, skating is practiced there not only as a pleasurable outdoor exercise, but as a favorite mode of travel during the winter months. The abodes of friends separated in summer by innumerable water-courses, and only approachable on circuitous roads, are then linked together by ice-bound rivers and canals. Dutch ladies, therefore, ought to know the requirements of a practical skating-costume.

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The group in our illustration belongs to the seventeenth century, as the pointed bodice, the lace-trimmed puffed sleeves, and the appearance of the cavalier betoken.

The costume of the two ladies seems peculiarly fitted to keep them warm without impeding the free movements of the skater. A silk hood, with quilted lining, tied under the chin, leaves only the face exposed, and a gauze mask or veil serves as sufficient protection for that. An ermine collar covers the shoulders and arms, while the hands are hidden in a fur-lined muff. The skirt is turned up, and the high-heeled shoes are taken off, thick stockings and felt tips on the skates being considered quite enough to protect the feet from the cold.

This sort of dress is better adapted to the requirements of comfort than to the display of beauty, but the sturdy Hollanders always have possessed a larger amount of solid sense than of esthetic taste.

The French soldiers returned to France from their American campaign in the last century enthusiastic lovers of the sport learned in Canada.

The winter of 1784 was a memorably cold one, and the great fountain-basins in the gardens of Versailles were sheets of sparkling ice on which the dashing young officers executed wonderful feats of skill and grace before Marie Antoinette and her ladies. A chair on runners was devised in which the queen was pushed about by such of the skaters as she might select for that honor. It was a gay winter in the royal palace and gardens, however full of suffering elsewhere—perhaps the last really bright one the unfortunate lady ever saw.

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In our era, similar scenes were witnessed on the ice-covered basins in the Tuileries garden. Always the loadstone of all eyes was a chair impelled by cavaliers as handsome and devoted as those who surrounded the ill-fated queen, and in it sat the imperial beauty whose character and misfortunes always remind one of fair hapless Antoinette.

It is said that an American lady noted for her pretty face, and still more for her cleverness, was in Paris that winter for the first time, and met with a mishap on the ice which turned out a very lucky accident. She had not been presented at court, and rumor declared that certain powerful dames among her countrywomen had formed a cabal against her, with the intention of keeping that coveted pleasure beyond her reach.

All the world, however, was permitted to visit the skating-pond in the palace garden, and one day, when their majesties were among the

spectators, the fair American attracted their attention by her brilliant skating feats. Finally a direct appeal was made to the ever-ready sympathies of Eugénie. The skater slipped and fainted close to the Empress's chair. She was raised by Napoleon III himself, and, on her recovery, charmed the imperial pair by her elegance and wit as much as she had done by her graceful performance on the ice. It was no matter if envious women did hint that the fainting fit was a ruse—the fortunate lady could afford to disregard their whispers, for she became one of the most favored of her nation at that court which had the good taste to display a special liking for Americans.

The Berlin Thiergarten presents an animated and amusing spectacle any winter day when the ice on the pond is in good condition. The glittering sheet is literally covered with skaters and lookers-on. Scores of ladies join in the sport or are pushed about in sledges and chairs surrounded by knots of admirers.

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Prussian military men wear their uniforms on all occasions, and the showy costumes add to the brilliancy of the scene. But it is not only dashing young officers and soldiers who indulge in the amusement—one sees grave citizens, gray-bearded colonels, and the like, prancing about with as much agility as their juniors. They occasionally come to grief, too, and get a tumble which excites uncontrollable mirth in the observers; but the dignity of those stiff, mustached, high-booted, elderly sons of Mars is not to be shaken—it remains proof alike against the unexpected somersault and the unfeeling laughter.

American women excel among the devotees of the delightful exercise—as a matter of course, one might add without being accused of national partiality, considering the way in which they now hold first rank the world over, where physical prowess as well as personal beauty is concerned.

Even later than the days of our grandmothers, English women, while admitting that their American cousins carried off the palm of beauty, were able to console themselves by adding: "But their appearance is so fragile as to suggest delicate health, and, where physical development

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and powers of endurance are in question, the English girls are far their superiors."

But "we have changed all that," as the French people say. Now, the American in foreign lands finds his youthful countrywomen not only frankly acknowledged to deserve the golden apple of Paris, but, where bodily strength or skill is concerned in walking, riding, archery, or swimming, he has the satisfaction of seeing them equal their sisters of other nations.

Our country is so favored with rivers and lakes of all sizes, that skating has fairly become a national winter amusement for both sexes. The Schuylkill at Philadelphia, Boston Common pond, and New York's Central Park lakes are thronged day and evening during the season, and the enthusiasm for the sport seems yearly to increase.

No prettier sight can be conceived than two girls, arm in arm, speeding away over the dazzling ice pavement, outstripping, as one so often sees them do, every male companion, until the most devoted cavalier can only hope to keep within a tantalizing distance, and even this he finds himself unable to accomplish, unless his devotion is aided by the utmost agility and skill, not to mention the necessity for "good wind and muscle."

Of course, no city in the United States can in the least compare with the winter glories of Canadian towns. The Montreal carnival is one of the great features of our period—unique and unapproachable. It is far more exciting than the carnival sights of Rome, Seville, or Nice, because they are only repetitions of what has been going on, year after year, for centuries, with such slight changes that the jaded taste of this age, irreverent and iconoclastic, is inclined to push the gilded monotonies aside as trumpery, no more worthy of notice than a Christmas pantomime.

But the Montreal midwinter gala-show is still sufficiently novel to attract sightseers from every quarter of Christendom, just as they used to flock to Rome to enjoy the week of King Misrule's sway in the days of Papal supremacy.

Those unfortunates who have not shared in the delights of a Montreal carnival have at least enjoyed them in imagination through pictures and written descriptions.

The amusements are as varied as they are entrancing, but I think every skater who has been there will agree with me that he or she enjoyed the skating-bouts most of all.

One of the prettiest pastimes to watch or join in is the dance around the Maypole; the very

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name is a delicious Hibernicism, which, coming from Englishmen, would have made blessed Maria Edgeworth clap her hands in glee!

I have been told that the idea originated with Lady Lansdowne in the days when her husband was Governor-General of Canada, and the pair made themselves so popular that all later vice-regal people have labored under sore disadvantages.

I do not in the least vouch for the statement that her ladyship deserves the credit of having invented the winter Maypole frolic, but I like to think she did; and that is as good a reason for deciding such was the case as historians generally have for ascribing this or that good deed to their favorite personages.

But whether or not the first Maypole ever skated about in Canada was set up in the park of Rideau Hall, certain it is that one appeared there each winter while Lady Lansdowne remained mistress of the mansion.

The accompanying illustration is a capital representation of this sport, which is perhaps the most fun-provoking of any of the carnival pastimes. But Canadian winter amusements are endless, and, among them, skating in city, village, or country ranks prominent.

It is a pretty sight to see a party going out in the evening, each couple hand-in-hand, the cavalier carrying a lantern. The moving lights, the shadows, the mysterious echoes—there are no words to describe the effect on one watching; how useless, then, to try to depict the sensations of the skater.

A favorite writer of our day has well said: "Never can a graceful woman's figure have a more becoming background than that of snow and ice, when she is a mistress of the art of skating. Each curve, every undulating movement, is thrown out into sharp relief against the glittering surface, as she advances or retreats or skims fleetly over the smooth expanse or describes almost inconceivable angles. At times she seems so absolutely motionless, save for the swift flying feet and the slight waving of the short dress, that in a dim light there is an almost uncanny effect to a looker-on, as of something eerie and supernatural flitting past."

Indeed, one is reminded of a thousand lovely images in poetry and romance—of weird Northern legends of the spirits of wind and snow appearing in the shape of beautiful maidens to lure the hearts of bold knights. Truly there is no limit to the poetical suggestions offered to one's fancy, whether watching the dizzying evolutions of others or wearing the "winged sandals" oneself.

But I have no space to dwell further on the subject, so can only add that any girl who does not learn to skate misses the most perfect combination of pleasure and exercise which human ingenuity has ever contrived.

And with this solemn warning I conclude.

THE BRIDE.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

WHENEVER I read of a wedding,
With a bride that is young and fair,
With the sheen of lace on her bosom,
And orange-flowers in her hair;
A corded silk, and a long square train,
A white bouquet, and a fan.
Maids of honor in pale surah gowns,
Ushers, the groom, and "best man";

When I read of the tears and blushes,
The love, the vows, and the ring,
The prayers and congratulations,
The blessings, and everything;
I sigh and I sigh as I wonder
What the fate of that bride will be,
As she launches into the future—
Careless, and happy, and free.

Yes, free! But how soon will that freedom
Yield to the cares of a wife?
How soon will the smiles and the blushes
Give place to the burden of life?
How soon will the vows be forgotten,
And only the ring remain
To recall the dreams of her girlhood
That were only dreamed in vain?

Her bosom will hold many heartaches,
And her eyes will hold many tears,
Her smiles will grow fewer and fewer,
Her cares will increase with her years;
The flowers will die on her bosom,
The light will slip out of her eyes,
And the heart that was once full of music
Will be the birthplace of sighs.

So whenever I read of a wedding,
With its sunshine and its showers,
Its love, and its vows, and its blessings,
Its music, and its flowers;
I know that the sighs and the heartaches
Will come to that fair young life,
For she will be never—no, never,
A bride again—but a wife.

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OUT WITH MOSBY'S MEN.

BY JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN.

As the music swelled out with a long-sustained note, then died away, the hum of voices, which had been unpleasantly mingled with it, softened unconsciously, and, after a second, rose to louder tones once more. The scene was a Washington ball-room, and the house one well known for its hospitality, while gathered that evening beneath its roof was an assembly distinguished even among that city of celebrities. And yet I—Jack Derby, Major, of the United States Cavalry—felt for the nonce curiously alone in the crowd; for I had come in but a few days before from the far Western frontier, where for years I had alternated between Indian-fighting and long days of garrison-life, and this world of fashion and fair women seemed singularly apart from me now. I half resolved to seek my hostess—a kind and gracious friend of ante-bellum days—make my excuses, and retire, when suddenly my eyes fell upon a woman who was regarding me intently, and, having once looked, I paused; then my eyes traveled back to her, and rested there.

Where had I seen that graceful auburn-crowned head, that shapely form? Who was she? And why did she give me that half-mischievous, half-recognizing glance? But these thoughts, together with half a dozen others, were chased from my brain by a hand on my shoulder and a warm eager greeting in my ear, of "Jack, my dear boy, how glad I am to meet you again!" and, wheeling about, I found myself in the grasp of a dashing cavalry-general whose name has rung over two continents.

"My dear general, after all these years, how well you hold your own!" I said, glad indeed to find myself so warmly welcomed by the man of all others who was my beau-ideal of a soldier and a commander. "I was beginning to feel myself an outsider in all this gay throng, and—Oh," suddenly interrupting myself, "can you tell me who that beautiful woman is, standing by the mantel? I seem to know her, and yet I don't; I've been puzzling for a few seconds to place her, and cannot."

The general laughed blithely.

"Come with me, Jack," said he. "That's my wife, and she's heard me talk of you often enough, and our wild rides up and down the Valley. But I didn't know that you'd ever met her before." And, so chatting, in another second I was bowing before the auburn-haired woman, who still regarded me with a slightly mischievous smile.

"Elise, this is my old friend—Major Derby," said the general.

Evidently, it was my turn now; for she gave a little start and said demurely:

"Major Derby and I have met before; but, all the same, I have never, until to-night, fitted the name to the man."

Where had I heard that charming ringing voice? The smile that accompanied her words, too, had a haunting recollection with it. Where had I met her?

"If I had ever known Mrs. ———, I am sure I could not forget her," I said; "and yet, general, I am possessed with the idea that I have seen her; even her voice is familiar."

"After all, I have the best memory," she continued, merrily; "for you have met me, Major Derby, though 'tis some time ago; and you vowed—nay, I think you swore—you never would, never could, forget me, on that very-well-remembered occasion."

I was rapidly becoming as bewildered as the mischievous little lady could possibly desire, and the general, perceiving my dilemma, came to my aid.

"Don't tease the poor fellow," he said: "be merciful, and relieve a little of my curiosity as well, for I'm very sure you never told me you knew Jack."

"I was not aware I did," said Mrs. ———, still brimming with amusement. "I certainly saw him; but, as the situation was hardly one for formal introductions, I know he has remained as ignorant of my name as I was of his. Ah, major, go back to war-times, when—"

"You were an arrant little rebel as ever breathed in the Confederacy," broke in the general. "Hallo! Jack—have you got it?"

What a flood of recollection poured suddenly upon me! Instead of the ball-room, a dark rapidly-rolling river, filled with snow and ice, and on its bank a man wounded, sore-bested, and in an enemy's country—heaven, what a dolt I was, not to have known her! In another instant, I seized Mrs. ———'s hand and faltered out thanks and apologies all in one breath, while the general regarded us both with amazement.

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"Don't you recollect when I got back to the command, after the skirmish near the Rapidan, general, and my various hair-breadth escapes? How I got penned on the other side of the Shenandoah, at Hazel River, and, while hiding in the busnes near by, discovered two troopers and a lady on horseback coming to the ford? I was desperate. The men wore long cloaks over their uniforms, and, though I had every reason to suppose them Confederates, I dashed out and begged for a horse to enable me to cross and join Early. The men (they were officers, were they not, Mrs. ———?) eyed me with much suspicion; but I managed to make my story brief and bold enough to pass muster—or, at least, to fill with compassion their companion's kindly heart. I have always wondered, Mrs. ———, whether you believed me."

"I did, for the moment," she said; "but you betrayed yourself so oddly afterward that I have often smiled at the recollection. But finish your story, Major Derby; my husband is interested."

"You should have seen Mrs. ——— that day, general," I went on, warming to my little history. "It is no wonder that I failed to connect the vision of this evening with the woman who saved my life on the banks of the Hazel. Over her habit, she wore a long fur cloak, and on her face a vizor, which completely covered every feature except her mouth and eyes, and her hat was pulled low down on her forehead, to protect her from the falling snow. The men said, truly enough, that they could not lend me a horse, as theirs were so spent and weary that it would be impossible to make the crossing and return; so it ended in the lady's offering to mount me behind her and carry me across. With great difficulty (for I was half frozen and wounded in my left arm), I managed to clamber up on the big black horse, and then we started. Fancy the scene! The river was unusually swollen from recent storms, and partly filled with ice; the snow was falling in flurried gusts, and the cutting wind seemed to penetrate every bone and sinew. The horses struck out gallantly, the troopers going in advance, and slowly but surely we proceeded toward the opposite shore—the shore which meant freedom and life to me. Once, I nearly lost my balance; but my fair rescuer, feeling me slip, caught me with so firm a grip that I wondered at the strength of those tiny hands. Once, the horse was borne partly away by the current, and a trooper came to our relief; but at last, breathless and more dead than alive, the horses staggered up the farther bank. One of the officers dismounted and helped me off. They were about to leave me, when the lady said:

"'Poor fellow! If you do not have shelter, you will die. Do you see that little hut, beyond the turn?' pointing with her whip to a bend in the road. 'Go there, my friend, and ask for shelter. Say that a lady from Richmond—a friend of Mosby's—sent you there, and you will have a night's lodging and good care. Farewell.' And then, general, she vanished in the storm and the darkening night; and from then till now I have never clasped her hand nor uttered the thanks that so richly belong to her."

"Upon my word, Jack, you give me added reason to be proud of her," said the general, with glittering eyes, as he gazed down at his beautiful wife. "So you never, either of you, knew until to-night who the other was? And you've never heard how Elise went out with Mosby's men, nor all the adventures that her madcap fancy led her into? It's an 'ower true tale,' my boy, and one that she'll be glad to tell you."

"Indeed I shall," said Mrs. ———, warmly. "Neither the general nor I can consent to your remaining elsewhere, in Washington, than under our roof. So pray send your luggage to 2000 K Street, and, to-morrow, I promise to tell you the story to which my husband refers We are due at the German Minister's this half-hour; so au revoir, Major Derby. I will take no refusal." A charming smile, a bend of the lovely auburn head, and, on the arm of her gallant husband, she passed away through the crowd, leaving me all aglow with the memories of other days.

The next morning found me ensconced most comfortably at General ———'s; and, after breakfast, Mrs. ——— begged me to carry my cigar to her morning-room; and, having made me as comfortable as man could desire by that kind permission, she drew a low chair near me and began, in her own fascinating manner, the story which—by her permission—I put down here: *

"I am a native of Alabama," she began, "but, when a very young child, my father and mother —together with my brother, who was years older than myself—removed to Washington, in which city they resided until their death. When the war broke out, my brother and I, being then on a visit to Richmond, remained there, and my brother joined the Confederate Army. This was a source of mixed emotions to my father; for, while he was a strong Unionist, he gloried in his son's gallantry; and, on one occasion, a letter

* NOTE.—The incidents following are absolutely verbatim, and occurred as told.

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from the dear old man to my brother—in which he praised him warmly for his bravery on the field of Bull Run—was the immediate cause of my father's imprisonment at Washington, from its being intercepted, and, naturally enough, misconstrued. The influence of powerful friends, brought to bear upon the President, at last procured his release; but this experience induced my father to desire me to remain in the Confederacy, at least for a time, so fearful were he and my mother of having me try to join them at the North. I did, though," and she laughed mischievously at the remembrance; "for I ran the blockade twice, as well as on my never-to-be-forgotten ride North with Mosby's men.

"It would make too long a story to tell you of our life in Richmond during the alternations of three years, in which I should have managed to enjoy myself more entirely had there not been a traitress locked firmly in the citadel of my own heart—the memory of a certain dark-eyed young trooper who wore the blue of the Union. But we bore our hardships well, and laughed and made joke of our various ruses to maintain style and appearances upon very scanty materials. At last, my own wardrobe got to such a desperate pass, that I resolved to go North and purchase some clothes. How to get there, then became the point, and I might never have been able to assist you in your plight on the river-bank, had it not been for a dare-devil young cousin of mine—Percy Huger—who was one of Mosby's officers and a special pet with both me and my brother. The nearest spot where I could make any communication with my family in Washington was Charlestown—or Duffield's Depot, a few miles from there—where dwelt a lady whom we had formerly known and who had very materially assisted the 'underground railway,' as secret communication with the North was called among us. Mosby was then making ready for another of his raids up the Valley—this, you recollect, was in January, 1865—and Percy was to join him with a squad of troopers, at a certain date, on the banks of the Shenandoah, near Berry's Ferry. It took some coaxing on the part of myself and Percy to get my brother's consent to my madcap excursion; but, finding that I would really have military escort most of the way, he finally consented, and I promised faithfully not to venture back alone, no matter how long I was forced to stop at Charlestown, or whatever haven fate should lead me into. So I packed a few necessary articles in a parcel which could be attached to my saddle, donned my habit and hat—which, by the way, was an officer's soft slouch hat of gray, looped up on one side with long black feathers—and, wrapped in my great fur cloak, took my place in the train with Percy, to go by rail as far as Orange Court-House, where we would find our horses and saddles.

"It was very early in the morning of a January day, and the moon looked cold and pale as it struggled with the dawn, while we slowly steamed along. Our first resting-place, before commencing our ride, was at the house of an officer of Mosby's command, close by Orange Court-House, and we reached there about noon, expecting to leave in a few hours. But, as the horses that were to be our mounts were in the fields, and utterly refused to be caught before nightfall, we accepted the kindly-urged invitation of our entertainer and stopped over-night. There was snow on the ground, next day; but my horse—one of Mosby's own, and never ridden by a woman before—had been resting for several days, and we made pretty good time for a few miles and reached the Rapidan in safety, encountering no one on the way save some negroes riding in a cart. On reaching the Rapidan, we found, after some searching, the old colored 'uncle' and his batteau—a curious flat-boat, so called by the natives—and, with much coaxing and persuasion, Percy induced my horse to step on it. His own was far more manageable; but we got over at last, and then, remounting, started for Culpepper Court-House. You cannot imagine anything more desolate than the country between those two points, and, as our horses had not been properly fed, through lack of fodder, Percy suggested to me that the first barn we came across we should levy upon—or, in more literal language, steal the corn for their much-needed suppers. But barns, even partially filled, were not easy to find on the 'debatable ground,' and therefore it was growing dark when we discovered a long, low, wooden structure, on our right, which Percy and I proceeded to reconnoitre. Yes, it was a barn—and, what's more, it had corn in it; and, riding our horses close under the rafters, Percy pulled off a loose board, while I, reaching from my saddle at my arm's length, brought down the coveted food for our trusty beasts. How the horses did enjoy that meal! I jumped from the saddle and fed them with my own hands, shivering and cold as I was, and they rubbed their noses upon my shoulders and whinnied like polite and well-bred steeds.

"The only place for stopping, at Culpepper, was an old inn; and very 'risky' it was to enter, not knowing whether friends or foes now held possession of it. We knew we might trust mine

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host, but could not be sure of his guests. So we drew up at the door with some secret qualms. Everything looked right, as we dismounted, however, and I crossed the hall and entered a low, rather long room, with a fireplace in the end, where a most inviting fire burned brightly. My vizor was down, and I had left my fur cloak at the door, and, with my habit thrown across my arm, I traversed the room, hardly glancing to right or left, though aware that it was full of people, both men and women. Fancy, then, my dismay, when, just as I was about sinking into a chair close by that comfortable fire, a lady came suddenly upon me and said abruptly:

"'Have you not just come from Richmond?'

"'Why do you ask?' I answered, very tranquilly, but with a sinking of my heart.

"'Because you must be Miss Elise Huger,' she said, very positively: 'I recognize you from your elegant habit.'

"How I wished that necessity had not compelled me to wear that really remarkable garment. It had been brought me from England by a blockade-runner, several months before, and was of dark-green cloth and covered with embroidery — in short, quite calculated to be remembered by a feminine eye, especially if it happened to be a Southern one in war-times. And yet, for my life, I could not help laughing as I raised my vizor, and my new acquaintance clapped her hands.

"'The image of the photograph!' cried she. 'Why, Major Harris showed it to me, not two weeks ago.'

"As Major Harris was an old friend of my mother's, I instantly understood how the telltale photograph came to be in his possession, and was secretly thankful to kind fortune that he and his troopers had not waited to visit Orange Court-House a fortnight later. My new friend did all in her power to make me comfortable, and Percy and I passed a very jolly evening among the people assembled at the inn, who proved to be stanch 'Rebs,' every one, to our infinite satisfaction.

"The next day, Major Derby, was the one you remember. Oh, how cold it was; and what a fright you gave me when you dashed out at the river-bank. The other man with me that day was a staff-officer carrying dispatches, and he left us after we parted from you at the ford. By the way, how did you happen to get the butternut clothes in which you were arrayed? You would never have escaped Percy's sharp eyes but for that disguise."

"I stole those clothes from a poor dead soldier," said I; "and glad enough I was for the added warmth they gave me."

"You kept up your disguise most cleverly," she went on, with a smile, "and the only way I detected you was at the moment when you almost slipped from my horse, and I caught you. In the excitement, you dropped for a second into the real Boston accent—ah, yes, you did! And, though the noise of the water and the shrieks of the wind prevented Percy's noticing it, I heard it, and knew it on the spot. But I hadn't the heart to betray you. How could I tell how soon somebody—whose very pickets I was then eluding—might be in a similar plight?"

"You might have sent him a message by me, if you'd only known," I answered. "Ah, Mrs. ———, you were only half a rebel, after all!"

"Did you go to the hut, as I advised?"

"No, indeed; I did not dare. But luckily, not half an hour after, I fell in with a troop of Custar's men, and they took me safely into camp."

"Twentyfive long weary miles did we ride that day," went on Mrs. ———, after a slight pause "Fortunately, not far from Orleans, stands the stately old residence of a former Chief Justice of the United States, and to that house we went, and were warmly welcomed. It seemed to me as if I could never be warm again, and a good old Virginia 'mauma' sat at the foot of my bed half the night, holding my feet in her hands, and trying to rub them into a glow. That and the next day were the most trying of all the ride North; for, starting early —as we thought ourselves obliged to do, in order to meet Mosby at the rendezvous on the Shenandoah on the day appointed—I got into a half-dry habit, and became chilled to the bone by two o'clock in the day. I can even now recollect Percy's uneasy face as he finally took hold of my horse's rein, and I dimly remember being carried into a house, for I fainted the instant they laid me down, and remained unconscious for so long that I frightened them all terribly. However, I came to, at last, and was almost smothered with blankets, and dosed with brandy and hot teas of every sort and kind. The house was the home of two maiden sisters, and they absolutely went out into the yard and unburied from their treasures hidden there two huge silver candlesticks, with which they solemnly lighted me to bed after supper that evening.

"It was really surprising to find how well I felt next day, and, although Percy and my kind hostess urged my remaining, I knew that

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our rendezvous must be kept, if possible, with Mosby, and therefore insisted on starting in the morning. I bade adieu to my kind entertainers, after promising to stay with them on my return trip, and we started. They had been good enough to provide me with a fresh horse, and, the weather having moderated considerably, we rode gayly on until we struck the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, and I found myself the centre of a group of officers, all of whom united in praising me for my pluck and daring. Mosby himself was there, and, although they insisted I should cross the ford first, I would not consent, as I knew what depended on their speed. So, after four hours of patient waiting, Percy waved me a farewell, and the last trooper left me. I sent back my horse to the kind ladies by a negro boy who was loitering about the ford, and was myself given in charge by Mosby to a negro tobacco-smuggler—a grave solemn-faced darky, who looked like a preacher—and he took me across the river in his batteau.

"Not far from the river was a deserted plantation, on which stood a fine old mansion, and to this the negro, whose name was Toby, conducted me. There I found an old colored woman left in charge, with a force of some ten others, of ages ranging from six to sixty. They made me most heartily welcome, and, after taking a cup of coffee and some broiled chicken in the dining-room, which they insisted upon opening for me, they carried me off to a grand old chamber with a carved four-post bedstead which absolutely terrified me, it looked so big and lonely. I vowed I would not sleep there alone; so a half-grown girl, whom they called Cinda, was detailed to sleep on a rug at the foot of my bed. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow, and knew no more for hours.

"Imagine, then, if you can, my fright, when I was suddenly awakened, about two o'clock, by the flame of a candle being flashed in my face, and old Mauma Chloe's hand on my lips.

"'Hush, honey,' she said, in evidently great agitation; 'don' make a sound! The Yankees is done come, sure 'nuf, an' de only thing for you, missy, is to come quick wid me; don' be afeard. I'll put you whar no one can find you!' So saying, she and Cinda dragged me out of bed, thrust my feet into slippers, wrapped me in my fur cloak, and, hurrying across the chamber, to my infinite amazement, Chloe touched some concealed spring, a panel opened, and I saw a dark niche apparently in the wall.

"'Don't be 'feared, honey; dey's many others been here afore you,' said Chloe. 'Dar's a small window,' pointing to the ceiling, 'and I'se bound to let you out soon, fur dey won't stay long. I'se got to shut you in the dark; can you stan' it?'

"Ancient recollections of the Mysteries of Udolpho, hidden chambers, concealed passages, rushed over me! And, alarmed as I was, a keen sense of the fun of the adventure enabled me to answer: 'Don't fret, Chloe; I'm all right, if you'll only furnish me with a pillow, for I can finish my nap very nicely here; it's just big enough.' And, curling myself up in my fur cloak, I lay down softly on the pillow, and Chloe shut the panel and left me.

"I could hear the tramp of the horses outside and the voices of the men. They were evidently in search of Mosby's men, and they scoured the outhouses, but contented themselves with a brief inspection inside the mansion, and to the room near which I was concealed they came not at all. But, I confess, I heaved a big sigh of relief when, after a couple of hours, they rode away; and when Chloe came, at dawn, to rescue me from my hiding-place, she found me sound asleep in my improvised but snug little couch.

"After eating a good breakfast and getting thoroughly warmed, I announced myself quite ready for the next stage of my adventure, which was, as Percy had advised, to go to the residence of our old friends, the Pinckneys, some three miles away, and there find the best method of getting inside the Union lines, for I was now not far from Charlestown, then occupied by the Union forces. My friend of the day previous, Uncle Toby, appeared on the scene, and, with him as guide, I walked across the fields (dodging pickets) to the Pinckneys' house. You may just fancy the warm welcome the girls gave me; how astonished they were to see me, how amused at my adventures, and how they applauded me for my pluck in daring to try to replenish my tattered wardrobe. I found several guests already there; but, of course, they took me in, and we all began to discuss the best way for me to make my entrance into Charlestown and procure a pass; for, you know, Major Derby, that it was not only necessary to have a pass to go in, but another to go out! However, woman's wit will generally find a way, and we decided that I should go disguised as a German servant-girl. What fun I had with that disguise! They stained my hands with butternut-juice, gave me an old linsey-woolsey gown of faded texture and voluminous pleats, tied an old felt hat on my head, and were especially particular to cover my mouth and teeth with a worsted muffler. Then they hid my

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habit and hat and other belongings under bags of potatoes in a wagon, attached a pair of horses to it, and I climbed in, with directions to go to a Dutch shoemaker's, just outside Charlestown, and he would convey me to the Provost Marshal's office.

"Off I drove at a fine pace, and, after mistaking the road three times, and very nearly falling into the hands of a picket guard, I at last saw the little yellow house and sign of my friend, the Dutch shoemaker. He was sitting in his window as I drove up, and came out to greet me, somewhat suspiciously, I must admit, until I gave him a secret sign which the Pinckney girls had carefully taught me. Then his fat face indulged in a broad grin, and he assured me he would come with me as soon as he could put on his overcoat and boots. He mounted the wagon, and we proceeded to the Provost Marshal's. How oddly it looked to me to see the blue uniforms after three long years! There really was less difficulty than I had anticipated in procuring a pass to go to Duffield's Depot, for market-women were coming and going continually between the places, and this was why the disguise was selected. After a half-hour's waiting, in which my escort was plied with questions, and I sat stupidly eying the soldiers, the pass was given, and we rode back again to my shoemaker's hut. There I dismounted, gave the horses and wagon in charge of a colored boy who had followed me over from the Pinckneys' in order to bring them home, and my friendly Dutchman provided me with a room to take off my disguise and resume my habit, and, in some mysterious manner, procured a horse for me to mount; for, when I emerged from the stuffy little house, I found him holding a fine large bay horse with a lady's side-saddle on his back.

"I offered money to my Dutch friend; but, to my surprise, not a penny would he accept; he only told me of a certain place at Duffield's where I was to send the horse, to be kept until he came for him, and he held my stirrup very politely, and actually mounted me in a very clever manner.

"It was a fine clear day, only briskly cold; and I shook the reins, and my good horse bounded off swiftly. I felt all the exhilaration of the atmosphere, the time, and the spice of danger that gave zest to my madcap expedition.

"On I went, gayly enough, when lo! just at the edge of a pine woods, beyond which I could see the roofs of Duffield's, came the rattle of a gun, and a soldier's voice—'Halt!'

"I drew up my horse on the instant, and a picket guard filed out from the trees. I looked at them steadily, as they surrounded me, and saw that they were Germans; then I calmly drew out my pass, and handed it to the corporal. As I did so, I glanced casually at it, and saw, to my horror, that I was described therein as a market-woman! Oh, my luckless green habit and spirited horse! How was I to extricate myself from this dilemma? But, even as the terrifying thought sped through my brain, I saw, by the expression on the corporal's face, that he could not read English! My courage returned to me.

"'It is all right, is it not?' I said, coolly. 'I received it from the Provost Marshal, at Charlestown, not two hours ago.' The corporal touched his cap respectfully and informed me, in guttural accents, that it 'certainly vas,' and then, handing it back to me, he released my rein, and I dashed off, feeling that the goal was nearly reached.

"The name of the lady acquaintance to whom I have referred as living at Duffield's, and to whose house I was to go there, was Horton; and I stopped my horse at the first house I came to, to inquire where she lived. The direction pointed out was directly up the street—'nearly opposite the Provost Marshal's office.' Now, as I preferred, all things considered, to keep as far away from such authorities as possible, this struck me as the irony of fate; but there was nothing for it, of course, except to go at once to my lodging. So I rode boldly up to the door indicated, jumped off my horse, tied him to the gate-post, and walked deliberately up to the door. I knocked on it with the end of my whip, and a lady appeared on the threshold.

"'Is this Mrs. Horton's?' I said, and she replied that it was, but regarded me with such wondering eyes that I felt obliged to offer some explanation.

"'Is she at home?' said I, when, to my astonishment, she announced that she was Mrs. Horton! As I had never beheld her before, I was still at a loss how to proceed, when she cut the knot by asking me to walk inside, and then, laying her hand on my arm, she whispered cautiously:

"'Are you from down below?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and the Mrs. Horton to whom I am sent is a widow—and a friend.'

"'It's all right,' answered she, with a relieved face. 'I'm the other Mrs. Horton, but we're all engaged in the same business, and I'm just as glad to see you as she would be. Sit right down here by the fire; tell me your name and how I can serve you.'

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"So I sat down, and had barely got in the full swing of my narrative, when we heard the outside gate clang sharply, and, looking out of the parlor window, beheld an officer in uniform coming up the walk to the door.

"'Good heavens!' said Mrs. Horton, 'it's the Provost Marshal—Captain Rollins. He has seen your horse tied at my gate, and came directly over to inquire about it. Sit where you are—remember, you are a Miss Carroll, from Ripon; don't speak unless you have to, and leave the rest to me.' She thrust an apple into my hand as she spoke, from a dish on the table, and walked off to admit the enemy.

"He was a fine-looking man of middle-age, and he doffed his cap very civilly when he was presented to 'Miss Carroll, from Ripon'—Ripon being a little town a few miles up the river. I sat still by the fireside and munched my apple with apparent relish, looking perfectly unconcerned, and not speaking a word. Mrs. Horton talked on volubly of the late storms and the state of the roads, and the captain sat there, looking at me keenly, but unable to make up his mind whether I was 'contraband' or not. My perfectly unconcerned air probably lulled his suspicions, for, after asking me when I was to return to Ripon, and, being told, from a mouth full of apple, that I should stop indefinitely, he bowed politely, and, to our great relief, departed.

"'That's the most unlucky thing that could have happened,' said Mrs. Horton, as we watched him cross the street to the office. 'I shan't dare to keep you here now very long, though you will have to stop overnight, and to-morrow I will have you conveyed to Bolivar Heights, where you must stay hidden in a negro-cabin until I can cross the lines to Harper's Ferry and return. For I am just about making that trip; all my plans are laid and my passes ready, and I can bring you everything that you want from there. There is no necessity for you to go to my namesake's; I am heartily glad to serve any of your name, and only regret that war-times oblige me to send you away from my roof. That tell-tale horse must be sent away at once; of course, you have directions where to send him?'

"When I told her that I came through by aid of the Dutch shoemaker, she laughed heartily and said old Hans was a valuable friend in need, and had passed more men and women through the lines than anyone in the vicinity. Then I proceeded to make myself comfortable, and was introduced to her husband and children, and together we laid our plans. I staid the next day at Mrs. Horton's, and, after giving her money to purchase the articles of clothing and other things needed, I was taken at night to the cabin of a very respectable negro woman on Bolivar Heights. Of course, I had to keep myself concealed, but managed, during the six days which I was forced to spend there, to obtain, through a German confederate, three pairs of cavalry boots, half a dozen pairs of gauntlets, and four officers' felt hats, all of which he purchased for me at Harper's Ferry, and which I intended to carry back with me for Mosby's men.

"It was infinitely monotonous, stopping in that hut, and I fairly longed for the saddle and a wild gallop, even if attended with danger and hair-breadth escapes. I can assure you I was heartily glad when, one cold night, Mr. Horton appeared with the welcome intelligence that his wife had returned in safety from Harper's Ferry, and that he had come to escort me back to his house, whence they hoped, next day, to start me on my homeward journey.

"Such fun as we had over getting me ready to start. The general, to whom I have often told the story, always laughs immoderately over the figure I must have cut when arrayed as a smuggler. Shall I tell you what Mrs. Horton brought me from Harper's Ferry, and what I actually managed to carry back with me to Richmond? Remember, this is all absolutely true, and don't fancy I am romancing.

"First, there was a black silk dress—in the piece, of course—and also a piece of white flannel, a white opera-cloak, and three pairs of shoes—which I particularly needed. A dozen pairs of kid gloves, six pairs of stockings, sash-ribbons, a lot of quinine, and a balmoral petticoat. Also some handkerchiefs, both for myself and for some of Mosby's men. The quinine I put in a little flannel bag and twisted it carefully under my hair, then we got out the piece of flannel and proceeded to make it, without cutting it, into a series of huge pockets. The flannel was tacked on to a band around my waist, and the pockets hung the entire length of my skirts. Into these enormous pockets, we put all the articles above mentioned, not forgetting the big cavalry boots, gauntlets, and officers' soft hats. Of course, I could not get the skirts of my habit over such an expanse, so I borrowed a hoopskirt of Mrs. Horton, and put that on over my pockets. Over that, I wore the balmoral skirt. Then I slipped into the waist of my habit—which was made all in one, skirt and waist—and slung the skirt of my habit over my left arm. Thus appareled, I was the drollest-looking object you can possibly conceive and

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so heavily was I laden that it was impossible for me to walk any distance. Our plan had been that I should walk through the woods by night, and join there a negro market-man who had a permit to go to and fro between Duffield's Depot and Charlestown, and who could easily pass me in his wagon as far as 'Burnt Hills,' the Pinckneys' place, where I would find a horse. But alas! it was not possible for me to walk in my Mother Bunch costume, and we were nearly at our wits' end, when, happening to look out of the window, Mr. Horton saw coming down the street a very well-known woman of that vicinity, driving in her carriage. She had been most kind to the Union soldiers, and had a permit to come and go as she pleased. Before I had really understood what he was about, Mr. Horton had rushed out of the house and stopped the carriage before his door. He came back breathless in a few minutes.

"'It's all right,' said he, 'you are to go in the character of a sick lady. I told her we had a sick friend here who wished to go to "Burnt Hills," and she has promised to take you as far as the gate of the place, if you are able to walk from there to the house, as she is bound on some urgent and important errand and cannot take the extra time. I assured her that you could manage to walk from the gate. Come along—you are in luck.' And he put his arm around me and helped me to the door.

"To this day, I have never known why that lynx-eyed Provost Marshal opposite did not see and pounce on me as I tottered down the path to the carriage. I am sure he must have been out, and that his subordinates were less clever than he—for I was in mortal terror. It was the only time I really believed I would be caught: so you may judge how happy I was when I was half pushed, half lifted into that carriage and my fur cloak placed over my knees. What that woman thought of my costume, I don't know—for she prudently asked no questions; and I closed my eyes and lay back among the cushions and spoke only a few words of thanks in an extinguished voice. The ride was not long, and the pickets passed the carriage without question; and, by the time I reached 'Burnt Hills,' I was myself again, and enjoying the fun of it intensely. When we reached the gate, the coachman, a big colored man, helped me out—and there I was, in the snow, all safe.

"I watched the carriage out of sight, and then, stepping inside the gate, I stripped off my skirt and big pockets and let down my habit; then I hid the precious 'plunder' in a snowbank and ran lightly over the frozen ground, about half a mile, to the house. What a greeting I got! The entire household poured out to welcome 'little Mosby,' as they nicknamed me; and I was dragged over the threshold amid cheers and laughter, while a colored boy was at once dispatched to the gate, to bring up my bags and skirts.

"There was no time for making a visit to my hospitable entertainers, much as I should have enjoyed it: for I was to meet Mosby and his men on the other side of the Blue Ridge within two days, and, unless I kept my rendezvous, there would be no possible way of getting back to Richmond. In the middle of the night, I was roused from bed, as the Union scouts were reported very near us, and, at three o'clock in the morning, I was put into a sleigh, my purchases all packed in potato-bags at the bottom of it, and I enveloped in big cotton comforters, which were taken from the beds, to keep me from absolutely freezing. I have often wondered, since then, what the exact degree of cold could have been; for it was so bitter, that they actually covered my head up, so afraid were they of the exposure. That was my first sleigh-ride. Do you think I can ever forget it?

"In this guise, and fearing every step that we should run against the Union pickets, I was driven to Berry's Ferry, where I was again to cross the Shenandoah. We reached there at daybreak, but found so much 'slush ice' in the river—which is very dangerous to a batteau, from its peculiar construction—that crossing was out of the question for some hours. My escort left me all alone in the negro-cabin occupied by the ferryman, and I waited with what patience I could assume until nearly sundown—when, after an almost perilous passage of the river, I was landed on the other side, in a snowbank, with my precious bags at my side. The ferryman helped me to drag these into the bushes, and then I pulled myself together and walked to a house about half a mile distant. But fancy my keen disappointment to find it full in every corner, and to be told by the owner that he not only was unable to give me room or bed, but had not sufficient provisions for an additional boarder. He begged me not to be discouraged, however, as he could take me at once to a house up the Blue Ridge, where I could find, probably, not merely shelter, but a horse. He went back and secured my bags, and then we two trudged off up the slippery and snowy path. Luckily for me, it was not very far, as I was nearly spent when I reached the queer little mountain-hut. It was inhabited by an old man and his daughter, and I was politely offered the daugh-

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ter's bed, but, after inspection, concluded to spend the night sitting by the fire. My supper consisted of hominy and milk; not even a cup of coffee did those poor people possess. About midnight, as I sat half dozing in my chair, we were aroused by loud knocking at the door, and presently there entered two men, in the well-known and reassuring gray uniforms—soldiers of a Maryland regiment of the line. They were most polite and kind, but said I must not think of ascending the mountain before the middle of the next day, as they had been compelled to abandon their plan of so doing, owing to the extremely cold weather. They gave me the cheering news that Mosby was very near at hand, and that I would be almost sure to meet him on the other side of the mountain. We sat there all the rest of the night, and I heard news of many Baltimore friends, of whom I had known nothing since the war began.

"The soldiers left me early—but they were true prophets: for, soon after their departure, a trooper appeared, leading his horse, who had dropped a shoe. He belonged to Percy's company, and at once offered me the use of his horse, proposing to put me and my bags on the animal and that he should walk beside me. We had to wait some hours before the beast could be properly shod, and it was late when we started from the hut to ascend the mountain. On and on we went, in the fast-falling darkness, and, after proceeding some miles, became completely bewildered. At last, the trooper suggested that I should dismount and let him take the horse and go ahead a short distance, to reconnoitre. So off I jumped, and he rode away. After he had started—but, luckily, before he got quite out of sight—I became suddenly alarmed, and, starting as well as I could in the slippery path, ran after him, and, when I finally came up with him, found him gazing over a stone wall, where, dimly in the Valley below, we caught the welcome glimmer of a light. We went a little lower down the line of the stone wall, and, making the horse jump it, I mounted again. We had not gone more than thirty rods in the field beyond, when, out of the darkness, we saw loom before us a body of mounted troopers. Friends or foes? And my heart leaped into my throat, as the foremost came toward us. Another look, and Mosby himself was giving me warm greeting, while the officers closed around me, and Percy's joyous voice was in my ear:

"'Bravo, Elise! You're as plucky a little trooper as any of us. Where are my boots and gauntlets?'

"How they shouted when I told them of my adventures, as we rode along down the other side of that dreadful mountain, and I almost forgot my fatigue in the joy of meeting them again. Our rendezvous was the house of the two kindly sisters, and we reached there cold and numb, but in the highest spirits. Oddly enough, we gave them a fright—for there were several of the band already there—and, supposing us to be Federal troops, we had some difficulty in obtaining admittance and convincing them of our identity.

"For three days—and they were merry ones—we all stopped where we were. Percy told me that, until I saw the huge icicles that hung from the eaves begin to melt, I need not imagine that I could be allowed to proceed. But, on the fourth day, the cold 'broke,' and they brought out a splendid horse which was to be my mount. He would not allow me to approach him; so the troopers blindfolded him, and then, between two of them, I was landed with a rush on his back; and, after a wild run of a mile or so, with Percy tearing at my heels, I got him to proceed at a more reasonable and less break-neck pace. On our arrival at the Hazel River, we found it partially frozen over, and Percy insisted upon making a trial of the ice before allowing me to cross. On the first trial, he went down, and, to my horror, I saw him disappear for a second; but he caught his horse's mane, and came up wet to the skin, but safe. We decided not to essay that further, but rode six miles down the bank, and there found ice firm enough to bear the horses and ourselves. Never was place more warmly welcomed than Culpepper, and my lady friend who had detected me from the tell-tale photograph was made happy by being presented with some gloves and a sash-ribbon, as a result of my foraging-trip for chiffons.

"I fear that I am making my story almost too long for your patience, Major Derby; but every event of that ride North is so vivid that I can never forget the smallest detail. At Culpepper, Percy was obliged to leave me and return to the command; but I thought I should have no difficulty in making the journey by rail. When I went to the station, I was dismayed to find that I was politely but firmly refused admission to the train, as no passengers were allowed, because the troops were being transported to different points. What was I to do? A woman, however, can generally find her way out of most dilemmas; so I lingered about the little station till nightfall, when they were all engaged in making up the out-going train. Taking my now somewhat

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reduced bags in my hand, I watched my opportunity and climbed into the postal-car, where I calmly hid myself behind bags and barrels until the train was fairly under way for Gordonsville. The postal-agent, when he at last entered the car, found me comfortably ensconced in his rocking-chair—a reminiscence of Yankeeland—and his astonishment may be imagined.

"'I'll be ———' said he, with good-natured admiration, 'if you don't deserve your ride, after all; so just make yourself as comfortable as you can, and I'll explain to the conductor and telegraph to Gordonsville for some sort of a room for you there, as this train don't go further than that point.'

"My friendly postal-agent's idea of comfort was to bestow upon me two apples and a tin dipper half-full of raw whiskey; but I ate and drank both, and made myself as entertaining as possible to him for the journey. When we reached Gordonsville, a negro was at the station—in answer, he said, to the telegram—and my friend handed me over to him. It has always remained a matter of profound mystery where I went that night or in whose deserted house I staid: for the negro walked me up a long street, and, after turning several corners, opened the door of a decent-looking house and ushered me into a room on the ground floor, where stood a very neat-looking bed. I locked that door, put my money under my pillow and my bags on a chair, and, exactly as I was—habit, fur cloak, and all—tumbled down on that bed and slept like a baby and without stirring until daybreak—when, after much vigorous pounding on my door, the negro succeeded in awakening me in time for the next train. He conducted me back to the station, half asleep, and utterly refused all compensation; but I forced on him a gorgeous yellow handkerchief, which caused him to grin from ear to ear.

"Again I encountered a most impracticable conductor, and no coaxing or command would induce him to allow me to board a train going to Richmond. I told him who I was and all about my journey; but the sole concession he would make was to telegraph to my brother, then chief of staff to General E——, and promise that, if the return-dispatch showed I was telling the truth, he would then pass me on to Richmond by the next train. I waited in the station until the reply came, fully attesting my story, and, moreover, ordering the railway-officials to treat me with every courtesy; and, with many apologies, I was at last put on board a train full of soldiers and started on the home-stretch of my journey.

"Not many hours later, I was in my brother's warm embrace, in the beleagured city of the South, where I remained until the Union forces compelled us to fly from it. But, among all my strange experiences 'down South in war-times,' there is one which will ever stand out boldly and clearly, as the strangest, drollest of them all: and that is the one I have told you to-day—how I was OUT WITH MOSBY'S MEN."

A DEFINITION.

BY LILIAN GREY.

WHAT is it to love? Why, to give
The whole wealth of your heart to another,
To crave all the good of the earth for her,
And selfish feelings to smother.

What is it to love? Why, to live,
To plan, and to toil for another,
And, faithful and strong, to shield her from wrong
More ready than father or brother.

What is it to love? Why, to pray
With your whole heart and soul for another;
To grow to your best; to be tender and true,
Aye, tender and true as a mother.

What is it to love? Why, to die,
If need be, for the sake of another—
To live or to die; and this is the love
That passes the love of all other.

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NOT ROMANTIC.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

ON one of those warm afternoons for which the September of 1884 was noted, a young man might have been seen walking along a white dusty road. The village which he was nearing was a New England one. Picturesque old-fashioned houses clustered around one of our famous seats of learning, as if listening to the words of wisdom dropped by their wise gray-stone neighbor. The traveler was a tall well-built specimen of mankind, with gray-blue eyes and a strong rather than handsome face. From time to time, he changes the position of a small heavy "grip" he carries, and pushes back his hat to cool his perspiring brow. As he nears the first of the village houses, he pauses irresolute.

"Well, I may as well inquire here and get a drink from that old-fashioned well. I suppose anyone can tell me where Conrad lives, and I shall not be sorry to rest my arm a minute or two. Those books are most certainly heavy, either with the tale within or the calf outside." By this time, he has passed down the moss-grown path and neared the well, which is only a few feet from the rear door of the pretty dwelling. Resting his grip against the well-curb, he advances, hat in hand, to obtain consent of the goddess of the kitchen before refreshing himself at what he feels might have been the original of "old oaken bucket" fame. But on the threshold he pauses, struck dumb by the sight which meets his gaze. Mounted on a chair, stands the very handsomest figure he has ever seen. The skirts are well pinned up, showing a glimpse of neat ankle; and the arms, bared to the shoulder, are white and beautifully turned. The pose is an original one, certainly, but to our traveler's eyes most becoming. The face is turned away from him, and the head covered by a sun-bonnet, yet he feels sure that none but a beautiful face could crown that form.

"But do New England ladies put up stove-pipe for an afternoon amusement?" he wonders; "or do they employ Venuses in their kitchens?" Just at this point, the stove-pipe held by the small white hands slips and falls with a crash on to the painted floor, covering the once neat kitchen with its cloud of soot and ashes. Here is the opportunity; now for the man.

"Allow me to assist you, miss—" and our friend finishes the sentence by a low bow. Pushing the bonnet from her head with a petulant gesture, the girl turns a flushed, vexed, and not over-clean face toward the intruder. But oh, how pretty! The mouth, which one feels was made for smiles, is drawn into a grieving pout, and the young man, looking down at her, could have sworn there are tears in the big brown eyes lifted to his.

"Oh, how I hoped it was Jack!" she exclaims. "He should have been here by this. No, of course you can't help me, though I thank you very much," this last evidently an afterthought.

"I am so sorry I am not Jack," he begins; but the girl breaks into a merry peal of laughter.

"You should just once see Jack, before you say that. He has red hair and a stoop; he is freckled and cross-eyed; but he can put up a stove-pipe."

"And so can I, even if I lack those other gifts you speak of," and, taking off his gray coat with a murmur of apology, the young man, in his turn, mounts the chair, and hammers and twists and pounds, and—well, there is a pretty girl watching, and he keeps a strong hold on his temper.

"I would not care so much, if Conrad were not to bring home a stranger with him, an old gentleman who is to be professor of something in the college, and I wanted to have tea on the table and be all dressed when they come. I know," she continues, half to herself, "that he will be fussy; old bachelors always are."

"Is your brother Prof. Conrad Carruthers, of the college?" inquires her self-appointed assistant, as he unites the last two joints of black shining pipe.

"Yes; or, at least, he is my cousin; you have, no doubt, heard of him, although"—with gentle curiosity—"I think you are a stranger."

"Yes," stepping down from the chair, "I had just arrived in your pretty town, and had stopped to ask for a glass of water; I will now

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increase the quantity I ask for," with a laughing look at his hands, covered with ashes and dirt, as is, indeed, his face, "and, with your permission, I will set this package of books inside the door."

"Oh, dear!" thought Miss Carruthers; and then, aloud; "I suppose, then, you are the book-agent Aunt Hannah was speaking of seeing; and, as I have detained you from your occupation, I must insist on your remaining here to tea." This with the air of a young queen.

"I am rather in the book business," answers the gentleman, demurely, but with a world of laughter in his eyes. "Maybe you will find it easier to forgive me if I at once confess that my name is Dunning, and I fear I am the cause of all this misfortune," indicating, with a wave of his hand, the disordered kitchen.

For one wild moment, Puss Carruthers has an idea of fleeing anywhere to hide her burning face. To think that this—this is the way she has received her cousin's friend, the new professor! She has let him put up the stove-pipe—she has taken him for a book-agent! Why has Conrad not told her he is young and handsome? Oh, awful thought! Then, as the utter absurdity of the situation strikes her, she bursts into a peal of laughter, in which Prof. Dunning joins with a fund of pent-up amusement.

"I don't think it was right to deceive me," says Puss at length, a touch of vexation in her tone.

The professor answers coolly, as he adds some wood to the fire he has insisted on building in the now conquered stove: "Would you have been more pleased to have had me announce myself just as that pipe fell, and then sat me down in the parlor, leaving you to face the situation?"

"It was foolish in me to let Mary go away this afternoon," answers Puss, brushing up the floor and restoring order in the kitchen. "Aunt Hannah, Cousin Conrad's mother, has been away for two days, and is coming home to-morrow; and Mary, our girl, has a father who dies every month. She is a perfect treasure, and has been with aunty for years. Why, I remember being shut in my room for a whole day, because I asked if her father was very tall, and if he died by inches. That was when I was small, of course, and he has died, or she has gone to see him die, every month since."

"Was that very long ago, when you were small?" asks Dunning, with a suggestive glance at her dainty figure. For her bronze head just reaches to his shoulder.

"It was before you went around putting up stoves," she makes answer, saucily. "And now, Prof. Dunning, since supper is in a fair way to be forthcoming, allow me to show you the room allotted to the nice old gentleman you ought to be."

They pass into the cool shaded dining-room, where the table is laid with silver and china, ready for the evening meal, when, just as Puss throws open the doors leading into the hall, there appears, standing in the hall entrance, a lady, dressed in the height of fashion, with a rather sharp but an unmistakably high-bred face. Puss gives a little gasp, and lays five dainty fingers against the breast of the gray figure beside her, that threatens every moment to come within range of the cold eyes of her visitor. Prof. Dunning responds to the little push, and retreats behind the door, just as—

"Ah, Miss Carruthers," says a rather high-keyed voice, "I just came to see if Prof. Dunning has arrived. Papa was so sure he saw him walking into town, with his beloved Greek books, I suppose, or something else, under his arm. It would have been just like him." This with a provoking sigh. "Of course, you have never met him, and I know he will feel so much more at home with me to welcome him."

"Yes?" questions Puss, wickedly, mindful of the listening figure in the corner of the next room. "Were you so much more acquainted with the professor than Conrad was?"

"Well, you know, in quite a different way. Of course, your cousin and Prof. Dunning both read with papa at the same time; but the friendship of a man and woman is—er—well, you know."

"No," says Puss, very gently, "I don't know." And then Miss McBride, for it was, indeed, the daughter of the senior professor, Dr. McBride, seats herself just where she has a view of both doors, as well as the hall; and, throwing aside gloves and hat, says, smiling on the agonized Puss:

"I will just wait, for he must come soon, and I so want to give him a cordial welcome."

Poor Puss thinks of the sharp bitter tongue of the woman beside her, and then of the dirty soot-stained professor behind the door; and, with a rather incoherent remark about looking for Conrad, leaves the room.

It is quite impossible for Dunning to move more than a few inches either way without being seen; but, standing there listening to the voice of Nora McBride, he makes up his mind to spare the young girl, in whom he is beginning to take no little interest, from what he remembers to have been a scandal-breeding tongue, even before the added years had sharpened it with envy and

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disappointment. Noiselessly tearing a leaf out of his note-book, he writes upon it:

"MY FRIEND:

"Can I not step into this closet just behind me, and remain there until Miss McB. is gone? I think best for her not to see me until later.

"P. L. D."

Then, when he catches her eye, he gently waves the note toward her.

As Puss reads it, under cover of the door, she feels a weight lifted from off her spirits. The closet spoken of is, in fact, only a china-closet with glass doors, in front of which a crimson curtain hangs. There is hardly room between the shelves and door for the professor's by no means small figure; but, by dint of patiently standing in one position, the door is closed.

Out in the kitchen, Puss, under cover of her housekeeper's place, writes:

"I can never thank you enough. I won't close the door, for fear you smother. Please keep your elbow out of the cream-jug, or there will be a smash."

Slipping this in her pocket, Puss goes once more to the china-closet and hands it to the inhabitant, who can hardly be called a "skeleton." As he takes the scrap of paper, he holds her fingers for just a second, but long enough to send a glow into her cheeks, which leads Miss McBride to say:

"How warm you look, Miss Carruthers; you are so flushed."

Just at this juncture comes Conrad with his mother, whom, instead of Prof. Dunning, he has met at the train. Miss McBride once more tells her story; and, after waiting a few moments for the pedestrian to appear, they all seat themselves at the tea-table.

Maybe Conrad can read a story in Puss's telltale face; at least he, very soon after supper, professes himself ready to accompany Miss McBride to her home, and, in fact, rather hurries that lady away, much to the delight of the victim in the closet.

Hardly have their footsteps died away, when Puss sees her prisoner free himself with a wild bound from the confines of his narrow prison and dance around the dining-room.

As soon as the case is explained to Aunt Hannah, that worthy woman sets a repast before her guest fit for a king. And Conrad returning just then, they spend as crazy an evening together as three rational mortals, two of them instructors of the young, could well do.

After such a beginning, acquaintance is bound to ripen fast into friendship. The autumn—soft afternoon of the year—grows into the chill twilight of December, and it is at Christmas-time that Puss—for we will call her by her sweet home-name—first began to question her own tender heart. An orphan, left to the care of her father's brother, and by him, at his death, to his wife, her dear Aunt Hannah, she has never yet missed the love of a home. Aunty never has made a distinction between her two children, as she calls them. So, at this festival season, Puss is overwhelmed with expressions of love from Aunt Hannah, Cousin Conrad, and a host of her Boston friends. A very handsome bracelet is laid by her plate, the donor unknown; but the bangle is in the form of a tiny length of stove-pipe, and it is easy to guess to whom she is indebted. She says this to Professor Dunning, adding, with a blush:

"It is not a little unkind to remind me of an occasion when my pride suffered not a little. I think I have been more humble ever since; for I am sure," with an upward glance of her dusky eyes, "that my proud spirit was then and there broken."

"A greater catastrophe than that marked that day," answers Dunning, with a long look into the face so near him that he can distinguish the perfume of her hair. "You do not ask me what," after a moment's pause.

"No, no." She raises her head with a little laugh and puts up her hand. "Don't tell me a secret, for it is as great a burden to me as to most women." And then, with some light laughing remark, she slips from the room.

But, after this, she is more shy, a trifle less ready to be alone with him, and her spirits are so fitful that Aunt Hannah declares she is coming down with a fever; and, in the last of winter, she goes for a little visit to her relatives at Boston. Oh, how lonely the old house seems without her. The very streets seem deserted, to one pair of eyes, since her little figure is no longer seen tripping down old walks.

It is a very demure sweet-faced Puss that comes, with the spring flowers, back to the old town. She has asked her heart a question and it has answered: "I want to be very, very sure that I should answer rightly if he should again want to tell me something, and now I think I know."

She has just reached home, when Nora McBride, in the glory of her new spring attire, comes in.

"I just wanted to ask if you saw Professor Dunning's betrothed in Boston."

"No," answers Puss, toying with the ribbon on her gown.

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"No?" with a show of surprise. "Why, I wonder— Surely, I am telling you no secret. Of course I supposed he had told you, or I would not have mentioned it. Such a handsome girl! And so very wealthy! I saw them together when I was there, at Thanksgiving. Now give me a cup of tea, and then—good-bye. Don't dare say I told you."

Nora McBride has given up at last all hope of winning the professor; but the thought of another—and that other Puss Carruthers—filling the place coveted is very bitter to her.

And Puss? She escapes from the room, just as Conrad and Dunning enter. Not heeding the voice of Aunt Hannah, who reminds her that she has not seen the professor since her return, out into the garden, past that to the orchard, she goes. Seating herself with a bit of work she has caught up in leaving the room, she blushes to find it a handkerchief—to be embroidered "P L D": which stand for "Philip Leslie Dunning," as all the world knows. A dozen of them, fresh from her fingers, were to be a birthday offering to him.

"And now 'Thanksgiving Day,'" she muses. And, at Christmas, he so nearly—nay, so clearly—wanted to tell her he loved her!

But the handsome wealthy Boston belle—what of her? Her thimble drops from her finger, and, before she can stoop to pick it up, a strong white hand she knows so well replaces it on her finger, and then takes finger and hand into his own.

"You left the house just as I entered," he says, with a reproachful look. "I could have fancied you wished to avoid me. You are very welcome home," seating himself on the new sweet grass at her feet. Then, taking the work from her hands, he says gravely: "What is it, Puss? You do not look at me at all."

"Well," she says, defiantly, looking at him now with very bright eyes, "if you choose to take my work out of my hands, and make me sit in idleness, don't blame me, remember, when you have no birthday gift."

He flushes ever so little with pleasure at her thought of him, and lays the work, scissors, and thimble very carefully on the green seat beside her.

"I hope much happiness may come to me on my birthday," he says, and his voice is just a little unsteady. "I hope, Puss, that it may be my wedding-day."

"Ah," she says, interrupting him, "then you will be quite an old married man when I resign single blessedness. One secret deserves another. But I shall not be married before Christmas. And, now that we have both 'fessed, I must leave you, as Aunt Hannah wants me."

But Aunt Hannah sees her no more that night, for she lies, with dry eyes and throbbing head, on the floor of her room.

All the night, she fights with her sorrow, and so far conquers that, in the morning, she is around the house as usual. But, by noon, she is glad to creep away and own herself ill, and by night she is wild with fever.

But so fine a constitution is bound to pull through, the doctor says; and, in the first week of the month of roses, Puss is downstairs again, only a becoming pallor telling of her recent illness. Wrapping herself in a soft white shawl, she goes out on to the rose-covered veranda How fair the world looks in the moonlight. How sweet the roses.

"Conrad," she calls through the open window, "please reach me this cluster of rosebuds."

Another step than Conrad's comes along the veranda. Another hand gathers the buds and lays them in her lap.

"Miss Carruthers, may an old friend ask a question?" He is standing, tall and commanding, in the moonlight, a little away from her.

"Yes," she falters.

"To whom are you engaged?" There he stands, white and stern-looking—oh, so far above falsehood or deceit; and she has lied to him! But, then, Conrad will protect her.

Yet it is a very weak voice that falters at last: "To my cousin, Conrad." Two tears have started into her eyes, and, before she can brush them away, she is gathered to his breast.

"Puss, darling little one, are we not very near wrecking our two lives by a false pride? My precious little girl, you are the only, only woman in all the world I ever wanted to call wife. It was your sweet self I hoped to marry on my birthday; and I happen to know what you would have been told, only for your illness, that Conrad is to marry my half-sister, who lives in Boston They have loved each other for years, but a little of the family pride, I fancy," with a kiss, "kept dear old Con from asking her to marry him, as she is very wealthy. I have persuaded him otherwise, however, and I think—"

"I think," sobs Puss, raising her head a little from its resting-place, "that I am the most happy or the most miserable woman on the earth."

"Which is it, love?" Dunning asks, gently, kneeling beside her.

"I think I ought to be very happy," she says, slyly, yet with a touch of her old coquetry, "for I shall have proved my husband's temper by that hardest of tests—a stove-pipe."

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THE BEST OF REASONS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HELEN DOANE laid the letter down, unable to decide whether she felt most surprised, amused, or vexed by its contents.

The idea of Philip Ernsley's devoting several poetical and persuasive pages to telling her that he found he had never forgotten the old dream; he loved her still—in fact, he had never loved any other woman! Apparently, he forgot that he was a widower, had broken his engagement with herself on learning that her uncle was dead and had bequeathed his money to a distant cousin, after bringing her up from childhood as his prospective heiress.

She could regard the whole matter now as calmly as if she had never owned any personal connection therewith; but certainly, at the time, the experience had proved far from agreeable. Her uncle had strenuously objected to Philip Ernsley, and was rendered furious by her avowal that she returned the young man's affection. Her clear-sighted relative declared that she deceived herself utterly as to her own sentiments. She was dazzled by Philip's brilliancy, and unconsciously influenced by a fear of driving him to despair if she refused to play Juliet to his Romeo. The whole thing was nonsense; she, a silly girl, wanting to be like some novel-heroine, and Philip a sham—nothing stable about him; he was like a young tree with plenty of blossoms which would never bear any fruit. Mr. Doane added that the youth was a mere creature of impulse—did not understand what the word principle meant, and warned Helen that she would live to be heartily ashamed of having ever fancied that she cared for such a disappointing half-made fellow, whose handsome looks even would not last till thirty—by that time his self-indulgent life would give him the appearance of a puff-ball.

But Helen had inherited a share of the family obstinacy; she clung to her own opinion and to Philip. Finally, such reports of Ernsley's conduct reached Mr. Doane that, after having ascertained their truth, he insisted on his niece's relinquishing her engagement. Helen would not do this, and refused to believe her uncle's proofs. That gentleman was bitterly incensed; and, when he died suddenly a few months later, his unjust will showed that he had cherished his anger to the end.

As soon as the news reached Philip Ernsley, he wrote Helen one of his beautiful letters, saying that he could not condemn her to a life of poverty—he preferred to break his own heart. Three months afterward, he married a great heiress; but, at her death, made the discovery that, to the larger portion of her fortune, she had only had a life-right—at her demise it reverted to her kinsfolk.

And now the man wanted to marry her, Helen Doane, and, to judge from the way in which he wrote, actually believed that he had only to ask in order to have his wish gratified. Helen had long since proved the truth of her uncle's prophecy, that she would one day be ashamed to recollect she could ever have been absurd enough to make Philip Ernsley the hero of a girlish dream. She knew, too, that her relative had spoken correctly when he insisted that she was greatly influenced by a fear of harming the excitable boy's future, unless she listened to his protestations. Philip had been a boy then, was one still, and always would be. Helen grew heartily vexed as she meditated. She was a true woman, and so did not tell herself that she had lost a fortune for the sake of this poor, unstable, disappointing Philip; but his letter set her thinking of matters which had lately troubled her a great deal.

When Walter Mayne, the distant cousin to whom Mr. Doane left his fortune, asked Helen to marry him, he did it in a way which made the proposal seem the most natural thing possible. At her uncle's death, Helen had gone to live with her widowed sister, near a large seaport town of one of the Middle States. She had a sufficient income from her mother's property to render her independent, so far as the needs of dress, pocket-money, and enough to pay for her actual keep were concerned. Mayne owned much valuable property in the town, and spent the greater portion of the year there.

Helen had always liked him, and they became intimate friends. Not quite three months before the day on which I present Miss Doane to you—four years after her uncle's death—she learned

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that she was left almost penniless by the sudden failure of the stock company in which her small means were invested. Her sister was meditating a second marriage, and, in any case, Helen could not have lived in a state of dependence. To become a teacher, seamstress, type-writer, embrace any profession or trade by which she could earn a living, was Miss Doane's intention, formed as soon as she learned what disaster had befallen her.

But Walter Mayne stepped in and upset all her fine intentions. He had, long ago wanted her to claim, as a right, half the fortune—now, he asked her to marry him. His arguments, put in a few words, were these:

"Your girlhood's dream was Philip Ernsley!" (Helen kept silence, ashamed to admit that she could ever have allowed her own morbid spirit of self-sacrifice and her lover's eloquence to make her even for a moment believe this.) "And I had a love, too," Mayne went on, "a love which was the tyrant of my youth. Well, these things are long over for both! You don't want to hear about passion or adoration—you want respect, friendship, and sympathy. I am a very solitary man—I suppose, a very selfish one, too, since I admit frankly that I am speaking because you are necessary to my life in numberless ways. The philanthropic plans in which I hope to persevere are all of your instigation—every good thing I may do requires your aid—at every step I need your help, and always I need your companionship. Helen, will you marry me?"

Over and over, often and often, in amplified and persuasive terms, Mayne reproduced the sentences so baldly set down in the previous paragraph; and, at length, Helen consented to his wishes.

It had been August then; the last days of November had come, and in January the pair were to be married.

But of late Helen had grown uneasy, afraid that she was actuated by a desire for ease and luxury, and had ingeniously tormented herself in many ways. Now came Philip Ernsley's letter, which seemed to possess the malignant power of putting her conduct in a still more reprehensible light.

After long earnest meditation, Helen decided that she saw matters clearly and must act in accordance with the dictates of this sudden illumination. She was unsparing in condemnation of herself as a poor mean-spirited creature, in spite of all her fine theories and creeds. She was marrying in order to be taken care of—she loved nobody—she was incapable of love!

"Way, it is just as disgusting to marry a man for support, as it would be to live on anybody else's charity!" was the summing-up of her mental discussion. "I can work—I am physically strong—I have brains enough—I am only twentyfive. Oh, what a poor miserable wretch I have been—partly my fault, partly that of education! Why, when it would be too late, good generous Walter might find some woman whom he could really love—and I should stand in the way! He was sorry for me—he likes me—we sympathize in many things. That's not enough! Such a marriage as I meant to accept is a disgrace to any woman—it isn't righteous—it isn't clean. No, I will not be his wife!"

She could have no rest till she had given Walter her decision; she would not be cowardly enough to write it—she must tell him with her own lips.

She dressed to go out, putting on her thick wraps for the first time that season. Until this week, November had been unusually warm; but a sudden storm had swept up from the sea, lasting two days and nights, and, though this morning had dawned bright and beautiful, it was cold enough for midwinter.

However, in her long closely-buttoned coat and fur cape, Helen could defy even the cruel east wind which threatened to blow her to her destination. Her sister's villa was less than a mile from the town; but, had the distance been ten times that, Helen would have gone on foot. She felt a desperate pleasure in facing the blast which tore up from the beach with ever-increasing violence.

She reached a place where a tall leafless tree stretched its head as if trying to look out over the faintly visible beach. In the distance rose the lighthouse; in the near foreground were some scattered houses—just beyond came a turn in the road which brought Waterport in full view.

It was on this very spot, on a bright August evening, that Helen had consented to become Mayne's wife. Her face, always rather melancholy, grew sadder as she cast a quick glance about, then pressed her muff against her cheek, partly to shut out the view, partly to shelter her eyes, and hurried up the ascent toward the town.

It was hard work to mount the hill, for a counter-blast struck full against her; but, once she reached the top and began the descent, the wind was again at her back, and so violent that she had difficulty in keeping her feet. On she went, faster and faster—from necessity, not volition—beginning to speculate on the probability of being flung straight over the wall which guarded a ditch at the side of the road.

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This did not happen; but, just as she reached the outskirts of the town, a fresh impulse of the blast blew her actually into the arms of the very man whom she had set forth to visit.

Mayne caught her, and for an instant the two stood breathless, then he exclaimed:

"Why, Helen, what are you doing here? I was just starting for your house."

"And I was going to your office," she answered, as well as she could speak. "I wanted to see you at once."

"Yes?" he replied, in an odd choked tone. "Take my arm—we will go down this side street—it is more sheltered."

The gale rendered conversation so difficult that it gave a reasonable excuse on both sides for silence; even the usually sheltered side street was a very Cave of the Winds. Presently the pair emerged into one of the principal thoroughfares and stopped before the building in which the agent of Mayne's Waterford property had an office, and where Mayne reserved certain apartments for his own occupation when in the town.

These chambers were on the opposite side of the hall from those tenanted by the agent and his clerks, so Mayne could lead Helen directly into his sitting-room, the door of which he opened with a pass-key. He made her throw off her thick wraps, seated her in an easy-chair near the open fire, and, while removing his great-coat, kept on talking about commonplace trifles—the wind, his visitor's courage, the state of her sister's nerves, and so forth—and Helen answered with tolerable coherency, though growing each second more bewildered, more uncertain how to begin her confession.

"Oh, stop—do stop!" she cried, suddenly. "I want—I came— See here, Walter, I can't beat about— I can't find pretty phrases—I must tell it all in a rush! I can't marry you, Walter—I can't!"

She half rose, then dropped back in her chair, ashamed of her precipitate and awkward speech, yet glad that the truth had been uttered. She dared not look at him; there was a brief silence—she heard his step coming nearer.

"Don't be angry or hurt!" she cried, desperately. "I want to explain—it isn't fickleness—but I can't marry you."

"I understand, Helen," he answered, gently. She stared up at him in wonder as he stood before her on the hearth-rug, his face rather pale, but his kind eyes looking at her kindly as ever, and his voice taking its gentlest tone. "I felt so sure of what you would want to say, that I was going to you at once. It is perfectly natural—of course, I don't blame you, Helen. You can marry Philip now; he wrote me about it—the letter came last night."

"Philip wrote to you?" she fairly gasped.

"Naturally enough," Mayne replied. "He knew all about the terms of our engagement; he said, very truly, that you did not love me—that I should be base and mean to hold you to your promise: as if I would; you know me better!"

"Philip wrote to you!" she gasped again. "I think he must be crazy—I am sure you are—to suppose I would marry him! I've no wish to adopt a boy—you may tell him so; it will save me the trouble. I marry Philip? Really, Walter, I am surprised at you!"

He looked at her very oddly, but his voice was quiet as before as he said:

"I beg your pardon—he seemed so certain that—"

"Oh, stop!" she broke in again. "Understand, Philip has nothing to do with my determination! Let me try to explain. Oh, I have said it all in those first words! I like you dearly—but this is not love—and Walter Mayne, it is horrible for a woman to marry without love! Oh, try to understand—let us be friends still—but I can go no further—I—"

She broke down and sobbed from sheer nervous excitement—she who never cried.

"I do understand, Helen," he said, soothingly. "I am not angry—not hurt. I want you to be happy—you can be now."

"Yes, yes," she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, you must feel that I am right."

"I know you are trying to do right," he replied. "Of course, as yet, you have made no plans—you will stay with your sister for the present?"

"I must get to work," she said, resolutely. "You don't think I propose to live on anybody? If I would not sit still and let you support me, certainly nobody else shall—always supposing there is any person willing."

Walter Mayne looked hopelessly bewildered for a little, then asked abruptly:

"What about other news?"

"I have no news—oh, you mean Philip's nonsense; please never mention it again!" cried Helen.

At this instant, there came a knock at the door; it was a messenger with a telegram for Mayne. His presence was required in New York on business of great importance. He hastily explained to Helen, adding:

"I must catch the four o'clock express. I shall only be gone three days; write to me as soon as you have made up your mind about everything."

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There was no space for further conversation, as his agent, Mr. Fordyce, appeared on the heels of the messenger, bringing a telegram which he himself had just received.

"You must not walk back in this wind, Helen," Mayne said. "Mr. Fordyce will send for a carriage."

"No—I have some errands in town," she replied. "Good-bye, Walter."

"Think over all the details and write," Mayne said. "Address to my club. Good-bye—God bless you."

Helen hurried away, because her common-sense told her that he must have matters to settle with Mr. Fordyce; but, once out in the street, she fell to wondering over his persistent repetition that she must write as soon as her mind was made up.

Could he suppose there was a possibility she might change? Good generous Walter—how well he had behaved—what a contrast to that miserable half-made Philip.

"Upon my word," said Helen to herself, "I am ashamed that I don't love the man! If he really loved me, I would let everything go on—though that wouldn't change the meanness of my sitting down to be supported. If I were rich—well, life is so empty and Walter is so thoroughly sympathetic that I think—but no; without love, marriage is horrible—it's worse for a woman than a man. Oh, it's over—and how well he behaved!"

She had forgotten all about the commissions her sister had given her, and had reached the top of the hill before she even took heed of the direction in which she was going. But the blast waiting there to escort her down speedily brought her back to reality. She kept on her way, however—Adelaide's errands could wait; though, no doubt, their giver would consider herself exceedingly ill-used, she belonging to those quietly selfish people who always take refuge in hurt feelings, if every human creature about does not consider their slightest whim before everything else.

But, when Helen reached home, she found her sister too much excited to have leisure even for indulging the luxury of wounded sensibilities. A relative of her future husband had written for her to join a party of gay people, unexpectedly arrived at her home in Albany, and Mrs. Worthington proposed to start early the next morning, so that she might have the companionship of some friends as far as New York. Before evening, she decided to spend the night at the house of these friends; so she and Helen drove over to Waterford about dusk.

Helen returned early, and, during her solitary evening, had space for ample thought in regard to her late decision, so hurriedly formed and so determinedly carried out. She wrote to Philip Ernsley a brief letter, which was only saved from being contemptuous by its careful wording; and then she began several letters to Mayne, with each of which she was so dissatisfied that she did not succeed in writing to him at all.

She spent a sleepless night, and, when she rose, the next morning, had the satisfaction of feeling that she had a definite plan which could be put into immediate action. Her old schoolmate, Elinor Trafford, had written that she and her father were making ready for a trip to New Orleans and Havana, and, as Elinor's eyes were weak, they wanted to engage a young lady to read to the old gentleman and be a companion to his daughter.

"I am the person," said Helen to herself. "Here's a chance to earn my living; but the salary is too liberal. Fancy Elinor's surprise when I appear. I shall only telegraph that I have found the very young woman to suit—that she will arrive in St. Louis within thirtysix hours."

And then a hurried letter was written to Mayne, directions given to the servants, an epistle dispatched to her sister, and off Helen set on her journey, arriving within the time appointed and delighting her friend beyond measure by her unexpected appearance.

So six entire weeks went by before Helen Doane learned what new phase of experience had been awaiting her since the morning on which she read Philip Ernsley's letter.

It seems absurd that, in this age of telegraphs, a person could pass a month and a half unaware of having become the possessor of a large fortune, when all the while several persons were trying to communicate the fact—yet this was what happened to Helen Doane.

First, the housekeeper confused things by mislaying the address Miss Doane left and sending all Helen's letters to Mrs. Worthington. That lady had started with her friends on an expedition which lasted a week. When she got back, she misunderstood Helen's letter, and sent all of her sister's epistles back to Waterford. Mayne was detained ten days in New York, and at last grew tired of sending Helen letters and telegrams. In the meantime, that young lady was on her way to New Orleans by leisurely stages, and, not finding any letters awaiting her in that city, ordered them to be forwarded to Havana. The very day the steamer was to sail, the invalid old gentleman

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decided to go first to St. Thomas to visit a relative, and neither of the girls had any feasible objection to offer.

So, altogether, it was six weeks from the date of her last interview with Mayne before Helen learned the truth. A distant relative on her mother's side had died and left her to inherit a good many hundred thousand dollars.

"And Philip knew this when he suddenly discovered that I still kept his heart," thought Helen; "but that's no matter. Walter must have thought I knew when I rushed in on him, that morning. What a mean wretch he must believe me—to accept his hand when I was poor, and, the moment I got a fortune, coolly to send him adrift!"

She was so necessary to her friends, that she could not leave; and, besides, it would have been shabby to do so: she had gone to them because she wanted to earn money, and had been only too thankful that the opportunity offered.

Of course, business-matters could be arranged by letter; but it was spring before she met Walter Mayne. She went to New York for her sister's wedding, and was accompanied by Elinor Trafford and her father, with whom she was, as soon as possible, to sail for Europe, with the intention of spending at least a year there. Numerous letters had passed between Helen and Mayne, and she knew he perfectly understood that her suddenly-announced resolution, on that cold November day, had been based on the exact grounds which she had stated. Still, it was a comfort to talk the matter over, face to face; he was so kind, so free from sense of injury, that it was easy to do this. Indeed, Helen was convinced that to keep his liberty was a pleasure, and settled thoroughly down on the belief that he had asked her to become his wife just because she would accept no pecuniary favor, and the uncertainty of her future troubled him.

"But you must have been puzzled at first," she said. "No—you thought I must be dazzled by Philip's proposal. Oh, I shall never forgive you that."

"You speedily dispelled that fear," returned he.

"But then you thought it was because I'd got money."

"No; I saw at once that you had not received the letters announcing your new wealth," he replied, with his wistful smile: "so I did you no injustice in any way."

These speeches were often reiterated in different forms; then they had to laugh over the news that Philip was to marry a rich widow; then Helen's business-affairs had to be set in order; then came Adelaide's wedding; and, two days later, Miss Doane sailed for Europe.

She exacted a promise from Mayne that, during the summer, he would come to Switzerland, and the pleasantest incidents of her first six months of foreign journeying were expecting his visit and the enjoyment of his society when he actually arrived.

Eighteen months elapsed before Miss Doane returned to America. Elinor Trafford and her father were among the nearest friends she had, so she remained with them. The two spent the early autumn in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and Walter Mayne joined them there. The winter Helen passed in St. Louis, with the Traffords, and, at their joint urgent request, Walter Mayne made them a visit.

So time went on, till three years had elapsed since the November day on which Helen Doane braved a cruel east wind in order to tell her cousin that she could not become his wife. During that season, his friendship had grown more and more necessary to her—though, with the reticence, even toward herself, so natural to a sensitive woman, Helen made no attempt to analyze her own sentiments, and remained unconscious what they really were.

She was once more in New York, and, in spite of friends, relatives, and all the pleasant attentions which surround a woman still young, handsome, and rich, feeling rather solitary and sad. Though fond of her sister, there had never been any real sympathy between them, and now, married and occupied, Adelaide did not in the least need her. Elinor Trafford had also married, and her father was dead; so that, as Helen half cynically told herself: "There is plenty of use for my money; but nobody needs me personally—not even Philip."

She suddenly decided that she would make a trip to Waterport; she should be glad to see Walter, and, if she required any other excuse, she had one ready to hand. She had bought the villa in which her sister had lived, and established in it her old governess and the invalid aunt of that worthy lady, and there were some repairs necessary in the house; she would go down and attend to them.

Too wise ever to take people by surprise, she telegraphed in advance, so that her friends were prepared to receive her; and one of the first things Miss Liscom said was:

"It is dreadful about poor Mr. Mayne, is it not?"

"Good heavens, what has happened to him?" cried Helen.

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"Oh, hadn't you heard? I thought you would know surely; and he of all persons—always so good, so generous. Why, he gave more in one year than all the other rich people in the county put together. He—"

How long dear, good, prosy Miss Liscom would have ambled on in her Jeremiad of complacent sympathy will never be known, for Helen caught her by the shoulder and fairly shook her back and forth as she cried:

"Stop this instant! Margaret, what are you talking about?"

"Mercy on us, Helen!" moaned the poor woman. "Why, I told you, Mr. Mayne—"

"What? Is he ill—hurt—what?"

"No, no! He has lost his money—oh, the saddest thing—I thought, of course, you knew!"

Miss Liscom received another shake before she could release herself, but at length Helen succeeded in extracting in tolerably understandable fashion all that the dazed little woman knew about the matter.

Mr. Mayne had suffered such pecuniary losses through the failure of some railway company, that, added to a large defalcation by a trusted agent, his business-affairs had become hopelessly involved. Misfortunes always come in a throng: and a fire in Waterport, which had taken place only two nights previous, had so augmented Mayne's disasters, that he was said to be on the eve of bankruptcy.

"And, the last letter I received from Walter, he was in Chicago," cried Helen; "and that was a fortnight since! Oh, I must find out—do have them harness the horse; I must drive over to Waterport—Mr. Fordyce will know."

Miss Liscom tried to speak, but Helen would not listen. She herself flew off to order the pony carriage; caught up her wraps, which had not yet been carried to her room; and, as Miss Liscom had in the meantime been summoned to her aunt's chamber, got away without undergoing the torment of further conversation.

She drove the pony at the top of his speed; but, fast as he went, her thoughts traveled faster. She reached the turn in the road where the tall tree stood up lone and majestic. How well she remembered her hurried walk on that bleak November day when she went to Mayne to reclaim her promise of becoming his wife. How she must have changed, else how blind she had been, since this sudden trouble of Walter's showed her a truth she had of late suspected. If at any period within the last year he had told her that she was necessary to him, she could have listened with pride and thankfulness, and put her whole heart into her answer.

She entered the town, and drove so rapidly along the street that pedestrians stopped to gaze after her, but she did not notice. She reached Mr. Fordyce's office, threw the reins to the groom, sprang out, and hurried upstairs. As she gained the top, a voice pronounced her name—she looked up and saw Mayne.

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" she cried. "Is it really you?"

"I am so glad to see you, Helen—so very glad," he answered, taking the two hands she extended, and leading her into his own rooms, the door of which stood ajar. "I heard this morning that Miss Liscom expected you, but I did not know you were to arrive to-day, else I should have been at the station."

"Walter, Walter," she repeated. "Why didn't you write to me—why didn't you let me know? Oh, how cruel of you, to be in trouble and not send me word! I thought we were friends as well as relations—I wouldn't have believed you could treat me so, Walter."

"My dear, dear Helen, only listen!" he pleaded. "You mean these wretched reports of my pecuniary troubles—"

"Yes, of course!" she interrupted. "Now listen; don't speak till I have finished, except to answer my questions."

He bowed obediently, regarding her with one of his odd looks.

"I have told you over and over that you have become the dearest friend I own in the world; you have said the same to me in return—isn't that true?" she cried.

"Perfectly true, Helen," he answered.

"Then your and my ideas of friendship differ materially!" she flamed out. "A pretty sort of friend you must think me, when I am the last person you allow to hear of your troubles."

"I was going to write to you to-night—"

"Going to write!" she broke in, with hot indignation. "I am ashamed of you, Walter—I don't want to be too hard when you are in trouble, but, honestly, I find it very difficult to forgive your treatment of me!"

"I am sorry for that, Helen," he rejoined, with his usual composure. "Let me explain—"

"No, no!" she interrupted. "There is only one thing you can do to show that you really are sorry—that you hold our friendship as dear as I hold it. Will you do this thing?"

"Yes, if possible; tell me what it is you want," he said, his voice growing a little unsteady, while a strange light flashed into his soft dark eyes.

"I want you to fill out a check that will tide

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you over your difficulties and let me sign it," said Helen.

"I can't do that—"

"Because I'm a woman!" she broke in, passionately. "Oh, this is a man's idea of friendship! You wanted to help me—you—"

"I wanted to marry you," he interrupted, in his turn.

"Ah!" she gasped, turning so white that he started forward in alarm; but she put out her hand and pushed him back, growing suddenly as scarlet as she had been pale. "Ah!" she gasped again. "Walter, will you be my husband?"

"Helen, you carry your generosity too far," he said, in a slow choked voice, turning away his head.

"So did you, when you asked me to marry you because I was poor—because my uncle left you his money."

"No, Helen; I had the best of reasons—I loved you," Mayne answered, turning quickly back, with a wonderful tenderness in his face, which unnerved her completely.

"What are you saying?" she cried. "Oh, there was someone you had loved almost from boyhood—you told me so—"

"There was—yourself, Helen; I had loved you all those years—the only woman I ever loved!"

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" She uttered his name in a voice of mingled joy and wonder. The tone and the fleeting glance from her beautiful eyes told Mayne the truth. Then she was clasped tight in his arms, shedding happy tears against his swift-beating heart. For a time, neither could have told whether they talked or were silent; but, when coherent conversation became possible, Mayne said:

"You have been deceived, Helen; but you won't retract what you said—you promise?"

"What do you mean, Walter?" she asked, glancing tearfully up at him.

"Why, the story about my ruin is not true—I have lost some money, but I can soon make it up," he replied, with a happy little laugh. "Are you very sorry, Helen?"

She laughed, too, but sobbed in the same breath, as she half whispered:

"Anyway, Walter, I must keep my word, for—for the best of reasons!"

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY JEANIE C. SHERBURNE.

Under the snow the daisies rest,
The violets with their purple eyes;
Cradled against earth's kindly breast,
Each sleeping blossom safely lies.

When spring-time comes, the lovely flowers
Will ope their leaves and shyly peep:
Brighter far that, under the snow,
Through the long months, they lay asleep.

Under the snow, we've laid away
Many a dear one, loved so well;
Of hopes now vanished, griefs that stay,
Only our yearning hearts can tell.

Under the snows of care and grief,
Our youthful dreams lie buried deep;
His power alone can bring relief,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

Under the snow, we laid away
Only the casket, frail and fair;
The soul had burst from out the clay,
And nevermore knows pain or care.

Under the snow we too must sleep,
When God shall call our souls away,
And those for whom on earth we weep
Will welcome us to endless day.

For, on that fairer, brighter shore,
No snow e'er hides the daisies' bloom,
And those we loved, passed on before,
Now wait for us beyond the tomb.

KINGLY RENOWN.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

Go seek Egyptian sands! Which cradled race
On race of builders, who, with mighty thought
And labor infinite, vast structures wrought
In long-enduring stone! What human trace
Remains in pyramid and rock-hewn place
Of sepulture? In each, a great king sought
Immortal memory; each tomb was bought
With lives of many men! Yet now whose face
Looks on the royal mummies' gilded mask?
Whose idle hands the kingly dust profanes?
Who shall, in careless curious passing, ask
The dead king's name? As countless as the grains
Of desert sand, men come! Life's little task
Once past, of king or slave no trace remains!

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ESCULAPIUS IN ACADIA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 457.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEPARTURE.

"AND so this is the end," mused Grafberg, stepping from his pirogue.

His goods and chattels were gathered in a pile beside the old log, where he had shown Aurore the pictured Grand-Pré. The front of the house was closed, the batten shutters fastened tight, no one on the gallery.

A thick veil seemed to have fallen over the past few weeks. Already those fire-lit evenings, musical with the song of whirring wheels, seemed shining from the depths of years.

There was neither contempt nor wrath in his heart; these simple people had acted only according to their lights. As he looked forward, marking the riven tree, he did not marvel. He stood a moment, gazing soberly toward the west, but scarce seeing the coulées, all pink in lovely rose-hued tints. He stooped to gather up his books. There were some wild violets blooming beside the log. As he bent low, he plucked one, and then he threw it away, and then he lifted a pile of books and carried them to his boat.

He turned to go back again for more, and he was startled, seeing Aurore pass between the moving grasses, just as she had passed that first eve, five weeks before. He went forward to meet her, and, perceiving him coming, she stood still a moment, again making the pretty picture he remembered, the sunlight gleaming like an aureole about the gold-brown head.

"Have you come to say adieu?" he asked, lifting his hat and standing gravely before her.

She did not immediately answer, and yet she seemed in haste, for she glanced hurriedly over her shoulder, and she breathed quickly.

"I suppose it is adieu, mademoiselle?" he again asked, offering his hand.

But she shook her head, did not take his hand, only laid her own over her bosom, as if to still its quick heaving.

"Papa, Raoul, Alcée, dey halle gone," she cried, "an' I com—I wan' you staighe, m'sieu."

"Stay?" cried Grafberg. "How can I? You don't expect me to stay in your house when I am ordered to go?"

He smiled a little—she was very naive.

But Aurore shook her head, glanced around, and appeared more content, seeing the tall rushes rattle and rustle, almost closing the way behind.

"Non, m'sieu, jis I b'liv me, I b'liv you loave Angel, I b'liv you meck no arm—I wan you staighe. Papa ee zay 'Voudou'—ee zay—ah, mais dass nutin—I betteh kip quaite. You staighe? Eh, m'sieu, you staighe?"

In her eagerness, she had laid her hand on his arm, and she stood beside him looking upward, her deep eyes filled with pleading, her cheeks flushed, her whole aspect one of intense anxiety.

Under the wistful appeal of the girl's hand, he lingered—he could scarce do otherwise; but, if the mouth softened, there was no sign beneath the heavy beard, and, as for the eyes, they did not lose their usual quiet serious expression. Aurore thought they were like the stars on which she gazed, night after night—always still and calm, as if they could not weep and could not laugh, but just go on living forever and ever, no matter what joy, no matter what sorrow on earth.

"Why do you believe in me, mademoiselle?" he asked, not really as if caring what she answered, but rather as one questioning curiously.

The girl caught her breath, hesitated a moment, then, letting her detaining hand fall and shaking her brown head, replied:

"Ah, m'sieu, me? I dunno—jis I b'liv—jis I—" she shrugged her shoulders, sighed faintly, then continued pointing toward the violets at

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her feet. "Eet ees jis de flore b'liv de son—de son wat meck eet een de blum—zo me—I b'liv you—I b'liv you meck Angel waile—I b'liv you betteh not liv. You staighe, m'sieu, eh?"

"And if I stay," he asked, "how can I see the child? You forget, your father will not let me enter your home."

"Ah, an' eet ees dat bout wat I tink me. You zee dat laine?" she pointed eagerly up the bank. "You zee dat laine, wat go een de bayou? Me," touching her bosom, "me, een de bote, I breeng Angel. On dat laine, an' b'need doze tree wat grow, I weel zee you, I weel hallow dat you geev de ailaictraicitie. An' faw Angel, you weel do dees—you weel, m'sieu? An' you weel be laike Christ faw me—you weel be laike Christ faw Angel—you weel meck de zeekness to liv—ain't eet, m'sieu?"

"But," objected Grafberg, "I don't like deception."

"Dezepcion, you zay? Ah, m'sieu, non. Wen Angel wark weed er two fit, I zay eet halle raight hout. I zay wat I do, me. You go waighe, den I taile papa."

"They may watch where you go—they may find you there," he still objected.

"Fine me dere? Ah, mais ees eet not dat I go heech daiye, een my bote? Ees eet not dat I tek Angel, wen I go? An eef dey fine? Wat den?" Here, she lifted her head and threw it back proudly. "I zay Angel ees my chaile—my hown, ain't eet? An' I zay, er maman een ziel [heaven] wan me do dees. An I zay, I b'liv me. An I zay, not een yo ouse—non—mais b'need de beeg ouse wat Dieu geev," here she crossed herself, "b'need de tree wat le plaine—dere I go, me, faw de ailaictraicitie wat meck my leel bebée laike she yusse wass. You no go, m'sieu, eh? You leef yo ead, an you ricard de skaiye, an' you meck me yo promesse—eh, m'sieu? Faw Angel?"

The last words were almost plaintive. They just floated like the sigh of a fainting heart.

Grafberg hesitated. He was really trying to adjust the scales—trying to put aside his interest as physician—trying to decide the right and the wrong of the case. For himself, danger threatened; then came a vision of those three flashing blades.

"I will stay," he said, presently, looking gravely upon her as she stood, expectant, awaiting the final word. "I will stay, and you may come to-morrow; I will wait for you till midday."

Now, this quiet Grafberg was not a man easily startled; nevertheless, something like a faint shock of surprise trembled through his system when the girl, seizing his hand, pressed on it a grateful kiss. Almost before he realized the touch of her warm lips, she had turned away, the tall grasses swaying as she moved. He had not yet stirred, when the creak of the little gate, swinging on rusty hinges, warned him that time was passing.

"Odd sort of people, these," he muttered.

And, when Grafberg reached the boat, he bent over, laving his hands in the bayou.

CHAPTER XI.

MYSTERY.

A MOONLESS night—only the stars hung in blue-black heavens.

Some little distance from the point of land, Grafberg had pitched his tent. Sitting on the bayou bank, he could see the outlines dimly rising from the midst of the lush grass. A grand, solemn, beautiful night—no sound, save that which came from the hoarse chorus of frogs, the hoot of an owl, the swish of rushes stirring in the night wind, and the soft rustle of foliage floating from that wooded land where, to-morrow, he would meet Aurore.

The shy Acadian would come to him, with the stricken child of her dead sister cradled in her arms—come to him with faith in her heart and shining from the depths of her veiled eyes. Just a few more weeks, he would leave this fair land, his duty to the living, his promise to the dead, both fulfilled; and he would go back to his big desolate home, and take up life again and live on to the end.

In an idle way, he wondered what Aurore would think of that home. He imagined her lithe willowy form passing through the great halls, the nameless wild grace of the prairie-life touching each motion; he imagined the shy eyes lifted in wonder to the great mirrors, the beautiful pictures, and marble statues; then he saw her in the shadows of the great firs, saw her climbing the steep hillsides, saw her stand on the top of the great hill, radiant in sunlight, radiant in that same sunlight which steeped marsh and prairie and cypress home. He thought it would be a pretty idyl to put her in his boat and carry her there, and then bring her back to the prairie. He wondered would she ever be content again.

What contradiction in the lives of these people: how broad, and yet how narrow; how free, yet how chained by superstition and ignorance.

So, they had watched him—had thought him delving for magic in their rich black land. Part of his promise demanded secrecy—demanded care in the pursuit of his task. Would it not be better to labor henceforth at night, with only the

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stars and the night-birds watching? These wild, ignorant, superstitious people, would they not spy now on his movements—perhaps object to his work, and draw their gleaming knives and make trouble?

He stood up suddenly, walked to his pirogue, unfastened it, and stepped in. He was becoming quite familiar now with all the network of bayous, and glided, as by instinct, a few hundred yards through the mesh of waters.

"This will be fiftythree trees," he muttered, as his boat nestled like a great duck among the rushes growing beside a small hummock. "Strange what fools dying men can make of the living. All the better for me, perhaps. My arms have gained in sinew, appetite improved, head clearer, experiences new. What a sombre place."

He rested on his oars a moment, looking toward the heavy dark oaks; then, as if satisfied, lit a lantern, and, picking up a spade, and picking up also the lantern from the bottom of the pirogue, tramped over the high grass and into the shadows of the trees.

It was very dark. The lantern cast a red glow, which extended only a few yards. He lifted it high, letting the glow touch one trunk, then another. Long trails of gray moss swept around. It was a land of shadows and sighs.

Grafberg selected a tree, and set the lantern on the ground, and proceeded, with his spade, to clear away a quantity of dead twigs and leaves. The earth beneath was damp and moldy. He heaved the spade high and struck firmly. It went down easily. Spadeful after spadeful of inky loam was tossed aside. The opening widened and deepened.

Again and again Grafberg stopped—once to throw off his hat, once to wipe his forehead, once to step aside and breathe the fresh air of the prairie, sweeping across the bayou, once to bend and look low, with grave frowning brow.

After this close inspection, he went on more slowly; the spade was more carefully handled, almost gently it moved. Four feet deep by three or four long and two wide.

Again Grafberg paused. The wind blew the moss-trails like moving spirits. His face was very white, and, touched with the red lantern-light, looked ghastly. He leaned a moment against the tree. There gathered on his features an expression of strength—that expression which men had seen when his skilled hands worked among the red rivers of life. The whole face was condensed into power.

He set the lantern now on the edge of the hole, and, again seizing the spade, moved the earth softly, softly, after a while again bending low, then kneeling, reaching, and casting out earth by handfuls.

The red light fell within the hollowed darkness. Something gleamed. Gold glistened—a gold chain. Catching the lurid lamp-glare, it sparkled in the black earth.

The spade was again seized, the opening lengthened. It was taking the shape of a grave. When quite six feet long, the spade moved gently, and, after a while, was discarded, while Grafberg, kneeling again, cast forth handfuls of earth.

Presently he stopped working. His stern eyes regarded with horror what he had uncovered—the remains of a dead man, almost a skeleton. The light fell on a molded cloth coat and gleaming watch-chain.

Murdered?

If so, not for robbery.

What mystery was this?

The wind blew. It seemed to sing a requiem.

He lifted his eyes. The long moss was waving like banners of crape, and the branches were swaying as if rocking back and forth in grief, while, like soft eyes, the stars looked down, gleaming through the trees, calm and restful.

As he gazed, there came to his mind a child's prayer. He remembered he had said that prayer to his nurse, kneeling by the window of the big nursery, looking out at the great stars, and wondering, if he died in sleep, whether he should fly to those stars. He found it odd that this memory should come from the great warm nursery to this grewsome hummock.

Presently he moved, took up the spade, and laid back the earth carefully over the unknown dead. Then he passed through the shadows and grass, stepped into his pirogue, and slipped away over the smooth dark water.

His duty was clear—to go to the nearest parish town and tell what he had discovered.

But not till he had seen Aurore—not till he had told her that he would return.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBBERY.

In the woods where Grafberg waited, it was soft twilight. Above, almost like a roof, branch and vine mingled together, covering a beautiful tangle beneath—a tangle of palmetto and moss and fern. Little flecks of sunlight dripped down between twinkling leaves and swaying branches, lighting moss-draped arcades, lighting also graceful, lazy, crooked paths, opened by wandering cattle.

The breath of spring had passed, touching

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swamp willows into vivid green, stirring the blood of maples, so that now the branches dripped with fiery blossoms, blowing also the yellow jasmine vines into sun-hued bell-flowers, and little spots of earth into rich carpets of white and purple violets.

This same wind came to-day, blowing about Grafberg's pale brow, blowing into bloom thoughts of Aurore, bringing the breath of prairie grasses, touched with the fragrance of those jasmine bells. Somehow, it seemed the breath of Aurore—the breath of her pure clean soul—refreshing to this pale philosopher, who yet felt the spell of the night's horror. He wondered up which aisle she would appear. Twice he lifted his head, looking keenly toward the bayou, thinking even he saw the girl's figure coming, as he knew it would come, up the twilighted aisle with free easy grace—wild, yet shy—such a mien as belongs only to the prairie-reared. Once he stepped forward, looking from the bank of the bayou; but the water lying like blue silk, and the grasses like bronze fringe, were all that met his seeking glance.

High noon at last; the day for her was over. She would not come. Something unforeseen—some knot in the thread of fate—had prevented.

Grafberg returned to camp, scarce knowing what course to pursue. The journey by boat to the parish town and back would require three days. The girl would probably keep her tryst the next morn, or at least some day during the week, and, finding him away, would think he had broken faith or that he had gone, never to return. There came the memory of her uplifted face—the detaining touch—the pressure of the soft lips on his hand. No, he would not leave her without a word—it would be cruel; and yet delay was criminal; every moment lost, a wrong to that poor helpless dead one; more, a wrong to all the world: lengthening the liberty of the murderer, giving him time to wrest life from other victims.

Long Grafberg communed. At last, resolve was taken; he would speak with Aurore that night, and then he would not wait for daylight; he would pass down the bayou. True, on the land of the Leblancs there was danger—three gleaming blades hung over it; but what of that?

Grafberg smiled.

It was such a novel rôle—the rôle of magician.

How those lovely sunlit hours dragged. The day died at last—the stars came forth, and darkness fell.

It was wiser not to take a boat; there was better chance for concealment creeping along the bank among those high grasses.

Perhaps he might not be able to talk to Aurore. But often she slipped to the bank by night. He had seen her sitting there near the rushes, idly watching the stars floating in the water.

When the little gray house came in sight, he felt as if he had been away weeks, instead of hours. How familiar the scene. The doors and the windows stood wide open. Through these opened windows and doors, the light from a great fire within streamed out into the darkness, like long glowing paths. He could hear the faint hum of a wheel spinning.

Aurore was not on the bank—not on the old log—nor among the grasses.

He thought he would step nearer and peep within. As he advanced, a dog barked. He spoke in low voice, and the animal came forward and licked his hand, and then rejoined his comrades. They all knew him—they were all used to his passing back and forth.

He lingered awhile beside the bit of hedge where he had seen Aurore that clear morn after those days of rain. Somehow, the days came back, sweet with the rhythm of falling water. He felt homeless and forlorn, lurking there in the darkness.

By this time, he had reached the big China trees, and stood leaning against the trunk of one. The whir of the wheel was hushed. He could not see within very well, and he drew himself up and crept along a stout branch extending toward the window by the chimney. The tree was bare of leaves, but he laid himself so flat, anyone looking up could scarce have seen his figure stretched among the big clumps of dried berries.

What a pretty picture it all made—the interior of the little room, shaded and tinted by firelight, a fitting frame for those two, Aurore and Raoul, standing beside the hearth.

They were alone. Was the girl, after all, an actress? She was lifting to Raoul the same pathetic face she had once lifted to him. She was laying on Raoul's arm that little brown hand whose pressure he well remembered.

Grafberg gave a low laugh—such a hard little laugh that a tiny tree-toad hopped away frightened. So all these ways were old tricks. He wondered whether she would kiss Raoul's hand, as she had kissed his. He thought he would just wait and see, and then get down and go back to camp. What a fool he had been, to take such trouble for a shallow tricksy chit of a girl; and then he suddenly clasped the tree to keep from falling, looked hard, as if thinking his eyes had deceived him, presently thrust his hand

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within the inner breast-pocket of his flannel shirt, and, finding it empty, gave a long low whistle.

Aurore had taken her hand from Raoul's arm. She was sitting on a chair; beside her leaned Raoul; extended between them was the thick yellow paper which Grafberg had studied, that first evening by the fire, in that little home yonder. It rested now partly on Aurore's lap, and Raoul was talking earnestly, bending over, and apparently tracing with his fingers among the crooked lines. The firelight played across the girl's golden-brown hair.

Grafberg smiled in the darkness over his folly. Why had he neglected the warning given the eve of his arrival by the sight of that gold-brown head? Alas, why?

He moved impatiently, yet lingered, seeing that they folded the paper as Madame Lucien entered. Grafberg could hear her talk as she seated herself, the old hands busied among the meshes of a cotton fringe, which trailed over the lap of the blue homespun gown

Aurore and Raoul were silent, but presently Aurore got up and stepped forth on the porch, and came to the end where Grafberg had seen her that night leaning against the slender pillar and looking over the lightning-touched prairie. She stood to-night almost in the same spot, almost in the same attitude—head slightly lifted, eyes gazing forth into distance.

He thought he would go down and speak to her, and ask who had robbed him. He even moved slightly, preparing to descend; but again became still, for Raoul had come without, and now stood by her side. His head, crowned with long dark locks, bent slightly above her. He was talking earnestly; what he said, Grafberg could not hear, neither could he hear the low words spoken by Aurore; but he could see, and he smiled another grim smile when presently Raoul, bending yet lower, kissed Aurore. They would perhaps have remained much longer alone in that sweet starlight night, only Madame Lucien, advancing from the doorway, called her granddaughter within.

As the girl took her place by the spinning-wheel, Grafberg wondered. Was this, indeed, the shy maiden he had seen, night after night, spinning her endless thread, with head bowed, arms and hands moving in soft deft motion, lithe graceful body swaying?

He started up, prepared to descend and meet Raoul and demand his property.

But how account for what he had seen? How confess that he had been looking into the privacy of the home from which he had been thrust forth? How, without implicating Aurore? And this he could not do—it would be cowardly.

After all, she was a girl—a deceitful double-faced creature, yet he would not expose her to the wrath of the family.

He would take the night to think—he would not act hastily; Aurore would perhaps come for her tryst to-morrow—he would meet and accuse.

That paper was the trust of the dead. Strange how duty conflicted—and duty to two who were dead.

He thought all this as he lay there on the rough limb. He gave a sweeping farewell glance into the little room. Aurore was spinning, the grandmother knitting; in the corner sat Raoul, his big eyes fixed on Aurore.

Grafberg carried the picture with him, as he tramped away through the rich grass.

He built up his camp-fire. It blazed cheerily, making the woods look ghastly and the grasses gray. But he did not see this. He saw the gleam of another fire, lighting a turning wheel, and a long thread, and two little brown hands holding the thread.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

The tent was struck, the boat ready for departure—the pirogue caught astern by cable. The shadow of the wood yet hung low in red light, and the breath of the early morn arose fresh-scented from leaf and grass.

Grafberg had spent a restless night. He was calm enough now. If Aurore did not come by noon, his resolve had been taken; he felt prepared. He would glide down the water to the gray home, and stalk up the bank, and enter the door, and demand his own between a hundred gleaming blades.

He had crossed the wood, and he stood now on the side where he could see, far off, the riven tree. It rested in ragged silhouette against the morning sky—as emblematic of the life he had led here—emblematic of the stricken memory he would bear away with him. In a distant field, he could discern the plough-mules moving, dark and slow, in long and level lines over the damp green earth; amidst the herds of cattle, he saw two horsemen casting ariettes—catching the wild beeves. Flocks of sheep were wending their way across the grasslands, the sun turning their wool into golden fleece.

Just beyond the cotton-fields, a figure appeared on the broad level sweep of prairie. His eyes, studying the outlines, marked the draperies of a woman's garb—surely Aurore—no other walked with that wild free grace.

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There was no vapor—the air crystal-clear. A strong wind rattled the grasses near, curling the sluggish waters of the bayou into soft swells. Out yonder on the marsh, brown grasses rose and fell like the billows of the ocean. A white-sailed boat, passing there on waters hidden among these grasses, added to this deception. The green herbage of the prairie twinkled in the sunlight.

Grafberg watched Aurore advancing over the low plain—anger gathering as she came nearer. She had not yet seen him.

There was a large expanse of fleur-de-lis near the wood—a strip of yellow grass between. She paused here a moment, head uplifted, startled by a red flamingo which had almost brushed her hand in its sudden flight from the fleur-de-lis. She was very fair as she stood there, the graceful figure draped in the loose garments of her people, and thrown in outline against the turquoise blue of the sky. There was not a tree near—not a bush—a living statue she stood—the lovely eyes gazing upward. About her feet spread the fleur-de-lis like a green lake. The wind blew their long lithe rush-leaves in undulating waves, and upon these the blossoms tossed their blue heads.

A mocking-bird commenced singing, melodious after its long winter of silence.

Somehow, the sound maddened Grafberg. There had been a winter of silence in his life, when the heart was dumb, and lo! here on the prairie, the dumb heart had commenced singing; almost there had come to him a belief in the pure life of this Acadian girl, and she had cheated him—cheated him with the smile of her sweet serious mouth—the pathos of her deep tender eyes. Bah! what else could he have expected? Yet he would tell her—it was his duty.

Grafberg did not know, perhaps, that these feelings had crept into every fibre of his being, so that his aspect, as he advanced, was the aspect of an avenger. She gave a little startled cry, as her glance fell and she saw him coming; but the bloom which surprise had brought to her brown cheeks died away, quite away, as he came nearer. Sometimes words are not needed, and truly there were no words needed for the calm scorn stamping the mien of Grafberg.

Aurore caught her breath with an odd little sound, as if strangling a cry of grief. She stood with wide-opened eyes staring toward him, the wind blowing little gold-brown curls about her soft rich face. She forgot to say "B'jour" or "Adjieu," and on Grafberg the little chains of everyday life had never strong hold.

"I saw you last night, with your cousin, Raoul Beauvoir," he said, in slow measured tone, and fixing upon her his stern eyes. "I saw him kiss you."

The pallor disappeared, the brown cheeks glowed like the crimson leaves of autumn, and the eyes fell. Grafberg thought her the incarnation of shame and guilt. He was still an instant waiting. There had lurked a hope—a forlorn hope—that she might of her own will speak about the paper—the missing paper. He would force her to speak—at least he would have confession.

"Can you say nothing?" he questioned, in the same clear dispassionate tone.

She lifted her eyes, praying mercy; but, meeting his—solemn, merciless—again cast them down. She raised her hand, passing it over her forehead, brushing away the little wandering curls, and with them her indecision.

"Yasse, I deed geev to Raoul won kees. Dass troo. I b'liv you zee dat. I kees Raoul mainie taime—halle my laife long, I meck eem mainie kees. Dass nuting."

Here she shrugged her shoulders, as if quite at ease, and, lifting her eyes, looked off bayouward.

But Grafberg marked the little dark fingers of the left hand working nervously among the folds of the grasped sunbonnet, as it hung by her side.

"And that paper—a chart—a map of this land—was it you who took my chart? Did you give that to your cousin Raoul? Was it yours to give, mademoiselle?"

Now, indeed, terror and guilt and fear leaped into those shy crystalline eyes. She looked full into his face, and he held them with his gaze—held them as the charmer holds a fluttering bird—held them, looking down into their troubled depths, seeing them as he had never before seen them, when resting under their black-fringed lids.

"Mademoiselle," he went on, merciless, "was it you who took my chart? Or was it your cousin, Raoul Beauvoir?"

Her lips parted, then closed again.

"Silent? You refuse to answer? Then I shall ask your cousin," and he moved as if to go away.

An odd little gasp, and the grasp of Aurore's hand on his arm detained him. She looked terrified,

"Haske Raoul? Non, m'sieu, non—dat you betteh not. I haske you not. M'sieu, meck me dat promesse. You wan yo shart? I get eet. I meck promesse. An' den you betteh go—you betteh liv. You promesse? I get yo shart, an' you go waighe from de laine. You meck dat promesse?"

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She let her hand fall, and drew back a step, and stood waiting, the full glory of her eyes, anxious, expectant, meeting his.

Go away? Why, only two short days before, she had begged him to remain.

"Go away?" he asked aloud. "I thought you wished me to stay for Angel. Do you not see that she will soon walk? And why did you not come yesterday, as you promised? And why have you not brought the child to-day? I confess, mademoiselle, this is a mystery which I do not understand. Is it that you also believe me working magic? I thought I had taught you to see with clearer eyes."

"Ah, D'jieu! Ah, Mawie! Ah, Zanctizzima!"

Three prayers, floating like phantom cries over the land, carried in faint sounds to the marsh, and lost in atom whispers among its brown grasses.

"Is she acting?" thought Grafberg, looking away from the face, but too lovely in its pathos. And then he went on in clear cool tone:

"Mademoiselle, I tell you, as I told your father, I shall not leave this land. A promise—a promise made to the dead—holds me here. When that promise is fulfilled, if it suits me to go, I will go. I do not ask you to give me the chart. I shall demand it from your cousin Raoul."

He resolutely moved away, as he finished speaking. He did not turn to look at the beautiful vision resting there upon the edge of the fleur-de-lis. He had been like a lost mariner, and, seeing land, he had steered thither. Alas, after all, it was but a mirage.

"False and fair and incomprehensible, like them all," he thought, as he passed within the wood, where the twilight fell like a gloom.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WOODS.

"M'SIEU! M'sieu!"

Aurore's voice calling.

He hesitated, stood, and turned.

She was advancing rapidly up the twisted path. He could see little flecks of sunlight touching head and brow and cheek, and playing over her cotton dress, as she moved.

"M'sieu!"

She was quite breathless.

She stopped now, laying one hand over her heart, as if to still its hurried beating. Her head appeared radiant, she herself a beautiful picture; for she stood where a tall palmetto lifted its spiked leaves, and they spread around the figure like a rich halo of green, framing the exquisite face, the drooping form.

Seeing her loveliness, Grafberg hardened his heart. He waited a moment. A bird lighted on the branch above, twittering a morning song, and all the little creatures of the wood talked.

"What is your wish, mademoiselle?"

"M'sieu, m'sieu, I breeng yo shart. Een de mawnin, I breeng yo shart. M'sieu, I meek dees praighe—liv dees laine. Raoul goin' keel you."

She had dropped her bonnet, and she had put her two little hands together, and looked up now as if praying.

"Going to kill me?" exclaimed Grafberg.

"Yasse, m'sieu, yasse. Ee kno wy you com—an', you don go, ee keel you."

"He knows why I come? That is not possible. Only I know, and the dead—the dead, who never speak."

Aurore shook her head.

"M'sieu, Raoul kno, Alcée kno, an' papa, ee kno. M'sieu, Raoul, ee tek yo shart—ee tek eet, won daiye wen you deeg, an' wen you liv eet on de erd by yo bote. An' ee zay: 'Raight awf ee go, dees M'sieu Haisculaipius.' But you staighe, m'sieu. Dat meek no deeffairanze—you staighe, an' you deeg, an'—"

"Who says I dig?" exclaimed Grafberg.

"Who zay? Dey zee—dey waitch—dey kno."

"And suppose I do dig—what then? Do they imagine it part of my magic?"

"Ah, m'sieu—ah, m'sieu—you kno—you kno."

She wound her hands together in grief and bent her head, looking down.

"But I don't know," exclaimed Grafberg.

"M'sieu"—very low the voice came now—"I b'liv you, me, but—" here the head was raised and thrown back bravely, "not mageek, non; but you tink I laight you keel my papa, keel Raoul, keel Alcée? An' you tink dat raight, wen you staighe b'need de ruf an' een de ouse?"

"Stop!" cried Grafberg. "In heaven's name, what do you mean? Why do you think I wish to kill your father? I do not wish to kill anyone. Who has told you that I wish to kill your father?"

Aurore again shook her head, lifting wistful eyes.

"Ah, m'sieu, not weed yo harme yo doo harme, non—mais, dey zainde you—de gret peep'l wat leeve een yo laine—de Praiziedainte, ee zainde—an de Gouvnaire, ee hallow—an' you com, an' you deeg, an' you zay: 'Faw de daide, I wuck, me.' Ah, m'sieu, you kno—you zee."

"See? I don't understand a word you say," cried Grafberg, a memory of the past night's discovery mingling confusedly with the words of the girl.

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"An I zay you kno, I zay you kno waile," exclaimed Aurore, her eyes sparkling now. "You kno maighe papa an' Raoul keel doo maine—you kno. Mais, eet wass raight—raight. Dey wass baide maine. Dey stil our orse—dey stil our bif—dey stil ship, an' dey stil kettle—an' eet wass raight—raight. An' den you com, an' you staighe een de ouse weed maighe papa, an' halle de taime you wan fine de maine—de maine wat maighe papa an' wat Raoul put een de erd, an' den you go waighe, an' you zainde som maine to harraizte maighe papa, an to keel eem. You tink I hallow you keel Raoul? You tink I hallow you keel maighe papa? Non, an' I don wan Raoul keel you—I wan you go—go—go. Dass halle wat I haske—you jis go. An', yistiddy, Raoul taile me halle dees, an' I zay I weel maighezailfe not tek Angel, an' zo I don com. An', laiste naight, Raoul taile me ee goin keel you, you staighe een de laine, an' I kees Raoul, an' I zay jis: 'You laight eem go. We got de shart, an' ee don kno de laine, an' ee go raight awf.' Mais, maighezailfe, I zay: 'I go zee eem, an' taile eem. I weel zay: "M'sieu Haisculaipius, I don wan breeng Angel, an' I wan you go waighe. I haske you staighe, an' I haske raight awf dat you go."' An' zo I com, an'—"

"Stop," interrupted Grafberg, sudden sunlight beaming in his benighted mind. "Aurore, do you think—is it possible you think—that I could eat bread at your father's table while seeking his life? Look at me, Aurore," and Grafberg, taking off his hat, tossed back his head with a singularly proud gesture. "You have read of Judas—am I he? Why, I would die a thousand deaths, rather than betray a hair of your father's head. Aurore, say that you believe me, when I tell you this. What? Not a word? Not one?"

"W'y you haske me eef I zee daide maine? You wan meck me taille Raoul, zay."

"Ask you if you see dead men?"

"Yasse, dat naight, you kno, wen de tund'r com, an' de ailaictraicitie."

"Ah, I remember—poor child. And so Raoul thought I was trying to make you tell the secrets of your family. Why, did you ever see these men?"

"Ah, m'sieu, m'sieu, I don fawgit, me." She waved her hands here, as if striving to drive off invisible phantoms. "Een de naight taime ee com, an' I zee de gol an' de chen an' de blod. Raight on de prairie I zee eem. Dey jute eem won naight, an' dey liv eem, an' dey don taile me, an' I go naixt mawnin to zee bout my ship wat ees seek, an' I com on dat maine waire ee laighe on de erd. An I rhon een de ouse, an' I chry, an' papa ee zay 'Dass nuting.' An ee go, an' Raoul an' Alcée, an' dey laighe eem een de bote, an' dey tek eem waighe, an I don kno waire dey tek eem."

"Aurore," said Grafberg, as she paused, apparently overcome by emotion, "wait; I want to tell you a story—I want to tell what I promised the dead. Can you stay a little while? It is a very short story."

She hesitated an instant, and then she stepped forward and leaned heavily against the trunk of the great tree under which he stood. The fire and color passed from her face, and, it seemed, the strength from her body.

"I have had a very sad life, Aurore," commenced Grafberg, looking thoughtfully at her downcast face, as if considering how most simply and clearly to tell his story. "My father died when I was very young; my mother loved a life for which I did not care—a life of which you, perhaps, have never heard: it is called a life of pleasure—balls, parties, late hours, and gay dresses. She died, and I gave myself to study. I went about, too, doing what I could to give health to the sick. One day, in a hospital, a sailor died. I had been much interested in his case, and he looked upon me as a friend. When dying, he drew from me a promise—a silly promise, but I could not refuse the poor fellow. He left a wife and child without home. I promised to care for these two, and I promised, also, as soon as I could leave, to come to this land, and seek under ninetynine trees for—what do you think, Aurore? You will laugh when I tell you."

She did not speak, but lifted her eyes, wherein Grafberg read surprise, dismay, expectation.

"The buried treasure of the pirate Lafitte."

The girl did not speak, but a swift color flashed over the white face, and the eyes fell. Were there not, all through the land of Acadia, pits dug by people seeking the treasures of Lafitte? Why had not Raoul thought of this? Why had not her father and Alcée thought of this? And she? Ah, it was that name, "Haisculaipius." Like lightning, these thoughts flashed through Aurore's mind.

"Yes," continued Grafberg, "the treasure of Lafitte. The chart was the bequest of this sailor—that is, he left it in my care when he died. He had received it from his grandfather, also a sailor, and, I think, one of Lafitte's crew. I knew the promise was a silly promise; but the eyes of dying men, Aurore, make fools of the wisest, and I vowed to keep the bequest and the search a secret, unless serious circumstances

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demanded that I should tell. At the time of the sailor's death, I could not leave home—I was married, and—" Grafberg hesitated here, "the marriage was not a happy marriage. God knows I tried."

He frowned, was silent an instant, then went on more hurriedly:

"When wife and child were gone, the world seemed to stand still for me—quite still—in the midst of that busy Northern life, about which you know nothing, Aurore. Then I said: 'I will go; I will keep my promise to that dead sailor; I will take a boat on Northern waters, far up North, Aurore, and drift down the big river, the Mississippi, to where the orange grows and the fig; I will idle upon the prairies, and along the bayous, and amid the simple folk of Acadia. I will drink in the richness and the bloom of the Southern life. It will warm my veins, perhaps warm my heart and my soul. I will tarry there, and let my thoughts linger among the blooms of the flowers, the birds of the air, the fish of the waters. I will gather up all that nature holds there in her deep lap, and I will try to love them, to study them, to know them. I will leave the old life behind; but, when the snows have melted from the Northern hills, and summer comes to their bleak sides, I will return, and I will bring to the new Northern summer the bloom of the Southern winter and the Southern spring; I will bring them in my heart and in my life.' Aurore, people once said there was a pool, deeper than your coulées here, called Lethe, and those bathing in its waters forgot all the life behind; and I said: 'I will go now as to the waters of Lethe; I will bathe, I will forget, but I will remember my promise to that dead man, and I will remember, also, that I am the follower of Esculapius. I will do good to the bodies and minds of all mortals.' And so, I came among you. You believe me, Aurore?"

She tried to raise her eyes, but they were heavy with tears. Grafberg could see them under the dark lashes. She tried to speak, but the sweet serious mouth quivered as in pain. Some cattle were peacefully wending their way through the still shadows. They brushed among the vines and bushes, deadening sounds which otherwise these two would have heard in the silence following Grafberg's question.

Aurore made strong efforts to conquer her emotion. She forced back her tears, and, with swift hand, brushed away those which Grafberg had seen. She could not yet quite meet his eyes, and she stood looking off into the soft, green, shadowy twilight of the tangled woods, and toward the distant waters of the bayou.

Suddenly, she gave a startled cry. Grafberg looked forward. He saw Leo Leblanc advancing—blue eyes blazing, silver hair gleaming, just as it had gleamed that day in the bright sunlight. Back of him came Raoul, black, black with rage. Both were armed, Leblanc brandishing a knife, Raoul carrying a rifle. Seeing Grafberg, Raoul uttered a cry of vengeance. It rang through the peaceful woods, dying off in the foliage above.

"You fine de orse-tief," he shouted. "Waile, you slip weed eem, dass halle," and, pointing his gun, he took unerring aim.

No one ever knew exactly what followed. There was a loud report. When the smoke cleared away, Leblanc saw his daughter lying against Grafberg, her head resting upon his arm—the face like that of one dead.

He threw down his knife and rushed forward, as if bereft of sense.

Raoul gave another cry, then, springing toward Grafberg and falling on his knees by the side of his cousin, cried aloud:

"I have killed thee—I have killed thee—and I would have died for thee, beloved."

"Hush," commanded Grafberg. "She is not dead. She has only fainted. She is shot in the shoulder. Here—help unfasten this—so. Go to my boat—bring me the box you will find on deck—bring water. Be quick—go, both of you." He spoke with short hasty words. Father and cousin obeyed. They seemed as children before a master.

When they had disappeared, he turned the lovely head, drew forth his kerchief, and stanched the ugly wound on the fair shoulder. His own face was white like Aurore's. She had saved his life, had thrown herself before him as a shield, and his heart uttered dumbly the cry of Raoul: "I would have died for thee, beloved."

How still she rested—the shy sweet prairie-flower—how still in her cold loveliness.

Would they never come?

A thousand curses on that chart. The man he had found was only a horse-thief—only one of those shot by father and cousin. They had been to the hummock, had traced his work, had sought his life; and she, the lovely one, all had fallen on her fresh young life.

But he would fight for that life. He would meet and wrestle with death, and gather to his heart the beautiful prairie-child and bear her to his home in the far North. And she would be to him in all truth Aurore—Aurore, the dawn of a new life.

Not the treasure of Lafitte, but a treasure beyond all price, had been found by Esculapius in Acadia.

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The Christmas Tree

IN almost every household, the hardy fir-tree takes its place among Christmas decorations. Small sprigs of it are frequently mingled with holly, mistletoe, and ivy that beautify reception-rooms, halls, and stairways. But in its tree form it is most highly welcomed by the children.

Height, and branches compact to the trunk, are important matters to be considered in the selection of a tree, as the weight of the articles ornamenting it always makes the branches droop. A tree of moderate size can be conveniently placed in a small tub filled in with stones or anything that will keep it secure and steady. Some colored paper can be readily pasted over the tub, so as to hide unsightly crevices, and some moss laid over all. A little garden or farm at the foot of the tree, made out of paper, furnishes the children much pleasing amusement; and mosses, minerals, shells, and toy animals make a fine landscape, with scraps of evergreen for trees, and some looking-glass or silver paper for a lake or river. A house on a mossy mound, with a few dolls, woolly sheep, or chickens disposed on the declivity, are regarded as a great achievement, while a fence, cut like palings out of paper, manufactured from tiny twigs, or a wall built out of small pieces of stone, will furnish to a child an amount of gratification utterly inexplicable to the adult.

In some families, the preparations are often surrounded with great mystery, the tree being trimmed by the older members of the household, while the fiction is maintained that the gifts and ornaments are wrought by unknown visitors. When the Christmas-tree branches forth in all its undecorated splendor, the children, before going to bed, hang up their stockings to be filled during the night by Santa Claus, the Krishkinkle (a corruption of the Christ-Kindlein, or the infant Christ), who is supposed to descend the chimney with gifts for all good children. If one of them has been naughty, he finds a birch rod instead of toys and sweetmeats in his stocking. This rod is invariably in the form of a long sugar-stick. A very pretty custom is general in Germany, and could easily be imitated here. Christmas-gifts for the tree are carried round on the previous night by a man in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig. This man personates Knecht Rupert —*i. e.*, the servant Rupert. He is received with great pomp and reverence by adults, and then proceeds to inquire for the children by name. According to the character which he hears from their parents, he distributes the presents. In England, especially in towns, this visitor could not go along the streets without exciting observation; but, in the house, the father, elder brother, or sister could personate Rupert, who not only would be welcomed in family circles, but also

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prove a very amusing feature in Christmas holiday parties.

To increase the genuine fun for the fireside, the children should be encouraged to manufacture as much of the trimmings as possible for the Christmas-tree before the more special gifts and ornaments arrive.

Most effective and easy of preparation are long paper chains, that can be fastened at the top of the tree, and allowed to drop in irregular festoons. These can be made by taking a long strip of paper, two and a half inches in breadth, and doubling it sharply down the middle. Then cut alternately from each side of the strip, always taking care not to cut quite to the edge of the margin. When the strip is unfolded, there will be seen a delicate chain of fragile loops.

The paper for this purpose should have the same tint on both sides; but a very handsome and stronger chain can be made out of high-colored papers that are tinted only on one side. For this, take a strip of paper four inches in length and nearly one in width. Fold it sharply a little inward from each edge, so as to make a narrow band entirely concealing the blank or untinted side of the paper. Touch one end of this band slightly with paste, and slip it neatly within the other end, pinch these ends firmly together, and a strong loop or link is finished. After folding the second band in the same manner, slip it through the first link before pasting, and they will be interlocked. Long links are more speedily prepared, but short links look better, and, when made of crimson, dark-blue, and gold, they will well repay the labor upon them, as they can be saved from year to year.

Scarlet berries threaded upon cotton, and looped from branch to branch, form an effective decoration; small balls, formed of white and red beads, also look pretty.

At the top of the tree, paper flowers can be arranged to look very effective, and their bright colors contrast favorably with the green branches. Roses can be placed here and there, in and out, while stars, hearts, and other devices may be threaded on long strands and used with good effect. These can be made of very gay-colored papers, great variety and ingenuity being produced with a little consideration.

Use all the fire-gilt paper, gold and silver paper, spangles, and tinsels which you can in manufacturing the ornaments, as colored paper, however pretty, fails to produce brilliance.

Fairies add greatly to the beauty of the tree: half-length figures can be cut out of the colored fashion-plates in illustrated magazines. Feet must be cut out and added, attached to the back of the tarlatan skirt. Great ingenuity can be exercised in dressing these, fancy costumes being selected if desired. Tarlatan, is varied colors, is used for dressing them, elaborately trimmed with gold and silver lace and spangles.

Innumerable devices can be made by the exercise of a little forethought and skill; jewels can be represented by the different shades of fire-gilt paper: thus, a red fire-gilt heart, pierced by a golden arrow studded with jewels, is a very effective design; so is a moon with a profile face in it.

Cornucopias are always pretty, and, when filled with sweets, are very attractive. They are easily made out of colored or gilt paper, lined with white paper and bordered with lace paper or a moss-trimming of tissue-paper.

Gilded walnut-shells suspended from colored ribbons look pretty; they can be covered with gilt paper, or dropped in liquid gold and placed on a board to dry; the two shells should be glued together before they are gilded, and the ribbon glued on upon one end. Pine cones similarly treated are beautiful, also acorns; the latter, however, are so small that they are tedious to get through with, but, if bunched together, form a very attractive decoration.

The real gifts are usually arranged at the base of the tree, or disposed of in a hamper hidden from sight by flowers or foliage, the person who distributes making as much mystery as possible out of the presentations. The tree-decorations are allowed to remain unmolested, and can be kept from year to year, each year some new ornaments being added.

Let the tree be a fact, no matter how small it may be, and let it be like the most genial smile seen at Christmas-tide—bright, and shedding its radiance over all that comes within its influence. Let the little folks have a Christmas-tree, and see how willing fingers can accomplish the task with a small outlay.

The importance of keeping up holidays cannot be too strongly insisted on in this busy utilitarian age. It is especially needful to do so in our vast country, where the members of a family, as soon as grown up, usually scatter in different directions. Unless some reason for an annual reunion is definitely settled on and rigidly observed, such assemblings are apt to be put off from year to year, until perhaps never once is the entire family group again united.

Of course, no period can be so appropriate for such gatherings as Christmas, a festival at once religious and secular, and linked with the sweetest and holiest associations which memory holds.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of self-colored camel's-hair or lady's-cloth for the dress, with an Astrakhan jacket. The skirt of the dress is

No. 1.

laid in wide box-plaits across the front and sides; the back is plain. The over-drapery forms a long point in front, draped high at the sides: the back ditto. The bodice is a simple tailor-fitting basque. The Astrakhan jacket is close-fitting at the back and loose in front, lined throughout with surah silk or satin, either plain or in fancy stripes. Muff and toque to match. The toque has two white quills on the left side. Eight to ten yards of camel's-hair, or six to eight yards of lady's-cloth, for the dress; two and one-half yards of Astrakhan cloth, for jacket, muff, and toque, will be required.

No. 2.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of cloth in one of the new shades of brown. It is cut to fit the

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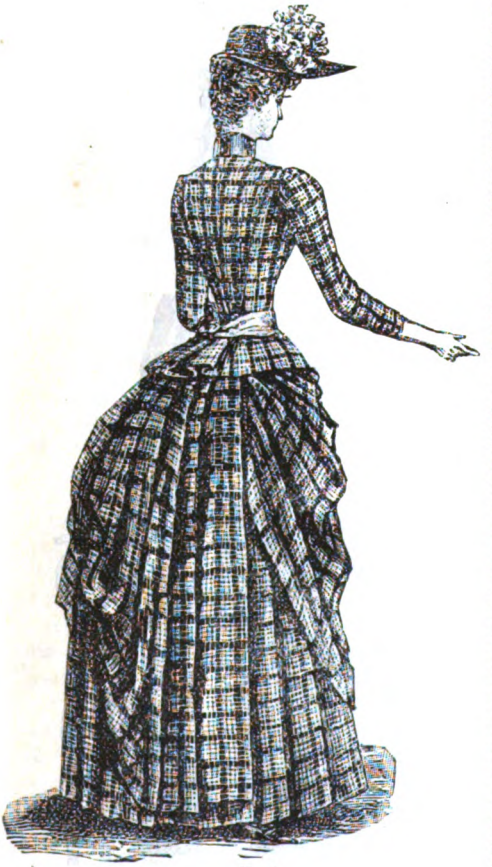
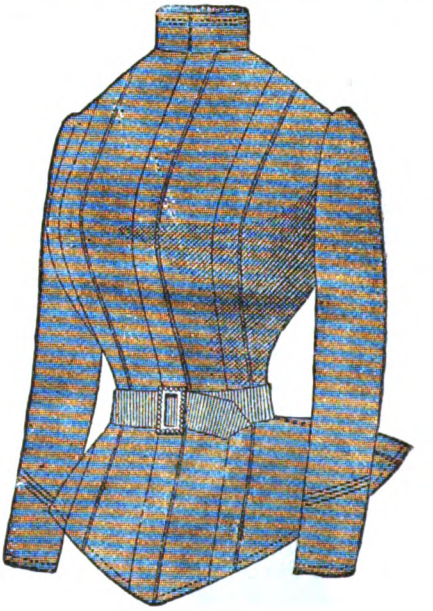
figure like a pelisse, opening down the front from the waist, which is fitted over a vest richly braided. High coat-sleeves. The pelisse is trimmed with bands of beaver fur: one band from the neck to edge of the skirt; the second bands are set a quarter of a yard back. Small capote of soft felt, with a puffed front of velvet to match the costume, trimmed with standing loops of ribbon, in the centre of which are the head and neck of a bird. The bonnet ties under the chin.



No. 3.

This pelisse may be made of velvet or velveteen, if preferred.

No. 3—Is a walking or house dress for a young lady. The material is plaid woolens for street costume, or plaid surah for the house, if a more dressy gown is required. The underskirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. The tunic in front forms a long-pointed much-draped apron. In the back, the drapery falls in straight folds at the sides, and is then looped up in the middle of the back. The bodice is full, back and front,



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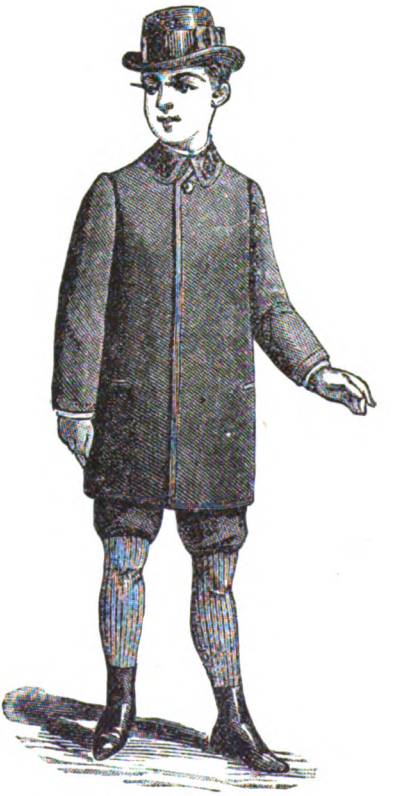

No. 5.

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and belted at the waist under a soft surah sash, which ties loosely at the left side in a large knot with long ends. Directory hat of felt, trimmed with a large bunch of velvet poppies with leaves. Eight to ten yards of double-fold woolen material, or twenty yards of surah, will be required for this gown.

No. 4—Is a simple and stylish model for the much-used Norfolk jacket. It is made of self-colored cloth. Three box-plaits form the front, ditto the back. The trimming is simply one or

No. 6.

two rows of machine-stitching. Belt of the cloth, fastened by an oxydized buckle.

No. 5—Shows a stylish overcoat for a boy of eight to ten years. Velvet collar. The coat is bound on the edge with silk braid, and buttons down the front on an under-flap, only the top button to show.

No. 6—Is a stylish model of a coat for a girl of six to eight years. It is made of plaid Scotch tweed, and the form is a combination of ulster and sacque coat. The fronts are plain; the sides and back of the skirt are plaited on to the

No. 7.

No. 8.

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inside lining. The sleeves and back of the dolman shape, with Capuchin hood. The hood is lined with gay-colored surah. The Highland cap is of velvet to match the prevailing color of the plaid. For winter wear, the waist and under-sleeves should be wadded and lined with silk.

No. 7—Is an outside coat for girl of six years, made of light-gray or cream-white cloth, and trimmed with gray Astrakhan fur. Toque to match, with a white wing on left side.

No. 8—Is suitable for either a street or house dress for a girl of six years. The skirt is kilted in deep kilts upon an under-waist, which forms the vest. This is of velvet or velveteen. Over this is worn a little jacket of the material. A wide surah sash ties at the back. Hat of felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips.

SARATOGA CORSAGE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

For our Supplement, we give the Saratoga corsage. The pattern consists of seven pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Side-Front.
3. Half of Back.
4. Side-Back.
5. Plastron.
6. Half of Collar.
7. Sleeve.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The front, Nos. 1 and 2, forms the fullness over the plastron, as seen in the illustration. The fullness of No. 1 is laid in plaits to fit the figure. The collar, plastron, and cuffs are made of brocade velvet, in a small pattern.

BRANCH OF LILAC: FOR SCREEN, PIANO-FRONT, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The colored pattern which we give in the front of the number this month is not only of great beauty, but can be adapted to many purposes. It can be embroidered or painted on satin or silk for the panel of a handsome dress, or painted on wood for the panel of a door. If embroidered, the design as given is intended to be done in satin-stitch, but it can be done in outline-stitch if preferred. The lilacs can be made either lighter or darker, as may be preferred, or, if it is wished to have the upper spray white, it may be faintly tinted with the palest green.

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DRAWING-ROOM TAMBOURINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Christmas is coming, and almost too soon, perhaps, for those of us who want to make some pretty trifle, both useful and ornamental, which shall be the work of willing and loving hands, for our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts; therefore we give, this month, some pretty designs for fancy articles for the toilet-table, the work-basket, and the drawing-room. First of all, for the drawing-room, we give an ornamented tambourine, which is made by purchasing a small-sized tambourine, then decorate it with a painted landscape or a Watteau scene, after which the rim is gayly trimmed with ribbons and multiform loops-and-ends of corded silk intermingled with gilt and silver spots. The bow at the top is finished by a long loop, by which the tambourine is suspended. It is intended to be hung on the wall or fastened to a screen, and is a very pretty bit of simple and inexpensive decoration.

SPECTACLE-CASE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a spectacle-case. This will be found extremely useful for persons that use glasses. They are not in danger of being broken, and not hidden

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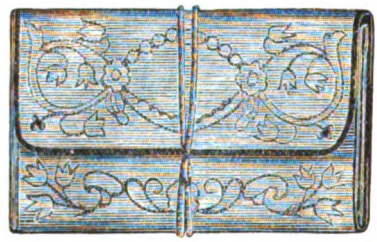
from sight. The pocket on the left is to hold a piece of chamois-skin to clean them. One yard of three-inch-width ribbon will be required for one case; any shade which pleases the taste may of course be used.

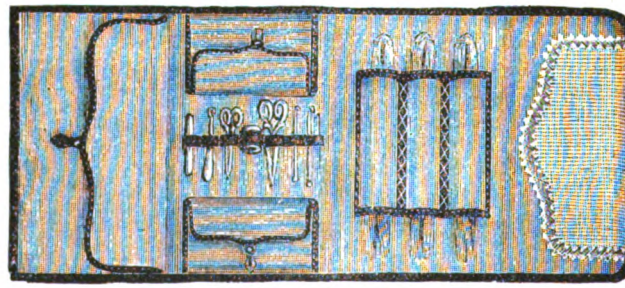
The ends are folded up to form the pockets; these should be three and a half inches deep, and the ends that fall over be five and a half, the extra two inches being fringed out. The pockets should be overhanded together on the sides.

The flowers and glasses can be painted or embroidered on. The ribbon is caught, about midway, between a curtain-clasp and ring. These can be purchased at any hardware or house-furnishing store. If a gilt one cannot be found, the nickel can be gilded.

HOUSEWIFE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give the inside and outside of this useful case for a work-basket. The foundation and pockets are made of écru linen or satin. The edges are neatly bound with silk braid. The strap to hold the scissors, etc., is of bronze kid. Some pieces of fine flannel, pinked on the edges, form the flap for needles. The outside flaps are embroidered with an outline design in silk. A case similar to this, with a little different arrangement inside for comb, brush, tooth-brushes, nail-scissors, etc., will be found most useful in traveling, and a very nice little Christmas gift for a young brother or sister going off to a boarding-school.

SCARF FOR UPRIGHT PIANO OR ORGAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On our Supplement, we give two beautiful designs for the ends of a piano or parlor-organ scarf. The scarf may be made of Tussore silk, plush, or of any material desired. It should be wide enough to cover the top of the piano, and long enough to hang down nearly half a yard at each end. The designs of musical instruments can be done in either one color, in gold thread, or in a variety of colors, as suits the fancy. A ball-fringe of suitable colors should be added to the ends, and the whole lined with some soft silk. Such a scarf will give a look of elegance to any room, and into the bargain will save the piano-top from the risk of scratches.

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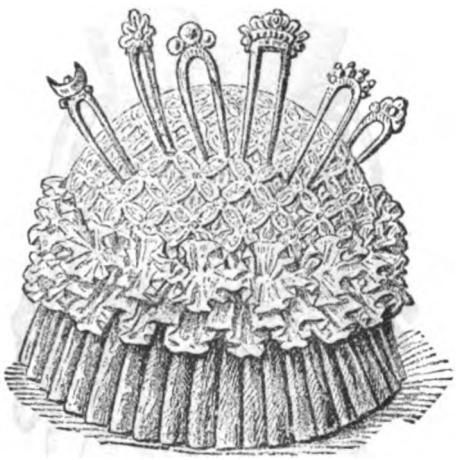
CUSHION FOR HAIR-PINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For the toilet-table, this model for a circular pincushion will be most useful, as well as ornamental. A circular pincushion, loosely stuffed with curled hair, and covered with pale blue or pink cheese-cloth, over which is a pretty crocheted cover in blue or pink knitting-silk, any open pattern. After the top cover is adjusted, the cushion is then encircled with a double ruche and plaited flounce of satin to match. Such a cushion, with one, two, or three pretty shell-pins for the hair, will certainly make an acceptable Christmas present to any young girl.

LADY'S MUFF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

To make this muff, you take a piece of wadding the size you require, and cover it entirely with silk or satin merveilleux, either black or a color to suit your dress. Having done this very neatly, you sew the two sides together, and run a ribbon and elastic through each end of the muff. The next thing is to lay on some folds or puffs of the satin, and cover up the seams with guipure lace. If the muff were black, the folds and puffs might be of another color. A jet butterfly in the centre of the folds makes a pretty finish. Our illustration gives such a good idea of the muff when completed, any lady can readily make one for herself, or as a Christmas gift for some friend or relative, with a very trifling outlay of money for materials.

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WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty work-bag may be embroidered on either linen or satin, as the taste may suggest. Any simple design of stems, flowers, and butter or dragon flies, will be an effective ornamentation. The embroidery may be in outline or satin stitch in filoselle. Line the bag with silk or satin, bind all around with a narrow satin ribbon to match; strings of the same. The size may be determined by the kind of work it is intended to be used for.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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CASE FOR SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Another useful case, for holding nice slippers, is made of écru linen, and bound with brown worsted braid. The inside pockets are embroidered in simple pattern with brown silk or crewel. We give the case open, and also tied up, as will be seen in the illustration.

FAN-SHAPED PENWIPER.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

Cut two triangular pieces of card-board, and adorn them with sprays wrought with long stitches in shaded silk; insert between the two leaves pinked-out sheets of variously colored cloth, and join the whole at the point under a star of silk gimp finished off with a cord and tassel of the mixed silk, with which the outside is worked.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

FROM THE NEW YORK GRAPHIC.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, of Chicago. Mr. Hubbard was one of the first citizens of Chicago, and is yet remembered by every old settler as the most generous and lovable of men. His youngest daughter, the subject of this sketch, was always his favorite child, and, though her father died while she was a little girl, Mrs. Ayer never fails to tell of his indulgent kindness and his pride in the child who could read as well at four years of age as most children at ten, and who even then knew by heart page after page of the poets.

As a child, Harriet Hubbard was extremely delicate, and on that account her education up to twelve years of age was purposely neglected. She got only such as she could not help receiving from incessant reading and intercourse with people of unusual culture and mind. Gradually, however, growing a little stronger, at the age of twelve she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, where, in a few years, she graduated at the head of her class. Married at sixteen, Mrs. Ayer had obviously no girlhood, and the first "grown people's" party she had ever attended was her own wedding-reception. From this time on, she was very much in Chicago society.

It was not, however, until the great Chicago fire that

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she came into any prominence. A little incident occurred during that first terrible and calamitous day that shows very plainly how this woman, so young and fond of society, had endeared herself to the poor and humble. The flames were consuming everything within reach, and safety lay only in flight. It was absolutely impossible to get a vehicle of any kind for love or money. Mrs. Ayer's own stables, with her carriage and horses, had served only to add fuel to the flame, and her own coachman, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, had made himself conspicuous by his absence. The humblest cartman had his own wife and little ones to save, and it was a very forlorn hope which Mr. Ayer carried with him when he sallied forth to find whether a great outlay of money could not secure a vehicle of some sort in which his wife and children and their valuables might be conveyed to a place of safety.

After a weary and fruitless search, Mr. Ayer finally encountered a man driving a pair of strong bay horses to a roomy clarence coach. "I stopped him," said Mr. Ayer, in telling the tale, "and begged him to come and save my wife and little ones from the burning street. I pleaded, I coaxed, I bribed, I bullied. He refused. Finally, he said: 'No, sir; 'tain't no use trying to get me. I am going to save the kindest lady on the north side—the lady who took care of my poor wife and children, who cooked their food with her own hands after buying it for them. I ain't a man what forgets a kindness like that. I'll save that good lady, or die in the attempt. Don't be offering *me* money. I'm going to save Mrs. Ayer and her babies, or know the reason why!'" His loyal determination naturally fitted Mr. Ayer's desire, and, as sometimes happens, the honest man "builded better than he knew." A few moments later, when the carriage reached her door, Mrs. Ayer at once decided to save the children of the neighborhood as far as possible. She left her jewels and wardrobe—everything, indeed, except a small box of valuable papers—and, packing six little children with her own into the carriage, climbed in after them. For a short time, the driver had his horses well under control; but, presently, they became totally unmanageable. The immense cinders—if one can so call pieces of blazing wood two and three feet long—flying through the air like fiery demons, terrified them. The driver dismounted and declared to Mrs. Ayer his inability to manage "them crazy critters." In vain, she begged him to try again. Finding, however, that fear had really demoralized driver as well as horses, Mrs. Ayer alighted, and, with the help of some men who came to her aid, bandaged the eyes of the terrified beasts, using for that purpose the dainty lace-trimmed petticoats of her children. It was useless to try to induce this modern Daniel—for that was the name of this grateful but frightened coachman—to remount the box. So Mrs. Ayer climbed to the driver's seat herself, and, through the once beautiful street, now arched with burning trees and literally carpeted with flame, with pandemonium raging around her, this woman of twenty, upon whom even the winds of heaven had never blown roughly, drove her precious charges to a place of safety, several miles out of town.

Mrs. Ayer lost her second child from exposure during the terrible time of the fire, and for many months it was feared that he young mother would follow. A trip to California, with her sister and a large party of guests somewhat restored her health. Shortly after her return to Chicago, she left that city of ruins with her surviving child and her mother, for an extended trip in Europe. During this visit she was presented at several courts. It was at this time that Mrs. Ayer met Sir Drummond Wolfe, who has ever since been so stanch a friend to her and her enterprises. When the awful fever scourge broke out in Rome, it was this eminent English statesman who sent his private car and his servants to Mrs. Ayer, begging her to use them as her own and seek safety for herself and her household elsewhere.

The failure of John V. Ayer and Sons in the iron-business at Chicago, and Youngstown, Ohio, completely changed the life of the society woman and brought out those qualities which have commanded the attention of the business-world. Mrs. Ayer, in speaking of this portion of her life, says: "Fancy me then. I was utterly without money, though used to spending it like water. I had my two children to support, and nothing to commence on. I walked the floor of my room, thinking what I could do. Finally, I asked Sypher & Co., of whom I had bought thousands of dollars' worth of goods, if they would not give me a position. They did, and also offered me a commission on all my sales. I remained with them until I found I could do better alone. I then established a purchasing-agency, and my profits ran into thousands. About this time, my health, which had been greatly taxed, failed me utterly. The physician who attended me, one day said: 'Mrs. Ayer, what do you use that so wonderfully preserves your complexion despite your ill-health?' I told him of a recipe I had bought in France, and, while I talked to him about it, it came to me like an inspiration: 'Why not put it on the market and make money for my children, while, at the same time, I make it possible for other women to improve and preserve their skins?' Oh, yes; it is quite true, just as I tell it in my advertisements. I did buy the recipe, for a large sum, from a relative of beautiful Julia Récamier. I have always had the greatest admiration for her beauty and charms."

To-day, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business-world is a tower of strength. Known to be incapable of a dishonest action, she has gained the confidence and respect of every business-house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto always to tell the truth; this the public has found out. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

HOW MRS. AYER ACCIDENTALLY OBTAINED THE FORMULA FOR THE FAMOUS RÉCAMIER CREAM.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvelous, that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which, she learned, was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady refused to give the recipe, which—so she told Mrs. Ayer—was the one used by her beautiful and famous relative, Julia Récamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty—which, as everybody knows, Madame Récamier retained until her death.

"Of course," said Mrs. Ayer, in speaking of the matter to the writer, the other day, "the more I learned about the Cream, and the oftener I and my friends tested its merits, the more anxious I was to possess the formula. The Countess (I am pledged not to reveal her name) was, like most of the old noblesse, poor, and likewise pious. One evening, she came to me with a subscription-paper for some church-affair. I offered to buy the formula for the Cream. She refused at first, but finally consented, on condition that I should not say I had purchased it from her. For years I made the Cream for my own and my friends' use, and only after my circumstances had so changed that I was struggling for my own and my children's support did I cease to supply dozens of my acquaintances gratis with Récamier Cream, which was then called, *entre nous*, 'that French paste Mrs. Ayer makes.' When at last I decided to put the Cream on the market, I wrote to the Countess about it, and obtained her consent to my telling how I secured the formula, stipulating only that I should not make her name public.

"Many people," continued Mrs. Ayer, "have thought the whole history of Récamier Cream an invention—but such is not the case; and I have no more doubt of its being the means by which the famous French beauty, Madame

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Récamier, preserved her lovely skin than you can have of its marvelous efficacy, if you will take the trouble to read a few of these letters":

To Miss Harriet Hubbard Ayer
I am very pleased to remember
the
Madame Patti Nicolini
1887.

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, October 13th.

I must repeat once more my belief that there never has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair, that I need not dread old-age while these magic inventions of yours exist. October 31st: I use Cream, Balm, and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I thought other soaps good—but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet-soaps. London, December: I hear the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Récamier Preparations. I shall certainly recommend them to her Royal Highness when I next see her. I send you an autograph letter to enclose to the Princess of Wales. Later, from Spain: I cannot tell you how anxious I am to do all I can for the Récamier Preparations. I tell everyone, here in Spain, how much they have done for me. I have spoken to the Queen about them, and, when I get to South America, I hope to find a letter from you telling me how I can best serve you there. I do want to help you, for I am convinced your Récamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them. ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

My Dear Mrs. Ayer: The Récamier Preparations are certainly most delightful to use, and most efficacious in their results. I have tried them faithfully, and indorse them conscientiously and enthusiastically. I shall always continue to use them, and cannot, in justice to you, fail to recommend them as far superior to any toilet-articles of a like nature. A year's constant use of the Récamiers certainly gives me the right to an opinion, and I unqualifiedly recommend them as the very best in existence.

Always faithfully, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

PROVIDENCE, April 7th.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Purely by accident, one day in Chicago, I bought a pot of your Cream because the jar was so pretty, and, on trying it, I found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly, you have made a marvelous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it is not only a refreshing, softening article for the skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream, to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me, very thankfully yours, FANNY DAVENPORT.

NEW YORK, December 20th, 1886.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Immediately after my return to open my engagement, I purchased a jar of your Récamier Cream, a bottle of your Récamier Balm, and some powder which I had seen strongly indorsed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Langtry. I also find the Récamier Preparations absolutely peerless, and assure you I shall always use them. If this letter can in any way be of service to you, do not hesitate to use it. Very sincerely yours,

HELEN MODJESKA.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, from Madame Modjeska, Countess of Bozenta.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER PRESENTS A STATEMENT IN REGARD TO THE PURITY, COST, AND SAFETY OF THE RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS.

MANY newspapers who have failed to receive advertisements, and some retail dealers, have attempted, as far as they dared, to decry the merits of the Récamier Preparations or attempt to force upon the unsuspecting dangerous, unworthy, and cheap imitations. For the purpose of putting all persons upon their guard against such impositions, Mrs. Ayer submits the following certificate, which answers every statement it seems possible to be made touching the subject:

NEW YORK, July 10th, 1888.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Dear Madam: We have, in accordance with your wish, inspected your works, studied the processes, and examined the materials used in the preparation of Récamier Cream. Our opinions in the matter are as follows:

The constituents of the Récamier Cream are well known remedial agents, and their properties are fully described and authorized in the American and French pharmacopœias.

They are combined in a way which, while novel, is chemically correct, the resulting preparation being perfectly safe and beneficial for the uses specified. In the proper sense of the word, Récamier Cream is not a cosmetic, but a remedial agent for the skin.

The average druggist would be unable to put up the Récamier Cream from the correct formula, since the operations involved in its successful production require mechanical manipulations for which he is not prepared, and which would be difficult, if not practically impossible, on a small scale. Nor if he had the apparatus and mechanical appliances required in its production, could he make it as cheaply as you do, unless he went into the manufacture on an equally large scale and bought the ingredients in large quantities. *Prepared in small amounts, the selling-price must be considerably higher than that fixed by you.*

Yours very respectfully,

HENRY A. MOTT, PH.D., LL.D.,
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American Chemical Societies;

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.SC., PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology;

PETER T. AUSTEN, PH.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

THE RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS.

WHAT will the Récamier Preparations do? How many are there? Must we use them all? Must we use them the rest of our lives, or will a short time suffice?

The Récamier Preparations are as follows: Récamier Cream, Récamier Balm, Récamier Lotion, Récamier Powder, Récamier Soap, and Récamier Sarsaparilla.

Récamier Cream will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as a baby's. It is not a cosmetic, but simply an emollient to be applied at night and washed off in the morning. You can have a beautiful complexion by using the Récamier Cream, provided you avoid all cosmetics. It will remove the damage caused by cosmetics. It will remove pimples, liver-spots, blackheads, and redness of the skin. Any of these imperfections on a woman's face is equivalent to a painted sign saying: "This woman is uncleanly in her personal habits—she does not think it worth while to make herself attractive." Send for free sample of Récamier Powder.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash. It is absolutely imperceptible, except in

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the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial to the complexion, and would improve its texture and color even though it were used at night and removed in the morning, as the Cream should be.

Récamier Lotion, which has in it a proportion of the almond meal so much talked of—called, through its wonderful success in removing freckles and moth-patches, "Moth and Freckle Lotion"—is perhaps the most marvelous in its results of any of the articles known as "Récamiers." It will remove freckles and moth-patches, is soothing and efficacious in any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after an hour spent in the streets or traveling. When Madame Patti was asked to try Récamier Lotion, she said: "Nothing can be better than Récamier Cream and Balm." But, a few weeks later, she cabled Mrs. Ayer: "Send me more Lotion at once: it is delicious." And in her letter, received a week later, she says: "The Lotion makes the Récamier Preparations now complete. I have not a thing on my table that does not bear the magic name of 'Récamier.'"

Récamier Powder is in three shades—white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured. It is guaranteed free from bismuth, lead, or arsenic, and should be used as well in the nursery as for the toilet of older persons. It is a delightful powder for gentlemen after shaving, and has the great advantage of staying on and will not make the face shine.

Récamier Soap, made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is the most popular, and is known to be *absolutely pure*. Mrs. Ayer advertises her soap only to a very limited extent, as she declares that, considering the ingredients and medication, there is but a small margin of profit; and it puzzles her to know how such large amounts of money can be profitably used in advertising soaps which really sell at apparently low prices. It is of the utmost importance to use pure soap for bathing children, as their skins are tender and susceptible to the powerful poisons often found in soaps that are made to sell to the multitude at low prices.

Madame Patti gives her opinion of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Récamier Soap in the following words:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, October 13th, 1887.

Récamier Soap is perfect. I thought other soaps good—but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet-soaps.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

As to the length of time one should use the different Preparations:

Récamier Cream should be used while there is any active need of it, until the irritation has been cured. The patient will know when it is required; but it should always be at hand for sunburn, chapped lips, etc. Récamier Balm is for the daily toilet, winter and summer, and should be a part of a woman's toilet at all seasons. The same may be said of the delightful Lotion. The Powder and Soap need no explanatory words.

If your druggist does not have the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes, and have him order them for you. If he will not do this, order them yourself, and they will be sent you free of express-charges. Address Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City. Please mention PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. Prices: Récamier Cream, Balm, and Freckle Lotion, $1.50 each: Powder, large boxes, $1.00; half box, 50 cents: Récamier Soap, scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents: Récamier Sarsaparilla, $1.00. Send money by postal order or registered letter.

Récamier Sarsaparilla.—It is absolutely imperative, if you would rid yourself of those unsightly so-called liver-spots, or moth-patches, or freckles, and all forms of eruptions that appear on the body as well as the face, that the stomach be in a healthful condition and all of the internal organs performing their functions properly, as no woman can have a beautiful complexion while she has a disordered system; and, although Récamier Cream, I believe, will do more than any other emollient, it cannot perform impossible miracles.

My attention having been frequently called to the necessity of a thoroughly reliable blood-purifier, I have, after long experiment, prepared Récamier Sarsaparilla, which I can with confidence recommend to my patrons and the public as an article superior to any other on the market. It not only purifies and enriches the blood, but gives strength and tone to the system.

Please send for circular giving full particulars. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON OVERWORK.

A GREAT EDITOR EXPRESSES HIS OPINION ON A SUBJECT WHICH INTERESTS ALL AMERICANS.

The Herald of August 18th contained an editorial from which we make the following extracts:

"We Americans are a hard-working ambitious people. Life is a pretty steady grind, without a holiday. The passion for money overrules all other considerations, and we assume terrible risks in achieving our purposes. The jog-trot to wealth does not suit our taste—we must gallop up-hill and down in a breathless, almost joyless, hurry. But the excitement tells, nevertheless. This man drops out, and that man, and the other man, with heart-disease or some such diabolical attack; but we keep up the hustling, as though lungs and brains and nerves could be replaced for a price, like the pieces of a Waterbury watch."

The Herald would have really benefited its readers if it had inserted the following letter and advised them to follow the suggestions given therein by a man of such capable judgment.

From HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, Judge of the Supreme Court, State of New York.

NEW YORK, September 9th, 1887.

MRS. HARRIET H. AYER.

Dear Madam: Having used your delightful tonic, "Vita Nuova," I desire to add my testimonial to that of many others who have spoken of it in terms of praise.

I found it, during a period of great mental strain, to be of the greatest service as a stimulant and nervous antidote, and can therefore recommend it to persons who object to all kinds of alcoholic stimulants and who feel the need of something to relieve them at such times.

Yours respectfully, MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

NEW YORK, July 10th, 1888.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Dear Madam: We have, in accordance with your wish, inspected your works, studied the processes, and examined the materials used in the preparation of Vita Nuova. Our opinions in the matter are as follows:

The Vita Nuova is in no sense a wine of coca. It is compounded of an excellent brand of wine, in which are dissolved the substances that impart to it its specific properties as a remedial agent. The substances used in its preparation are all of fine grade, and are obtained from well-known and trustworthy manufacturers.

Vita Nuova is unquestionably a tonic suitable to stimulate and strengthen the nervous system, and is valuable in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. The Vita Nuova is made on a large scale, and, as the ingredients are hence bought in large amounts and the operations are to a great extent mechanical, it has been possible to fix the selling-price of this article at a figure considerably lower than that at which it would pay a druggist to put it up from a prescription. Yours very respectfully,

HENRY A. MOTT, PH.D., LL.D.,
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American Chemical Societies;

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.SC., PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology;

PETER T. AUSTEN, PH.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

IMPORTANT!

Mrs. Ayer takes this opportunity to assure ladies who have confided in and favored her with their patronage that they can depend upon it she has never used any preparation or ingredient in the manufacture of her goods not permitted by the pharmacopœias and advised by her physician and chemist, and the thousands of women who use her preparations are constantly testifying to their virtues, and the fact remains, of which she is exceedingly proud, that she has done more than any one person to impress upon the women of America the necessity of preserving that most important feature—the complexion.

Mrs. Ayer will be very grateful if all persons will report to her any statements made by dealers derogatory to the Récamier Preparations or Vita Nuova. Mrs. Ayer will mail, in return, a complete reply to such statements, which, she believes, will convince the reader that her preparations are as represented. It affords Mrs. Ayer much pleasure to state that her formulæ have been examined and indorsed by many famous physicians, and she does not hesitate to disclose them to any doctor properly introduced to her. She flatters herself she has been able to command the advice of men who rank in their professions far above those who have attempted to criticize her preparations or imitate them.

Mrs. Ayer urges you to read the following certificate, and to compare the standing of the men whose names are appended thereto with that of any who attempt to dissuade you from buying the Récamier Preparations or to frighten you by unwarranted statements in regard to their ingredients:

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR CLOSING NUMBER for 1888 is sent forth with the agreeable certainty that it is not a farewell to any of our old friends. Already the thousands and thousands of names familiar to our subscription-books are pouring rapidly in, with so many fresh ones added thereto, that our list is increasing to an unexpected extent. But this has been to us in every way a triumphal year. Never have our subscribers expressed greater or more general satisfaction, and, though for long years the press has accustomed us to high encomiums, we have never before received such universal and enthusiastic praise. We mentioned, last month, that the leading dailies of our great cities, seldom as they notice periodical literature, had this autumn seen fit to make special mention of "Peterson," even frequently giving us a place in their editorial columns.

The unanimous verdict of the American press is that "Peterson's" position among periodicals is as thoroughly sustained as it is unapproachable. With each year the newspapers and public more loudly proclaim that as a family magazine "Peterson" is priceless and incomparable.

In the face of this general acknowledgment, there remains really nothing for us to say except this: We shall show ourselves fully worthy of this flood of commendation. This great success, so far from causing us to relax our efforts, will spur us on to renewed exertion and vigilance.

Our list of attractions for 1889 is a warrant for this determination, since, as the press in every quarter of the country never tires of reiterating, "Peterson's" promises are always more than fulfilled. Numerous moderate-priced magazines possess some one specialty which deserves much commendation, but it is only "Peterson" which combines the literary, artistic, and fashion attractions that can meet every need and please every taste.

THE DIRECTOIRE AND EMPIRE styles of bonnets are not becoming to most faces, and they flare so much that they are not very well adapted to winter use. But the long tight coats are comfortable, and the rest of the so-called Directoire or Empire garments sensible and generally pretty. How strange it is to think of our grandmothers going about in thin shoes, open-worked stockings, and sandals, and with nothing but a small shawl over the shoulders in cold weather, and, very inconsistently, a big muff that would hold a little baby with ease. We have certainly, whatever our follies may be, advanced a little toward common sense.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER: A SINGER IMPROVED SEWING-MACHINE AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.—We have been able to make arrangements with the manufacturers by which we can offer "Peterson" for 1889 and one of the above named sewing-machines for $20.00. This affords subscribers an opportunity to obtain a good machine and the best lady's-magazine at an exceedingly low figure, as it obviates the payment of agents' and salesmen's commissions.

"GROWING BETTER AND BETTER."—A lady writes: "I have been a reader of your magazine for eighteen years, and can conscientiously say that, good as it was then, it has been steadily growing better and better with each new volume."

"EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN while you amuse them" is one of the maxims of the Kindergarten system, and a very good maxim it is; but a still better one would be "allow your children to educate themselves while they amuse themselves." Parents and friends are a great deal too anxious to keep the little ones amused, and in this they cannot be wholly acquitted of selfish motives, for, after all, it is a great pleasure to play with the youngsters, showing them pretty things and watching with them the clever mechanical toys which now abound in every toy-shop, but which are so expensive, so very easily broken, and so much more suited to adult than to the infant taste. That adults should frequently participate in the play of children is, without any doubt, good both for the children and for themselves, for it induces sympathy between them, and cheers and enlivens the elders. But it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing, and the result of this, in the present instance, is that a race of children is being called into existence who are utterly dependent on their elders for amusement, and cannot be left even for a few minutes to their own resources without becoming dull and depressed and clamoring for notice to be taken of them. As it is impossible always to give this, there is an unpleasant feeling that one is not doing one's duty by them. The children, moreover, themselves, feel hurt at being, as they think, neglected.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.—Shameful extravagance in dress is an old folly. In the reign of Richard II, dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no fewer than fiftytwo new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own tailor, who, from a poor man, soon became as rich as anyone he knew. Elizabeth, of England, left no fewer than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died.

"HER PLEASURE WORTH THE PRICE."—A lady writes: "Before I lay my 'Peterson' away, I let my little girl have the colored fashion-plates. These she cuts out carefully and uses for dolls. She has receptions and dinners and weddings, etc. She and her little friends spend many happy hours with them. She says in her naive way she wishes some little girl in Philadelphia could coax the engraver to make the ladies so that their dresses would not have to be cut. Her pleasure alone is worth the price of the book."

THE RELATIONSHIP existing between different languages is well illustrated by the word "mother," which is: *Em* and *Am* in Hebrew and Arabic *Modor* in Anglo-Saxon, *Madr* in Persian, *Moder* in Swedish, *Matr* in Sanscrit, *Moder* in Danish, *Meter* in Greek, *Moeder* in Dutch, *Mater* in Latin, *Mutter* in German, *Madre* in Italian, *Mater* in Russian, *Mère* in French, *Mathair* in Celtic.

"A CHRISTMAS-GIFT."—A subscriber writes: "There is nothing nicer for a Christmas-gift than 'Peterson.' Our family has taken it for years; we think we could not keep house without it."

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Our Premiums for 1889 are announced on the second page of the cover. "Buds and Blossoms" will be found the most beautiful gift-book this or any other magazine has ever offered as a premium. It is a volume of original and selected poems, profusely illustrated, and handsomely bound, full gilt, in similar style to premiums offered in previous years.

The large engraving, "The Morning Greeting," is really one of the most perfect pictures we have ever offered, and is in an entirely different style from any heretofore given by us. The best connoisseurs pronounce it a gem.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Our offer, a year ago, of special book-premiums, in place of our regular premiums, proved so popular, we have arranged to offer for 1889 copies of Charles Dickens's and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's popular books, also a select list of books by different authors.

Instead of our premium, "Buds and Blossoms," we will send any one of the $1.00 books named on page 485. For a club of eight with $12.00, or a club of fifteen with $21.00, we will send, as premiums, the magazine for one year, and, instead of "Buds and Blossoms" and the engraving, any one of the works of Charles Dickens or Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, neatly bound in cloth, retail price $1.50, or either of the following cook-books, Mrs. Hale's or Miss Leslie's, bound in cloth, price $1.50 each, or, if preferred, any one of Mrs. Southworth's books, bound in cloth, price $1.50 each. See list on page 485.

We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers by which we are enabled to offer a $45.00 sewing-machine as premium for a club of fifty subscribers. This is a rare opportunity to get a good machine by a little effort. Our premium-offers, as found on the second page of cover, have never been so tempting, and they ought to add many thousands to our present large list of subscribers.

Begin at once to get up your clubs for next year. Do not let canvassers for other publications crowd you out.

Dangers of Foul Air.—If the condensed breath collected on the cool window-panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and, if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by the microscope, alive with animalculæ. It is the inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter which causes half of the sick headaches, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

The time is quickly drawing near when a close-fitting sleeve will be quite discarded, and we shall return to the puffed and leg-of-mutton sleeves. In Paris, very few dressmakers now make plain sleeves; and, if puffed ones are particularly unbecoming to the wearer, they trim them in many ingenious ways, to make them appear large without adding to the real size.

To Earn a Free Copy.—In addition to the clubs for which a free copy is given—see prospectus on last page of cover—we will send a free copy for a club of two at $2.00 each ($4.00 in all), or for a club of three at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all). This offer is to those who desire the magazine as a premium, yet cannot get up a large club.

To Those of Our Subscribers who contemplate binding this year's numbers, we offer to furnish a neat and substantial cloth cover, price 25 cents, with 10 cents for postage—35 cents in all.

A Well-Known American Publisher says that the works of Charles Dickens can hardly be brought out fast enough to keep up with the demand.

Dress-Silks direct from the looms should effect a great saving in price to consumers. Messrs. O. S. Chaffe & Son, of Mansfield Centre, Conn., who are very extensive manufacturers, have inaugurated this method, and as their goods are first-class in every respect, and give universal satisfaction, we would suggest to our readers that they send to them for samples, and see for themselves.

"Best of All."—A lady writes: "Please send me a sample copy of 'Peterson.' I want to get up a club. I have tried several magazines, but find 'Peterson' the best and cheapest of all."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Devout Lover: A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The author of "In a Grass Country" has so many admirers that a new work of hers is certain to find a wide and general welcome. In some respects, this is perhaps the best of the various novels which Mrs. Cameron has given to the world. There is incident enough to please the seekers of sensation, a good deal of description very poetically done, and, into the bargain, the reader has to deal with characters who talk and act like real human beings, not impossible presentations of unmixed perfection or evil. Mrs. Cameron's dramatis personæ, like the men and women whom we daily meet, are a mixture of faults and virtues, but with hopes and aims sufficiently high, so that, on the whole, one may continue to entertain a good deal of faith in the human race, despite the teachings of modern pessimists.

Clover. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Miss Coolidge's name on the title-page of a book is a warrant that it must be worth reading, but it is not too much to say that the present story is one of her most delightful efforts. Nobody writes more charmingly about girls, and "Clover" and her friends are among the best of her portraitures. In Katie Carr we recognize the youthful heroine of several of the author's earlier works. She was a sweet lovable child, and she is equally winning in her early womanhood. Clover is quite as attractive in her way, and one is heartily glad that fate brings to each a hero worthy of her girlish dreams and true womanly heart. The tasteful get-up of the book is a reminder that the holidays are close at hand, and it will prove a welcome addition to any young girl's book-shelf.

Under-Currents. By the author of "Molly Bawn," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—When one considers the reckless profusion in which the "Duchess" pours forth her books, it seems wonderful that she is able to avoid unendurable repetition of plot and incident, or to invest her characters with any trace of originality or freshness. But she does more than this—she always writes with brilliancy enough to make even her most hurried stories pleasant reading, and every now and then, as in the present instance, she gives us a novel really striking in conception and treatment. Here we have a carefully considered plot, well-contrasted characters, and in the dialogue the author shows at her very best, which is saying a good deal, as bright and witty conversation is her particular forte.

Aunt Diana. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is one of the best stories its author has ever produced. The plot is well conceived and carried out. There are strong situations which are well handled, and the characters are natural and clearly defined. There is a good deal of genuine pathos, much real humor, and the book ends pleasantly, as a novel ought, by leaving its hero and heroine to enjoy the happiness their patience and self-sacrifice have merited. The volume is handsomely bound and illustrated, which gives it a double attraction for the holiday season.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

EAST, WEST, NORTH, AND SOUTH, the press unites in bestowing such encomiums on our efforts to please, that it is impossible to decide from which papers to select a few words for quotation. The New York Times says: "We advise those of our readers who do not take 'Peterson' to add it to their list." The Cincinnati (O.) Times-Star says of "Peterson": "Its literary contents are, as a whole, equal to those of the highest-priced magazines." The Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal says: "'Peterson's Magazine' for November is a mass of good things from cover to cover." The New Orleans Picayune says: "From a literary point of view, 'Peterson' ranks with periodicals of double its price, and, where fashions are concerned, no magazine can equal it." The Salem (Mass.) Observer says: "This popular monthly maintains its high reputation as a magazine of literature, art, and fashion, by placing before its readers, each month, departments overflowing with the best to be obtained." The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press says: "Its artistic attractions are very considerable, and its fashion department is far beyond that of any other magazine." The Wilmington (Del.) News says: "Anybody who supposes 'Peterson's Magazine' to be simply a fashion chronicler need only examine the November number to discover his mistake." The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch says: "'Peterson' fully sustains its reputation as the best and cheapest of the lady's-magazines." The Washington (D. C.) Post says: "'Peterson's' steel-plates and other illustrations are of the first order of merit, and the literary matter is equal to its artistic attractions." The Houston (Texas) Daily Post says: "'Cheapest and best' is a combination as difficult as it is desirable; but 'Peterson's Magazine' has certainly accomplished it." The Boston (Mass.) Globe says: "'Peterson' contains so many excellent stories by well-known authors, that it can claim rank among the best literary periodicals." The Omaha (Neb.) Bee says: "The fashion, needlework, and household departments are strong features of this ever-welcome magazine." The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch says: "'Peterson's' list of attractions, in the literary, fashion, and household departments, has never been more brilliant."

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A

No. XII.—THE CROSS BABY.

It is but rarely, indeed, that we can pass an hour or two in a house, in city or country, where there is a baby of a few months old, without having the fact of its presence painfully impressed upon us by its whining, wailing, or startling cries. And the poor mother, tired from overwork, perhaps, or worn out by sleepless nights, appeals to her family physician: "Please give me something to relieve my cross baby."

Now, dear mother, please remember that a healthy infant should sleep continuously, with only brief wakeful periods a few hours apart, sufficiently long to nurse, and then lapse into peaceful slumber again. If it frets, cries, or worries, something is wrong, and the cause should be carefully sought for and removed. Do not commence dosing the helpless being with teas, catnip or soot, but consider whether it is not nursed too often—if its little stomach is not already too full, painfully distended with milk that has become sour, curdy, and indigestible. Please remember, too, that its stomach, at birth, is scarcely larger than a big man's thumb, when moderately distended; and now pause one moment, and reflect whether from the quantity of breast-milk taken, it may not be thrice that size. The writer has seen permanent enlargements or distensions of the stomach several times, the muscular fibres of the organ having lost their contractility entirely from being kept continuously overdistended; for the stomach is somewhat like rubber cloth, which, if kept continually on the strain, will not contract after the pressure is removed. And for pity's sake do not continue putting it to the breast—or giving it, or forcing upon it, the bottle, if it is used—every time it cries, still adding to its discomfort by distending its already over-burdened, over-distended stomach. It is suffering from indigestion, and it is much better to clear its stomach with a dose of ipecac and soda, and then give it a rest; after which commence rationally to nurse or feed it every three hours. Then, if nursed prudently, any undue crossness is an indication that its milk or food is not suitable. If it thrives, it is well; if it becomes puny, there is defect in digestion or the milk lacks nutritive qualities, and in this case the babe may fret because it is hungry—not satisfied. We feel badly too when "hollow" or hungry; all animals are restless till the stomach is properly filled. These cases, however, are very rare in comparison to those which are over-fed. Why, the writer has seen a third of a teacupful of "cracker victuals" fed to an infant before it could draw any nourishment from its mother's breast—the most injudicious food that could possibly be given; and, in consequence of this indigestible mass, the babe became immediately fretful, and was then dosed with catnip tea! The custom in some country places, of giving the new-born molasses and water under the hypothetical notion that there is something in its bowels that needs purging off, is likewise condemnatory. Want of cleanliness and keeping parts liable to chafe perfectly dry, are fruitful sources of making babies fretful and worrisome. Oh, ye mothers, the great cause of cross babies lies with yourselves: want of care, injudicious nursing when very young, improper feeding when older, not only cause your babies to be cross, but kill them by the hundreds besides. It is not the will of Providence that the young should die.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Bean Soup, with Ham or Bacon.—About a pound of lean ham or bacon must be well soaked. Pare away the under yellow skin, and boil it an hour. Meanwhile, have boiled some white beans (the kidney or French beans), quite soft. They must have been soaked the night before. Mash half of them; pass them through a coarse sieve, and add them to the boiling bacon with an onion or chives, celery, chervil, etc. Take out the bacon, peel the rind off, cut up the meat into thin slices; return this with the unbruised beans to the pot, and boil all together. The same quantity of fresh or salted pork, unsmoked, is, by some, preferred.

Clam Soup.—Fifty clams, washed clean; put the shells in a pan, and pour boiling water upon them. Save the liquor after taking out the clams, to stew the clams in; add a bunch of parsley, pepper, and salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled well in flour, and stir it well in the soup to prevent its being oily. Just before serving, add one teacupful of cream or milk. When the clams are put on to boil, add a slice of lean bacon.

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MEATS.

Rabbits with Onions.—After the rabbit is cleaned, truss it and put it on to boil with cold water enough to cover it. When the rabbit is boiled tender, take it out and fry it in boiling lard to a light brown; take it out and set it near the fire. Have six onions sliced, and put them right in the boiling lard. When they are fried a nice brown, pour a little boiling water in the frying-pan and one tablespoonful of browned flour; pour this gravy over the rabbit, and serve. Season with pepper and salt. After boiling the rabbit tender, it may be served with drawn-butter sauce that has had six boiled onions put in it. The onions must first be boiled perfectly tender. Pour this sauce over the rabbit.

DESSERTS.

Apple Custard.—Peel, core, and stew till quite tender half a dozen or more apples; sweeten, and flavor with a little chopped lemon-peel. When cooked, let them cool a little, then pour up into a glass dish; it should be barely half filled. Now make a boiled custard in the ordinary way, but without flavoring; let this also cool, then pour on the apples when they are quite cold. Stewed prunes or any layer of firm jam may be used instead of apples.

Rice Cream.—Make a pint of milk or cream into custard with the yolk of an egg and two ounces of sugar; then dissolve in it one-half ounce of gelatine, previously soaked. Mix with it one ounce of rice which has been baked or boiled in milk until perfectly tender, flavor with vanilla, and add a teaspoonful of brandy if liked. Rinse a mold with cold water, put the cream into it, and let it stand until firm enough to turn out.

CAKES.

Rice Cakes.—Two ounces of ground rice, the yolks of three eggs and the whites of one and a half, one-fourth pound of lump-sugar, sifted fine, one-fourth pound of butter, which should be melted and poured into a basin, with the rice and sugar alone. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately for a few minutes; then stir in the flour, and mix well all together.

Arrowroot Cakes.—Take the yolks of eight eggs, and beat them for a quarter of an hour; then mix in eight tablespoonfuls of fine dry sugar, and beat for another quarter of an hour. Finally, stir in eight tablespoonfuls of sifted arrowroot. Butter some tins, and half fill them with the above mixture.

Rock Cakes.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of powdered sugar, and a few currants. Mix these ingredients with two well-beaten eggs, and make into small cakes. Put a few pieces of sliced almond on the top of each.

Lemon Cakes.—Three-fourths pound of flour, two ounces of butter, rubbed together in a dry state; then add three-fourths pound of white sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, and one egg. Bake in small cakes on a tin.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The back is only slightly draped. It opens, in front and at the sides, over black lace flounces, and is edged on each side with steel and jet trimming. The mantle is of fawn-colored cloth, trimmed with embroidery and beaver-fur. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with a black aigrette and ribbon.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with side-panels of blue-and-pink striped brocade. The mantle is of poppy-red brocaded velvet, trimmed with black fox. Bonnet of poppy-colored and black velvet.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The underskirt is bordered with a broad band of Astrakhan, above which it is braided. The overskirt is simply draped. The bodice is braided, and the wrap and muff are of gray Astrakhan. Toque of green cloth, trimmed with a bow of ribbon of a darker shade and a narrow border of Astrakhan.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The front and sides are side-plaited; the back falls quite plain. The side-pieces, which come to a point at the bottom, are trimmed with fine bear-fur. The mantle is plain in front, plaited at the back and on the sleeves, and is also trimmed with the bear-fur. Toque of brown cloth, with a gay wing.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GREEN SILK, WITH ALTERNATE PLAIN AND FIGURED STRIPES. The skirt, which is slightly draped on the right side, is made over a skirt of plain green silk—or, rather, a simulated skirt. The bodice is slightly gathered at the waist, where it is confined by a belt with long loops-and-ends of green ribbon. The sleeves are of the plain green silk. Collar and cuffs of velvet, of a darker shade of green.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH AND VERY DARK GREEN-AND-RED STRIPED WOOLEN. The petticoat is of the green cloth, made perfectly plain. The striped material is draped quite simply over the green cloth petticoat. The bodice is of the green cloth, with the striped woolen arranged over it. The belt is of corded ribbon, terminating in a butterfly bow. Hat of dark-green felt, with dull-red plumes.

FIG. VII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE GAUZE, STRIPED WITH WHITE SATIN. The skirt is thickly plaited and worn over a silk underskirt; the trails of bows-and-ends are of white satin ribbon. The bodice is of white satin, pointed at the waist back and front, and draped with the striped gauze. Satin bows on the shoulders.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF A VISITING OR WALKING COSTUME. The material is of soft dark-brown woolen and is draped to show the simulated petticoat of brown silk, which has a border of Astrakhan-cloth at the bottom and several rows of it on the left side. The bodice is pointed back and front, and has collar, broad revers, and cuffs of the Astrakhan-cloth. The full vest is of cream-colored foulard.

FIG. X.—BONNET FOR VISITING, OF WHITE CLOTH. The side-pieces are plain, the crown and front plaited. The plumes are of a rich dark-green, and the gimp-and-bead ornament on the right side is of the same color. Strings of rich white moiré ribbon. For a half-mourning bonnet, the feathers and gimp may be of black or gray.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-JACKET, OF DARK-BLUE TENNIS-FLANNEL. The trimmings are embroidered in blue silk, and the waist-band, which reaches from the side-seams, is of dark-blue flannel.

FIG. XII.—CRÈPE MUFF, to be worn with deep mourning, made of good English crèpe and ornamented with a bow of dead-black ribbon. Such a muff can be made of any material or color to correspond with a costume.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with black ribbon and red roses.

FIG. XIV.—BODICE, OF BLACK SURAH, tucked back and front. The sleeves are also tucked top and bottom. A band of Russian galloon, braided in gold, trims the front and forms the collar and cuffs. This bodice can also be made of red or cream-colored surah.

FIG. XV.—TOQUE, OF WHITE CLOTH EMBROIDERED IN GOLD. A band of brown ostrich-feathers borders the edge of the hat. The ribbon bows are of brown and pink satin ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—STRINGLESS HAT, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed so as to look pointed in front, and ornamented with clusters of yellow chrysanthemums.

FIG. XVII.—COAT, OF TAN-COLORED CLOTH, FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is loose in front and has a side-piece and Carrick in pinked-out cloth of a dark-chestnut color.

FIG. XVIII.—NEW STYLE OF WINTER JACKET. The jacket is of dark-green cloth, with wide collar and cuffs of black Astrakhan. The muff and toque are of green cloth, trimmed with the black fur and gay bird's-wings.

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General Remarks.—No one special color can be said to be *the* fashion; for the colors and shades are as numerous as the fancies of the wearer. Among the most elegant are the different shades of green and gray, while dark-reds are very popular, especially with young people.

Plaids have to some extent come into fashion again. Formerly, it required some courage to wear them; but the specimens now offered for sale are so soft and harmonious in their colors, that, no matter what may be the size of the design, they never offend the eye. Plaid woolens are made in green relieved with pale-blue or in russet melting into a deeper and richer brown. Red, blue, and green plaids are frequently seen, but none of the colors are obtrusive.

The Directoire style, with its long plain redingote, is very popular, but is very severe and requires to be very well made and to fit perfectly, in order to look well. This fashion and the decided Empire style, of quite short waists and narrow clinging skirts with very little draping, are frequently so modified that the change from the old style is very gradual. In fact, we see Louis-XIV coats, Marie-Antoinette fichus, Louis-XVI flounces and brocades and sleeves for full-dress; and the old full-draped skirts are by no means abandoned. Still, the draperies are less voluminous and the "bustle" or tournure is much smaller. Now we all wish to look slim, and all draping is to give that effect. The richer the material, the more elegant the result in these severe costumes: so heavy brocades and velvets and stiff embroidered stuffs are again popular.

Black silk and woolen dresses are frequently made with brocaded or else plain gray-colored vests, cuffs, etc., to relieve the monotony of the black dress, and, in silks, sometimes open in front over a rich petticoat. But the variety of color, material, and even style is so great, so much influenced by the individual taste, that our readers will be quite safe in wearing out old gowns with but slight, if any, alterations. Take out some of the fullness of the draping, reduce the size of the "bustle," and your skirts will still have a fashionable look. Or make over two old gowns into one new one, with the hints given, and you need have no fear of the result.

Bodices are endless in their variety. The pointed bodice is still clung to by many who consider it the most becoming; but it is trimmed in such a way as to give it the stamp of newness. In fact, the round waist should be worn by slender people or young people only. The waists are not, as a rule, cut short, but have the short appearance given to them by the wide belt or sash. As a rule, this endless variety of bodices is exceptionally pretty; plain tight-fitting ones are, as a rule, reserved for cloth and serge tailor-costumes, and only relieved by folded or braided flat vests. We have the Directoire and Empire styles, and many others that are neither the one nor the other, but run nearly upon the same lines. Figaro bodices, edged with bands of colored embroidered silk, reaching to the waist and cut square away, leaving nearly the whole of the front of the under-bodice exposed, are very pretty with the soft fullness of crèpe, Indian muslin, or lace, confined at the waist, with a broad crumpled sash attached in front, so as to give an idea of a point. The folded waistbands, of corselet form, are cut with a lining to fit the figure perfectly, and the material arranged in folds upon it. Then we have bodices with full sack-like vests: those gathered at the neck and drawn nearly to a point at the waist; those with braided waistcoats; and blouse bodices of all descriptions. Then there are folded bodices over flat vests, with the Empire sash at the waist; the bodice cut low at the neck, with wide flat-plaited collar and jabots: in fact, their name is legion.

The Zouave jacket is of course short, and can be cut either round or square at the bottom, is open in front, and can be worn over any bodice, but is best over a full silk skirt one. This jacket, if made of some bright color, is a great addition to a wardrobe, as it gives variety to the costume.

A great many black dresses are made richly trimmed with jet or with steel passementerie; and black lace over white, for evening wear, is very popular. In the Directoire style, black velvet makes up capitally as a coat for the house, with front and skirt of lace, crèpe-de-Chine, or soft silk, or a coat of rich silk over a lighter material. This style of costume, to be successful, must be well thought out and planned and attention given to every detail: for, as it is, above all, a severe style, perfect fit, good material, and careful finishing are absolutely necessary. A charming costume has a Directoire coat in flowered foulard, lined with dull-rose silk, over a skirt of cream lace. The front of the bodice is of plaited lace, the coat-collar has revers of pink, and the same color is repeated on the cuffs. The fullness is kept in place at the waist by a plaited band of silk.

Sleeves, even if of the coat shape, are no longer tight-fitting, but are rather full at the top. In tailor-made gowns, coat-sleeves prevail, though the cuffs are often elaborately trimmed. For house-dresses, when the material is usually lighter than for street wear, a slight fullness is seen at the wrists.

The Marie-Antoinette fichu is again popular for the house, and this, again, is an economical addition to the toilette. It is made of the softest Indian or Swiss muslin, gauze, or lisse, edged with lace, and worn over a plain high bodice or over a low-necked one. But it does not look well on stout persons.

Cloaks, jackets, and mantles are in great variety. Cloaks are usually long, partially fitting at the back, and loose in front; they are made of fur, velvet, rich brocades in either cloth or silk, and are most comfortable. The redingote is a long close-fitting coat, with no plaits except at the back of the skirt, and usually has lapels. Jackets are somewhat larger than formerly; but this is quite optional, as many short ones are worn. Mantles are short at the back, with long ends in front, and, like the long cloak and redingote, frequently made of the richest materials.

Bonnets and hats, like costumes, are modified fashions of last year. Many persons adhere to the small becoming capote, which is trimmed to give it a high, but not very high, appearance. The Directoire bonnet is much less youthful-looking, and is therefore severe on persons having passed middle-age; in fact, as a rule, the long scoop of the Directoire bonnet is becoming only to very youthful persons or to those decidedly old. Hats are usually wider-brimmed and much trimmed with feathers; but the closer straight hat has not been abandoned, though it is by no means very high.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—House-Dress, Made of Fine-Striped Woolen Material, For a Young Girl. The skirt is simply gathered into a belt and falls quite straight, while it opens over a silk skirt in front, and is trimmed with a band of galloon on either side. The bodice is slightly full in front, with a galloon band from the neck to the waist. Belt of wide galloon. Three-quarter sleeves.

Fig. II.—Pelisse, of Very Dark Red Cloth. The bodice is plaited to below the waist in front, and is full at the back. The yoke and collar are of black velvet. The sleeves are wide at the hands. The ribbon which ties at the waist in front comes from the seams under the arms.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress, of Scotch Plaid, Closely Kilted. The Hussar jacket is of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with black Persian lamb's-wool and brandebourgs; the sleeves are braided. Toque of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with Persian lamb's-wool and small bird.

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